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HARPER'S

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Number closes the Third Volume of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. In closing the Second Volume the Publishers referred to the distinguished success which had attended its establishment, as an incentive to further efforts to make it worthy the immense patronage it had received :—they refer with confidence to the Contents of the present Volume, for proof that their promise has been abundantly fulfilled.

The Magazine has reached its present enormous circulation, simply because it gives a greater amount of reading matter, of a higher quality, in better style, and at a cheaper price than any other periodical ever published. Knowing this to be the fact, the Publishers have spared, and will hereafter spare, no labor or expense which will increase the value and interest of the Magazine in all these respects. The outlay upon the present volume has been from five to ten thousand dollars more than that upon either of its predecessors. The best talent of the country has been engaged in writing and illustrating original articles for its pages :—its selections have been made from a wider field and with increased care ; its typographical appearance has been rendered still more elegant ; and several new departments have been added to its original plan.

The Magazine now contains, regularly :

First. One or more original articles upon some topic of historical or national interest, written by some able and popular writer, and illustrated by from fifteen to thirty wood engravings, executed in the highest style of art.

Second. Copious selections from the current periodical literature of the day, with tales of the most distinguished authors, such as DICKENS, BULWER, LEVER, and others—chosen always for their literary merit, popular interest, and general utility.

Third. A Monthly Record of the events of the day, foreign and domestic, prepared with care and with the most perfect freedom from prejudice and partiality of every kind.

Fourth. Critical Notices of the Books of the Day, written with ability, candor, and spirit, and designed to give the public a clear and reliable estimate of the important works constantly issuing from the press.

Fifth. A Monthly Summary of European Intelligence, concerning books, authors, and whatever else has interest and importance for the cultivated reader.

Sixth. An Editor's Table, in which some of the leading topics of the day will be discussed with ability and independence.

Seventh. An Editor's Easy Chair or Drawer, which will be devoted to literary and general gossip, memoranda of the topics talked about in social circles, graphic sketches of the most interesting minor matters of the day, anecdotes of literary men, sentences of interest from papers not worth reprinting at length, and generally an agreeable and entertaining collection of literary miscellany.

The object of the Publishers is to combine the greatest possible VARIETY and INTEREST, with the greatest possible UTILITY. Special care will always be exercised in admitting nothing into the Magazine in the slightest degree offensive to the most sensitive delicacy ; and there will be a steady aim to exert a healthy moral and intellectual influence, by the most attractive means.

For the very liberal patronage the Magazine has already received, and especially for the universally flattering commendations of the Press, the Publishers desire to express their cordial thanks, and to renew their assurances, that no effort shall be spared to render the work still more acceptable and useful, and still more worthy of the encouragement it has received.

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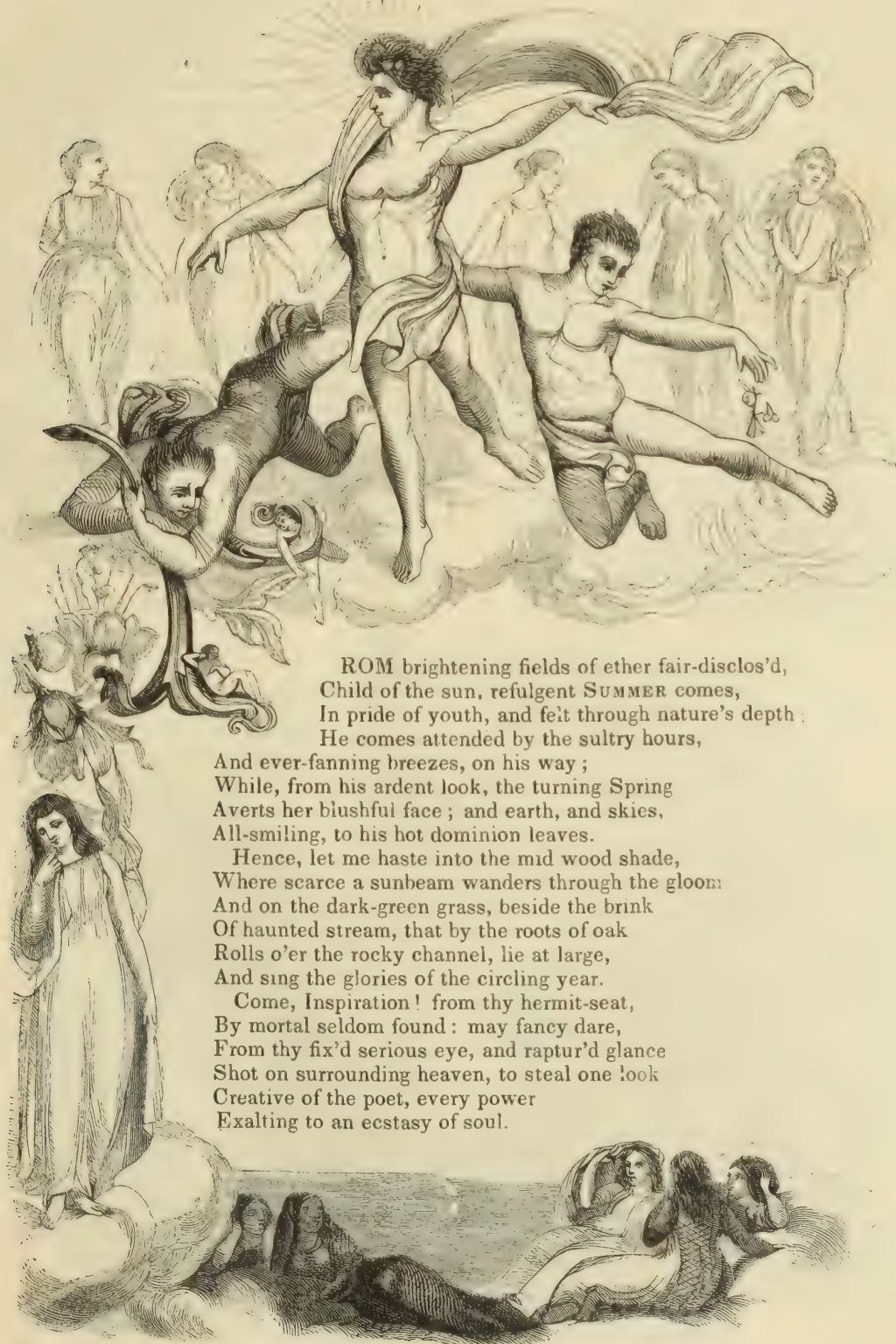
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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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SUMMER.

BY JAMES THOMSON



ROM brightening fields of ether fair-disclos'd,
Child of the sun, refulgent SUMMER comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through nature's depth :
He comes attended by the sultry hours,

And ever-fanning breezes, on his way ;
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face ; and earth, and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haste into the mid wood shade,
Where scarce a sunbeam wanders through the gloom ;
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.

Come, Inspiration ! from thy hermit-seat,
By mortal seldom found : may fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on surrounding heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.

And thou, my youthful muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite;
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
Genius and wisdom; the gay social sense,
By decency chastis'd; goodness and wit,
In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
Unblemish'd honor, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, liberty, and man:
O Dodington! attend my rural song,
Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line,
And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

With what an awful world-revolving power
Were first the unwieldy planets lanch'd along
The illimitable void! thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thousand years,
That oft has swept the toiling race of men
And all their labor'd monuments away,
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course,
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the Seasons ever stealing round,
Minutely faithful: such the All-perfect Hand
That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.

When now no more the alternate Twins are fir'd,
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east—
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow,
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
Brown night retires. Young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward; while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes,
The native voice of undissembled joy,

And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of the enlighten'd soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves; when every muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious morning-walk?

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and color'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering
streams,

High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, light!
Of all material beings first, and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapp'd
In unessential gloom; and thou, O sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire; from the far bourn
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk



Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train!
Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous
orbs

Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life—
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling spirit; from the unfetter'd mind,
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic-road,
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Meantime the expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn; while, round thy beaming car,
High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd hours,
The zephyrs floating loose, the timely rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed dews,
And soften'd into joy the surly storms.
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd—
But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines;
Hence labor draws his tools; hence burnish'd war
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of peace
Hence bless mankind; and generous commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.

The unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes

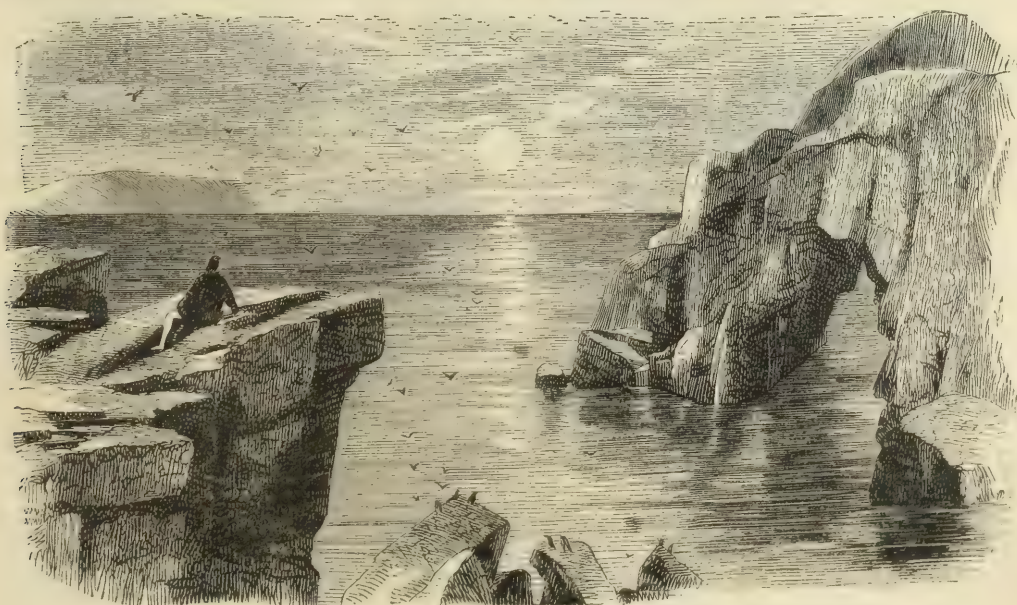
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tint,
The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns;
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the reluctant stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The desert joys
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much-transported muse can sing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
Unequal far; great delegated source
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of him.
Who, Light himself! in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retired
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken,
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of heaven,
That beam forever through the boundless sky:
But, should he hide his face, the astonish'd sun,
And all the extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel
Wide from their spheres, and chaos come again.

And yet was every faltering tongue of man,
Almighty Father! silent in thy praise,
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice
Even in the depth of solitary woods,
By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power:
And to the quire celestial thee resound,
The eternal cause, support, and end of all!

To me be Nature's volume broad-display'd;
And to peruse its all-instructing page,
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate,
My sole delight; as through the falling glooms
Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
On fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.





Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds,
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party-color'd bands ; till wide unvail'd
The face of nature shines, from where earth seems
Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,
Dew-dropping coolness to the shade retires,
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse ;
While tyrant heat, disspreading through the sky,
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Who can, unpitying, see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
Before the parching beam ? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel through their azure veins.
But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night ; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamor'd bosom to his ray.

Home, from the morning task, the swain retreats ;
His flock before him stepping to the fold :
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health ! The daw,
The rook, and magpie, to the gray-grown oaks
(That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy flight ;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene ;
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The housedog, with the vacant grayhound, lies
Outstretched and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale ; till, waken'd by the wasp,
They, starting, snap. Nor shall the muse dis-
dain

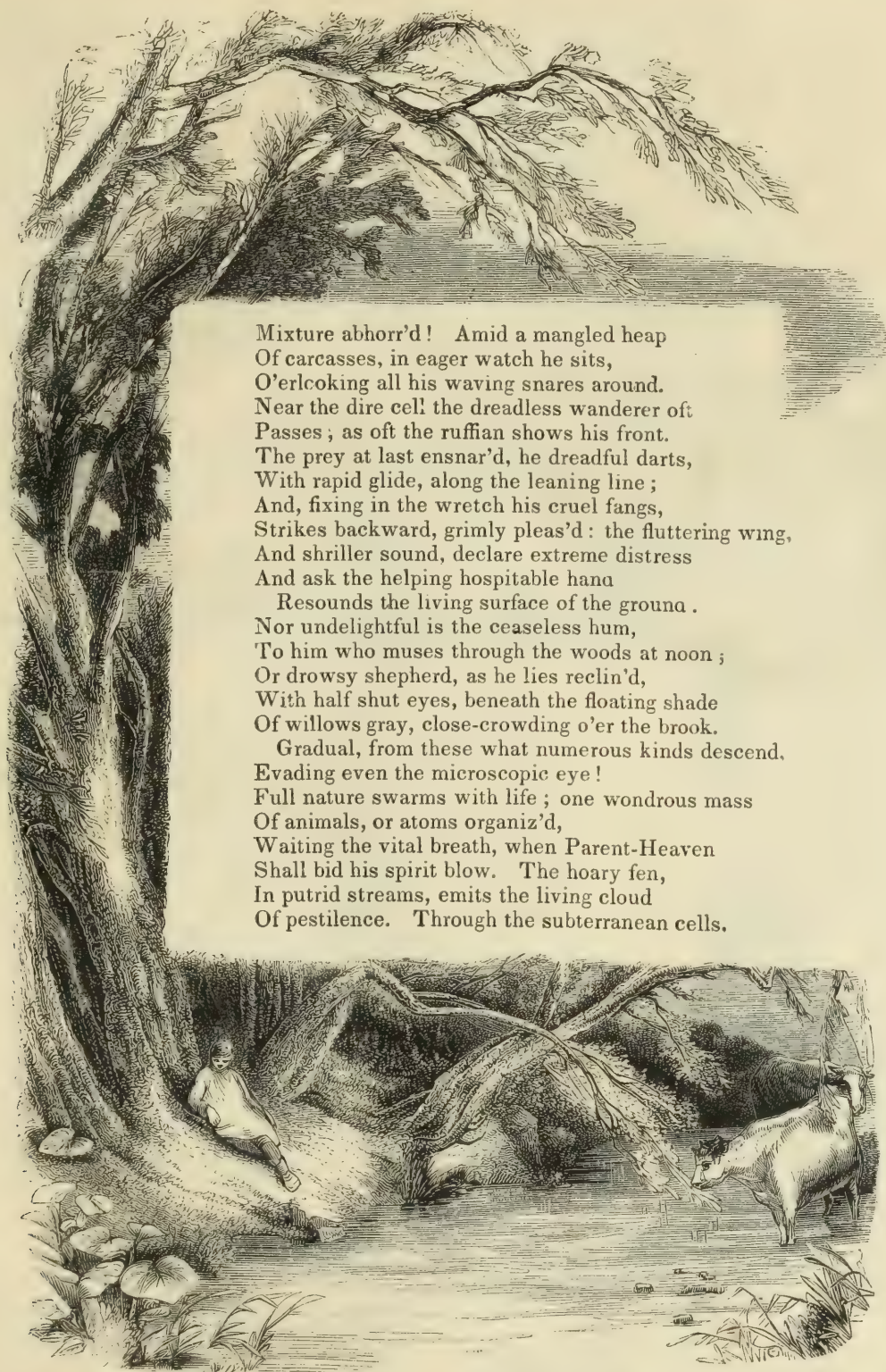
To let the little noisy summer race
Live in her lay, and flutter through her song,
Not mean, though simple : to the sun allied,
From him they draw their animating fire.

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad ; by the light air upborne,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,
And secret corner, where they slept away

The wintry storms—or, rising from their tombs
To higher life—by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour ; of all the varied hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms ! ten thousand different tribes !
People the blaze. To sunny waters some
By fatal instinct fly ; where, on the pool,
They, sportive, wheel ; or, sailing down the stream
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
Or darting salmon. Through the greenwood glade
Some love to stray ; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed.
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every latent herb : for the sweet task,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young, yet undisclos'd,
Employs their tender care. Some to the house.
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight ;
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese :
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate ; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerless wings around them wrapp'd, ex-
pire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death ; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,





Mixture abhorr'd ! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes ; as oft the ruffian shows his front.
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line ;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward, grimly pleas'd : the fluttering wing,
And shriller sound, declare extreme distress
And ask the helping hospitable hand

Resounds the living surface of the ground .
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses through the woods at noon ;
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
Of willows gray, close-crowding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,
Evading even the microscopic eye !
Full nature swarms with life ; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the vital breath, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid streams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Through the subterranean cells,

Where searching sunbeams scarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the stone
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible
Amid the floating verdure millions stray.
Each liquid, too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Though one transparent vacancy it seems,

Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
The grosser eye of man : for, if the worlds
In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn ; and in dead night,
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise

Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind ?
As if a upon a full-proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art !
A critic fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads

An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
And lives the man whose universal eye
Has swept at once the unbounded scheme of things,
Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord,
As with unfaltering accent to conclude
That *this* availeth naught? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From Infinite Perfection to the brink
Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss!
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then, alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power,
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward and downward, thwarting and convolv'd,
The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day
Even so, luxurious men, unheeding pass,
An idle summer-life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter! thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.
Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all



Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even stooping age is here; and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell;
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet haycock rises thick behind,
In order gay: while heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labor, love, and social glee.

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that, fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,





The clamor much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
 Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
 Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
 On some impatient seizing, hurls them in :
 Embolden'd, then, nor hesitating more,
 Fast, fast they plunge amid the flashing wave,
 And panting labor to the farther shore.
 Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
 Has drank the flood, and from his lively haunt
 The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream,
 Heavy and dripping, to the breezy brow
 Slow move the harmless race ; where, as they spread
 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
 Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
 The country fill—and, toss'd from rock to rock,
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
 At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
 Are in the wattled pen innumerable press'd,
 Head above head ; and rang'd in lusty rows
 The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
 With all her gay-dress'd maids attending round.
 One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd,
 Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
 Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king,
 While the glad circle round them yield their souls
 To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
 Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace :
 Some, mingling, stir the melted tar, and some,

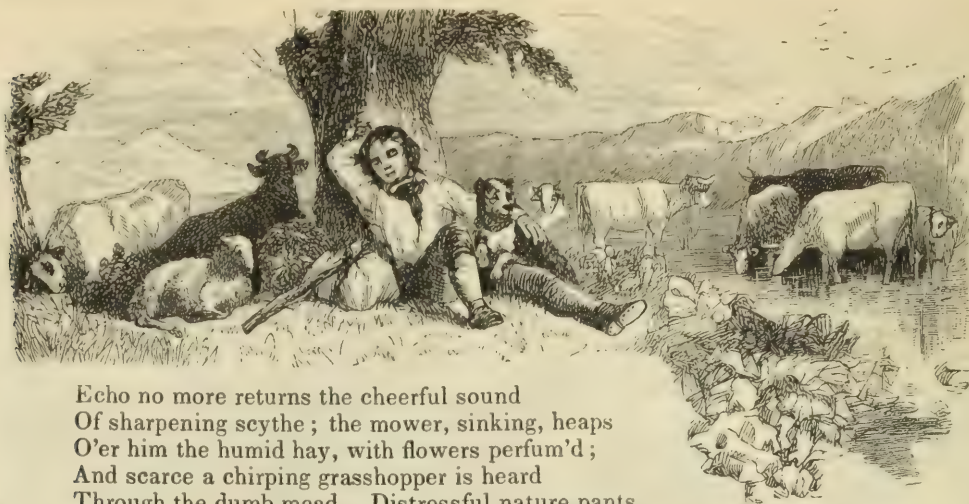


Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side
 To stamp his master's cipher ready stand ;
 Others the unwilling wether drag along ;
 And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
 Holds by the twisted horns the indignant ram.
 Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
 By needy man, that all-depending lord,
 How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies !
 What softness in its melancholy face,
 What dumb, complaining innocence appears !
 Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd ;
 No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
 Who having now, to pay his annual care,
 Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load.
 Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene ! yet hence Britannia sees
 Her solid grandeur rise : hence she commands

The exalted stores of every brighter clime,
 The treasures of the sun without his rage ;
 Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
 Wide glows her land ; her dreadful thunder hence
 Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,
 Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast ;
 Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging noon ; and, vertical, the sun
 Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
 Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns ; and all,
 From pole to pole, is undistinguish'd blaze.
 In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
 Stoops for relief ; thence hot ascending streams
 And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
 Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
 And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
 Blast fancy's blooms, and wither even the soul.



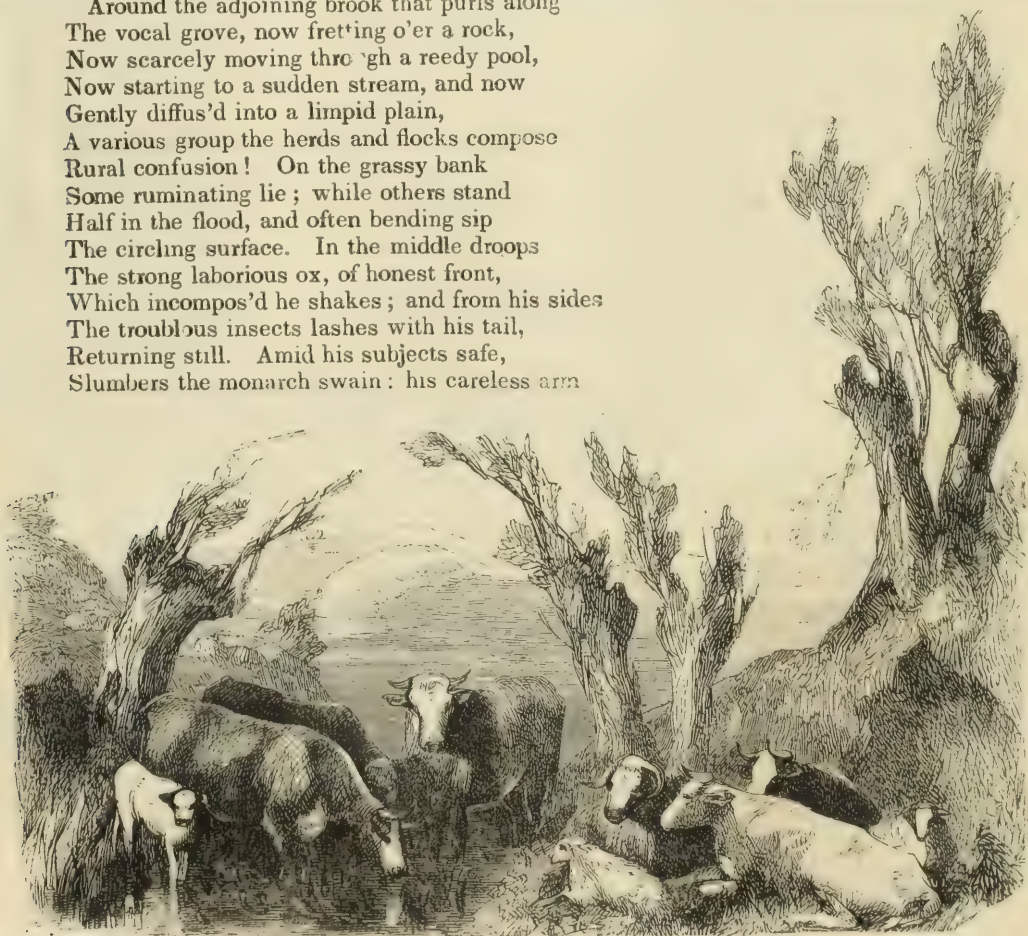
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythe ; the mower, sinking, heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd ;
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful nature pants.
The very streams look languid from afar ;
Or, through the unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.

All-conquering heat, oh, intermit thy wrath !
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce ! Incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds.
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for night :
Night is far off ; and hotter hours approach.
Thrice-happy he ! who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole-collected shade reclines ,
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm, while all the world without,
Unsatisfied and sick, tosses in noon.
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,

Around the adjoining brook that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving thro' gh a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain,
A various group the herds and flocks compose
Rural confusion ! On the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie ; while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incompas'd he shakes ; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch swain : his careless arm

Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,
And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye shades ! ye bowery thickets, hail !
Ye lofty pines ! ye venerable oaks !
Ye ashes wild, responding o'er the steep !
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort
glides ;
The heart beats glad ; the fresh-expanded eye
And ear resume their watch ; the sinews knit ;
And life shoots swift through all the lighten'd limbs



Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd :
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd ;
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gadflies fasten on the herd ;
That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain
Through all the bright severity of noon ;
While, from their laboring breasts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

Off in this season too the horse, provok'd,
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
Trembling with vigor, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence ; and, o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with steadfast eye,

And heart estrang'd to fear : his nervous chest,
Luxuriant and erect, the seat of strength !
Bears down the opposing stream ; quenchless his
thirst,

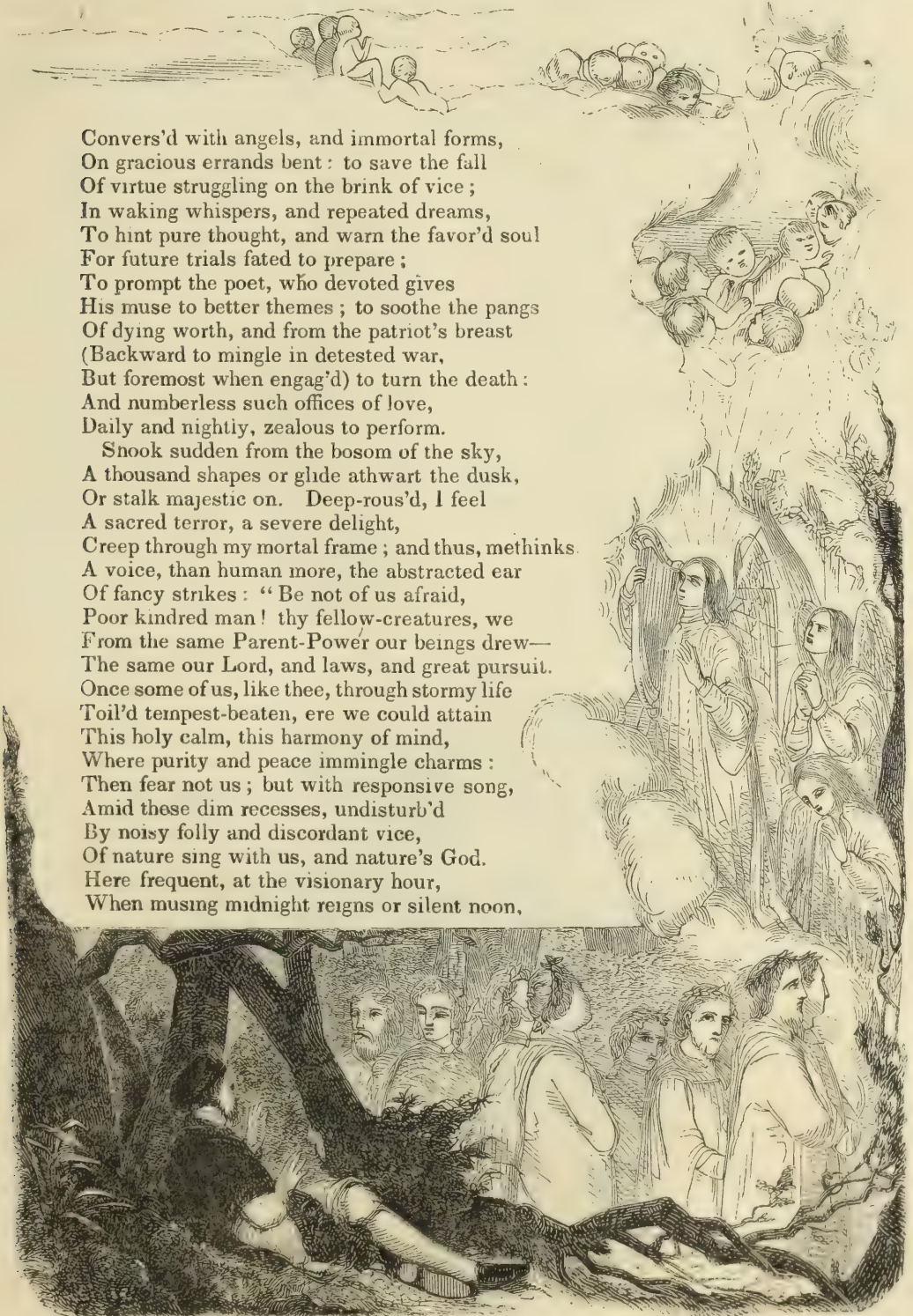
He takes the river at redoubled draughts :
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest, largest growth ;
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
Solemn and slow, the shadows blacker fall,
And all is awful listening gloom around.

These are the haunts of meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards the inspiring
breath,
Ecstatic, felt : and, from this world retir'd,

Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent : to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice ;
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favor'd soul
For future trials fated to prepare :
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His muse to better themes ; to soothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
(Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death :
And numberless such offices of love,
Daily and nightiy, zealous to perform.

Snook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
A sacred terror, a severe delight,
Creep through my mortal frame ; and thus, methinks
A voice, than human more, the abstracted ear
Of fancy strikes : " Be not of us afraid,
Poor kindred man ! thy fellow-creatures, we
From the same Parent-Power our beings drew—
The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life
Toil'd tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
Where purity and peace immingle charms :
Then fear not us ; but with responsive song,
Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
By noisy folly and discordant vice,
Of nature sing with us, and nature's God.
Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,



Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
And voices chanting from the wood-crown'd hill,
The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade ;
A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
On contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain."

And art thou, Stanley, of that sacred band ?
Alas, for us too soon ! Though rais'd above
The reach of human pain, above the flight
Of human joy, yet, with a mingled ray
Of sadly pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe ;
Who seeks thee still in many a former scene,
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
Inspir'd—where moral wisdom mildly shone
Without the toil of art, and virtue glow'd.
In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.
But, O thou best of parents ! wipe thy tears ;
Or rather to parental Nature pay
The tears of grateful joy—who for a while
Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth.
Believe the muse : the wintry blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue ; no, they spread.
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
Through endless ages, into higher powers.

Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt,
I stray, regardless whither ; till the sound
Of a near fall of water every sense
Wakes from the charm of thought : swift-shrinking
back,

I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid ; where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad ;
Then whitening by degrees as prone it falls,
And from the loud-resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose :

But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scattered fragments, now
Aslant the hollow'd channel rapid darts ;
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals at last,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
With upward pinions, through the flood of day,
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
Gains on the sun ; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket ; or, from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
The stockdove only through the forest coos,
Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe ! again
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile
Across his fancy comes ; and then resounds
A louder song of sorrow through the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air :
There on that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild.
An ample chair moss-lin'd, and overhead
By flowing umbrage shaded ; where the bee
Strays diligent, and with the extracted balm
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade
While nature lies around deep-lull'd in noon,
Now come, bold fancy, spread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the torrid zone
Climes unrelenting ! with whose rage compar'd,
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

See, how at once the bright-effulgent sun,
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
The short-liv'd twilight ; and with ardent blaze
Looks gayly fierce o'er all the dazzling air :
He mounts his throne ; but kind before him sends
Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
The general breeze to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world



Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
Returning suns and double seasons pass :
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise,
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays ;
Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills,
Or to the far horizon wide-diffus'd,
A boundless deep immensity of shade.
Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
The noble sons of potent heat and floods
Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to heaven
Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits, of keen, delicious taste
And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,
Redoubled day ; yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

Bear me, Pomona ! to thy citron groves ;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the spreading tamarind, that shakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
Quench my hot limbs ; or lead me through the
maze,

Embowering, endless, of the Indian fig ;
Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmettos lift their graceful shade.
Oh ! stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine ;
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd ;
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
Witness, thou best ananas, thou the pride
Of vegetable life, beyond what'er
The poets imag'd in the golden age :
Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove !

From these the prospect varies. Plains immense
Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads,
And vast savannas, where the wandering eye,
Unfix'd, is in a verdant ocean lost.
Another Flora there, of bolder hues
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
Exuberant Spring ; for oft these valleys shift
Their green-embroidered robe to fiery brown,
And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.
Along these lonely regions, where, retir'd
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful solitude, and naught is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas ;
On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts : behold ! in plaited mail,
Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side,
The darted steel in idle shivers flies :
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills ;
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,

And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.

Peaceful, beneath primeval trees that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave,
Or 'mid the central depth of blackening woods
High-rais'd in solemn theater around,
Leans the huge elephant ; wisest of brutes !
Oh, truly wise ! with gentle might endow'd,
Though powerful, not destructive. Here he sees
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
And empires rise and fall ; regardless he
Of what the never-resting race of men
Project : thrice happy ! could he 'scape their guile.
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps,
Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
The pride of kings ! or else his strength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.
Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
Thick-swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand
That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
The plummy nations, there her gayest hues
Profusely pours. But, if she bids them shine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song.
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
While philomel is ours ; while in our shades,
Through the soft silence of the listening night,
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.

But come, my muse, the desert-barrier burst,
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky,
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennaar, ardent climb
The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth.
No holy fury thou, blaspheming Heaven.
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,
From jasmine grove to grove ; may'st wander gay,
Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy summit, spreading fair
For many a league ; or on stupendous rocks.
That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air their lawnly tops ;
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise,
And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields ;
And fountains gush ; and careless herds and flocks
Securely stray ; a world within itself,
Disdaining all assault : there let me draw
Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales.
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,
And vales of fragrance ; there at distance hear
The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold ;
And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,
Fervent with life of every fairer kind.
A land of wonders ! which the sun still eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Enamor'd, and delighting there to dwell.

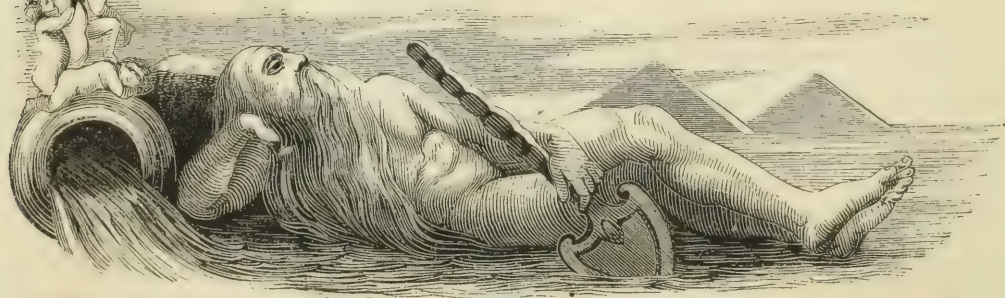
How chang'd the scene ! In blazing height of
noon.

The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom.
Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,



Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
 For to the hot equator crowding fast,
 Where, highly rarefied, the yielding air
 Admits their stream, incessant vapors roll,
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd;
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
 Or silent borne along, heavy and slow,
 With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
 Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd
 Around the cold aerial mountain's brow,
 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
 The thunder holds his black tremendous throne;
 From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage;
 Till, in the furious elemental war
 Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
 Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
 Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile.
 From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
 Pure-welling out, he through the lucid lake
 Of fair Dembia rolls his infant stream.
 There, by the naiads nurs'd, he sports away
 His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles
 That with unfading verdure smile around.



Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
 And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
 With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
 Winds in progressive majesty along:
 Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his
 maze;

Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
 Of life-deserted sand; till glad to quit
 The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks,
 From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn.
 And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.

His brother Niger too, and all the floods
 In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
 Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract
 Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous
 Ind

Fall on Cormandel's coast, or Malabar;
 From Menam's orient stream, that nightly shines
 With insect lamps, to where aurora sheds
 On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower;
 All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns,
 And pour untailing harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd.
 The lavish moisture of the melting year.
 Wide e'er his isles, the branching Orinoque
 Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives
 To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees—
 At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
 Swell' by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
 From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
 The mighty Orellana. Scarce the muse
 Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass

Of rushing water ; scarces she dares attempt
 The sea-like Plata ; to whose dread expanse,
 Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
 Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
 In silent dignity they sweep along ;
 And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
 And fruitful deserts—worlds of solitude,
 Where the sun smiles and Seasons teem in vain,
 Unseen and unenjoyed. Forsaking these,
 O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,
 And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
 In their soft bosom, many a happy isle ;
 The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturbed
 By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons.
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,

Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
 Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe ;
 And ocean trembles for his green domain.

But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth.
 This gay profusion of luxurious bliss,
 This pomp of Nature ? what their balmy meads.
 Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain ?
 By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
 What their unplanted fruits ? what the cool
 draughts,

The ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health
 Their forests yield ? their toiling insects what,
 Their silky pride, and vegetable robes ?
 Ah ! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
 Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,



Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines ?
 Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun ?
 What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
 Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores ?
 Ill-fated race ! the softening arts of peace,
 Whate'er the humanizing muses teach ;
 The godlike wisdom of the tempered breast ;
 Progressive truth, the patient force of thought ;
 Investigation calm, whose silent powers
 Command the world ; the light that leads to Heaven ;
 Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
 And all-protecting freedom, which alone
 Sustains the name and dignity of man :
 These are not theirs. The parent sun himself
 Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize ;
 And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom
 Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
 And feature gross ; or worse, to ruthless deeds,
 Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
 Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there ;
 The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
 The heart-shed tear, the ineffable delight
 Of sweet humanity : these court the beam
 Of milder climes ; in selfish fierce desire,



And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
There lost. The very brute creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
Which even imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing fount, by which diffus'd
He throws his folds; and while, with threatening
tongue

And dreadful jaws erect, the monster curls
His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd,
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
The small close-lurking minister of fate,
Whose high concocted venom through the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
This child of vengeful Nature! There, sublim'd
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
His sacred eye. The tiger, darting fierce,
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd;
The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste;
And, scorning all the taming arts of man,
The keen hyena, fellest of the fell:
These, rushing from the inhospitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles
That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,
Innumerable glare around their shaggy king,
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease,
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. The awaken'd village starts;
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang, escap'd,
The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again;
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From Atlas eastward to the frighted Nile.

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds.
At evening, to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,
And hiss continual through the tedious night.
Yet here, even here, into these black abodes
Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retired,
Her Cato following through Numidian wilds;
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains
And all the green delights Ausonia pours—
When for them she must bend the servile knee,
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert! even the camel feels,

Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play;
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come;
Till, with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
And by their noonday fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
Beneath descending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
The impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave
Obeys the blast, the aerial tumult swells.
In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
The circling typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,
And dire ecnephias, reign. Amid the heavens,
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck
Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells
Of no regard save to the skillful eye,
Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, descends a mingled mass
Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
Art is too slow. By rapid fate oppress'd,
His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.
With such mad seas the daring Gama fought,
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Incessant, laboring round the *stormy cape*;
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
Of gold. For then, from ancient gloom, emerg'd
The rising world of trade: the genius, then,
Of navigation, that in hopeless sloth
Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep
For idle ages, starting, heard at last
The Lusitanian prince; who, heaven-inspired,
To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded commerce mixed the world.

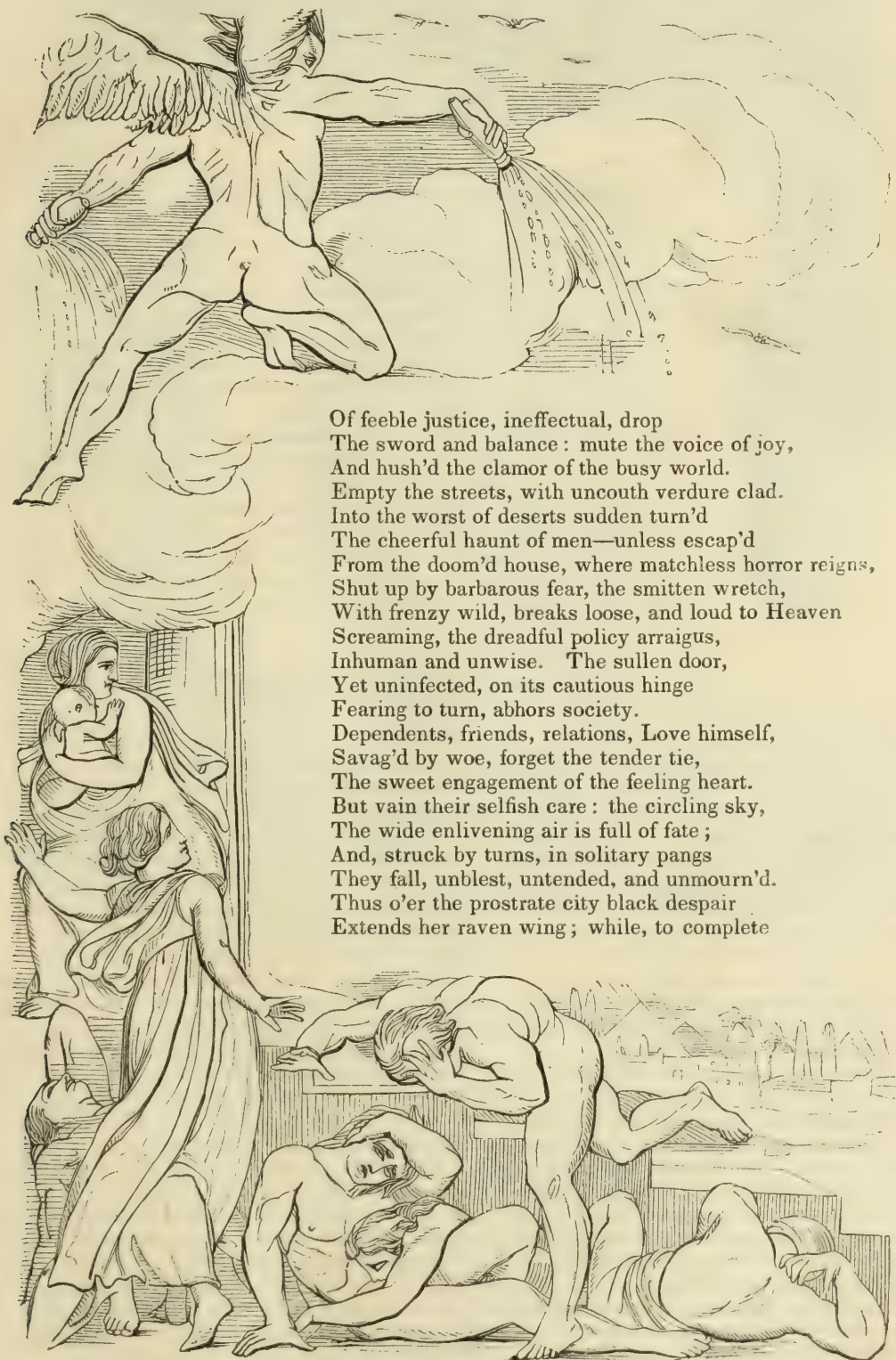
Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;
And from the partners of that cruel trade
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
Demands his share of prey—demands themselves.
The stormy fates descend: one death involves
Tyrants and slaves; when straight their mangled
limbs

Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.

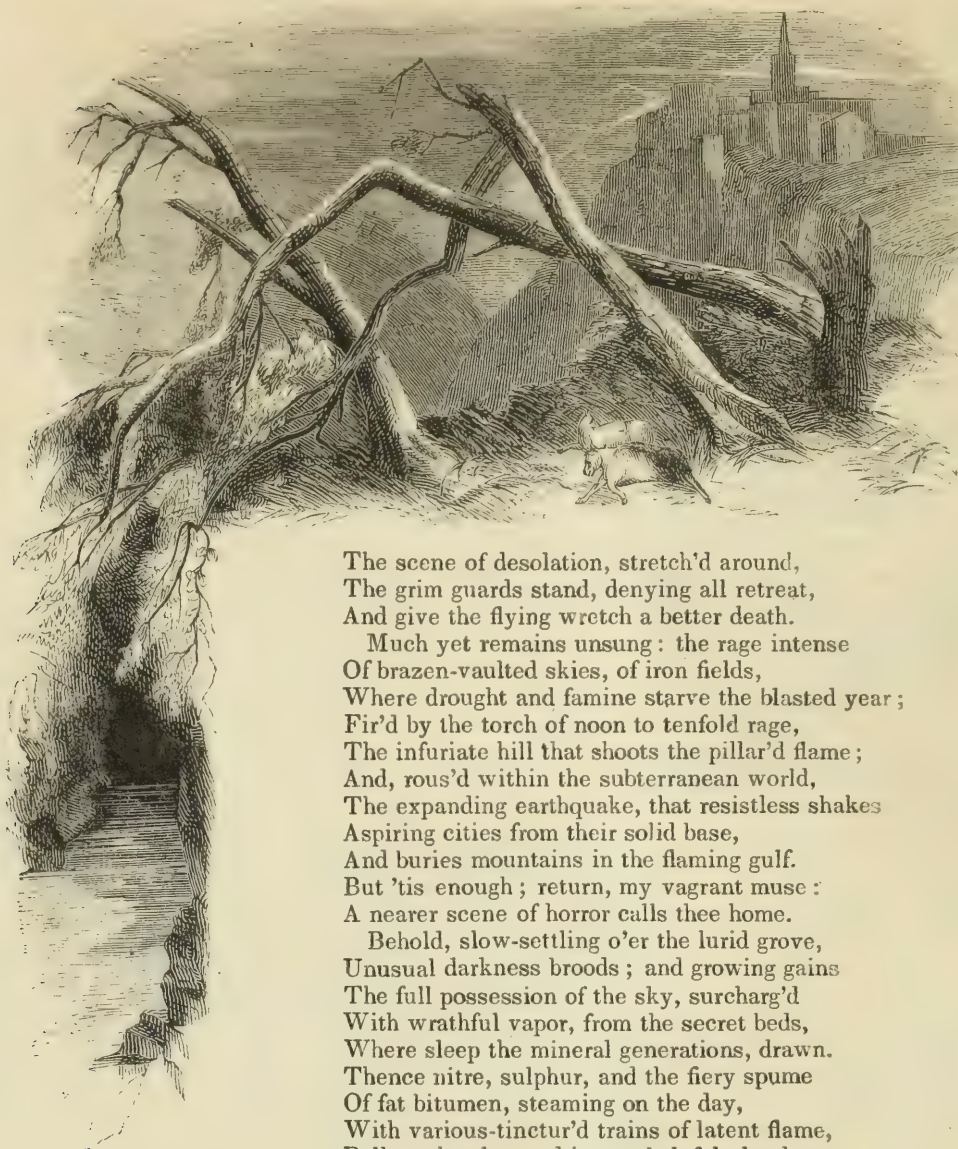
When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
And draws the copious steam; from swampy fens
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,
In vapors rank and blue corruption wrapp'd,
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce—then, wasteful, forth
Walks the dire power of pestilent disease.
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick nature blasting, and a heartless woe,
And feeble desolation, casting down

The towering hopes and all the pride of man.
 Such as, of late, at Carthagena quench'd
 The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
 The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
 To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
 Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
 The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye
 No more with ardor bright; you heard the groans
 Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore;
 Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,
 The frequent corse—while on each other fix'd,
 In sad presage, the blank assistants seemed,
 Silent, to ask, whom fate would next demand.
 What need I mention those inclement skies

Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, plague,
 The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
 Descends? From Ethiopia's poison'd woods,
 From stifed Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
 With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
 This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
 The brutes escape. Man is her destin'd prey,
 Intemperate man! and o'er his guilty domes
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
 With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
 Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,
 Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand



Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
 The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
 And hush'd the clamor of the busy world.
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad.
 Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
 The cheerful haunt of men—unless escap'd
 From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,
 Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
 With frenzy wild, breaks loose, and loud to Heaven
 Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
 Inhuman and unwise. The sullen door,
 Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
 Fearing to turn, abhors society.
 Dependents, friends, relations, Love himself,
 Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
 The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
 But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
 The wide enlivening air is full of fate;
 And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs
 They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
 Thus o'er the prostrate city black despair
 Extends her raven wing; while, to complete



The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,
And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unsung: the rage intense
Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine starve the blasted year;
Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,
The infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame;
And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
The expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
Aspiring cities from their solid base,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulf.
But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant muse:
A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove,
Unusual darkness broods; and growing gains
The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd
With wrathful vapor, from the secret beds,
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,

A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the lowest vale, the aerial tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all:
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds—till overhead a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide, then shuts
And opens wider, shuts and opens still

Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth

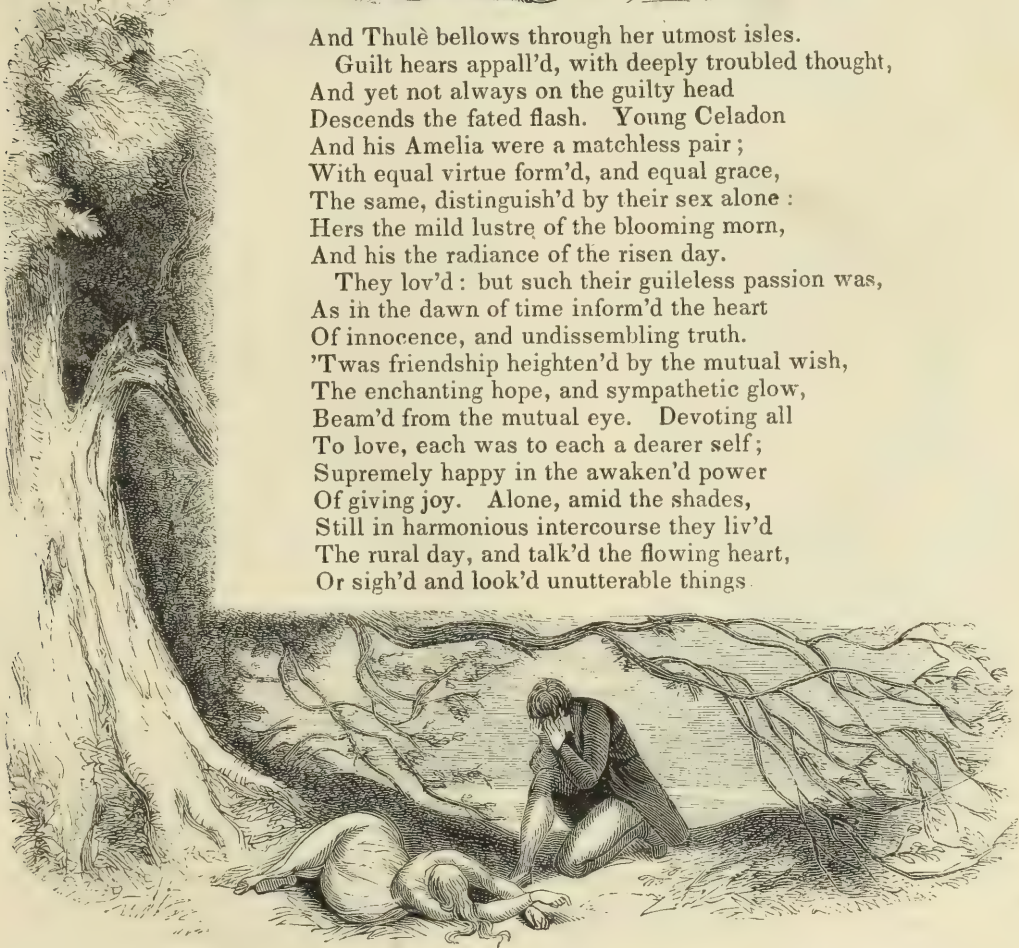
Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail.
Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd
The unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half-raised. Struck on the castled cliff,
The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shade.
Amid Caernarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar; with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmaen Mawr heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowdon's peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
Far-seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,



And Thulè bellows through her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought,
And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair ;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone :
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd : but such their guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undissembling truth.
'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish,
The enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self ;
Supremely happy in the awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.



So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled ; till, in evil hour,
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
While, with each other bless'd, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Heavy with instant fate, her bosom heav'd
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
In vain assuring love, and confidence
In Heaven, repress'd her fear ; it grew, and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
The unequal conflict ; and, as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumin'd high. " Fear not," he said,

V L. III.—No. 13.—B

" Sweet innocence ! thou stranger to offense,
And inward storm ! He who yon skies involves
In frowns and darkness, ever smiles on thee
With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
That wastes at midnight, or the undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless ; and that very voice
Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
To clasp perfection !" From his void embrace,
Mysterious Heaven ! that moment, to the ground,
A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe !
So, faint resemblance, on the marble tomb

The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
Forever silent, and forever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, the interminable sky
Sublimar swells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Nature, from the storm,
Shines out afresh; and through the lighten'd air
A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Invests the fields, yet dropping from distress.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale.
And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless man,
Most-favor'd; who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
That hush'd the thunder, and serenest the sky,
Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,
That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?

Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
A sandy bottom shows. Awhile he stands
Gazing the inverted landscape, half-afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek
Instant emerge; and through the obedient wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humor leads, an easy-winding path;
While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer heats,
Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,
Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles; and is oft preserved,
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same Roman arm
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
First learned, while tender, to subdue the wave.
Even, from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Close in the covert of an hazel copse,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat;
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There to the stream that down the distant rocks
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that
play'd

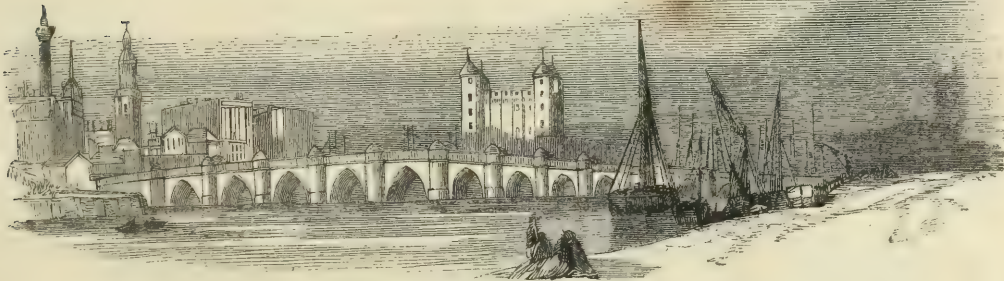
Among the bending willows, falsely he
Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
The soft return conceal'd—save when it stole
In sidelong glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
Touched by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice-happy swain!
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For, lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Musidora sought:
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;
And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,

And dubious flutterings, he awhile remain'd.
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement known to few,
Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire;
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
Say, ye severest, what would you have done?
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever bless'd
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
Ah! then, not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
The rival goddesses the vail divine
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou; as from the snowy leg,
And slender foot, the inverted silk she drew;
As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone;
And, through the parting robe, the alternate breast,
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view,
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn,
And fair expos'd she stood—shrunk from herself,
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?
Then to the flood she rush'd: the parted flood
Its lovely guest with closing waves received,
And every beauty softening, every grace
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed—
As shines the lily through the crystal mild,
Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
While thus she wanton'd now beneath the wave
But ill-concealed, and now with streaming locks,
That half-embrac'd her in a humid vail,
Rising again, the latent Damon drew
Such maddening draughts of beauty to the soul,
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
The theft profane, if aught profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd, and, struggling from the shade,
With headlong hurry fled; but first these lines,
Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw: "Bathe on, my fair,
Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye
Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt;
To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless she stood:
So stands the statue that enchants the world:
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd
In careless haste, the alarming paper snatch'd.
But when her Damon's well known hand she saw,
Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
Of mix'd emotions, hard to be describ'd,
Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt,
The charming blush of innocence, esteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modesty exalted. Even a sense
Of self-approving beauty stole across
Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm
Hushed by degrees the tumult of her soul;
And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,
Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy:
"Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,



By fortune too much favor'd, but by love,
Alas! not favor'd less, be still as now
Discreet; the time may come you need not fly."

The sun has lost his rage; his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
And vital lustre; that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
The dream of waking fancy! Broad below
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic song to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attun'd to happy unison of soul—
To whose exalting eye a fairer world,



Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
Displays its charms—whose minds are richly fraught
With philosophic stores, superior light—
And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
Virtue the sons of interest deem romance,
Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:
Now to the verdant *portico* of woods,
To Nature's vast *lyceum*, forth they walk;
By that kind *school* where no proud master reigns,
The full free converse of the friendly heart,
Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
And pour their souls in transport, which the Sire
Of love approving hears, and *calls it good*.
Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?

The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we
choose?

All is the same with thee. Say shall we wind
Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead;
Or court the forest glades? or wander wild
Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Sheen? Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape; now the raptur'd eye
Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send,
Now to the sister-hills that skirt her plain
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn

To where the silver Thames first rural grows.
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray ;
 Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods
 That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat,
 And stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,
 With her the pleasing partner of his heart,
 The worthy Queensbury yet laments his Gay,
 And polish'd Cornbury woos the willing muse,
 Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames—
 Fair-winding up to where the muses haunt
 In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
 The healing god, to royal Hampton's pile,
 To Clermont's terrac'd height, and Esher's groves,
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
 By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
 From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.
 Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the muse
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
 O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills!
 On which the power of cultivation lies,
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
 The stretching landscape into smoke decays!
 Happy Britannia! where the queen of arts,
 Inspiring vigor, liberty abroad
 Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cots,
 And scatters plenty, with unsparing hand.

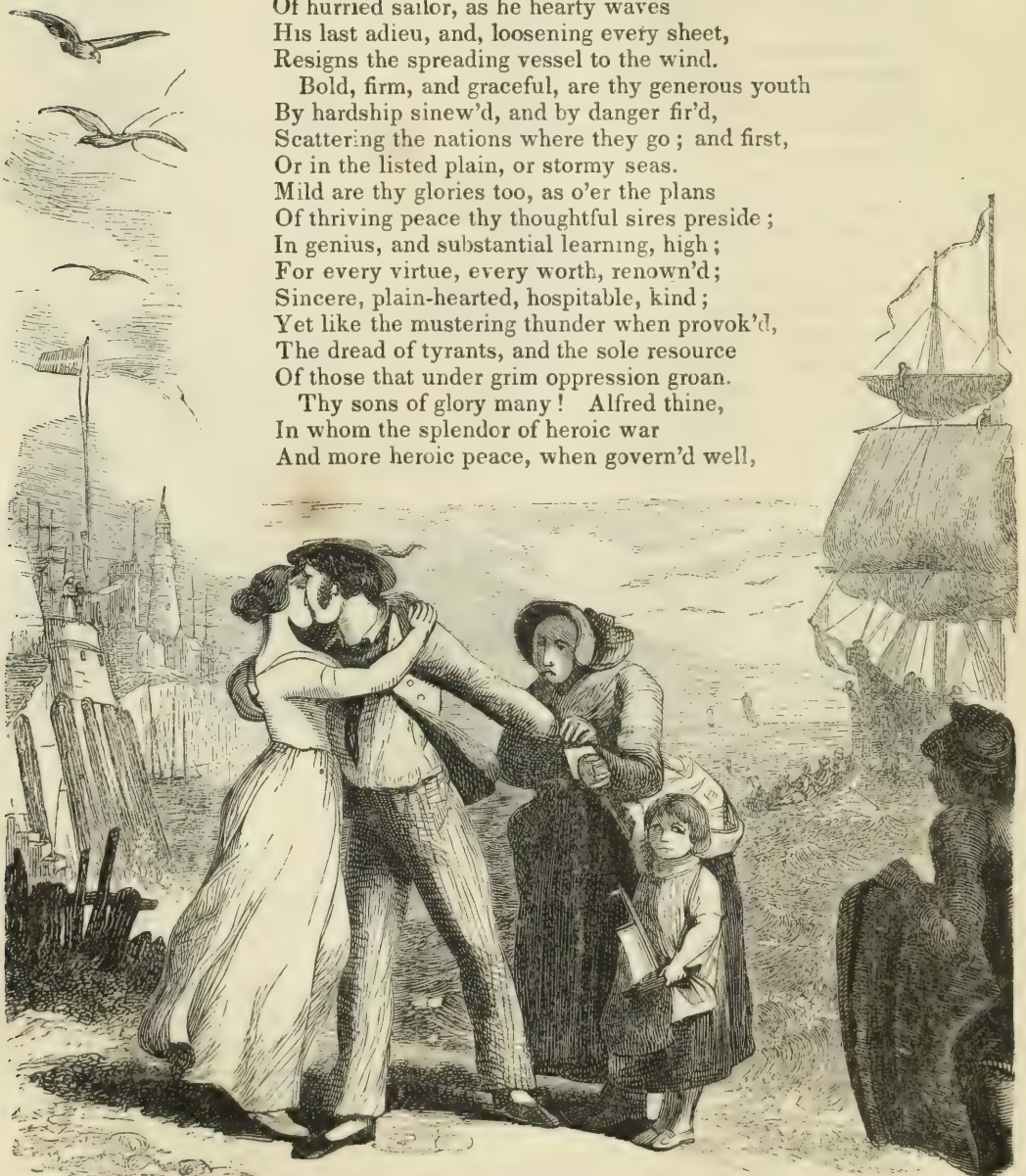
Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
 Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought;
 Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks; thy valleys float
 With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
 Bleat numberless—while, roving round their sides,
 Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
 Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
 Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth
 And property assures it to the swain,
 Pleas'd and unwearied in his guarded toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of art;
 And trade and joy, in every busy street,
 Mingling are heard: even drudgery himself,

As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
 The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
 With labor burn, and echo to the shouts
 Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
 His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,
 Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth
 By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
 Scattering the nations where they go; and first,
 Or in the listed plain, or stormy seas.
 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside;
 In genius, and substantial learning, high;
 For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
 Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd,
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
 Of those that under grim oppression groan.

Thy sons of glory many! Alfred thine,
 In whom the splendor of heroic war
 And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,



Combine; whose hallow'd name the virtues saint,
 And his own muses love—the best of kings.
 With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine,
 Names dear to fame, the first who deep impress'd
 On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
 That awes her genius still. In statesmen thou,
 And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,
 Who, with a generous though mistaken zeal,
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
 Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
 Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor—
 A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
 Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine;
 A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
 Then flam'd thy spirit high; but who can speak
 The numerous worthies of the maiden-reign?
 In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;
 Raleigh, the scourge of Spain; whose breast with all
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
 Nor sunk his vigor when a coward reign
 The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
 Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
 And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,
 So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
 Nor can the muse the gallant Sidney pass,
 The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
 The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
 A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land,
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
 Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
 Bright, at his call, thy age of men effulg'd;
 Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
 The grave where Russell lies; whose temper'd blood,
 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign—
 Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him
 His friend, the British Cassius, fearless bled;
 Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
 By ancient learning to the enlighten'd love
 Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
 In awful sages and in noble bards
 Soon as the light of dawning science spread
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the muses' song.
 Thine is a Bacon, hapless in his choice;
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
 And through the smooth barbarity of courts,
 With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
 To urge his course. Him for the studious shade
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,
 Plato, the Stagyrte, and Tully join'd.
 The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
 Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
 Led forth the true philosophy, there long
 Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
 And definitions void: he led her forth,
 Daughter of heaven! that slow-ascending still,
 Investigating sure the chain of things,
 With radiant finger points to heaven again.
 The generous Ashley thine, the friend of man;
 Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye,
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,
 And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart

Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search,
 Amid the dark recesses of his works,
 The great Creator sought? And why thy Locke,
 Who made the whole internal world his own?
 Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom God
 To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
 In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen
 Through the deep windings of the human heart
 Is not wild Shakspeare thine and Nature's boast!
 Is not each great, each amiable muse
 Of classic ages, in thy Milton met?
 A genius universal as his theme,
 Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom
 Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime.
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle Spenser, fancy's pleasing son,
 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground;
 Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
 Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,
 Well moraliz'd, shines through the Gothic cloud
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

May my song soften, as thy daughters I,
 Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
 And elegance, and taste; the faultless form,
 Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
 Where the live crimson, through the native white
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
 And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
 Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,
 Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast,
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul informed, when dress'd in love
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

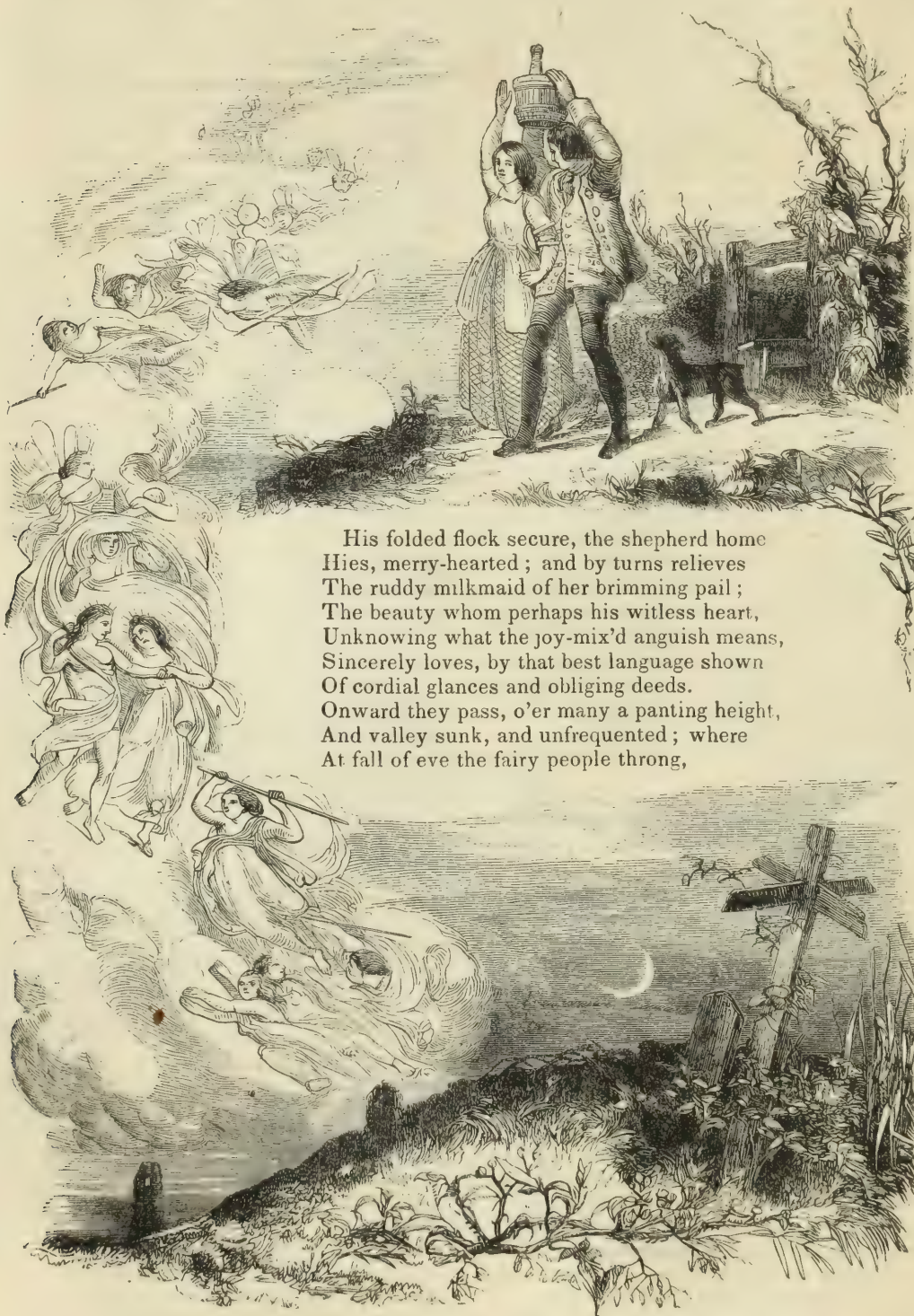
Island of bliss! amid the subject seas
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight
 Of distant nations; whose remotest shore
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
 Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
 Baffling, like thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O Thou by whose almighty nod the scale
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving virtues round the land,
 In bright patrol: white peace, and social love;
 The tender-looking charity, intent
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles
 Undaunted truth, and dignity of mind;
 Courage compos'd, and keen; sound temperance,
 Healthful in heart and look; clear chastity,
 With blushes reddening as she moves along,
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
 Rough industry; activity untir'd,
 With copious life inform'd, and all awake;
 While in the radiant front, superior shines
 That first paternal virtue, public zeal—
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
 And, ever musing on the common weal,
 Still labors glorious with some great design.

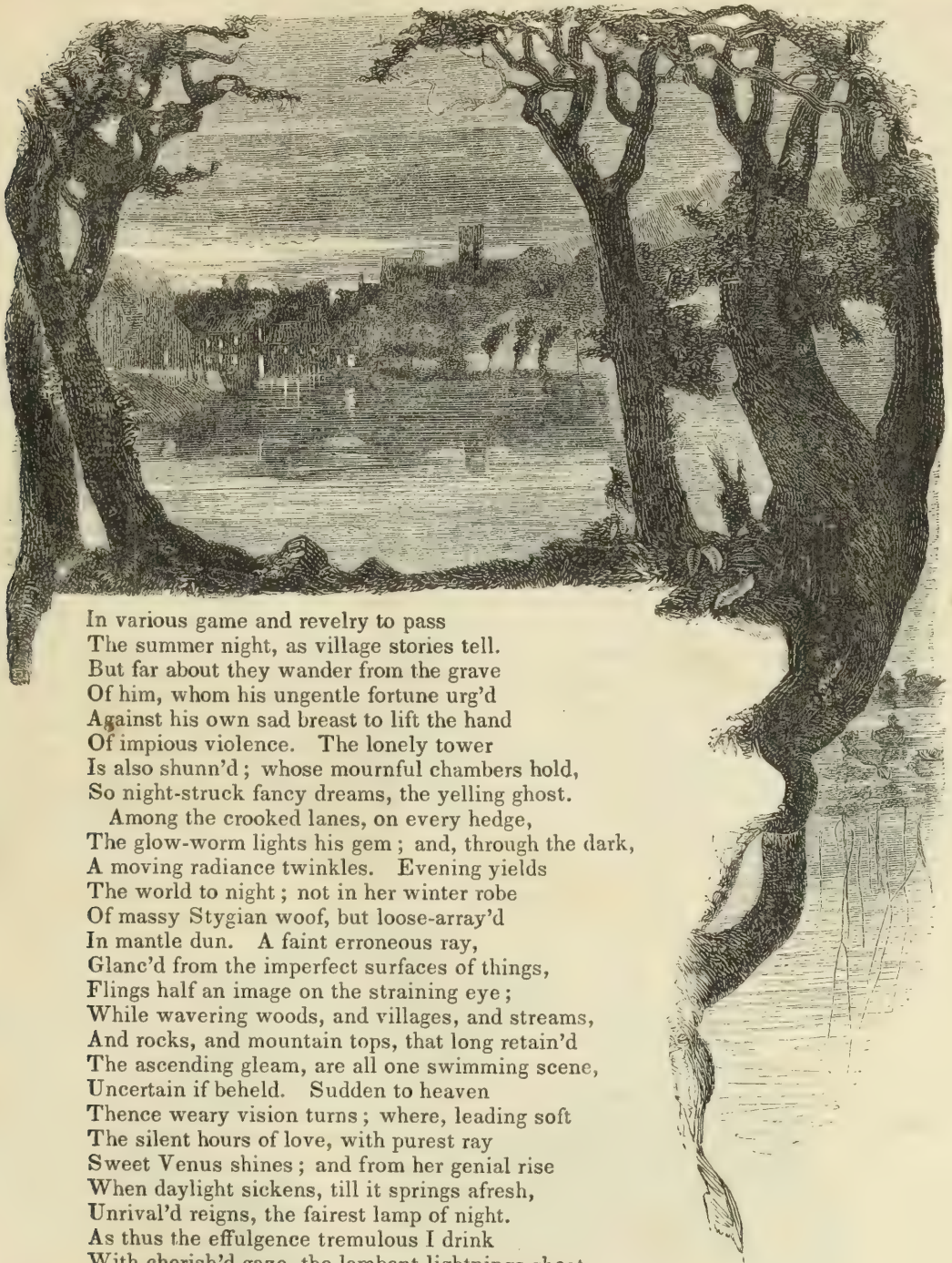
Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
 Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
 Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
 In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
 Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now
 As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
 Of Amphitrité and her tending nymphs,
 (So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;
 Now half immers'd; and now a golden curve;
 Gives one bright glance, then total disappears

Forever running an enchanted round,
 Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;
 As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
 This moment hurrying wild the impassion'd soul,
 The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
 The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:
 A sight of horror to the cruel wretch
 Who, all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
 Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
 Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
 A drooping family of modest worth.
 But to the generous still-improving mind,
 That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
 Diffusing kind beneficence around,
 Boastless, as now descends the silent dew—
 To him the long review of order'd life
 Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds
 All ether softening, sober evening takes
 Her wonted station in the middle air;
 A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
 She sends on earth; then that of deeper dye
 Steals soft behind, and then a deeper still,
 In circle following circle, gathers round,
 To close the face of things. A fresher gale
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
 Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;
 While the quail clamors for his running mate,
 Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
 A whitening shower of vegetable down
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
 Of Nature naught disdains: thoughtful to feed
 Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
 From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings



His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
 Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
 The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail;
 The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
 Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguish means,
 Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
 Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.
 Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,
 And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
 At fall of eve the fairy people throng,



In various game and revelry to pass
 The summer night, as village stories tell.
 But far about they wander from the grave
 Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
 Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
 Of impious violence. The lonely tower
 Is also shunn'd; whose mournful chambers hold,
 So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
 The glow-worm lights his gem; and, through the dark,
 A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
 The world to night; not in her winter robe
 Of massy Stygian woof, but loose-array'd
 In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
 Glanc'd from the imperfect surfaces of things,
 Flings half an image on the straining eye;
 While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
 And rocks, and mountain tops, that long retain'd
 The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
 Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
 Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
 The silent hours of love, with purest ray
 Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise
 When daylight sickens, till it springs afresh,
 Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.
 As thus the effulgence tremulous I drink
 With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
 Across the sky; or horizontal dart,
 In wondrous shapes—by fearful murmuring crowds

Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs
 That more than deck, that animate the sky,
 The life-infusing suns of other worlds,
 Lo! from the dread immensity of space
 Returning, with accelerated course,
 The rushing comet to the sun descends;
 And as he sinks below the shading earth,
 With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
 The guilty nations tremble. But, above
 Those superstitious horrors that enslave
 The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
 And blind amazement prone, the enliven'd few,
 Whose god-like minds philosophy exalts,
 The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
 Divinely great: they in their powers exult,
 That wondrous force of thought which mounting
 spurns
 This dusky spot and measures all the sky,

While from his far excursion through the wilds
 Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
 They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
 To work the will of all-sustaining Love;
 From his huge vapory train perhaps to shake
 Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs
 Through which his long ellipsis winds—perhaps
 To lend new fuel to declining suns,
 To light up worlds, and feed eternal fire.

With thee, serene philosophy, with thee,
 And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
 Effusive source of evidence, and truth!
 A lustre shedding o'er the ennobled mind,
 Stronger than summer noon; and pure as that
 Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
 New to the dawning of celestial day.

Hence through her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,

She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of science and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with nature round,
Or in the starry regions, or the abyss,
To reason's and to fancy's eye display'd:
The first up-tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of causes and effects to him,
The world-producing Essence, who alone
Possesses being; while the last receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence poetry exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die! the treasure of mankind,
Their highest honor, and their truest joy!

Without thee, what were unenlighten'd man?
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,
In quest of prey; and with the unfashion'd fur
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art,
And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law, were his; nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line or dares the wintry pole,
Mother severe of infinite delights!

Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a still revolving train!
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse; but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace:
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, philosophy directs
The ruling helm; or, like the liberal breath
Of potent heaven, invisible, the sail
Swells out, and bears the inferior world along.

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
Poorly confin'd—the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation through; and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the Sole Being right, who *spoke the word*,
And nature mov'd complete. With inward view
Thence on the ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,
The obedient phantoms vanish or appear;
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of fancy's fleeting train;
To reason then, deducing truth from truth,
And notion quite abstract; where first begins
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfetter'd, and unmix'd. But here the cloud,
So wills Eternal Providence, sits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
This infancy of being, can not prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind.



THE SIGHT OF AN ANGEL.

'Tis to create, and in creating live
 A being more intense, that we endow
 With form our fancy, gaining as we give
 The life we image.

THE date of the year was—no matter what; the day of the month was—no matter what; when a great general undertook to perform a great victory—a great statesman undertook to pass a great political measure—a great diplomatist undertook a most important mission—a great admiral undertook the command of a great fleet; all which great undertakings were commanded by the very same great monarch of a very great nation. At the same time did a great nobleman give a great entertainment at a great house, and a great beauty made a great many great conquests. On the same day, in the same year, in a very small room, in a very small house, in a very small street, in a very small town in Germany, did a very poor mason commence a very rude carving on a very rough stone. All the public journals of the day told a thousand times over the names of the great general, the great statesman, the great diplomatist, the great admiral, and the great monarch; all the fashionable papers of the day did the same of the great nobleman, the great company, and the great beauty: but none of them spoke of poor Johan Schmit, of the little town of —, on the Rhine.

Many years had passed away, and the date of the year was—no matter what; but history was telling of a great general who, with consummate wisdom, courage, and skill, and at the cost of numberless nameless lives, gained a great victory, which determined the fate and fortune of a great monarch and a great nation; consequently affecting the fate and fortunes of the world. It entered into minute detail of how his forces were disposed; where lay the right wing, where lay the left; where the cavalry advanced, and how the infantry sustained the attack; how the guns of the artillery played upon the enemy's flank and rear; and how the heavy dragoons rode down the routed forces, and how, finally, the field was covered with the enemy's dead and wounded, while so few of "our own troops" were left for the kite and the carrion crow. Then did history speak of the honors that awaited and rewarded the triumphant hero, of the clamorous homage of his grateful country, and the approving smiles of his grateful monarch; of the *fêtes*, the banquets, the triumphal processions, all in his honor; of the new titles, the lands, estates, and riches poured upon him; of the state and luxury in which he lived: until the tolling of every bell throughout the kingdom, the eight-horse hearse, the mile-long procession, the Dead March in "Saul," and the volley over the grave, announced that a public statue, on a column a hundred feet high, in the largest square of the largest town, was all that could now record the name of the greatest general of the greatest nation in the world.

History then spoke of a great statesman who, on a certain day in a certain year, passed a certain most important measure, affecting the interest of a great nation, and consequently of the whole world. It spoke of his wisdom and foresight, the result of great intellect, energy and labor, giving a biographic sketch of his career from cradle to coffin; dismissing him with a long eulogium on his talents, integrity, and activity, and lamenting the loss such great men were to their country. Then came the name of the great diplomatist whose services had been equally important, and who was dismissed with a similar memoir and eulogium. Then the great admiral, who lived through a whole chapter all to himself, and had his name brought in throughout the whole history of the great monarch whose reign had been rendered so brilliant by the great deeds of so many great men. Of the great feast given by the great nobleman, and the conquests of the great beauty, there remains to this day a record, of the former in the adulatory poems of his flatterers, though the giver was gone—no matter where; of the latter many fair portraits and many fond sonnets, though the object had gone—no matter where. But no scribe told the history, no poet made a sonnet, no artist drew the portrait of poor Johan Schmit, the mason, who made the rude carving on the rough stone in the little town of —, on the Rhine. This task remains for an historian as obscure as himself, who now begins a rude carving on the rough stone of a human life.

After the example of the great historian already alluded to, I shall touch but lightly on the early history of my hero; merely stating that thirty years before the present date, Johan Schmit was born to Johan Schmit the elder, by his wife Gretchen, after a similar presentation of five others; that he got through the usual maladies childhood is heir to, and was at the age of fifteen apprenticed to Herman Schwartz, a master-builder in the town of Bonn. There, after some years of hod-carrying, mortar-spread ing, and stone-cutting—ascending steadily, both literally and metaphorically, the ladder of his profession—honest Johan took a prudent, diligent woman to wife, who lost no time in making him the father of three thriving heirs to his house and his hod. Johan was in tolerably good work, lived in the small house in the small street already mentioned, and kept his family, without much pinching on the part of the thrifty Gertrude, in their beer, thick bread, and sauerkraut. His work, his wife, his children, and his two companions, Karl Vratz, and Caspar Katzeim, with whom he drank very hoppy beer at the "Gold Apfel," just round the corner of the street, comprised the whole interests which occupied the heart and brain of Johan Schmit, of the little town of —, on the Rhine. Johan had no other idea in his head when he rose in the morning than the day's work, the same as it was yesterday, and would be to-morrow; no other thought when he returned from it in the

evening than that Frudchen had his supper ready for him, that little Wilhelm and Johan would run to meet him, and that little Rosechen, the baby, would crow out of her cradle at him, if awake, and that after his supper he would just walk down to the "Gold Apfel," and smoke a pipe with Karl and Caspar as usual. But Johan went to church occasionally with his wife, going through his routine of crossings, genuflexions, and sprinklings with holy water as orderly as any man. He heard the priest speak of doing his duty and obeying the church. Johan believed he did both; his duty—hard work—lay plainly before him; he was honest, sober, and kind to his family, and had certainly no idea or intention of disobeying the church. Thus, in a monotonous task of hard labor for daily bread and the support of an increasing family, plodded contentedly away the life of Johan Schmit of the little town of —, on the Rhine.

But there is an era in the life of every one, even the most plodding and homely; and so it was with Johan Schmit. It happened one day that he was sent for to repair a broken wall in the château of the Count von Rosenheim, situated not far from the town where Johan lived, on the Rhine; and having completed his job, the housekeeper (the count being absent) took the poor mason through the splendid rooms as a treat. Here he beheld what he had never seen in his life before; velvet curtains, silken sofas, crystal mirrors, gilded frames, paintings, and sculpture; until his eyes were more dazzled than they had been since the first time he entered the cathedral of Bonn. But after gazing his fill upon all this gorgeous spectacle, his eyes happened to fall upon a small bronze statuette of an angel, which the housekeeper informed him was a copy of the Archangel Michael, from some church, she knew not where.

Here was Johan arrested, and here would he have stood forever; for, after looking upon this angel, he saw nothing more: every thing vanished from before him, and nothing remained but the small bronze statuette. Johan had seen plenty of angels before in the churches, fresh-colored, chubby children, and he often thought his own little Rosechen would look just like them if she had wings; but this was something far different. A youth under twenty, and yet it gave no more idea of either age or sex than of any other earthly condition. Clad in what Johan supposed would represent luminous scale-armor, something dazzling and transparent, like what he had heard the priests call the "armor of God"—the hands crossed upon the bosom, the head slightly bowed, the attitude so full of awe, obedience, and humility; and yet what attitude of human pride or defiance was half so lofty, so noble, so dignified? The sword hung sheathed by the side, the long wings folded; but the face—oh, how could he describe that face, so full of high earnestness and holy calm? so bright, so serious, so serene! He felt

awed, calmed, and elevated as he looked at it.

"You must go now," exclaimed Madame Grossenberg; and Johan started from his reverie, made his bow, replaced his paper cap, and went home, with his head full of the angel instead of his work. He saw it there instead of stout Frudchen and the children, who climbed about, and wondered at his abstraction. He went to bed, and dreamed of the angel—glorified it seemed to be—and, perhaps for the first time in his life, recalled his dream, and saw the beautiful vision before his waking eyes all the next day at his work—even in the "Gold Apfel," the most unlikely place for an angel; and again when he closed his eyes to sleep. In short, the angel became to him what his gold is to the miser, his power is to the ambitious man, and his mistress to the lover: he saw nothing else in the whole world but the angel; and this now filled the heart and brain of poor Johan Schmit, of the little town of —, on the Rhine.

There are some things we desire to possess, and other things we desire to produce; the former is the feeling of the connoisseur and collector: the latter, of the artist. The first requires taste and money; the latter—we won't say what it requires, or what it evinces, for enough has been said on the subject already. Johan Schmit had no money; taste he must have had, or he could not have admired the angel; he was no artist, certainly; he had never drawn a line, or cut any thing but a stone in his life; and yet he felt he must do something about that angel. He saw it so plainly and so constantly before him, that he felt he could copy it, if he only knew how. Now, as he could not draw, he could not copy it in that manner; but as he could cut stone, no matter how hard, he did not see why he might not attempt to cut the angel upon a large stone, which he procured, and brought quietly up to a small garret at the top of his house for that purpose.

It was at this time that the general, the statesman, the diplomatist, and the admiral, all severally planned their great undertakings; and it was at this time that a strange thought passed through the brain of Johan Schmit, as he sat looking at the great rough stone before him. Johan was, as we have seen, quite an uneducated man; he hardly knew enough of writing to spell his own name; and as to reading, he had never looked into a book since he left school, at the age of twelve; he therefore hardly knew the nature of his own ideas. His thoughts, never arranged, were but like vague sensations passing through his mind, which he could not define; but if he could have defined them they would have taken something like the following expression:

The angel seemed to have awakened a new world within him; not that he thought of the legend of the Archangel Michael, which he had heard long ago, and forgotten; but of the first idea of the artist who designed that particular

angel: what must have been his thoughts! what image must he have had before him as he made that form grow from the marble block into living beauty! Whence could such an idea have come? It must surely have been a visitation from God—a spark of his own creative power. And how must the artist have felt as, day by day and hour by hour, he saw his work developing and perfecting before him, until at last it stood up, a sight to make men wonder and almost worship—an embodiment of all that was pure, lofty, and holy. Then came the contrast of his own sordid work, so low, so slave-like, so brute-like. What human idea could be put into hod-carrying, mortar-spreading, and stone-cutting? Could not an animal or a machine do as much? For the first time, perhaps, in his life, Johan felt that he had a soul not to be bounded by the limits of his work or the daily necessities of existence; and in his rough way he asked himself: How can the higher aspirations of that soul be reflected in man's every-day life? and whether a human mind should be bounded by the narrow routine of plodding toil, for the supplying of common wants? And all these thoughts, vague, unformed, a dim and undefined sense of something, passed through Johan's brain as he sat cutting away at the stone, and trying to form the angel in his little garret, in the little town of —, on the Rhine. Patiently he labored at it after his day's work was over; patiently he bore all his failures, when he saw in the indistinct outline that the angel's arm was too short, its right leg crooked, its wings shapeless, and its head, instead of bending gracefully, stuck upon its breast like an excrescence; patiently he bore the scoldings of his wife for his dullness and abstraction, and the tricks of his children to arouse him; patiently he listened to the remonstrances of Karl and Caspar, for his bad companionship at the "Gold Apfel;" and patiently he bore the still more serious remonstrances of his master, at the careless and negligent manner in which he often performed his work, when a vision of the angel chanced to flit with more than usual vividness before him. Time wore on; and if Johan did not progress rapidly with his angel, Gertrude was far more active and diligent in presenting him with images in another material, and urging loudly at the same time the necessity of working hard for an increasing family. Poor Gertrude: she was a good woman, and loved her husband without understanding him; but she had a quick temper, and was what is commonly called a shrew. She thought Johan wanted rousing; and to rouse him she rated him: he bore it all patiently, and thought of the angel—it was strange how that angel soothed and consoled him! Caspar, his fellow-workman, fell from a scaffold, and broke his leg. Caspar, too, had a wife and children: Johan undertook his work—he worked double hours, and divided his wages with Caspar.

Karl revealed to him in confidence over his

pipe at the "Gold Apfel," that he was in debt, and had been threatened with a jail: Johan lent him the money unknown to Gertrude, and worked hard to make it up; as he knew Karl could never pay him.

He had now no time to work at the angel; and time was going on with him. By his little broken looking-glass he could see his beard growing gray; but strange to say, the angel, though less distinct in form than when he saw it, was still firmly fixed in his memory; and though it seemed to be etherialized, he could always call up its image before him; and still, every moment he could spare, did he hasten to his garret, and cut away at the rough stone. But these hours were stolen from his natural rest, and nature punished the theft; his strength visibly declined. Yet he could not abandon his work—and this not from any ambitious ideas of its success, for he never dreamed of succeeding—he felt his own inability too much to hope for it;—but there was something in the exercise of will, mind, and heart—something which seemed to elevate him in spite of himself, while at his employment, that balanced all other feelings of disappointment and weariness, making him a happier—no, that is not the word, but a nobler—man. And now Johan Schmit had contrived to apprentice his eldest son, send his second to school, pay the doctor's long bill for two children, and bury another; besides having helped Caspar during his illness, and paid Karl's debt. Thrifty Gertrude managed to keep things together; and in her cleaning and bustling had no time to observe the wan face and wasted frame of her husband. The stone had been gradually cut into a form which was nearly as shapeless as before Johan touched it; and yet, to his eyes, it did bear some rude resemblance to the angel of his inspiration—which appeared before his eyes so vividly as he returned from an unusually-long and hard day's work to his home, that he thought he could just put one or two finishing strokes before going to bed, which would recall his dimly-remembered model. Without touching supper or pipe, he embraced his wife and children, and went to his garret. He looked long on the rude block before him, and then took up his hammer and chisel to complete his work. After two or three attempts, an unwonted languor stole over him; the tools dropped from his hands, and he worked no more; but the vision of the angel before his eyes grew stronger and stronger, and of something brighter and more glorious than the angel, but he did not attempt to carve it.

In the early morning Gertrude awoke, and was surprised not to see her husband. Thinking he might have risen to his work earlier than usual, she arose and went down stairs; the door was bolted, and there were no signs of Johan. She called; no answer: then, becoming alarmed, she roused the children to look for him. The small house was soon searched, but no Johan discovered; when Wilhelm, remembering the garret he had seen his father steal away

into, ascended the ladder leading to it—and there, on his knees, his head resting on the rude block of stone, lay the lifeless body of Johan Schmit. The last thing his eyes beheld on earth was *that* angel;—but who can say on what vision they opened.

His wife and children removed to Bonn, to her father; who had saved money, and promised to take care of them. His body was laid in the little cemetery of the little town: his widow placed a wooden cross at the head of his grave, which in time, rotted and fell down; so that the place is now left unmarked by any thing. That stone, on which a human heart had carved itself out, was broken up to mend the town wall. And thus, while a large marble slab, with a long inscription, covers the remains of the great general, the great statesman, the great diplomatist, the great admiral, the great nobleman, and the great beauty—not even a piece of wood or a block of stone tells of the mere existence of poor Johan Schmit, of the little town of —, on the Rhine.

They could work out their idea of life, and the objects for which it was given, by their successful dedication of it to pride, ambition, vanity, and coquetry. *He* could not; but who can tell what effect that futile effort, that unknown and profitless toil, may have had upon the fate of his soul where it now is?

MAURICE TIERNAY,
THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.*

CHAPTER XXIX.

“THE BREAKFAST AT LETTERKENNY.”

EARLY the next morning, a messenger arrived from the Cranagh, with a small packet of my clothes and effects, and a farewell letter from the two brothers. I had but time to glance over its contents, when the tramp of feet and the buzz of voices in the street attracted me to the window, and on looking out I saw a long line of men, two abreast, who were marching along as prisoners, a party of dismounted dragoons, keeping guard over them on either side, followed by a strong detachment of marines. The poor fellows looked sad and crest-fallen enough. Many of them wore bandages on their heads and limbs, the tokens of the late struggle. Immediately in front of the inn door stood a group of about thirty persons; they were the staff of the English force and the officers of our fleet, all mingled together, and talking away with the greatest air of unconcern. I was struck by remarking that all our seamen, though prisoners, saluted the officers as they passed, and in the glances interchanged I thought I could read a world of sympathy and encouragement. As for the officers, like true Frenchmen, they bore themselves as though it were one of the inevitable chances of war, and, however vexatious for the moment, not to be thought of as, an event of much importance. The greater number of them belonged to the army, and I could see the uniforms of the staff,

artillery, and dragoons, as well as the less distinguished costume of the line.

Perhaps they carried the affectation of indifference a little too far, and in the lounging ease of their attitude, and the cool unconcern with which they puffed their cigars, displayed an over-anxiety to seem unconcerned. That the English were piqued at their bearing was still more plain to see; and indeed in the sullen looks of the one and the careless gayety of the other party, a stranger might readily have mistaken the captor for the captive.

My two friends of the evening before were in the midst of the group. He who had questioned me so sharply now wore a general officer's uniform, and seemed to be the chief in command. As I watched him, I heard him addressed by an officer, and now saw that he was no other than Lord Cavan himself, while the other was a well-known magistrate and country gentleman, Sir George Hill.

The sad procession took almost half an hour to defile; and then came a long string of country cars and carts, with sea chests and other stores belonging to our officers, and, last of all, some eight or ten ammunition wagons and gun carriages, over which an English union-jack now floated in token of conquest.

There was nothing like exultation or triumph exhibited by the peasantry as this pageant passed by. They gazed in silent wonderment at the scene, looked like men that scarcely knew whether the result boded more of good or evil to their own fortunes. While keenly scrutinizing the looks and bearing of the bystanders I received a summons to meet the general and his party at breakfast.

Although the occurrence was one of the most pleasurable incidents of my life, which brought me once more into intercourse with my comrades and my countrymen, I should perhaps pass it over with slight mention, were it not that it made me witness to a scene which has since been recorded in various different ways, but of whose exact details I profess to be an accurate narrator.

After making a tour of the room, saluting my comrades, answering questions here, putting others there, I took my place at the long table, which, running the whole length of the apartment, was indiscriminately occupied by French and English, and found myself with my back to the fire-place, and having directly in front of me a man of about thirty-three or four years of age, dressed in the uniform of a chef de brigade; light-haired and blue-eyed, he bore no resemblance whatever to those around him, whose dark faces and black beards, proclaimed them of a foreign origin. There was an air of mildness in his manner, mingled with a certain impetuosity that betrayed itself in the rapid glances of his eye, and I could plainly mark that while the rest were perfectly at their ease, he was constrained, restless, watching eagerly every thing that went forward about him, and showing unmistakably a certain anxiety and distrust

* Continued from Vol. II. p. 747.

widely differing from the gay and careless indifference of his comrades. I was curious to hear his name, and on asking, learned that he was the Chef de Brigade Smith, an Irishman by birth, but holding a command in the French service.

I had but asked the question, when pushing back his chair from the table, he arose suddenly, and stood stiff and erect, like a soldier on the parade.

"Well, sir, I hope you are satisfied with your inspection of me," cried he, and sternly addressing himself to some one behind my back. I turned and perceived it was Sir George Hill, who stood in front of the fire, leaning on his stick. Whether he replied or not to this rude speech I am unable to say, but the other walked leisurely round the table, and came directly in front of him. "You know me *now*, sir, I presume," said he, in the same imperious voice, "or else this uniform has made a greater change in my appearance than I knew of."

"Mr. Tone!" said Sir George, in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

"Ay, sir, Wolfe Tone; there is no need of secrecy here; Wolfe Tone, your old college acquaintance in former times, but now chef de brigade in the service of France."

"This is a very unexpected, a very unhappy meeting, Mr. Tone," said Hill, feelingly; "I sincerely wish you had not recalled the memory of our past acquaintance. *My* duty gives me no alternative."

"Your duty, or I mistake much, can have no concern with me, sir," cried Tone, in a more excited voice.

"I ask for nothing better than to be sure of this, Mr. Tone," said Sir George, moving slowly toward the door.

"You would treat me like an emigré rentré," cried Tone, passionately; "but I am a French subject and a French officer."

"I shall be well satisfied if others take the same view of your case, I assure you," said Hill, as he gained the door.

"You'll not find me unprepared for either event, sir," rejoined Tone, following him out of the room, and banging the door angrily behind him.

For a moment or two the noise of voices was heard from without, and several of the guests, English and French, rose from the table, eagerly inquiring what had occurred, and asking for an explanation of the scene, when suddenly the door was flung wide open, and Tone appeared between two policemen, his coat off, and his wrists inclosed in handcuffs.

"Look here, comrades," he cried in French; "this is another specimen of English politeness and hospitality. After all," added he, with a bitter laugh, "they have no designation in all their heraldry as honorable as these fetters, when worn for the cause of freedom! Good-by, comrades; we may never meet again, but don't forget how we parted!"

These were the last words he uttered, when

the door was closed, and he was led forward under charge of a strong force of police and military. A post-chaise was soon seen to pass the windows at speed, escorted by dragoons, and we saw no more of our comrade.

The incident passed even more rapidly than I write it. The few words spoken, the hurried gestures, the passionate exclamations, are yet all deeply graven on my memory; and I can recall every little incident of the scene, and every feature of the locality wherein it occurred. With true French levity many reseated themselves at the breakfast-table; while others, with perhaps as little feeling, but more of curiosity, discussed the event, and sought for an explanation of its meaning.

"Then what's to become of Tiernay," cried one, "if it be so hard to throw off this 'coil of Englishman?' *His* position may be just as precarious."

"That is exactly what has occurred," said Lord Cavan; "a warrant for his apprehension has just been put into my hands, and I deeply regret that the duty should violate that of hospitality, and make my guest my prisoner."

"May I see this warrant, my lord?" asked I.

"Certainly, sir. Here it is; and here is the information on oath through which it was issued, sworn to before three justices of the peace by a certain Joseph Dowall, late an officer in the rebel forces, but now a pardoned approver of the Crown; do you remember such a man, sir?"

I bowed, and he went on.

"He would seem a precious rascal; but such characters become indispensable in times like these. After all, M. Tiernay, my orders are only to transmit you to Dublin under safe escort, and there is nothing either in *my* duty or in *your* position to occasion any feeling of unpleasantness between *us*. Let us have a glass of wine together."

I responded to this civil proposition with politeness, and after a slight interchange of leave-takings with some of my newly-found comrades, I set out for Derry on a jaunting-car, accompanied by an officer and two policemen, affecting to think very little of a circumstance which, in reality, the more I reflected over the more serious I deemed it.

CHAPTER XXX.

A SCENE IN THE ROYAL BARRACKS.

It would afford me little pleasure to write, and doubtless my readers less to read my lucubrations, as I journeyed along toward Dublin. My thoughts seldom turned from myself and my own fortunes, nor were they cheered by the scenes through which I traveled. The season was a backward and wet one, and the fields, partly from this cause, and partly from the people being engaged in the late struggle, lay untilled and neglected. Groups of idle, lounging peasants stood in the villages, or loitered on the high roads, as we passed, sad, rigged-look-

ing, and wretched. They seemed as if they had no heart to resume their wonted life of labor, but were waiting for some calamity to close their miserable existence. Strongly in contrast with this were the air and bearing of the yeomanry and militia detachments, with whom we occasionally came up. Quite forgetting how little creditable to some of them, at least, were the events of the late campaign, they gave themselves the most intolerable airs of heroism, and in their drunken jollity, and reckless abandonment, threatened, I know not what—utter ruin to France and all Frenchmen. Bonaparte was the great mark of all their sarcasms, and, from some cause or other, seemed to enjoy a most disproportioned share of their dislike and derision.

At first it required some effort of constraint on my part to listen to this ribaldry in silence; but prudence, and a little sense, taught me the safer lesson of "never minding," and so I affected to understand nothing that was said in a spirit of insult or offense.

On the night of the 7th of November we drew nigh to Dublin; but instead of entering the capital, we halted at a small village outside of it called Chapelizod. Here a house had been fitted up for the reception of French prisoners, and I found myself, if not in company, at least under the same roof with my countrymen.

Nearer intercourse than this, however, I was not destined to enjoy, for early on the following morning I was ordered to set out for the Royal Barracks, to be tried before a court-martial. It was on a cold, raw morning, with a thin, drizzly rain falling, that we drove into the barrack-yard, and drew up at the mess-room, then used for the purposes of a court. As yet none of the members had assembled, and two or three mess-waiters were engaged in removing the signs of last night's debauch, and restoring a semblance of decorum to a very rackety-looking apartment. The walls were scrawled over with absurd caricatures, in charcoal or ink, of notorious characters of the capital, and a very striking "battle-piece" commemorated the "Races of Castlebar," as that memorable action was called, in a spirit, I am bound to say, of little flattery to the British arms. There were to be sure little compensatory illustrations here and there of French cavalry in Egypt, mounted on donkeys, or revolutionary troops on parade, ragged as scarecrows, and ill-looking as highwaymen; but a most liberal justice characterized all these frescoes, and they treated both Trojan and Tyrian alike.

I had abundant time given me to admire them, for although summoned for seven o'clock, it was nine before the first officer of the court-martial made his appearance, and he having popped in his head, and perceiving the room empty, sauntered out again, and disappeared. At last a very noisy jaunting-car rattled into the square, and a short, red-faced man was assisted down from it, and entered the mess-room. This was Mr. Peters, the Deputy Judge Advo-

cate, whose presence was the immediate signal for the others, who now came dropping in from every side, the President, a Colonel Daly, arriving the last.

A few tradespeople, loungers, it seemed to me, of the barrack, and some half-dozen non-commissioned officers off duty, made up the public; and I could not but feel a sense of my insignificance in the utter absence of interest my fate excited. The listless indolence and informality, too, offended and insulted me; and when the President politely told me to be seated, for they were obliged to wait for some books or papers left behind at his quarters, I actually was indignant at his coolness.

As we thus waited, the officers gathered around the fire-place, chatting and laughing pleasantly together, discussing the social events of the capital, and the gossip of the day; every thing, in fact, but the case of the individual on whose future fate they were about to decide.

At length the long-expected books made their appearance, and a few well-thumbed volumes were spread over the table, behind which the Court took their places, Colonel Daly in the centre, with the Judge upon his left.

The members being sworn, the Judge Advocate arose, and in a hurried, humdrum kind of voice, read out what purported to be the commission under which I was to be tried; the charge being, whether I had or had not acted treacherously and hostilely to his Majesty, whose natural born subject I was, being born in that kingdom, and, consequently, owing to him all allegiance and fidelity. "Guilty or not guilty, sir?"

"The charge is a falsehood; I am a Frenchman," was my answer.

"Have respect for the Court, sir," said Peters; "you mean that you are a French officer, but by birth an Irishman."

"I mean no such thing;—that I am French by birth, as I am in feeling—that I never saw Ireland till within a few months back, and heartily wish I had never seen it."

"So would General Humbert, too, perhaps," said Daly, laughing; and the Court seemed to relish the jest.

"Where were you born, then, Tiernay?"

"In Paris, I believe."

"And your mother's name, what was it?"

"I never knew; I was left an orphan when a mere infant, and can tell little of my family."

"Your father was Irish, then?"

"Only by descent. I have heard that we came from a family who bore the title of 'Timmahoo'—Lord Tiernay of Timmahoo."

"There was such a title," interposed Peters; "it was one of King James's last creations after his flight from the Boyne. Some, indeed, assert that it was conferred before the battle. What a strange coincidence, to find the descendant, if he be such, laboring in something like the same cause as his ancestor."

"What's your rank, sir?" asked a sharp, severe-looking man, called Major Flood.

"First Lieutenant of Hussars."

"And is it usual for a boy of your years to hold that rank; or was there any thing peculiar in your case that obtained the promotion?"

"I served in two campaigns, and gained my grade regularly."

"Your Irish blood, then, had no share in your advancement?" asked he again.

"I am a Frenchman, as I said before," was my answer.

"A Frenchman, who lays claim to an Irish estate and an Irish title," replied Flood. "Let us hear Dowall's statement."

And now, to my utter confusion, a man made his way to the table, and, taking the book from the Judge Advocate, kissed it in token of an oath.

"Inform the Court of any thing you know in connection with the prisoner," said the Judge.

And the fellow, not daring even to look toward me, began a long, rambling, unconnected narrative of his first meeting with me at Killala, affecting that a close intimacy had subsisted between us, and that in the faith of a confidence, I had told him how, being an Irishman by birth, I had joined the expedition in the hope that with the expulsion of the English I should be able to re-establish my claim to my family rank and fortune. There was little coherence in his story, and more than one discrepant statement occurred in it; but the fellow's natural stupidity imparted a wonderful air of truth to the narrative, and I was surprised how naturally it sounded even to my own ears, little circumstances of truth being interspersed through the recital, as though to season the falsehood into a semblance of fact.

"What have you to reply to this, Tiernay?" asked the Colonel.

"Simply, sir, that such a witness, were his assertions even more consistent and probable, is utterly unworthy of credit. This fellow was one of the greatest marauders of the rebel army: and the last exercise of authority I ever witnessed by General Humbert was an order to drive him out of the town of Castlebar."

"Is this the notorious Town-Major Dowall?" asked an officer of artillery.

"The same, sir."

"I can answer, then, for his being one of the greatest rascals unchanged," rejoined he.

"This is all very irregular, gentlemen," interposed the Judge Advocate; "the character of a witness can not be impugned by what is mere desultory conversation. Let Dowall withdraw."

The man retired, and now a whispered conversation was kept up at the table for about a quarter of an hour, in which I could distinctly separate those who befriended from those who opposed me, the Major being the chief of the latter party. One speech of his which I overheard made a slight impression on me, and for the first time suggested uneasiness regarding the event.

"Whatever you do with this lad must have an immense influence on Tone's trial. Don't

forget that if you acquit him you'll be sorely puzzled to convict the other."

The Colonel promptly overruled this unjust suggestion, and maintained that in my accent, manner, and appearance, there was every evidence of my French origin.

"Let Wolfe Tone stand upon his own merits," said he, "but let us not mix this case with his."

"I'd have treated every man who landed to a rope," exclaimed the Major, "Humbert himself among the rest. It was pure 'brigandage,' and nothing less."

"I hope if I escape, sir, that it will never be my fortune to see you a prisoner of France," said I, forgetting all in my indignation.

"If my voice have any influence, young man, that opportunity is not likely to occur to you," was the reply.

This ungenerous speech found no sympathy with the rest, and I soon saw that the Major represented a small minority in the Court.

The want of my commission, or of any document suitable to my rank or position in the service, was a great drawback; for I had given all my papers to Humbert, and had nothing to substantiate my account of myself. I saw how unfavorably this acknowledgement was taken by the Court; and when I was ordered to withdraw that they might deliberate, I own that I felt great misgivings as to the result.

The deliberation was a long, and as I could overhear, a strongly disputed one. Dowall was twice called in for examination, and when he retired on the last occasion, the discussion grew almost stormy.

As I stood thus awaiting my fate, the public, now removed from the Court, pressed eagerly to look at me; and while some thronged the doorway, and even pressed against the sentry, others crowded at the window to peep in. Among these faces, over which my eye ranged in half vacancy, one face struck me, for the expression of sincere sympathy and interest it bore. It was that of a middle-aged man of an humble walk in life, whose dress bespoke him from the country. There was nothing in his appearance to have called for attention or notice, and at any other time I should have passed him over without remark, but now, as his features betokened a feeling almost verging on anxiety, I could not regard him without interest.

Whichever way my eyes turned, however my thoughts might take me off, whenever I looked toward him, I was sure to find his gaze steadily bent upon me, and with an expression quite distinct from mere curiosity. At last came the summons for me to reappear before the Court, and the crowd opened to let me pass in.

The noise, the anxiety of the moment, and the movement of the people confused me at first, and when I recovered self-possession, I found that the Judge Advocate was reciting the charge under which I was tried. There were three distinct counts, on each of which the Court pronounced me "NOT GUILTY," but at the same time qualifying the finding by the additional

words—"by a majority of two;" thus showing me that my escape had been a narrow one.

"As a prisoner of war," said the President, "you will now receive the same treatment as your comrades of the same rank. Some have been already exchanged, and some have given bail for their appearance to answer any future charges against them."

"I am quite ready, sir, to accept my freedom on parole," said I; "of course, in a country where I am an utter stranger, bail is out of the question."

"I'm willing to bail him, your worship; I'll take it on me to be surety for him," cried a coarse, husky voice from the body of the court; and at the same time a man dressed in a great coat of dark frieze pressed through the crowd and approached the table.

"And who are you, my good fellow, so ready to impose yourself on the Court?" asked Peters.

"I'm a farmer of eighty acres of land, from the Black Pits, near Baldoyle, and the Adjutant there, Mr. Moore, knows me well."

"Yes," said the Adjutant, "I have known you some years, as supplying forage to the cavalry, and always heard you spoken of as honest and trust-worthy."

"Thank you, Mr. Moore; that's as much as I want."

"Yes; but it's not as much as *we* want, my worthy man," said Peters; we require to know that you are a solvent and respectable person."

"Come out and see my place then; ride over the land and look at my stock; ask my neighbors my character; find out if there's anything against me."

"We prefer to leave all that trouble on *your* shoulders," said Peters; "show us that we may accept your surety and we'll entertain the question at once."

"How much is it?" asked he, eagerly.

"We demanded five hundred pounds for a Major on the staff; suppose we say two, Colonel, is that sufficient?" asked Peters of the President.

"I should say quite enough," was the reply.

"There's eighty of it any way," said the farmer, producing a dirty roll of bank notes, and throwing them on the table; "I got them from Mr. Murphy in Smithfield this morning, and I'll get twice as much more from him for asking; so if your honors will wait 'till I come back, I'll not be twenty minutes away."

"But we can't take your money, my man; we have no right to touch it."

"Then what are ye talking about two hundred pounds for?" asked he, sternly.

"We want your promise to pay in the event of this bail being broken."

"Oh, I see, it's all the same thing in the end; I'll do it either way."

"We'll accept Mr. Murphy's guarantee for your solvency," said Peters; "obtain that and you can sign the bond at once."

"Faith I'll get it sure enough, and be here before you've the writing drawn out," said he, buttoning up his coat.

"What name are we to insert in the bond?"

"Tiernay, sir."

"That's the prisoner's name, but we want yours."

"Mine's Tiernay too, sir, Pat Tiernay of the Black Pits."

Before I could recover from my surprise at this announcement he had left the Court, which, in a few minutes afterward, broke up, a clerk alone remaining to fill up the necessary documents and complete the bail-bond.

The Colonel, as well as two others of his officers, pressed me to join them at breakfast, but I declined, resolving to wait for my namesake's return, and partake of no other hospitality than his.

It was near one o'clock when he returned, almost worn out with fatigue, since he had been in pursuit of Mr. Murphy for several hours, and only came upon him by chance at last. His business, however, he had fully accomplished; the bail-bond was duly drawn out and signed, and I left the barrack in a state of happiness very different from the feeling with which I had entered it that day.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A BRIEF CHANGE OF LIFE AND COUNTRY

My new acquaintance never ceased to congratulate himself on what he called the lucky accident that had led him to the barracks that morning, and thus brought about our meeting. "Little as you think of me, my dear," said he, "I'm one of the Tiernays of Timmahoo myself; faix, until I saw you, I thought I was the last of them! There are eight generations of us in the church-yard at Kells, and I was looking to the time when they'd lay my bones there, as the last of the race, but I see there's better fortune before us."

"But you have a family I hope?"

"Sorrow one belonging to me. I might have married when I was young, but there was a pride in me to look for something higher than I had any right, except from blood, I mean; for a better stock than our own isn't to be found; and that's the way years went over and I lost the opportunity, and here I am now an old bachelor, without one to stand to me, barrin' it be yourself."

The last words were uttered with a tremulous emotion, and on turning toward him I saw his eyes swimming with tears, and perceived that some strong feeling was working within him.

"You can't suppose I can ever forget what I owe you, Mr. Tiernay."

"Call me Pat, Pat Tiernay," interrupted he, roughly.

"I'll call you what you please," said I, "if you let me add friend to it."

"That's enough; we understand one another now, no more need be said; you'll come home and live with me. It's not long, maybe, you'll have to do that same; but when I go you'll be heir to what I have: 'tis more, perhaps, than

many supposes, looking at the coat and the gaiters I'm wearin'. Mind, Maurice, I don't want you, nor I don't expect you to turn farmer like myself. You need never turn a hand to any thing. You'll have your horse to ride—two if you like it. Your time will be all your own, so that you spend a little of it, now and then, with me, and as much diversion as ever you care for."

I have condensed into a few words the substance of a conversation which lasted till we reached Baldoye; and passing through that not over-imposing village, gained the neighborhood of the sea-shore, along which stretched the farm of the "Black Pits," a name derived, I was told, from certain black holes that were dug in the sands by fishermen in former times, when the salt tide washed over the pleasant fields where corn was now growing. A long, low, thatched cabin, with far more indications of room and comfort than pretension to the picturesque, stood facing the sea. There were neither trees nor shrubs around it, and the aspect of the spot was bleak and cheerless enough, a coloring a dark November day did nothing to dispel.

It possessed one charm, however, and had it been a hundred times inferior to what it was, *that* one would have compensated for all else—a hearty welcome met me at the door, and the words, "This is your home, Maurice," filled my heart with happiness.

Were I to suffer myself to dwell even in thought on this period of my life, I feel how insensibly I should be led away into an inexcusable prolixity. The little meaningless incidents of my daily life, all so engraven on my memory still, occupied me pleasantly from day till night. Not only the master of myself and my own time, I was master of every thing around me. Uncle Pat, as he loved to call himself, treated me with a degree of respect that was almost painful to me, and only when we were alone together, did he relapse into the intimacy of equality. Two first-rate hunters stood in my stable; a stout-built half-deck boat lay at my command beside the quay; I had my gun and my grayhounds; books, journals; every thing, in short, that a liberal purse and a kind spirit could confer—all but acquaintance. Of these I possessed absolutely none. Too proud to descend to intimacy with the farmers and small shopkeepers of the neighborhood, my position excluded me from acquaintance with the gentry; and thus I stood between both, unknown to either.

For a while my new career was too absorbing to suffer me to dwell on this circumstance. The excitement of field sports sufficed me when abroad, and I came home usually so tired at night that I could barely keep awake to amuse Uncle Pat with those narratives of war and campaigning he was so fond of hearing. To the hunting-field succeeded the Bay of Dublin, and I passed days, even weeks, exploring every creek and inlet of the coast; now cruising under the

dark cliffs of the Welsh shore, or, while my boat lay at anchor, wandering among the solitary valleys of Lambay; my life, like a dream full of its own imaginings, and unbroken by the thoughts or feelings of others! I will not go the length of saying that I was self-free from all reproach on the inglorious indolence in which my days were passed, or that my thoughts never strayed away to that land where my first dreams of ambition were felt. But a strange fatuous kind of languor had grown upon me, and the more I retired within myself, the less did I wish for a return to that struggle with the world which every active life engenders. Perhaps—I can not now say if it were so—perhaps I resented the disdainful distance with which the gentry treated me, as we met in the hunting-field or the coursing-ground. Some of the isolation I preferred may have had this origin, but choice had the greater share in it, until at last my greatest pleasure was to absent myself for weeks on a cruise, fancying that I was exploring tracts never visited by man, and landing on spots where no human foot had ever been known to tread.

If Uncle Pat would occasionally remonstrate on the score of these long absences, he never ceased to supply means for them, and my sea store and a well-filled purse were never wanting, when the blue Peter floated from "La Hoche," as in my ardor I had named my cutter. Perhaps at heart he was not sorry to see me avoid the capital and its society. The bitterness which had succeeded the struggle for independence was now at its highest point, and there was what, to my thinking at least, appeared something like the cruelty of revenge in the sentences which followed the state trials. I will not suffer myself to stray into the debatable ground of politics, nor dare I give an opinion on matters, where, with all the experience of fifty years superadded, the wisest heads are puzzled how to decide; but my impression at the time was, that lenity would have been a safer and a better policy than severity, and that in the momentary prostration of the country lay the precise conjuncture for those measures of grace and favor, which were afterward rather wrung from than conceded by the English government. Be this as it may, Dublin offered a strange spectacle at that period. The triumphant joy of one party—the discomfiture and depression of the other. All the exuberant delight of success here; all the bitterness of failure there. On one side festivities, rejoicings, and public demonstrations; on the other, confinement, banishment, or the scaffold.

The excitement was almost madness. The passion for pleasure, restrained by the terrible contingencies of the time, now broke forth with redoubled force, and the capital was thronged with all its rank, riches, and fashion, when its jails were crowded, and the heaviest sentences of the law were in daily execution. The state trials were crowded by all the fashion of the metropolis; and the heart-moving eloquence of

Curran was succeeded by the strains of a merry concert. It was just then, too, that the great lyric poet of Ireland began to appear in society, and those songs which were to be known afterwards as "The Melodies," par excellence, were first heard in all the witching enchantment which his own taste and voice could lend them. To such as were indifferent to or could forget the past, it was a brilliant period. It was the last flickering blaze of Irish nationality, before the lamp was extinguished for ever.

Of this society I myself saw nothing. But even in the retirement of my humble life the sounds of its mirth and pleasure penetrated, and I often wished to witness the scenes which even in vague description were fascinating. It was then in a kind of discontent at my exclusion, that I grew from day to day more disposed to solitude, and fonder of those excursions which led me out of all reach of companionship or acquaintance. In this spirit I planned a long cruise down channel, resolving to visit the Island of Valencia, or, if the wind and weather favored, to creep around the southwest coast as far as Bantry or Kenmare. A man and his son, a boy of about sixteen, formed all my crew, and were quite sufficient for the light tackle and easy rig of my craft. Uncle Pat was already mounted on his pony, and ready to set out for market, as we prepared to start. It was a bright spring morning—such a one as now and then the changeful climate of Ireland brings forth, in a brilliancy of color and softness of atmosphere that are rare in even more favored lands.

"You have a fine day of it, Maurice, and just enough wind," said he, looking at the point from whence it came. "I almost wish I was going with you."

"And why not come, then?" asked I. "You never will give yourself a holiday. Do so for once, now."

"Not to-day, any how," said he, half sighing at his self-denial. "I have a great deal of business on my hands to-day; but the next time—the very next you're up to a long cruise, I'll go with you."

"That's a bargain, then?"

"A bargain. Here's my hand on it."

We shook hands cordially on the compact. Little knew I it was to be for the last time, and that we were never to meet again.

I was soon aboard, and with a free mainsail skimming rapidly over the bright waters of the bay. The wind freshened as the day wore on, and we quickly passed the Kish light-ship, and held our course boldly down channel. The height of my enjoyment in these excursions consisted in the unbroken quietude of mind I felt, when removed from all chance of interruption, and left free to follow out my own fancies, and indulge my dreamy conceptions to my heart's content. It was then I used to revel in imaginings which sometimes soared into the boldest realms of ambition, and at other strayed contemplatively in the humblest walks

of obscure fortune. My crew never broke in upon these musings; indeed old Tom Finnerty's low croning song rather aided than interrupted them. He was not much given to talking, and a chance allusion to some vessel afar off, or some head-land we were passing, were about the extent of his communicativeness, and even these often fell on my ear unnoticed.

It was thus, at night, we made the Hook Tower; and on the next day passed, in a spanking breeze, under the bold cliffs of Tramore just catching, as the sun was sinking, the sight of Youghal Bay, and the tall headlands beyond it.

"The wind is drawing more to the nor'ard," said old Tom, as night closed in, "and the clouds look dirty."

"Bear her up a point or two," said I, "and let us stand in for Cork harbor, if it comes on to blow."

He muttered something in reply, but I did not catch the words, nor, indeed, cared I to hear them, for I had just wrapped myself in my boat-cloak, and stretched at full length on the shingle ballast of the yawl, was gazing in rapture at the brilliancy of the starry sky above me. Light skiffs of feathery cloud would now and then flit past, and a peculiar hissing sound of the sea told, at the same time, that the breeze was freshening. But old Tom had done his duty in mentioning this once; and thus having disburdened his conscience, he closehailed his mainsail, shifted the ballast a little to midships, and, putting up the collar of his pilot-coat, screwed himself tighter into the corner beside the tiller, and chewed his quid in quietness. The boy slept soundly in the bow, and I, lulled by the motion and the plashing waves, fell into a dreamy stupor, like a pleasant sleep. The pitching of the boat continued to increase, and twice or thrice, struck by a heavy sea, she lay over, till the white waves came tumbling in over her gunwale. I heard Tom call to his boy, something about the head-sail, but for the life of me I could not or would not arouse myself from a train of thought that I was following.

"She's a stout boat to stand this," said Tom, as he rounded her off, at a coming wave, which, even thus escaped, splashed over her like a cataract. "I know many a bigger craft wouldn't hold up her canvas under such a gale."

"Here it comes, father. Here's a squall," cried the boy, and with a crash like thunder, the wind struck the sail, and laid the boy half-under.

"She'd float if she was full of water," said the old man, as the craft "righted."

"But maybe the spars wouldn't stand," said the boy, anxiously.

"'Tis what I'm thinking," rejoined the father. "There's a shake in the mast, below the caps."

"Tell him it's better to bear up, and go before it," whispered the lad, with a gesture toward where I was lying.

"Troth it's little he'd care," said the other; "besides, he's never plazed to be woke up."

"Here it comes again," cried the boy. But this time the squall swept past ahead of us, and the craft only reeled to the swollen waves, as they tore by.

"We'd better go about, sir," said Tom to me; "there's a heavy sea outside, and it's blowing hard now."

"And there's a split in the mast as long as my arm," cried the boy.

"I thought she'd live through any sea, Tom!" said I, laughing; for it was his constant boast that no weather could harm her.

"There goes the spar," shouted he, while with a loud snap the mast gave way, and fell with a crash over the side. The boat immediately came head to wind, and sea after sea broke upon her bow, and fell in great floods over us.

"Cut away the stays—clear the wreck," cried Tom, "before the squall catches her."

And although we now labored like men whose lives depended on the exertion, the trailing sail and heavy rigging, shifting the ballast as they fell, laid her completely over; and when the first sea struck her, over she went. The violence of the gale sent me a considerable distance out, and for several seconds I felt as though I should never reach the surface again. Wave after wave rolled over me, and seemed bearing me downward with their weight. At last I grasped something; it was a rope—a broken halyard—but by its means I gained the mast, which floated alongside of the yawl as she now lay keel uppermost. With what energy did I struggle to reach her. The space was scarcely a dozen feet, and yet it cost me what seemed an age to traverse. Through all the roaring of the breakers, and the crashing sounds of storm, I thought I could hear my comrades' voices shouting and screaming, but this was in all likelihood a mere deception, for I never saw them more.

Grasping with a death-grip the slippery keel, I hung on the boat through all the night. The gale continued to increase, and by day-break it blew a perfect hurricane. With an aching anxiety I watched for the light to see if I were near the land, or if any ship were in sight, but when the sun rose nothing met my eyes but a vast expanse of waves tumbling and tossing in mad confusion, while overhead some streaked and mottled clouds were hurried along with the wind. Happily for me, I have no correct memory of that long day of suffering. The continual noise, but more still, the incessant motion of the sea and sky around brought on a vertigo, that seemed like madness; and although the instinct of self-preservation remained, the wildest and most incoherent fancies filled my brain. Some of these were powerful enough to impress themselves upon my memory for years after, and one I have never yet been able to dispel. It clings to me in every season of unusual depression or dejection; it recurs in the half night-

mare sleep of over fatigue, and even invades me when, restless and feverish, I lie for hours incapable of repose. This is the notion that my state was one of after-life punishment; that I had died, and was now expiating a sinful life by the everlasting misery of a castaway. The fever brought on by thirst and exhaustion and the burning sun which beamed down upon my uncovered head, soon completed the measure of this infatuation, and all sense and guidance left me.

By what instinctive impulse I still held on my grasp I can not explain, but there I clung during the whole of that long dreadful day, and the still more dreadful night, when the piercing cold cramped my limbs, and seemed as if freezing the very blood within me. It was no wish for life; it was no anxiety to save myself that now filled me. It seemed like a vague impulse of necessity that compelled me to hang on. It was, as it were, part of that terrible sentence which made this my doom forever!

An utter unconsciousness must have followed this state, and a dreary blank, with flitting shapes of suffering, is all that remains to my recollection.

Probably within the whole range of human sensations, there is not one so perfect in its calm and soothing influence as the first burst of gratitude we feel when recovering from a long and severe illness! There is not an object, however humble and insignificant, that is not for the time invested with a new interest. The air is balmier, flowers are sweeter, the voices of friends, the smiles and kind looks, are dearer and fonder than we have ever known them. The whole world has put on a new aspect for us, and we have not a thought that is not teeming with forgiveness and affection. Such, in all their completeness, were my feelings as I lay on the poop-deck of a large three-masted ship, which, with studding and top-gallant sails all set, proudly held her course up the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

She was a Dantzic barque, the "Hoffnung," bound for Quebec, her only passengers being a Moravian minister and his wife, on their way to join a small German colony established near Lake Champlain. To Gottfried Kröller and his dear little wife I owe not life alone, but nearly all that has made it valuable. With means barely removed from absolute poverty, I found that they had spared nothing to assist in my recovery; for, when discovered, emaciation and wasting had so far reduced me that nothing but the most unremitting care and kindness could have succeeded in restoring me. To this end they bestowed not only their whole time and attention, but every little delicacy of their humble sea-store. All the little cordials and restoratives meant for a season of sickness or debility were lavished unsparingly on me, and every instinct of national thrift and carefulness gave way before the more powerful influence of Christian benevolence.

I can think of nothing but that bright morn-

ing, as I lay on a mattress on the deck, with the "Pfarrer" on one side of me, and his good little wife, Lyschen, on the other; he, with his volume of "Wieland," and she working away with her long knitting-needles, and never raising her head save to bestow a glance at the poor sick boy, whose bloodless lips were trying to mutter her name in thankfulness. It is like the most delicious dream as I think over those hours, when, rocked by the surging motion of the large ship, hearing in half distinctness the words of the "Pfarrer's" reading, I followed out little fancies—now self-originating, now rising from the theme of the poet's musings.

How softly the cloud shadows moved over the white sails and swept along the bright deck! How pleasantly the water rippled against the vessel's side! With what a glad sound the great ensign flapped and fluttered in the breeze! There was light, and life, and motion on every side, and I felt all the intoxication of enjoyment.

And like a dream was the portion of my life which followed. I accompanied the Pfarrer to a small settlement near "Crown Point," where he was to take up his residence as minister. Here we lived amid a population of about four or five hundred Germans, principally from Pomerania, on the shores of the Baltic, a peaceful, thrifty, quiet set of beings, who, content with the little interests revolving around themselves, never troubled their heads about the great events of war or politics; and here in all likelihood should I have been content to pass my days, when an accidental journey I made to Albany, to receive some letters for the Pfarrer, once more turned the fortune of my life.

It was a great incident in the quiet monotony of my life, when I set out one morning, arrayed in a full suit of coarse-glossy black, with buttons like small saucers, and a hat whose brim almost protected my shoulders. I was, indeed, an object of very considerable envy to some, and I hope, also, not denied the admiring approval of some others. Had the respectable city I was about to visit been the chief metropolis of a certain destination which I must not name, the warnings I received about its dangers, dissipations, and seductions, could scarcely have been more earnest or impressive. I was neither to speak with, nor even to look at, those I met in the streets. I was carefully to avoid taking my meals at any of the public eating-houses, rigidly guarding myself from the contamination of even a chance acquaintance. It was deemed as needless to caution me against theatres or places of amusement, as to hint to me that I should not commit a highway robbery or a murder, and so, in sooth, I should myself have felt it. The patriarchal simplicity in which I had lived for above a year, had not been without its effect in subduing exaggerated feeling, or controlling that passion for excitement so common to youth. I felt a kind of drowsy, dreamy languor over me, which I sincerely believed represented a pious and well-regulated temperament. Perhaps in time it might have become

such. Perhaps with others, more happily constituted, the impression would have been confirmed and fixed; but in *my* case it was a mere lacker, that the first rubbing in the world was sure to brush off.

I arrived safely at Albany, and having presented myself at the bank of Gabriel Shultze, was desired to call the following morning, when all the letters and papers of Gottfried Kröller should be delivered to me. A very cold invitation to supper was the only hospitality extended to me. This I declined on pretext of weariness, and set out to explore the town, to which my long residence in rural life imparted a high degree of interest.

I don't know what it may now be: doubtless a great capital, like one of the European cities; but at the time I speak of, Albany was a strange, incongruous assemblage of stores and wooden houses, great buildings like granaries, with whole streets of low sheds around them, where open to the passer-by, men worked at various trades, and people followed out the various duties of domestic life in sight of the public; the daughters knitted and sewed; mothers cooked and nursed their children; men ate, and worked, and smoked, and sang, as if in all the privacy of closed dwellings, while a thick current of population poured by, apparently too much immersed in their own cares, or too much accustomed to the scene, to give it more than passing notice.

It was curious how one bred and born in the great city of Paris, with all its sights and sounds, and scenes of excitement and display, could have been so rusticated by time, as to feel a lively interest in surveying the motley aspect of this quaint town. There were, it is true, features in the picture very unlike the figures in "Old World" landscape. A group of red men, seated around a fire in the open street, or a squaw carrying on her back a baby, firmly tied to a piece of curved bark; a Southern-stater, with a spanking wagon-team, and two grinning negroes behind, were new and strange elements in the life of a city. Still, the mere movement, the actual busy stir and occupation of the inhabitants, attracted me as much as any thing else; and the shops and stalls where trades were carried on were a seduction I could not resist.

The strict puritanism in which I had lately lived taught me to regard all these things with a certain degree of distrust. They were the impulses of that gold-seeking passion of which Gottfried had spoken so frequently; they were the great vice of that civilization, whose luxurious tendency he often deplored; and here, now, more than one-half around me were arts that only ministered to voluptuous tastes. Brilliant articles of jewelry; gay cloaks, worked with wampum, in Indian taste; ornamental turning, and costly weapons, inlaid with gold and silver, succeeded each other, street after street; and the very sight of them, however pleasurable to the eye, set me a-moralizing, in a strain that

would have done credit to a son of Geneva. It might have been, that in my enthusiasm I uttered half aloud what I intended for soliloquy: or perhaps some gesture, or peculiarity of manner, had the effect; but so it was: I found myself an object of notice; and my queer-cut coat and wide hat, contrasting so strangely with my youthful appearance and slender make, drew many a criticism on me.

"He ain't a Quaker, that's a fact," cried one, "for they don't wear black."

"He's a down-Easter—a horse jockey chap, I'll be bound," cried another. "They put on all manner of disguises and 'masqueroonnings.' I know 'em!"

"He's a calf preacher—a young bottle-nosed Gospeller," broke in a thick, short fellow, like the skipper of a merchant ship. "Let's have him out for a preachment."

"Ay, you're right," chimed in another. "I'll get you a sugar hogshead in no time;" and away he ran on the mission.

Between twenty and thirty persons had now collected; and I saw myself, to my unspeakable shame and mortification, the centre of all their looks and speculations. A little more *aplomb* or knowledge of life would have taught me coolness enough in a few words to undeceive them: but such a task was far above me now; and I saw nothing for it but flight. Could I only have known which way to take, I need not have feared any pursuer, for I was a capital runner, and in high condition; but of the locality I was utterly ignorant, and should only surrender myself to mere chance. With a bold rush, then, I dashed right through the crowd, and set off down the street, the whole crew after me. The dusk of the closing evening was in my favor; and although volunteers were enlisted in the chase at every corner and turning, I distanced them, and held on my way in advance. My great object being not to turn on my course, lest I should come back to my starting point, I directed my steps nearly straight onward, clearing apple-stalls and fruit tables at a bound; and more than once taking a flying leap over an Indian's fire, when the mad shout of the red man would swell the chorus that followed me. At last I reached a network of narrow lanes and alleys, by turning and winding through which, I speedily found myself in a quiet secluded spot, with here and there a flickering candle-light from the windows, but no other sign of habitation. I looked anxiously about for an open door; but they were all safe barred and fastened; and it was only on turning a corner I spied what seemed to me a little shop, with a solitary lamp over the entrance. A narrow canal, crossed by a rickety old bridge, led to this; and the moment I had crossed over, I seized the single plank which formed the footway, and shoved it into the stream. My retreat being thus secured, I opened the door, and entered. It was a barber's shop; at least, so a great chair before a cracked old looking glass, with some well-worn

combs and brushes, bespoke it; but the place seemed untenanted, and although I called aloud several times, none came or responded to my summons.

I now took a survey of the spot which seemed of the poorest imaginable. A few empty pomatum pots, a case of razors that might have defied the most determined suicide, and a half-finished wig, on a block painted like a red man, were the entire stock in trade. On the walls, however, were some colored prints of the battles of the French army in Germany and Italy. Execrably done things they were, but full of meaning and interest to my eyes in spite of that. With all the faults of drawing and all the travesties of costume, I could recognize different corps of the service, and my heart bounded as I gazed on the tall shakos swarming to a breach, or the loose jacket as it floated from the hussar in a charge. All the wild pleasures of soldiering rose once more to my mind, and I thought over old comrades who doubtless were now earning the high rewards of their bravery in the great career of glory. And as I did so, my own image confronted me in the glass, as with long, lank hair, and a great bolster of a white cravat, I stood before it. What a contrast!—how unlike the smart hussar, with curling locks and fierce mustache! Was I as much changed in heart as in looks. Had my spirit died out within me. Would the proud notes of the bugle or the trumpet fall meaningless on my ears, or the hoarse cry of "Charge!" send no bursting fullness to my temples? Ay, even these coarse representations stirred the blood in my veins, and my step grew firmer as I walked the room.

In a passionate burst of enthusiasm I tore off my slouched hat and hurled it from me. It felt like the badge of some ignoble slavery, and I determined to endure it no longer. The noise of the act called up a voice from the inner room, and a man, to all appearance suddenly roused from sleep, stood at the door. He was evidently young, but poverty, dissipation, and raggedness made the question of his age a difficult one to solve. A light-colored mustache and beard covered all the lower part of his face, and his long blonde hair fell heavily over his shoulders.

"Well," cried he, half angrily, "what's the matter; are you so impatient that you must smash the furniture?"

Although the words were spoken as correctly as I have written them, they were uttered with a foreign accent; and, hazarding the stroke, I answered him in French by apologizing for the noise.

"What! a Frenchman," exclaimed he, "and in that dress; what can that mean?"

"If you'll shut your door, and cut off pursuit of me, I'll tell you every thing," said I, "for I hear the voices of people coming down that street in front."

"I'll do better," said he, quickly, "I'll upset the bridge, and they can not come over."

"That's done already," replied I; "I shoved it into the stream as I passed."

He looked at me steadily for a moment without speaking, and then approaching close to me, said, "Parbleu! the act was very unlike your costume!" At the same time he shut the door, and drew a strong bar across it. This done, he turned to me once more—"Now for it: who are you, and what has happened to you?"

"As to what I am," replied I, imitating his own abruptness, "my dress will almost save the trouble of explaining; these Albany folk, however, would make a field-preacher of me, and to escape them I took to flight."

"Well, if a fellow will wear his hair that fashion, he must take the consequence," said he, drawing out my long lank locks as they hung over my shoulders. "And so you wouldn't hold forth for them; not even give them a stave of a conventual chant." He kept his eyes riveted on me as he spoke, and then seizing two pieces of stick for the firewood, he beat on the table the ran-tan-plan of the French drum. That's the music you know best, lad, eh?—that's the air, which, if it has not lead heavenward, has conducted many a brave fellow out of this world at least: do you forget it?"

"Forget it! no," cried I; "but who are you; and how comes it that—that—" I stopped in confusion at the rudeness of the question I had begun.

"That I stand here, half-fed, and all but naked; a barber in a land where men don't shave once a month. Parbleu! they'd come even seldomer to my shop if they knew how tempted I feel to draw the razor sharp and quick across the gullet of a fellow with a well-stocked pouch."

As he continued to speak, his voice assumed a tone and cadence that sounded familiarly to my ears as I stared at him in amazement.

"Not know me yet," exclaimed he, laughing; "and yet all this poverty and squalor isn't as great a disguise as your own, Tiernay. Come, lad, rub your eyes a bit, and try if you can't recognize an old comrade."

"I know you, yet can not remember how or where we met," said I, in bewilderment.

"I'll refresh your memory," said he, crossing his arms, and drawing himself proudly up. "If you can trace back in your mind to a certain hot and dusty day, on the Metz road, when you, a private in the seventh Hussars, were eating an onion and a slice of black bread for your dinner, a young officer, well-looking and well-mounted, cantered up, and threw you his brandy flask. Your acknowledgment of the civility showed you to be a gentleman; and the acquaintance thus opened, soon ripened into intimacy."

"But he was the young Marquis de Saint Trone," said I, perfectly remembering the incident.

"Or Eugene Santron, of the republican army, or the barber at Albany, without any name at

all," said he, laughing. "What, Maurice, don't you know me yet?"

"What, the lieutenant of my regiment! The dashing officer of Hussars!"

"Just so, and as ready to resume the old skin as ever," cried he, "and brandish a weapon somewhat longer, and perhaps somewhat sharper, too, than a razor."

We shook hands with all the cordiality of old comrades, meeting far away from home, and in a land of strangers; and although each was full of curiosity to learn the other's history, a kind of reserve held back the inquiry, till Santron said, "My confession is soon made, Maurice; I left the service in the Meuse, to escape being shot. One day, on returning from a field manoeuvre, I discovered that my portmanteau had been opened, and a number of letters and papers taken out. They were part of a correspondence I held with old General Lamarre, about the restoration of the Bourbons, a subject, I'm certain, that half the officers in the army were interested in, and, even to Bonaparte himself, deeply implicated in too. No matter, *my* treason, as they called it, was too flagrant, and I had just twenty minutes' start of the order which was issued for my arrest, to make my escape into Holland. There I managed to pass several months in various disguises, part of the time being employed as a Dutch spy, and actually charged with an order to discover tidings of myself, until I finally got away in an Antwerp schooner, to New York. From that time my life has been nothing but a struggle, a hard one, too, with actual want, for in this land of enterprise and activity, mere intelligence, without some craft or calling, will do nothing.

"I tried fifty things—to teach riding, and when I mounted into the saddle, I forgot everything but my own enjoyment, and caracolled, and plunged, and passaged, till the poor beast hadn't a leg to stand on; fencing, and I got into a duel with a rival teacher, and ran him through the neck, and was obliged to fly from Halifax; French, I made love to my pupil, a pretty looking Dutch fraulien, whose father didn't smile on our affection; and so on I descended from a dancing-master to a waiter, a *laquais de place*, and at last settled down as a barber, which brilliant speculation I had just determined to abandon this very night; for tomorrow morning, Maurice, I start for New York and France again; ay, boy, and you'll go with me. This is no land for either of us."

"But I have found happiness, at least contentment, here," said I, gravely.

"What! play the hypocrite with an old comrade! shame on you, Maurice," cried he. "It is these confounded locks have perverted the boy," added he, jumping up; and before I knew what he was about, he had shorn my hair, in two quick cuts of the scissors, close to the head. "There," said he, throwing the cut-off hair toward me, "there lies all your *saîntship*; depend upon it, boy, they'd hunt you out

of the settlement if you came back to them cropped in this fashion."

"But you return to certain death, Santron," said I; "your crime is too recent to be forgiven or forgotten."

"Not a bit of it; Fouche, Cassaubon, and a dozen others now in office, were deeper than I was. There's not a public man in France could stand an exposure, or hazard recrimination. It's a thieves' amnesty at this moment, and I must not lose the opportunity. I'll show you letters that will prove it, Maurice; for, poor and ill-fed as I am, I like life just as well as ever I did. I mean to be a general of division one of these days, and so will you too, lad, if there's any spirit left in you."

Thus did Santron rattle on, sometimes of himself and his own future; sometimes discussing mine; for while talking, he had contrived to learn all the chief particulars of my history, from the time of my sailing from La Rochelle for Ireland.

The unlucky expedition afforded him great amusement, and he was never weary of laughing at all our adventures and mischances in Ireland. Of Humbert, he spoke as a fourth or fifth-rate man, and actually shocked me by all the heresies he uttered against our generals, and the plan of campaign; but, perhaps, I could have borne even these better than the sarcasms and sneers at the little life of "the settlement." He treated all my efforts at defense as mere hypocrisy, and affected to regard me as a mere knave, that had traded on the confiding kindness of these simple villagers. I could not undeceive him on this head; nor what was more, could I satisfy my own conscience that he was altogether in the wrong; for, with a diabolical ingenuity, he had contrived to hit on some of the most vexatious doubts which disturbed my mind, and instinctively to detect the secret cares and difficulties that beset me. The lesson should never be lost on us, that the devil was depicted as a sneerer! I verily believe the powers of temptation have no such advocacy as sarcasm. Many can resist the softest seductions of vice: many are proof against all the blandishments of mere enjoyment, come in what shape it will; but how few can stand firm against the assaults of clever irony, or hold fast to their convictions when assailed by the sharp shafts of witty depreciation.

I'm ashamed to own how little I could oppose to all his impertinences about our village, and its habits; or how impossible I found it not to laugh at his absurd descriptions of a life which, without having ever witnessed, he depicted with a rare accuracy. He was shrewd enough not to push this ridicule offensively, and long before I knew it I found myself regarding, with his eyes, a picture in which, but a few months back, I stood as a fore-ground figure. I ought to confess, that no artificial aid was derived from either good cheer, or the graces of hospitality; we sat by a miserable lamp, in a

wretchedly cold chamber, our sole solace some bad cigars, and a can of flat, stale cider.

"I have not a morsel to offer you to eat, Maurice, but to-morrow we'll breakfast on my razors, dine on that old looking-glass, and sup on two hard brushes and the wig!"

Such were the brilliant pledges, and we closed a talk which the flickering lamp at last put an end to.

A broken, unconnected conversation followed for a little time, but at length, worn out and wearied, each dropped off to sleep—Eugene on the straw settle, and I in the old chair—never to awake till the bright sun was streaming in between the shutters, and dancing merrily on the tiled floor.

An hour before I awoke he had completed the sale of all his little stock in trade, and, with a last look round the spot where he had passed some months of struggling poverty, out we sallied into the town.

"We'll breakfast at Jonathan Hone's," said Santron. "It's the first place here. I'll treat you to rump steaks, pumpkin pie, and a gin twister that will astonish you. Then, while I'm arranging for our passage down the Hudson, you'll see the hospitable banker, and tell him how to forward all his papers, and so forth, to the settlement, with your respectful compliments and regrets, and the rest of it."

"But am I to take leave of them in this fashion?" asked I.

"Without you want *me* to accompany you there, I think it's by far the best way," said he, laughingly. "If, however, you think that my presence and companionship will add any lustre to your position, say the word and I'm ready. I know enough of the barber's craft now to make up a head 'en Puritan,' and, if you wish, I'll pledge myself to impose upon the whole colony."

Here was a threat there was no mistaking; and any imputation of ingratitude on my part were far preferable to the thought of such an indignity. He saw his advantage at once, and boldly declared that nothing should separate us.

"The greatest favor, my dear Maurice, you can ever expect at my hands is, never to speak of this freak of yours; or, if I do, to say that you performed the part to perfection."

My mind was in one of those moods of change when the slightest impulse is enough to sway it, and more from this cause than all his persuasion, I yielded; and the same evening saw me gliding down the Hudson, and admiring the bold Kaatskills, on our way to New York.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANECDOTES OF PAGANINI.

PAGANINI was in all respects a very singular being, and an interesting subject to study. His talents were by no means confined to his wonderful powers as a musician. On other subjects he was well-informed, acute, and conversible, of bland and gentle manners, and in

society, perfectly well-bred. All this contrasted strangely with the dark, mysterious stories which were bruited abroad, touching some passages in his early life. But outward semblance and external deportment are treacherous as quicksands, when taken as guides by which to sound the real depths of human character. Lord Byron remarks, that his pocket was once picked by the civillest gentleman he ever conversed with, and that by far the mildest individual of his acquaintance was the remorseless Ali Pacha of Yanina. The expressive lineaments of Paganini told a powerful tale of passions which had been fearfully excited, which might be roused again from temporary slumber, or were exhausted by indulgence and premature decay, leaving deep furrows to mark their intensity. Like the generality of his countrymen, he looked much older than he was. With them, the elastic vigor of youth and manhood rapidly subsides into an interminable and joyless old age, numbering as many years, but with far less both of physical and mental faculty to render them endurable, than the more equally poised gradations of our northern clime. It is by no means unusual to encounter a well-developed Italian, whiskered to the eye-brows, and "bearded like the pard," who tells you, to your utter astonishment, that he is scarcely seventeen, when you have set him down from his appearance as, at least, five-and-thirty.

The following extract from Colonel Montgomery Maxwell's book of Military Reminiscences, entitled "My Adventures," dated Genoa, February 22d, 1815, supplies the earliest record which has been given to the public respecting Paganini, and affords authentic evidence that some of the mysterious tales which heralded his coming were not without foundation. He could scarcely have been at this time thirty years old. "Talking of music, I have become acquainted with the most *outré*, most extravagant, and strangest character I ever beheld, or heard, in the musical line. He has just been emancipated from durance vile, where he has been for a long time incarcerated on suspicion of murder. His long figure, long neck, long face, and long forehead; his hollow and deadly pale cheek, large black eye, hooked nose, and jet black hair, which is long, and more than half hiding his expressive Jewish face; all these rendered him the most extraordinary person I ever beheld. There is something scriptural in the *tout ensemble* of the strange physiognomy of this uncouth and unearthly figure. Not that, as in times of old, he plays, as Holy Writ tells us, on a ten-stringed instrument; on the contrary, he brings the most powerful, the most wonderful, and the most heart-rending tones from one string. His name is Paganini; he is very improvident and very poor. The D—s, and the Impressario of the theatre got up a concert for him the other night, which was well attended, and on which occasion he electrified the audience. He is a native of Genoa, and if I were a judge of violin playing, I would pro-

nounce him the most surprising performer in the world!"

That Paganini was either innocent of the charge for which he suffered the incarceration Colonel Maxwell mentions, or that it could not be proved against him, may be reasonably inferred from the fact that he escaped the galleys or the executioner. In Italy, there was then, *par excellence* (whatever there may be now), a law for the rich, and another for the poor. As he was without money, and unable to buy immunity, it is charitable to suppose he was entitled to it from innocence. A nobleman, with a few *zecchini*, was in little danger of the law, which confined its practice entirely to the lower orders. I knew a Sicilian prince, who most wantonly blew a vassal's brains out, merely because he put him in a passion. The case was not even inquired into. He sent half a dollar to the widow of the defunct (which, by the way, he borrowed from me, and never repaid), and there the matter ended. Lord Nelson once suggested to Ferdinand IV. of Naples, to try and check the daily increase of assassination, by a few salutary executions. "No, no," replied old Nasone, who was far from being as great a fool as he looked, "that is impossible. If I once began that system, my kingdom would soon be depopulated. One half my subjects would be continually employed in hanging the remainder."

Among other peculiarities, Paganini was an incarnation of avarice and parsimony, with a most contradictory passion for gambling. He would haggle with you for sixpence, and stake a rouleau on a single turn at *rouge et noir*. He screwed you down in a bargain as tightly as if you were compressed in a vice; yet he had intervals of liberality, and sometimes did a generous action. In this he bore some resemblance to the celebrated John Elwes, of miserly notoriety, who deprived himself of the common necessities of life, and lived on a potato skin, but sometimes gave a check for £100 to a public charity, and contributed largely to private subscriptions. I never heard that Paganini actually did this, but once or twice he played for nothing, and sent a donation to the Mendicity, when he was in Dublin.

When he made his engagement with me, we mutually agreed to write no orders, expecting the house to be quite full every night, and both being aware that the "sons of freedom," while they add nothing to the exchequer, seldom assist the effect of the performance. They are not given to applaud vehemently; or, as Richelieu observes, "in the right places." What we care for nothing we are inclined to think much less of than that which we must purchase. He who invests a shilling will not do it rashly, or without feeling convinced that value received will accrue from the risk. The man who pays is the real enthusiast; he comes with a pre-determination to be amused, and his spirit is exalted accordingly. Paganini's valet surprised me one morning, by walking into my room, and,

with many "eccellenzas" and gesticulations of respect, asking me to give him an order. I said, "Why do you come to me? Apply to your master—won't he give you one?" "Oh, yes; but I don't like to ask him." "Why not?" "Because he'll stop the amount out of my wages!" My heart relented; I gave him the order, and paid Paganini the dividend. I told him what it was, thinking, as a matter of course, he would return it. He seemed uncertain for a moment, paused, smiled sardonically, looked at the three and sixpence, and with a spasmodic twitch, deposited it in his own waistcoat pocket instead of mine. Voltaire says, "no man is a hero to his valet de chambre," meaning, thereby, as I suppose, that being behind the scenes of every-day life, he finds out that Marshal Saxe, or Frederick the Great, is as subject to the common infirmities of our nature, as John Nokes or Peter Styles. Whether Paganini's squire of the body looked on his master as a hero, in the vulgar acceptation of the word, I can not say, but in spite of his stinginess, which he writhed under, he regarded him with mingled reverence and terror. "A strange person, your master," observed I. "Signor," replied the faithful Sancho Panza, "*e veramente grand uomo, ma da non potersi comprendere.*" "He is truly a great man, but quite incomprehensible." It was edifying to observe the awful importance with which Antonio bore the instrument nightly intrusted to his charge to carry to and from the theatre. He considered it an animated something, whether dæmon or angel he was unable to determine, but this he firmly believed, that it could speak in actual dialogue when his master pleased, or become a dumb familiar by the same controlling volition. This especial violin was Paganini's inseparable companion. It lay on his table before him as he sat meditating in his solitary chamber; it was placed by his side at dinner, and on a chair within his reach when in bed. If he woke, as he constantly did, in the dead of night, and the sudden *estro* of inspiration seized him, he grasped his instrument, started up, and on the instant perpetuated the conception which otherwise he would have lost forever. This marvelous Cremona, valued at four hundred guineas, Paganini, on his death-bed, gave to De Kontski, his nephew and only pupil, himself an eminent performer, and in his possession it now remains.

When Paganini was in Dublin at the musical festival of 1830, the Marquis of Anglesea, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, came every night to the concerts at the theatre, and was greatly pleased with his performance. On the first evening, between the acts, his Excellency desired that he might be brought round to his box to be introduced, and paid him many compliments. Lord Anglesea was at that time residing in perfect privacy with his family, at Sir Harcourt Lees' country house, near Blackrock, and expressed a wish to get an evening from the great violinist, to gratify his domestic circle. The

negotiation was rather a difficult one, as Paganini was, of all others, the man who did nothing, in the way of business, without an explicit understanding, and a clearly-defined consideration. He was alive to the advantage of honor, but he loved money with a paramount affection. I knew that he had received enormous terms, such as £150 and £200 for fiddling at private parties in London, and I trembled for the viceregal purse; but I undertook to manage the affair, and went to work accordingly. The aid-de-camp in waiting called with me on Paganini, was introduced in due form, and handed him a card of invitation to dinner, which, of course, he received and accepted with ceremonious politeness. Soon after the officer had departed, he said, suddenly, "This is a great honor, but am I expected to bring my instrument?" "Oh, yes," I replied, "as a matter of course—the Lord Lieutenant's family wish to hear you in private." "*Caro amico,*" rejoined he, with petrifying composure, "*Paganini con violino é Paganini senza violino,—ecco due animali distinti.*" "Paganini with his fiddle, and Paganini without it, are two very different persons." I knew perfectly what he meant, and said, "The Lord Lieutenant is a nobleman of exalted rank and character, liberal in the extreme, but he is not Cræsus; nor do I think you could, with any consistency, receive such an honor as dining at his table, and afterward send in a bill for playing two or three tunes in the evening." He was staggered; and asked, "What do you advise?" I said, "Don't you think a present, in the shape of a ring, or a snuff-box, or something of that sort, with a short inscription, would be a more agreeable mode of settlement?" He seemed tickled by this suggestion, and closed with it at once. I dispatched the intelligence through the proper channel, that the violin and the *gran maestro* would both be in attendance. He went in his very choicest mood, made himself extremely agreeable, played away, unsolicited, throughout the evening, to the delight of the whole party; and on the following morning, a gold snuff-box was duly presented to him, with a few complimentary words engraved on the lid.

A year or two after this, when Paganini was again in England, I thought another engagement might be productive, as his extraordinary attraction appeared still to increase. I wrote to him on the subject, and soon received a very courteous communication, to the effect, that, although he had not contemplated including Ireland in his tour, yet he had been so impressed by the urbanity of the Dublin public, and had, moreover, conceived such a personal esteem for my individual character, that he might be induced to alter his plans, at some inconvenience, provided always I could make him a more enticing proposal than the former one. I was here completely puzzled, as, on that occasion, I gave him a clear two-thirds of each receipt, with a bonus of £25 per night, in addition, for two useless coadjutors. I replied, that

having duly deliberated on his suggestion, and considered the terms of our last compact, I saw no possible means of placing the new one in a more alluring shape, except by offering him the entire produce of the engagement. After I had dispatched my letter, I repented bitterly, and was terrified lest he should think me serious, and hold me to the bargain; but he deigned no answer, and this time I escaped for the fright I had given myself. When in London, I called to see him, and met with a cordial reception; but he soon alluded to the late correspondence, and half seriously said, "That was a curious letter you wrote to me, and the joke with which you concluded it, by no means a good one." "Oh," said I, laughing, "it would have been much worse if you had taken me at my word." He then laughed, too, and we parted excellent friends. I never saw him again. He returned to the Continent, and died, having purchased the title of Baron, with a patent of nobility, from some foreign potentate, which, with his accumulated earnings, somewhat dilapidated by gambling, he bequeathed to his only son. Pagani was the founder of his school, and the original inventor of those extraordinary *tours de force* with which all his successors and imitators are accustomed to astonish the uninitiated. But he still stands at the head of the list, although eminent names are included in it, and is not likely to be pushed from his pedestal.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THO^s MORE.*

LIBELLUS A MARGARETA MORE.
QUINDECIM ANNOS NATA, CHELSEIÆ INCEPTVS.

"Nulla dies sine linea."

HEARDE mother say to Barbara, "Be sure the sirloin is well basted for y^e king's physician:" which avised me that Dr. Linacre was expected. In truth, he returned with father in y^e barge; and they tooke a turn on y^e river bank before sitting down to table; I noted them from my lattice; and anon, father, beckoning me, cries, "Child, bring out my favorite Treatyse on Fisshynge, printed by Wynkyn de Worde; I must give the doctor my loved passage."

Joyning 'em with y^e book, I found father telling him of y^e roach, dace, chub, barbel, etc., we oft catch opposite y^e church; and hastilie turning over y^e leaves, he beginneth with unction to read y^e passage ensuing, which I love to y^e full as much as he:—

He observeth, if the angler's sport shoulde fail him, "he at y^e best hathe his holsom walk and mery at his ease, a swete ayre of the swete savour of y^e meade of flowers, that maketh him hungry; he heareth the melodious harmonie of fowles, he seeth y^e young swans, herons, ducks, cotes, and manie other fowles, with their broods, which me seemeth better than alle y^e noise of hounds, faukners, and fowlers can make. And if the angler take fyssh, then there is noe man merrier than he is in his spryte." And, "Ye shall not use this forsaid crafty dis-

porte for no covetysnesse in the encreasing and sparing of your money onlie, but pryncipallie for your solace, and to cause the health of your bodie, and speciallie of your soule, for when ye purpose to goe on your disportes of fysshynge, ye will not desire greatlie manie persons with you, which woulde lett you of your game. And thenne ye may serve God devoutlie, in saying affectuouslie your customable prayer; and thus doing, ye shall eschew and voyd manie vices."

"Angling is itselfe a vice," cries Erasmus from y^e threshold; "for my part I will fish none, save and except for pickled oysters."

"In the regions below," answers father; and then laughingly tells Linacre of his firste dialogue with Erasmus, who had beene feasting in my Lord Mayor's cellar:—"Whence come you?" "From below." "What were they about there?" "Eating live oysters, and drinking out of leather jacks." "Either you are Erasmus," etc. "Either you are More or nothing."

"Neither more nor less," you should have rejoined," sayth the doctor.

"How I wish I had," says father; "don't torment me with a jest I might have made and did not make; 'speciallie to put downe Erasmus."

"Concedo nulli," sayth Erasmus.

"Why are you so lazy?" asks Linacre; "I am sure you can speak English if you will."

"Soe far from it," sayth Erasmus, "that I made my incapacitie an excuse for declining an English rectory. Albeit, you know how Wareham requited me; saying, in his kind, generous way, I served the Church more by my pen than I coulde by preaching sermons in a countrie village."

Sayth Linacre, "The archbishop hath made another remark, as much to y^e purpose: to wit, that he has received from you the immortalitie which emperors and kings cannot bestow."

"They cannot even bid a smoking sirloin retain its heat an hour after it hath left the fire," sayth father. "Tilly-vally! as my good Alice says,—let us remember the universal doem, 'fruges consumere nati,' and philosophize over our ale and bracket."

"Not Cambridge ale, neither," sayth Erasmus.

"Will you never forget that unlucky beverage?" sayth father. "Why, man, think how manie poore scholars there be, that content themselves, as I have hearde one of St. John's declare, with a penny piece of beef amongst four, stewed into pottage with a little salt and oatmeal; and that after fasting from four o'clock in the morning! Say grace for us this daye, Erasmus, with goode heart."

At table, discourse flowed soe thicke and faste that I mighte aim in vayn to chronicle it—and why should I? dwelling as I doe at y^e fountayn head? Onlie that I find pleasure, already, in glancing over the foregoing pages whensoever they concern father and Erasmus, and wish they were more faithfullie recalled and better writ. One thing sticks by me,—a funny reply of fa-

* Continued from the May Number.

ther's t... a man who owed him money and who put him off with "Memento Morieris." "I bid you," retorted father, "Memento Mori Æris, and I wish you woulde take as goode care to provide for y^e one as I do for the other."

Linacre laughed much at this, and sayd,— "That was real wit; a spark struck at the moment; and with noe ill-nature in it, for I am sure your debtor coulde not help laughing."

"Not he," quoth Erasmus. "More's drollerie is like that of a young gentlewoman of his name, which shines without burning." and, oddlie enow, he looked acrosse at *me*. I am sure he meant Bess.

Father broughte home a strange gweste to-daye,—a converted Jew, with grizzlie beard, furred gown, and eyes that shone like lamps lit in dark cavernes. He had beene to Benmarine and Tremecen, to y^e Holie Citie and to Damascus, to Urmia and Assyria, and I think alle over y^e knowne world; and tolde us manie strange tales, one hardlie knew how to believe; as, for example, of a sea-coast tribe, called y^e Balouches, who live on fish and build theire dwellings of the bones. Alsoe, of a race of his countrymen beyond Euphrates who believe in Christ, but know nothing of y^e Pope; and of whom were y^e Magians y^t followed y^e Star. This agreeth not with our legend. He averred that, though soe far apart from theire brethren, theire speech was y^e same, and even theire songs; and he sang or chaunted one which he sayd was common among y^e Jews alle over y^e world, and had beene so ever since theire citie was ruined and y^e people captivated, and yet it was never sett down by note. Erasmus, who knows little or nought of Hebrew, listened to y^e words with curiositie, and made him repeate them twice or thrice: and though I know not y^e character, it seemed to me they sounded thus:—

Adir Hu yivne bethcha beccaro,
El, b'ne; El, b'ne; El, b'ne;
Bethcha beccaro.

Though Christianish, he woulde not eat pig's face; and sayd swine's flesh was forbidden by y^e Hebrew law for its unwholesomenesse in hot countries and hot weather, rather than by way of arbitrarie prohibition. Daisy took a great dislike to this man, and woulde not sit next him.

In the hay-field alle y^e evening. Swathed father in a hay-rope, and made him pay y^e fine, which he pretended to resist. Cecy was just about to cast one round Erasmus, when her heart failed and she ran away, colouring to y^e eyes. He sayd, he never saw such pretty shame. Father reclining on y^e hay, with head on my lap and his eyes shut, Bess asked if he were asleep. He made answer, "Yes, and dreaming." I askt, "Of what?" "Of a far-off future daye, Meg; when thou and I shall looke back on this hour, and this hay-field, and my head on thy lap."

"Nay, but what a stupid dream, Mr. More," says mother. "Why, what woulde *you* dreame of, Mrs. Alice?" "Forsooth, if I dreamed at alle, when I was wide awake, it shoulde be of

being Lord Chancellor at y^e leaste." "Well, wife, I forgive thee for not saying at the *most*. Lord Chancellor quotha! And you woulde be Dame Alice, I trow, and ride in a whirlecote, and keep a Spanish jennet, and a couple of grey hounds, and wear a train before and behind, and carry a jerfalcon on your fist." "On my wrist." "No, that's not such a pretty word as t'other! Go to, go!"

Straying from y^e others, to a remote corner of the meadow, or ever I was aware, I came close upon Gammer Gurney, holding somewhat with much care. "Give ye good den, Mistress Meg," quoth she, "I cannot abear to rob y^e birds of theire nests; but I knows you and yours be kind to dumb creatures, soe here's a nest o' young owzels for ye—and I can't call 'em dumb nowther, for they'll sing bravelie some o' these days." "How hast fared, of late, Gammer?" quoth I. "Why, well enow for such as I," she made answer; "since I lost y^e use o' my right hand, I can nowther spin, nor nurse sick folk, but I pulls rushes, and that brings me a few pence, and I be a good herbalist; and, because I says one or two English prayers and hates y^e priests, some folks thinks me a witch." "But why dost hate y^e priests?" quoth I. "Never you mind," she gave answer, "I've reasons manie; and for my English prayers, they were taught me by a gentleman I nursed, that's now a saint in heaven, along with poor Joan."

And soe she hobbled off, and I felt kindlie towards her, I scarce knew why—perhaps because she spake soe lovingly of her dead sister, and because of that sister's name. *My* mother's name was Joan.

Erasmus is gone. His last saying to father was, "They will have you at court yet;" and father's answer, "When Plato's year comes round."

To me he gave a copy, how precious! of his Testament. "You are an elegant Latinist. Margaret," he was pleased to say, "but, if you woulde drink deeplie of y^e well-springs of wisdom, applie to Greek. The Latins have onlie shallow rivulets; the Greeks, copious rivers, running over sands of gold. Read Plato; he wrote on marble, with a diamond; but above alle, read y^e New Testament. 'Tis the key to the kingdom of heaven."

To Mr. Gunnell, he said, smiling, "Have a care of thyself, dear Gonellus, and take a little wine for thy stomach's sake. The wages of most scholars nowadays, are weak eyes, ill-health, an empty purse, and shorte commons. I neede only bid thee beware of the two first."

To Bess, "Farewell, Bessy; thank you for mending my bad Latin. When I write to you, I will be sure to signe myselfe 'Roterodamius.' Farewell, sweete, Cecil; let me always continue your 'desired amiable.' And you, Jacky,—love your book a little more."

"Jack's deare mother, not content with her girls," sayth father, "was alwaies wishing for

a boy, and at last she had one that means to remain a boy alle his life."

"The Dutch schoolmasters thoughte *me* dulle and heavie," sayth Erasmus, "soe there is some hope of Jacky yet." And soe, stepped into y^e barge, which we watched to Chelsea Reach. How dulle the house has beene ever since! Rupert and William have had me into y^e pavillion to hear y^e plot of a miracle-play they have alreadie begunne to talk over for Christmasse, but it seemed to me downrichte rubbish. * Father sleeps in towne to-nighte, soe we shall be stupid enow. Bessy hath undertaken to work father a slipper for his tender foot; and is happie, tracing for y^e pattern our three moor-cocks and colts; but I am idle and tiresome.

If I had paper, I woulde beginne my project-ed *opus*; but I dare not ask Gunnel for anie more just yet; nor have anie money to buy some. I wish I had a couple of angels. I think I shall write to father for them to-morrow; he alwaies likes to heare from us if he is twenty-four hours absent, providing we conclude not with "I have nothing more to say."

I have writ my letter to father. I almoste wish, now, that I had not sent it.

Rupert and Will still full of theire moralitie, which reallie has some fun in it. To ridicule y^e extravagance of those who, as the saying is, carry theire farms and fields on theire backs, William proposes to come in, all verdant, with a reall model of a farm on his back and a wind-mill on his head.

How sweete, how gracious an answer from father! John Harris has broughte me with it y^e two angels; less prized than this epistle.

July 10.

Sixteenth birthdaye. Father away, which made it sadde. Mother gave me a payr of blue hosen with silk clocks; Mr. Gunnel, an ivorie handled stylus; Bess, a bodkin for my hair; Daisy, a book-mark; Mercy, a saffron cake; Jack, a basket; and Cecil, a nosegay. William's present was fayrest of alle, but I am hurte with him and myselfe; for he offered it soe querlie and tagged it with such . . . I refused it, and there's an end. 'Twas unmannerlie and unkinde of me, and I've cried aboute it since.

Father alwaies gives us a birthdaye treat; soe, contrived that mother shoulde take us to see my Lord Cardinal of York goe to Westminster in state. We had a merrie water-party; got goode places and saw the show; crosse-bearers, pillar-bearers, ushers and alle. Himselfe in crimson engrayned sattin, and tippet of sables, with an orange in his hand helde to 's nose, as though y^e common ayr were too vile to breathe. What a pompos priest it is! The archbishop mighte well say, "That man is drunk with too much prosperitie."

Between dinner and supper, we had a fine skirmish in y^e straits of Thermopylæ. Mr. Gun-

nel headed the Persians, and Will was Leonidas, with a swashing buckler, and a helmet a yard high; but Mr. Gunnel gave him such a rap on the crest that it went over y^e wall; soe then William thought there was nothing left for him but to die. Howbeit, as he had beene layd low sooner than he had reckoned on; he prolonged his last agonies a goode deal, and gave one of y^e Persians a tremendous kick just as they were aboute to rifle his pouch. They therefore thoughte there must be somewhat in it they shoulde like to see; soe, helde him down in spite of his hitting righte and lefte, and pulled therefrom, among sundrie lesser matters, a carnation knot of mine. Poor varlet, I wish he would not be so stupid. . . .

After supper, mother proposed a concert; and we were alle singing a rounde, when, looking up, I saw father standing in y^e door-way, with such a happy smile on his face! He was close behind Rupert and Daisy, who were singing from y^e same book, and advertised them of his coming by gentlie knocking theire heads together; but I had the firste kiss, even before mother, because of my birthdaye.

It turns out that father's lateness yester-even was caused by press of businesse; a forayn mission having beene proposed to him, which he resisted as long as he could, but was at lengthe reluctantlie induced to accept. Length of his stay uncertayn, which casts a gloom on alle; but there is soe much to doe as to leave little time to think, and father is busiest of alle; yet hath founde leisure to concert with mother for us a journey into y^e country, which will occupy some of y^e weeks of his absence. I am full of carefulle thoughts and forebodings, being naturallie of too anxious a disposition. Oh, let me caste alle my cares on another! Fecisti nos ad te, Domine; et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in te.

'Tis soe manie months agone since that I made an entry in my libellus, as that my motto—"nulla dies sine linea," hath somewhat of sarcasm in it. How manie things doe I beginne and leave unfinished! and yet, less from caprice than lack of strength; like him of whom y^e scripture was writ—"this man beganne to build and was not able to finish." My *opus*, for instance; the which my father's prolonged absence in y^e autumn and my winter visitt to aunt Nan and aunt Fan gave me such leisure to carrie forward. But alack! leisure was less to seeke than learninge; and when I came back to mine olde taskes, leisure was awanting too; and then, by reason of my sleeping in a separate chamber, I was enabled to steale hours from y^e earlie morn and hours from y^e night, and, like unto Solomon's virtuous woman, my candle went not out. But 'twas not to purpose y^t I worked, like y^e virtuous woman, for I was following a Jack-o-lantern; having forsooke y^e straight path laid downe by Erasmus for a foolish path of mine owne; and soe I toyled

and blundered, and puzzled, and was mazed; and then came on that payn in my head. Father sayd, "What makes Meg soe pale!" and I sayd not: and, at y^e last, I tolde mother there was somewhat throbbing and twisting in y^e back of mine head like unto a little worm that woulde not die; and she made answer, "Ah, a maggot," and soe by her scoff I was shamed. Then I gave over mine opus, but y^e payn did not yet goe; soe then I was longing for y^e deare pleasure, and fondlie turning over y^e leaves, and wondering woulde father be surprised and pleased with it some daye, when father himself came in or ever I was aware. He sayth, "What hast thou, Meg?" I faltered and would sett it aside. He sayth, "Nay, let me see;" and soe takes it from me; and after y^e firste glance throws himself into a seat, his back to me, and firste runs it hastilie through, then beginnes with methode and such silence and gravitie as that I trembled at his side, and felt what it must be to stand a prisoner at the bar, and he y^e judge. Sometimes I thought he must be pleased, at others not: at lengthe, alle my fond hopes were ended by his crying, "This will never doe. Poor wretch, hath this then beene thy toyl? How couldst find time for soe much labor? for here hath been trouble enow and to spare. Thou must have stolen it, sweet Meg, from the night, and prevented y^e morning watch. Most dear'st! thy father's owne loved child;" and soe, caressing me till I gave over my shame and disappointment.

"I neede not to tell thee, Meg," father sayth, "of y^e unprofitable labour of Sisypheus, nor of drawing water in a sieve. There are some things, most deare one, that a woman, if she trieth, may doe as well as a man; and some she can not, and some she had better not. Now, I tell thee firmlie, since y^e first payn is y^e leaste sharpe, that, despite y^e spiritt and genius herein shewn, I am avised 'tis work thou canst not and work thou hadst better not doe. But judge for thyselfe; if thou wilt persist, thou shalt have leisure and quiet, and a chamber in any new building, and alle y^e help my gallery of books may afford. But thy father says, forbear."

Soe, what could I say, but "My father shall never speak to me in vayn!"

Then he gathered y^e papers up and sayd, "Then I shall take temptation out of your way;" and pressing 'em to his heart as he did soe, sayth, "They are as deare to me as they can be to you;" and soe left me, looking out as though I noted (but I noted not), the clear-shining Thames. 'Twas twilighte, and I stode there I know not how long, alone and lonely; with tears coming, I knew not why, into mine eyes. There was a weight in y^e ayr, as of coming thunder; the screaming, ever and anon, of Juno and Argus, inclined me to mellancholie, as it alwaies does: and at length I beganne to note y^e moon rising, and y^e deepening clearnesse of y^e water, and y^e lazy motion of y^e barges, and y^e flashes of light whene'er y^e rowers dipt

theire oars. And then I beganne to attend to y^e cries and different sounds from across y^e water, and y^e tolling of a distant bell; and I felle back on mine olde heart-sighinge, "Fecisti nos ad te, Domine; et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in te."

Or ever the week was gone, my father had contrived for me another journey to New Hall, to abide with the lay nuns, as he calleth them, aunt Nan and aunt Fan, whom my step-mother loveth not, but whom I love and whom father loveth. Indeede, 'tis sayd in Essex that at first he inclined to aunt Nan rather than to my mother; but that, perceiving my mother affected his companie and aunt Nan affected it not, he diverted his hesitating affections unto her and took her to wife. Albeit, aunt Nan loveth him dearlie as a sister ought: indeede, she loveth alle, except, methinketh, herself, to whom. alone, she is rigid and severe. How holie are my aunts' lives! Cloistered nuns could not be more pure, and could scarce be as usefulle. Though wise, they can be gay; though noe longer young, they love the young. And theire reward is, the young love them; and I am fulle sure, in this world they seeke noe better.

Returned to Chelsea, I spake much in prayse of mine aunts, and of single life. On a certayn evening, we maids were sett at our needles and samplers on y^e pavillion steps; and, as follie will out, 'gan talk of what we would fayn have to our lots, shoulde a good fairie starte up and grant eache a wish. Daisy was for a countess's degree, with hawks and hounds. Bess was for founding a college, Mercy a hospital, and she spake soe experimentallie of its conditions that I was fayn to goe partners with her in the same. Cecy commenced "Supposing I were married; if once that I were married"—on which, father, who had come up unperceived, burst out laughing and sayth, "Well, dame Cecily, and what state would you keep?" Howbeit as he and I afterwards paced together, juxta fluvium, he did say, "Mercy hath well propounded the conditions of an hospital or alms-house for aged and sick folk, and 'tis a fantasie of mine to sett even such an one afoot, and give you the conduct of the same."

From this careless speech, dropped, as 'twere, by y^e way, hath sprung mine house of refuge! and oh, what pleasure have I derived from it! How good is my father! how the poor bless him! and how kind is he, through them, to me! Laying his hand kindly on my shoulder, this morning, he sayd, "Meg, how fares it with thee now? Have I cured the payn in thy head?" Then, putting the house-key into mine hand, he laughingly added, "'Tis now yours, my joy, by Livery and Seisin."

Aug. 6.

I wish William wd give me back my Testament. 'Tis one thing to steal a knot or a posie, and another to borrow y^e most valuable book in y^e house and keep it week after week. He soughte it with a kind of mysterie, soe as that I forbore to ask it of him in companie, lest I

s^d doe him an ill turn; and yet I have none other occasion.

The emperor, the King of France, and Cardinal Ximenes are alle striving which shall have Erasmus, and alle in vayn. He hath refused a professor's chayr at Louvain, and a Sicilian bishoprick. E'en thus it was with him when he was here this spring—the Queen w^d have had him for her preceptor, the King and Cardinall prest on him a royall apartment and salarie, Oxford and Cambridge contended for him, but his saying was, "Alle these I value less than my libertie, my studdies, and my literarie toyls." How much greater is he than those who woulde confer on him greatness! Noe man of letters hath equall reputation or is soe much courted.

Yestereven, after overlooking the men playing at loggats, father and I strayed away along Thermopylæ into y^e home-field; and as we sauntered together under the elms, he sayth with a sigh, "Jack, is Jack, and no More . . . he will never be any thing. An' 'twere not for my beloved wenches, I should be an unhappy father. But what though!—My Meg is better unto me than ten sons; and it maketh no difference at harvest time whether our corn were put into the ground by a man or a woman."

While I was turning in my mind what excuse I might make for John, father taketh me at un-awares by a sudden change of subject; saying, "Come, tell me, Meg, why canst not affect Will Roper?"

I was a good while silent, at length made answer, "He is so unlike alle I esteem and admire . . . so unlike alle I have been taught to esteem and admire by you."

"Have at you," he returned laughing, "I knew not I had been sharpening weapons agaynst myself. True he is neither Achilles nor Hector, nor even Paris, but yet well enough, meseems, as times go—smarter and comelier than either Heron or Dancey."

I, faltering, made answer, "Good looks affect me but little—'tis in his better part I feel the want. He can not . . . discourse, for instance, to one's mind and soul, like unto you, dear father, or Erasmus."

"I should marvel if he could," returned father gravelie, "thou art mad, my daughter, to look, in a youth of Will's years, for the mind of a man of forty or fifty. What were Erasmus and I, dost thou suppose, at Will's age? Alas, Meg, I should not like you to know what I was! Men called me the boy-sage, and I know not what, but in my heart and head was a world of sin and folly. Thou mightst as well expect Will to have my hair, eyes, and teeth, alle getting y^e worse for wear, as to have the fruits of my life-long experience, in some cases full dearly bought. Take him for what he is, match him by the young minds of his owne standing: consider how long and closelie we have known him. His parts are, surelie, not amiss: he hath more book-lore than Dancey, more mother wit than Allington."

"But why need I to concern myself about him?" I exclaymed, "Will is very well in his way: why s^d we cross each other's paths? I am young, I have much to learn, I love my studdies—why interrupt them with other and lesse wise thoughts?"

"Because nothing can be wise that is not practical," returned father, "and I teach my children philosophie to fitt them for living in y^e world, not above it. One may spend a life in dreaming over Plato, and yet goe out of it without leaving y^e world a whit y^e better for our having made part of it. 'Tis to little purpose we studdy, if it onlie makes us look for perfections in others which they may in yain seek for in ourselves. It is not even necessary or goode for us to live entiere lie with congeniall spiritts. The vigourous tempers the inert, the passionate is evened by the cool-tempered, the prosaic balances the visionarie. Woulde thy mother suit me better, dost thou suppose, if she coulde discuss polemicks like Luther or Melancthon? E'en thine owne sweet mother, Meg, was less affected to study than thou art—she learnt to love it for my sake, but I made her what she was."

And, with a suddain burste of fond recollection, he hid his eyes on my shoulder, and for a moment or soe, cried bitterlie. As for me, I shed, oh! such salt teares! . . .

THE PEARL-DIVERS.

AT the commencement of the last year's fishery, there was a man whom, go wherever I would, I was always certain to meet. Like myself, he was a diver, and like myself moreover, he pretended to have no surname, but went simply by the name of Rafael. At the cleansing-trough, beneath the surface of the sea, no matter where it was, we were always thrown together, so that we quickly became intimate; and his remarkable skill as a diver had inspired me with considerable esteem for him. Alike courageous as skillful, he snapped his fingers at the sharks, declaring his power to intimidate them by a particular expression of the eye. In fine, he was a fearless diver, an industrious workman, and, above all, a most jovial comrade.

Matters went smoothly enough between us, till the day when a girl and her mother took up their abode at the island Espiritu Sante.* Some business that I had to transact with the dealers in this island afforded me an opportunity of seeing her. I fell desperately in love; and as I enjoyed a certain amount of reputation, neither she nor her mother looked with an unfavorable eye on my suit or my presents. When the day's work was over, and every body supposed me asleep in my hut, I swam across to the island, whence I returned about an hour after midnight without my absence being at all surmised.

Some days had elapsed since my first nocturnal visit to Espiritu Sante, when, as I was

* Island in the Gulf of California, famous for the quantity of oyster-beds and the quality of the pearls.

one morning going to the fishery just before daybreak, I met one of those old crones who pretend to be able to charm the sharks by their spells. She was seated near my hut, and appeared to be watching my arrival. As she perceived me, she exclaimed, "How fares it with my son, José Juan?"

"Good morning, mother!" I replied, and was passing on, when she approached me, and said, "Listen to me, José Juan; I have to speak to you of that which nearly concerns you."

"Nearly concerns me!" I repeated, in great surprise.

"Yes. Do you deny that your heart is in the island of Espiritu Sante, or that you cross the strait every night to see and converse with her on whom you have bestowed your love?"

"How know you that?"

"No matter; I know it well. José Juan, for you this voyage is fraught with a twofold peril. The foes whom my charms can hold harmless during the day only lie in wait for you each night beneath the waves; on the shore, foes more dangerous still, and over whom my arts are powerless, dog your steps. I come to offer you my aid to combat these double dangers."

My only answer was by a loud laugh of contempt. The old Indian's eyes sparkled with fiendish fury as she exclaimed, "And because you are without faith, you deem me without power? Be it so; there are those who believe in the influence you but scoff at."

As she spoke, she drew from her pocket a little case of printed cloth, and producing amid pearls of inferior value one of a large size and brilliant water, she replied, "Know you aught of this?" It was one I had given to Jesusita; for such was the girl's name.

"How came you by it?" cried I.

The witch gave me a look of hatred.

"How came I by it? Why, 'twas given me by a damsel the fairest that ever set foot on these shores; a damsel who would be the glory and happiness of a young man, and who came to crave my protection—that protection you hold so cheap—for one she fondly loves."

"His name!" I exclaimed, with a fearful sinking at my heart.

"What matters it," jeeringly returned the hag, "since *his* name is not the one you bear?"

I hardly know how I resisted the impulse to crush the cursed witch beneath my feet; but after a moment's reflection, I turned my back to her that she might not read in my face the anguish of my soul, and coolly saying, "You are a lying old dotard," I walked on to the fishery.

On the evening of that day, which seemed as if it would never close, I went as usual to Jesusita, and the welcome she gave me soon dispelled all lurking suspicions. I felt no doubt but that the old woman, in resentment of my contemptuous treatment, had purposely deceived me as to the name of him for whom Jesusita had craved that protection which I had despised.

I had utterly forgotten my scene with the

witch, when, one night, I was as usual crossing the strait on my return home. The sky was dark and lowering, yet not so cloudy but that I could distinguish amid the waves something which, from its manner of swimming, I could make out to be a man. The object was alongside of me. The old crone's words rushed upon my memory, and I felt a thrill of agony convulse my frame. For an enemy I cared but little; the idea that I had a rival unnerved me at once.

I determined to ascertain who the unknown might be; and not wishing to be seen, I swam under water in his direction. When, according to my calculation, we must have crossed each other, he above and I below the surface, I rose above water. The blood had rushed to my head with such violence as to render me unable for some time to distinguish aught amidst the darkness beyond the phosphorescent light that played upon the crest of the waves; unerring signs of a coming storm. Nevertheless, I held on my course in the direction of Espiritu Sante. Some few minutes elapsed ere I again beheld the swimmer's head. He clove the waves with such rapidity that I could scarce keep pace with him. But one alone among all I knew could vie with me in swiftness; I redoubled my efforts, and soon gained so much on him as obliged me to strike out less quickly. In short, I saw him land upon a rock and ascend it; and as a flash of lightning played upon sea and shore, I recognized the face of Rafael. Here, as elsewhere, were we doomed to cross each other's path. A feeling of hatred, deadly and intense, was busy at my heart, and methought it were well we met but once again. However, we were destined to meet on one more occasion than I had reckoned upon.

At first I determined upon calling him by name and discovering my presence; but there are moments in one's life when our actions refuse to second the will. Spite of myself, I suffered him to pursue his way, while I gained the eminence he had just quitted. Thence was it easy for me to watch his course. I observed him take the same direction I was so wont to take, then knock at the door of that hut I knew so well. He entered, and disappeared.

I fancied for one moment I heard, borne along the howling of the gale, the old witch's scoffing laugh as she croaked out, "What matters it to you, since *his* name is not the one you bear?" and, looming amid the darkness, methought I saw her shriveled and withered arm stretched out in the direction of Jesusita's dwelling; and I rushed forward, knife in hand. A few strides, and I stood before the door, and stooped down to listen; but I heard naught beyond indistinct murmurings. I had now partially recovered my *sang-froid*, and bent my whole thoughts upon revenge.

I drew my knife, and passed it along a stone to assure its edge; but I did so with such carelessness or agitation that it shivered to the hilt. Thus deprived of the sole weapon that I could rely upon for my revenge, I felt that I had not

an instant to lose. I ran in all haste to the beach, and unmoored a boat that lay alongside. My rage renewed my energies: I crossed the strait, rushed to my hut, procured another knife, and again set out to *Espiritu Sante*. The gale increased in violence. The sea gleamed like a fiery lake. The gavista's* wailing cry re-echoed along the rocks; the sea-wolf's howl was heard amid the darkness. All at once sounds of another kind broke upon my ear: they seemed to proceed from the very bosom of the ocean. I listened; but a sudden squall overpowered the confused murmurings of the waves, and I fancied my senses had deceived me, when, some seconds afterward, the cry was repeated. This time I was not mistaken: the cry I heard was that of a human being in the very extremity of anguish and despair. As the voice proceeded from the direction of the island, I at once conjectured it was Rafael who was calling for help. I looked out, but looked in vain; the obscurity was too thick, and I could distinguish nothing. Suddenly, I again heard the voice exclaim, "Boat ahoy, for God's blessed sake!"

It was Rafael's voice. 'Tis all very well to have sworn to do your enemy to death, to wreak your just revenge on him who has so bitterly aggrieved you; yet when, on a night murky and dark as that his tones arise from forth a sea swarming with monsters, and when those tones are uttered by a fearless man, and, albeit, wrestling in mortal peril, there is in that cry of last anguish somewhat that strikes awe to the very soul. I could not repress a shudder.

But my emotion was of short duration. I heard the sounds of a strong arm buffeting the waves, and I rowed in that direction. Amidst a luminous shower of spray and foam I discovered Rafael. Singular enough, instead of availing himself of his strength to gain the boat, he remained stationary. I quickly perceived the cause. At some distance from him, a little below the surface of the water, there was a strong phosphoric light; this light was slowly making way toward Rafael. Right well I knew what that light portended; it streamed from a *tintorera*† of the largest size. One stroke of the oar, and I was close to Rafael: he uttered a cry as he perceived me, but was too much exhausted to speak. He seized the gunwale of the boat by an effort of despair, but his arms were too wearied to enable him to raise his body. His eyes, though glazed with fear, yet bore so expressive a glance as they encountered mine, that I seized his hands in my own, and pressed them forcibly against the sides of the boat. The *tintorera* still gradually advanced. For a moment, but one brief moment, Rafael's legs hung motionless; he uttered a piercing shriek, his eyes closed, his hands let loose their hold, and the upper part of his body fell back into the sea. The shark had bitten him in two.

Ay! I might, perchance, have grasped his limbs too firmly in mine, possibly I prevented him from getting into the boat, but my knife was innocent of his blood; besides, was he not my rival—perchance my successful rival? However, scarcely had he disappeared than I plunged after him; for although the *tintorera* had ridded me of a hated foe, still I bore it a grudge for its brutal proceedings in thus summarily disposing of poor Rafael. Besides, the honor of the corporation of divers was at stake. Having once tasted human flesh, the shark would doubtless attack us in turn. Well, nothing so much excites the ferocity of the *tintorera* as such tempestuous nights as the one that bore its silent testimony to my rival's fate. A viscous substance that oozes from porous holes around the monster's mouth diffuses itself over the surface of the skin, rendering them as luminous as fire-flies, and this particularly during a thunder-storm. This luminous appearance is the more visible in proportion to the darkness of the night. By a merciful dispensation of nature, they are almost unable to see; so that the silent swimmer has at least one advantage over them. Moreover, they can not seize their prey without turning on their backs; so that it is not difficult to imagine that a courageous man and a skillful swimmer has some chances in his favor.

I dived to no great depth, in order to husband my wind, and also to cast a hasty glance above, beneath, and around me. The waves roared above my head, loud as a crash of thunder; fiery flakes of water drove around like dust before the winds of March; but in my immediate vicinity all was calm. A black and shapeless mass struck against me as I lay suspended in my billowy recess; 'twas all that was left of Rafael. Surely it was written in the book of doom that I should always find that man in my path.

I surmised that the brute I was in quest of would be at no great distance, for the fiery streak I had perceived waxed larger and larger. The *tintorera* and myself must, I inferred, be at equal depths; but the shark was preparing to rise. My breath began to fail, and I was unwilling to allow the monster to get above me, as then he could have made me share Rafael's fate without troubling himself to turn on his back. My hopes of obtaining the victory over it depended upon the time it required to execute this manœuvre. The *tintorera* swam diagonally toward me with such rapidity that at one time I was near enough to distinguish the membrane that half-covered its eyes, and to feel its dusky fins graze my body. Gobbets of human flesh still clung around the lower jaw. The monster gazed on me with its dim, glassy eye. My head had that moment attained the level of its own. I drank in the air with a gurgle I could not suppress, and struck out a lusty stroke in a parallel direction and turned round: well for me I did so. The moon lighted up for a single instant the whitish-gray colored belly of the *tintorera*—that instant was enough for

* Seamew.

† Species of shark most especially dreaded by divers for pearls, whose intrepidity is such that they fearlessly attack all other species.

as it opened its enormous mouth, bristling with its double row of long pointed teeth, I plunged the dagger I had reserved for Rafael into its body, and drew it lengthwise forth. The *tintorera*, mortally wounded, sprung several feet out of the water, and fell striking out furiously with its tail, which fortunately did not reach me. For a space I struggled, half blinded by the crimson foam that beat against my face; but as I beheld the huge carcass of the enemy floating a lifeless mass upon the surface, I gave vent to a triumphant shout, which, spite of the storm, might be heard on either coast.

Day-light began to dawn as I gained the shore, in a state of utter exhaustion from the exertion I had undergone. The fishermen were raising their nets, and, as I arrived, the tide washed upon the coast the *tintorera* and Rafael's ghastly remains. It was soon spread abroad that I had endeavored to rescue my friend from his horrible fate, and my heroic conduct was lauded to the echo. But one person, and one alone, suspected the truth—that person is now my wife.

PHANTOMS AND REALITIES.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

PART THE SECOND—NOON.

IX.

THINGS happen in the world every day which appear incredible on paper. Individuals may secretly acknowledge to themselves the likelihood of such things, but the bulk of mankind feel it necessary to treat them openly with skepticism and ridicule. The real is sometimes too real for the line and plummet of the established criticism. It is the province of art to avoid these exceptional incidents, or to modify and adapt them so that they shall appear to harmonize with universal humanity. Hence it is that fiction is often more truthful than biography; and it is obvious enough that it ought to be so, if it deal only with materials that are reconcilable with the general experience.

But I am not amenable to the canons of art. I am not writing fiction. I am relating facts; and if they should appear unreasonable or improbable, I appeal, for their vindication, to the candor of the reader. Every man, if he looks back into the vicissitudes of his life, will find passages which would be pronounced pure exaggeration and extravagance in a novel.

When I met Astræa the next morning, I could perceive those traces of deep anxiety which recent circumstances had naturally left behind, and which the flush and excitement of the preceding evening had concealed. She was very pale and nervous. She felt that the moment had come when all disguises between us must end forever, and she trembled on the verge of disclosures that visibly shook her fortitude.

The day was calm and breathless. Scarcely a leaf stirred in the trees, and the long shadows slept without a ruffle on the turf. The stillness of the place contrasted strangely with the tem-

pest of emotions that was raging in my heart. I longed to get into the air. I felt the house stifling, and thought that I should breathe more freely among the branches of the little wood that looked so green and cool down by the margin of the stream. There was a rustic seat there under a canopy of drooping boughs, close upon the water and the bridge, where we could enjoy the luxury of perfect solitude. Requesting her to follow me, I went alone into the wood.

The interval seemed to me long before she came; and when she did come, she was paler and more agitated than before. I tried to give her confidence by repeated protestations of my devotion; and as she seemed to gather courage from the earnestness of my language, I again and again renewed the pledges which bound me to her, at any risk our position might demand.

"It is that," she exclaimed, "which gives me hope and comfort. You have had time to reflect on these pledges, and weigh the consequences they involve, and you now repeat them to me with an ardor which I should do you a great wrong to doubt. I entirely trust to you. If I am deceived, I will try still to be just, and hardly blame you so much as the world, which few men can relinquish for love."

There was a pause, during which she gradually recovered her self-composure. I felt that these expressions gave me a nobler motive for surrendering every thing for her sake. She seemed to make me a hero by the penalties my devotion enforced upon me; and I was eager to prove myself capable of the most heroic sacrifices. In the abyss of an overwhelming passion, where reason is imprisoned by the senses, every man is willing to be a martyr.

"You have required of me, Astræa," said I, "no, not required; but you have placed before me the possibility of sufferings and trials resulting from our union—loss of friends, the surrender of many things that enter into the ordinary scheme of married life, and that are considered by the world indispensable to its happiness. I am ready to relinquish them all. I have looked for this end. I know not why it should be so, nor does it give me a moment's concern. I only know that I love you passionately, and that life is desolation to me without you. Let us therefore have no further delay. All impediments are now out of our path. We have our destinies in our own hands. Let us knit them into one, and disappoint the scandal and malignity which, from that hour, can exercise no further influence over us."

"You spoke," returned Astræa, looking with a calm, clear gaze into my face, as if she penetrated my soul, "you spoke of married life."

The question surprised me. It was her look more than her words that conveyed a meaning, indistinct, but full of terrible suggestions. It was a key to a thousand painful conjectures, which flashed upon me in an instant, leaving confusion and giddiness behind, and nothing certain but the fear of what was to follow. I could not answer her; or, rather, did not know

* Continued from Vol. II. p. 762.

how to answer her, and merely tried to reassure her with a smile, which I felt was hollow and unnatural.

"One word," she proceeded, in the same tone, "must dispel that dream forever. It is not for us that serene life you speak of. It is not for me. Our destinies, if they be knit together, must be cemented by our own hands, not at the altar in the church, but in the sight of heaven—a bond more solemn, and imposing a more sacred obligation."

I will not attempt to describe the effect of these expressions. A cold dew crept over my body, and I felt as if a paralysis had struck my senses. Yet at the same moment, and while she was speaking so quietly and deliberately, and uttering words, under the heavy weight of which the fabric I had reared in my imagination crumbled down, and fell with a crash that smote my brain—a crowd of memories came upon me—isolated words and gestures, the dark allusions of the dwarf, and the warnings of Astræa herself—a crowd of things that were all dark before were now lighted up. As the stream of electricity flies along the chain, traversing link after link and mile after mile, with a rapidity that baffles calculation, so my thoughts flashed over every incident of the past. I now understood it all—the mystery that lay buried in Astræa's words and abstractions—the vacant heart—the hope that looked out from her eyes, and then fled back to be quenched in silent despair—her yearnings for solitude and repose—the devotional spirit that, blighted in the world, and condemned to be shut out from seeking happiness in social conventions, had fallen back upon its own lonely strength, and made to itself a faith of passion! It was all plain to me now. But there were explanations yet to come.

"Astræa!" I cried, hoarsely, and I felt the echoes of the name moaning through the trees. "Astræa! What is the meaning of these dreadful words? Have you not pledged your faith to me?"

"Irrevocably!" she returned.

"Then what new impediment has arisen to our union?"

"None that has not existed all along. Have you not seen it darkening every hour of our intercourse? Have you not understood it in the fear that has given such intensity to feelings which, had all been open before us, would have been calm and unperturbed?—that has imparted to love, otherwise sweet and tranquil, the wild ardor of obstructed passion? Your instincts must have told you, had you allowed yourself a moment of reflection, that the woman who consents to immolate her pride, her delicacy, her fame, for the man she loves, must be fettered by ties which leave her no alternative between him and the world. Why am I here alone with you?"

This was not said in a tone of reproach, but it sounded like reproach, and wounded me. It was all true. I ought to have understood that

suffering of her soul which, now that the clouds were rolling back from before my eyes, had become all at once intelligible. But to be surprised into such a discovery, to have misunderstood her unspoken agonies and sacrifices, jarred upon me, and made me feel as if my nature were not lofty enough to comprehend, by its own unassisted sympathies, the grandeur of her character. I imagined myself humiliated in her presence, and this consideration was paramount, for the moment, over all others. It stripped my devotion of all claim to a heroism kindred to her own, and deprived me of the only merit that could render me worthy of her love. Yet in the midst of this conflict, other thoughts came flooding upon me; and voices from the world I was about to relinquish for her rung like a knell upon my ears. There were still explanations to come that might afford me some refuge from these tortures.

"Yes, Astræa, I was conscious of some obstruction; but how could I divine what it was? Even now I must confess myself bewildered. But as all necessity for further reserve is at an end, you will be candid and explicit with me. What is the impediment that stands in the way of our union?"

I did not intend it, but I was aware, while I was speaking, that there was ice in my voice, and that the words issued from my lips as if they were frozen.

"You mean," she replied, coldly, but in a tone that conveyed a feeling of rising scorn, "you mean our marriage?"

"Certainly."

"I never can be your wife."

As I had anticipated some such statement, I ought not to have betrayed the amazement with which I looked at her; but it was involuntary. I did not ask her to go on; seeing, however, that I expected it, she added,

"I am the wife of another!"

I started from my seat, and, in a paroxysm of frenzy, paced up and down before her. I did not exclaim aloud, "You have deceived me!" but my flashing eyes and flushed brow expressed it more eloquently than language. She bore this in silence for a few minutes, and then addressed me again,

"I said I would try not to blame you. I blame only myself. Like all men, you are strong in protestations, and feeble, timid, and vacillating in action. You are thinking now of the world, which only last night you so courageously despised. A few hours ago, you believed yourself so superior to the common weaknesses of your sex, that you were ready to make the most heroic sacrifices. What has become of that vehement resolution, that brave self-reliance? Vanished on the instant you are put to the proof. Believe me, you have miscalculated your own nature—all men do in such cases. A woman whose heart is her life, and who shrinks in terror from all other conflicts, is alone equal to such a struggle as this. The world is your proper sphere; do not deceive

yourself. You could not sustain isolation; you would be forever looking back, as you are at this moment, for the consolations and support you had abandoned."

"No, Astræa!" I exclaimed; "you wrong me. My resolution is unchanged; but you must allow something for the suddenness—the shock—"

"I give you credit," she resumed, "for the best intentions. It is not your fault that habit and a constitutional acquiescence in it have left you no power over your will in great emergencies. You are what the world has made you; and you should be thankful that you have found it out in time. For me, what does it matter? By coming here, I have violated obligations for which society will hold me accountable, though they pressed like prison-bars upon me, lacerating and corroding my soul. It will admit no excuse for their abandonment in the unutterable misery they entailed. I am as guilty by this one step as if I had plunged into the depths of crime. The world does not recognize the doctrine that the real crime is in the admission of the first disloyal thought; it only looks to appearances which I have outraged. I have compromised myself beyond redemption. I can not retrieve my disgrace, though I am as pure in act as if we had never met. But I have done it upon my own responsibility, and upon me alone let the penalty fall. From this hour I release you."

Her language, and the dignity of her manner, stung me. She seemed to tower above me in the strength of her will, and the firmness with which she went through a scene that shattered my nerves fearfully, and made me equally irresolute of speech and purpose. While I was harrowed by an agony that fluttered in every pulse, she was perfectly calm and collected, and, rising quietly from her seat, turned away to leave me.

This action roused me from the stupor of indecision. The situation in which she was placed—making so new a demand upon my feelings—gave me a sort of advantage which I thought might enable me to recover the ground I had lost. By the exercise of magnanimity in such circumstances, I should vindicate myself in her estimation, and prove myself once more worthy of the opinion she had originally formed of me. It was something nobler, I thought, to embrace ruin at this moment for her sake, than if I had known it all along, and had come to that conclusion by a deliberate process of reasoning. This train of subtle sophistry, which has taken up some space to detail, struck me like a flash of light on the instant I thought I was about to lose her. I could bear all things but that, and could suffer all things to avert it. And so again I became her suitor, in a kind of proud generosity, that flattered itself by stooping to gain its own ends. How mean and selfish the human heart is when our desires are set in opposition to our duties!

I sprang forward, and clasped her eagerly by

the hands. I flung myself on my knees before her. Tears leaped into my eyes. I told her that I had wronged her—that we had wronged each other—that I had never wavered in my faith—that we were bound to each other—and that we could commit no crime now except that of doubting, at either side, the truth of the love which had brought us there, and for which I, like her, had relinquished the world forever.

She had a woman's heart, full of tenderness and pity; and it is the tendency of woman's nature to forgive and believe where the affections are interested, without exacting much proof or penalty. She bent over me, and raised me in her arms. The storm had passed away, and she trusted in me implicitly again.

Her history? What was it? We shall come to it presently.

x.

The storm had passed away; but it left traces of disorder behind, such as a tempest leaves in a garden over which it has recently swept. The collision had set us both thinking. We felt as if a mist had suddenly melted down, and enabled us, for the first time, to see clearly before us. We felt this differently, but we were equally conscious of the change.

"I am the wife of another!"

The words still throbbed in my brain. I could not escape from the images they conjured up. I could not rid myself of the doubts and distrusts, shapeless, but oppressive, thus forced upon me. I could not recall a single incident out of which, until these words were uttered, I could have extracted the remotest suspicion of her situation. To me, and to every person around her, Astræa had always appeared a free agent. She bore no man's name. She acted with perfect independence, so far as outward action was concerned; and the only restraint that ever seemed to hang upon her was some dark memory, or heavy sorrow, that clouded her spirit. Here was the mystery solved. She was a bond-woman, and had hidden her fetters from the world. In our English society, where usages are strict, and shadows upon a woman's reputation, even where there is not a solitary stain, blot it out forever, this was strange and painful. It looked like a deception, and, in the estimate of all others, it was a deception. This was the way in which it first presented itself to me. I had not emancipated myself from the influence of opinion, or habit, or prejudice, or whatever that feeling may be called which instinctively refers such questions to the social standard. The recoil was sudden and violent. Yet, nevertheless, I felt rebuked by the superiority of Astræa in the strength of purpose and moral courage she displayed under circumstances which would have overwhelmed most other women. Her steadfastness had a kind of grandeur in it, that seemed to look down upon my misgivings as failings or weaknesses of character. And she sat silently in this pomp of a clear and unflinching resolution, while I, fretted and chafed, exhibited too plainly my double sense

alike of the injury she had inflicted on me, and of the ascendancy which, even in the hour of injury, she exercised over me. It was the stronger mind, made stronger by the force of love, overawing the weaker, made weaker by the prostration of the affections.

And she, too, had something to reflect upon in this moment of mutual revolt.

She loved me passionately. She loved me with a devotion capable of confronting all risks and perils. The profound unselfishness and truthfulness of her love made her serene at heart, and inspired her with a calmness which enabled her to endure the worst without flinching. There was not a single doubt of herself in her own mind. Her faith gave her the fortitude needful for the martyr. When a woman trusts every thing to this faith, and feels her reliance on it sufficient for the last sacrifice, she is prepared for an issue which no man contemplates, and which no man is able to encounter with an equal degree of courage or confidence in his own constancy. With her it is otherwise. By one step, the ground is closed up behind her forever; no remorse can help her, no suffering can make atonement, or propitiate reconciliation; she can not retract, she can not retreat, she can not return! No man is ever placed in this extremity, though his sin be of a ten-fold deeper dye. Such is the moral justice of society. He has always a space to fall back upon—he has always room to retrieve, to recover, to reinstate himself. But she is lost! The foreknowledge of her doom, which shuts out hope, makes her strong in endurance; the magnitude of her sacrifice enhances and deepens the idolatry from which it proceeded; she clings to it, and lives in it evermore, as the air which she must breathe, or die. But he? He has ever the backward hope, the consciousness of the power of retracing his steps. The world is there behind him, as he left it, its eager tumult still floating into his ears from afar off, its reckless gayeties, its panting ambition, its occupations, and its pleasures; and he knows he can re-enter it when he lists. He, then, if he consent to commit the great treason against a confident devotion, can afford to be bold; that boldness which has always an escape and safeguard in reserve! But it is this consideration which makes him irresolute and infirm—it is this which dashes his resolves with hesitation, and makes him temporize and play fast and loose in his thoughts, while his lips overflow with the fervid declamation of passion. He may believe himself to be sincere; but no man understands himself who believes that he has renounced the world. The world has arranged it otherwise for him.

The whole conditions of her position were clear to Astræa. She had not now considered them for the first time; but the mistrust, not of my love for her, but of my character, was now first awakened; and if she trembled for the consequences, it was not for her own sake, but for mine. Men can not comprehend this abnega-

tion of self in women, and, not being able to comprehend it, they do not believe in it. It requires an elevation and generosity rare in the crisis of temptation, and, perhaps, also, an entire change of surrounding circumstances and responsibilities, to enable them to estimate it justly; the power of bestowing happiness through a life-long sacrifice, instead of the privilege of receiving it at a trifling risk.

When we had become a little more at our ease, and I had endeavored by a variety of commonplaces to revive her faith in me, Astræa, with the most perfect frankness, entered upon her history. I will not break up the narrative by the occasional interruptions to which it was subjected by my curiosity and impatience, but preserve it as nearly entire as I can.

"There is a period," said Astræa, "in all our lives when we pass through delusions which an enlarged experience dispels. We too often begin by making deities, and end by total skepticism. I suppose, like every body else, I had my season of self-deception, although it has not made me an absolute infidel."

And as she said this, she looked at me with a smile so full of sweetness, that I yielded myself up implicitly to the enchantment.

"I was devotedly attached to my father," she continued; "he educated me, and was so proud of the faculties which his own careful tending drew into activity, that it was the greatest happiness of my life to deserve the kindness which anticipated their development. There was no task my father set to me I did not feel myself able to conquer by the mere energy of the love I bore him. The education he bestowed upon me was not the cultivation of the intellect alone—I owe him a deeper debt, fatally as I have discharged it—for it was his higher aim to educate my affections. He succeeded so well, that I would at any moment have cheerfully surrendered my own fondest desires, or have sacrificed life itself, to comply with any wish of his. You shall judge whether I have a right to say that I loved him better than I loved myself.

"My mother was a beauty. A woman of whom one can say nothing more than that she was a beauty, is misplaced in the home of a man of intellect. One can never cease wondering how it is that such men marry such women; but I believe there are no men so easily ensnared by their own imaginations, or who trouble themselves so little about calculating consequences. They make an ideal, and worship it; and, as your true believers contrive to refresh their motionless saints by new dramas and tinsel, so they go on perpetually investing their idols with fictitious attributes, to encourage and sustain their devotions. But that sort of self-imposition can not last very long; and the best possible recipe for stripping the idol of its false glitter is to marry it! My father made this discovery in due time. He found that beauty without enthusiasm or intellect is even less satisfying than a picture,

which is, at least, suggestive, and leaves something to the imagination. There was no sympathy between them. She existed only in company, which, from the languor of her nature, she hardly seemed to enjoy. Change, and variety, and the flutter of new faces were as necessary to her as they were wearisome to him; and so gradually and imperceptibly the distance widened between them, and his whole affections were concentrated on me. This may in some measure account for the formation of my character. I was neither weakened nor benefited by maternal tenderness; and my studies and habits, shaped and regulated by my father, imparted to me a strength and earnestness which—now that they avail me nothing—I may speak of as existing in the past.

"It is nearly ten years since my mother died; she went out as a flower dies, drooping slowly, and retaining something of its sweetness to the end. My father outlived her several years. That was the happiest period of my life. There was not a break in the love that bound us together. But there came a struggle at last between us—a struggle in which that love was bitterly tried and tested on both sides.

"I made a deity to myself, as most young people do, especially when they are flattered into the belief that they are more *spirituelle* and capable of judging for themselves, than the rest of the world. It was a girlish fancy; all girls have such fancies, and look back upon them afterward as they look back upon their dreams, trying to collect and put together forms and colors that fade rapidly in the daylight of experience.

"One of our visitors made an impression upon me; perhaps that is the best way to describe it. He had a sombre and poetical air—that was the first thing that touched me—an oval face, very pale and thoughtful, and chiseled to an excess of refinement; a sensitive mouth; dark, melancholy eyes; and black, lustrous hair. I remember he had quite a Spanish or Italian cast of features; and that was dangerous to a young girl steeped in the lore of history and chivalry. You think it strange, perhaps, I should make this sort of confession to *you*; you expect that I should rather suffer you to believe that, until we met, I had never been disturbed by the sentiment of love; yet you may entirely believe it. This was a mere phantasy—the prescience of what was to come—the awakening of the consciousness of a capacity of loving which, until now, was never stirred in its depths. It merely showed me what was in my nature, but did not draw it out.

"The fascination was on the surface; but, while it lasted, I thought it intense; and such is the contradiction in the constitution of youth, that a little opposition from my father only helped to strengthen it. In the presence of that sad face, into which was condensed an irresistible influence, I was silent and timid, frightened

at the touch of his white hands, and so confused that I could neither speak to him, nor look at him: but in my father's presence, when we talked of him, and my father hinted distrusts and antipathies, I was bold in his defense, and soared into an enthusiasm that often surprised us both. It was evident that I was in love—to speak by the card—and that the admonitions of experience were thrown away upon me.

"My father was grieved at this discovery, when it really came to take a serious shape of resistance to his advice. As yet, we had only flirted round the confines of the subject, and neither of us had openly recognized it as a reality. The action of the drama was in my own brain. The hero of my fantastic reveries regarded me only as a precocious child: was amused, or, at the utmost, interested by my admiration of him, which he could not fail to detect; and it was not until he imagined he had traced a deeper sentiment in my shy and embarrassed looks, that he began to feel any emotion himself. But the emotions which spring out of vanity or compassion, which come only as a sort of generous or pitying acknowledgment of an unsought devotion, have no stability in them. It is more natural, and more likely to insure duration of love that they should originate at the other side. Woman was formed to be sued and won; it is the law of our organization. Men value our affection in proportion to the efforts it has cost to gain them. The rights of a difficult conquest are worn with pride and exultation, while the fruits of an easy victory are held in indifference. These things, however, were mysteries to me then.

"There was a kind of love-scene between us. I can hardly recall any thing of it, except that I thought him more grand and noble than ever, and full of a magnificent patronage of my nerves and my ignorance. He was several years older than I was, which made a great distance between us, and made me look up to him with a superstitious homage. I remember nothing more about it, only that when I left him, I felt as if I had suddenly grown up into a woman.

"And now came the beginning of the struggle.

"We had other visitors who were better liked by my father. I could not then understand his objections to my Orlando. I have understood them since, and know that he was right in that, if he erred in the rest.

"Among our visitors was one whom I can not speak of without a shudder. There was in him a combination of qualities calculated to inspire me with aversion, which grew from day to day into loathing. I do not believe my father really liked that man. Circumstances, however, had given him an influence in our house, against which it was vain for me to contend. His family was closely connected with my mother; and my father had acquired an estate through his marriage, with which these people were

mixed up as trustees; they had, in fact, a lien upon us, which it was impossible to shake off; and by this means maintained a position with us which was at once so familiar and harassing to me, that nothing but my devotion to my father restrained me from an open mutiny against them.

"This man, who was not much my senior in years, but who seemed to have been born old, and to have lived centuries for every year of my life, entertained the most violent passion for me. I had no suspicion of it at first; and as the closeness of our relations threw us constantly together, I was feeding it unknowingly for a long time before I discovered it. I will spare you what I felt when I made that discovery—the horror! the despair!

"When I compared this man, loathsome and hideous to me, with him who was the Orlando, the Bayard, the Crichton of my foolish dreams, it made me sick at heart. So deep was the detestation he inspired, that, young as I was, I would have gladly renounced my own choice to have escaped from him. But there was one consideration paramount even to that; it was my father's desire that I should marry him.

"By some such sorcery as wicked demons in the wise allegories of fable obtain a control over good spirits, the demon who had thus risen up in my path obtained an ascendancy over my father. It was impossible that he could have persuaded my father, who was clear-sighted and sagacious, into the belief that he possessed a single attribute of goodness; it must have been by the force of a fascination, such as serpents are said to exercise over children, that he wrought his ends. And the comparison was never applied with greater justice, for my father was as guileless as a child in mere worldly affairs, while the other was a subtle compound of cunning and venom, glazed over with a most hypocritical exterior.

"He worked at his purpose for months and months in the dark, by artifices which assisted his progress without betraying his aim. He adroitly avoided an abrupt disclosure of his design, for he knew, or feared, that if it came too suddenly, it would have shocked even my father. He saw that my fancy was taken up elsewhere, and the first part of his plot was, to prejudice and poison my father's mind against his rival. In this he effectually succeeded. But it was a more difficult matter to bring round his own object, and he never could have achieved it, with all his skill, had he not been so mixed up with our affairs as to have it in his power to involve my father in a net-work of embarrassments. The meshes were woven round him with consummate ingenuity, and every effort at extrication only drew them tighter and tighter.

"Had I known as much of the world then as I do now I might have acted differently. But I was a girl; my sensibility was easily moved; my terrors were easily alarmed; and I loved my father too passionately to be able to exercise a calm judgment where his safety was con-

cerned. It was this devotion—impetuous and unreflecting—that gave an advantage to the fiend, of which he availed himself unrelentingly, and which threw me, bound and fettered, at his feet.

"I will not dwell on these memories. My heart was harrowed by a terrible conflict. I know not how it might have been, had I not gathered a little strength from wounded pride. A circumstance came to my relief which crushed my enthusiasm, and from that instant determined my fate.

"My father had often thrown out doubts of the sincerity of him to whom I looked up with so much admiration; and at last he spoke more explicitly and urgently. He told me that the hero of my dreams was merely trifling with my feelings, and amusing himself at the expense of my credulity—in short, that he was no better than a libertine. I revolted against these cruel accusations, and repelled them by asserting that he was the noblest and truest of human beings. But my father knew more of him than I did. Even while these painful discussions were going on between us, news arrived that he had been detected in a heartless conspiracy to entrap and carry off a ward in chancery—a discovery which compelled him to fly the country.

"I was stunned and humiliated. The dream was over. The idol was broken, and the shrine degraded forever. What resource should women have in such cases if pride did not come to their help—that pride which smiles while the heart is bleeding, and makes the world think that we do not suffer! They know not what we suffer—what we hide! Our education trains us up in a mask, which is often worn to the end, when the secret that has fed upon our hearts, and consumed our lives, day by day, descends into the dark grave with us! My sufferings at the time were very great—I thought they would kill me. What mattered it to me then how they disposed of me. Poor fool! I looked in on my desolated fancy, and gave myself up for lost.

"It was in this mood the machinations of that man whom I abhorred triumphed over me. My father's affairs had become hopelessly entangled in his, and a proposal to avert chancery suits and settle disputed titles by a union between the families of the litigants presented the only means of adjustment. My father listened to this insidious proposal at first reluctantly; then, day by day, as difficulties thickened, he became more reconciled to it; and, at length, he broke it to me, with a deprecating gentleness that never sued in vain to the heart that idolized him. I had nothing left in the world but my father to love. Under any circumstances my love for him would have made me waver. As it was, wounded and hopeless, galled, deceived, and cast off—for I felt as all girls do, and was thoroughly in earnest in my sentimental misery—my love for him lightened the sacrifice he prayed, rather than demanded at my hands.

"Girl as I was, I could see the change that had passed over my father. The strong man was subdued and broken down. His clear understanding had given way; even his heart was no longer as generous and impulsive as it used to be. I could not bear to witness these alterations; and when I was told that it was in my power to relieve him from the weight that pressed upon him, what could I do?"

"There were many violent struggles—many fits of tears and solitary remorse; but they all yielded to that imperative necessity, to that claim upon my feelings, which was paramount to every thing else. The first step was a contract of marriage, which I was simply required to sign. I was too young then to marry! This consideration was thrown in as a sort of tender forbearance to me, which, it was hoped, would propitiate my reluctant spirit. And from that hour, the demon, claiming me for his own, was incessant in his attendance upon me. I had hoped by that act to shake him off my father; but he was the Old Man of the Waters to his drowning victim, and at every moment only clutched and clung to him more closely.

"At last my father fell ill. First, he moped about the house, with a low, wearing cough. None of his old resources availed him. He couldn't read; the pleasant things he used to talk of—books, character, philosophy—no longer interested him. The placid mind was growing carped and restless. He was absorbed in his ailments. Trifles vexed him, and instead of the large and genial subjects which formerly engrossed him, he was taken up with petty annoyances. Oh, with what agony I watched that change from day to day! Then from the drawing-room to the bed, from whence he never rose again.

"It was in his last sickness—toward the close—when the wings of the Angel of Death were darkening his lids, and his utterance was thickening, and his vision becoming dimmer and dimmer, that he called me to his side. He knew the horror that was in my thoughts; but I was already pledged, and it was not a time for me to shrink, when he, in whom my affections were garnered up, besought me to make his death-bed happy by completing the sacrifice. There were those around us who said that it was merely to ease *his* mind, that he might feel he did not leave me behind him alone and without a protector; that the marriage would be performed in his presence; that we should then separate, and that my husband—oh, how I have hated that word! what images of wrong and cruelty are condensed into it!—would regard that ghastly ceremony only as a guarantee that when my grief had abated, and the signs of mourning were put off, I should consent to become his wife before the world. I believed in that and trusted to it. It was all written down and witnessed, that he would not enforce this marriage till time had soothed and reconciled me to it; and as the realization of it was to depend upon myself, I thought I was secure

against the worst. Upon these conditions I was married beside the death-bed of my father.

"The plot was deeply laid. The snare was covered with flowers. I was nominally free. I was the wife, and not the wife, of him who, when a little time had passed away, and my father was in the grave, and I was at his mercy, assumed the right of asserting over me the authority of a husband. I did not then know the full extent of my dependence. Upon the failure of my consent, the whole property was to devolve upon him. Of that I thought little; it was a cheap escape from a bondage I abhorred, if, by surrendering all I possessed, I *could* escape. There was nothing left in my own hands, but the power of withholding my consent, and I did withhold it; and my aversion increased with the base, unmanly, and vindictive means he used to wring it from me.

"Years passed away; he was ever in my path, blighting me with threats and scoffs. My life was one continued mental slavery. He had the right, or he usurped it, of holding me in perpetual bondage—hovering about me, watching my actions, and subjecting me to a persecution which, invisible to every body else, was felt by me in the minutest trifles. And all this time my heart, shut up and stifled, felt a longing, such as prisoners feel, to breathe the free air, to find its wings and escape. I was conscious of a capacity for happiness; I felt that my existence was wasting under a hideous influence—that my situation was cruel and anomalous—that it was equally guilty to stay and feed the rebellion of my blood, that might at last drive me mad, or to fly from the evil thoughts that fascinated and beset me;—and long contemplation of this corroding misery convinced me that the greater guilt was the hourly falsehood—the constant mutiny of my soul—the sin I was committing against nature by continuing to tolerate the semblance of an obligation that made me almost doubt the justice of heaven!

"Again and again he renewed the subject, only to be again and again repulsed with increased bitterness and scorn. The sternness of my resolution gradually obtained a victory over his perseverance. No man, be his devotion as intense as it may, can persist in this way, when he is thoroughly assured that a woman hates or despises him; and *he* had ample reason to know that I did both. Threats failed—hints of scandal and defamation failed—prayers and entreaties failed—he tried them all; and he saw at last that my determination was irrevocable. I would not redeem my pledge. I took all the consequence of the perfidy. I submitted to the ignominy of his taunts and reproaches, and even admitted their justice, rather than stain my soul with a blacker crime. What was left to him? His arts were baffled—his pride turned to dust—his love rejected? What was left to him out of this ruin of his long cherished scheme? REVENGE!

"Although he could not force me to fulfill

the contract, he could blast my life in its bloom—wither the tree to the core—make a desert round it—poison the very atmosphere that gave it nourishment and strength—and wait patient to see it die, leaf by leaf, and branch by branch. This was his devilish project. Love—if ever so sacred a passion had found its way into his soul—was transformed into hate, deadly and unrelenting; the red current had become gall; and the same slow, insatiable energy, with which he had before urged and forced his suit, was now applied to torture and distract me. I wonder it did not drive me to some act of desperation!

"And all this time I moved through society like others. Nobody suspected the vulture that was at my heart; and I had to endure the wretched necessity of acting a daily lie to the world. It gave a false severity to my manner—it made me seem austere and lofty, where I only meant to avert approaches which it would have been criminal to have admitted and deceived. And I had need of all that repellant armor; and it served me, and saved me—till I met you!

"Shall I proceed any farther? Shall I tell you how a new state of existence seemed insensibly opening before me?—how the want in my heart became unconsciously filled?—and that which had been a dream to me all my life long, vague, flitting, and undefined, was now a reality, clear, fixed, and distinct? What that sympathy was it is needless to ask, which made me feel that your history was something like my own—that you, too, had some discontent with the world, that made you yearn for peace and solitude, and the refuge of love, like me. I fought bravely at first. You know not how earnestly I questioned myself—how I probed my wounded spirit, and battled with the temptation. All that was hidden from you; but it was not the less fierce and agonizing. The blessed thought and hope of freedom, of a happiness which I had never trusted myself to contemplate, was a strong and blinding fascination. I saw my wretchedness, and close at hand its perilous remedy. Doomed either way, which was I to choose? The world?—my soul? All was darkness and terror to me. Calamity had made me desperate; yet I was outwardly calm and self-sustained. But I was goaded too far at last; he goaded me; and my resolution was taken; it was one plunge—and all was over. I fled from the misery I could no longer endure, and live; and I know the cost—I know the penalty—I see before me the retribution. Let it come—my fate is sealed!"

XI.

This narrative occupied a longer time in the relation than in the shape to which I have reduced it, for it was frequently interrupted by questions and exclamations, which I have not thought it necessary to insert here. When she concluded, the day was already waning, and the long shadows from the woods were stretching down the stream, and the setting sun was,

here and there, blazing through the trees, like focal rays caught on the surface of a burning-glass. The haze of evening was gathering round us, and settling over the little bridge which was now slowly fading into the distance.

Astræa had confided her whole life to me with the utmost candor. The strong emotions she exhibited throughout afforded the best proof, if any were wanted, of her perfect sincerity. There was nothing kept back—no *arrière-pensée*—no false coloring; her real character came out forcibly in this painful confession. Few women would have had the requisite fortitude to submit to such an ordeal, and take their final stand upon a position which marked them out as Pariahs in the eyes of the world. I felt how great the misery must have been from which she sought this terrible escape; and how much greater was the strength of will that sustained her in the resolution to embrace it. Her wild sense of natural justice had risen in resistance against laws which it appeared to her more criminal to obey than to violate. It was not a paroxysm of the passions—it was not the sophistry that seeks for its own convenience to arraign the dispensations of society; it was a strong mind, contending in its own right against obligations founded on force, and violence, and wrong—asserting its claim to liberate itself from trammels to which it had never given a voluntary assent—recoiling from a life of skepticism and hypocrisy, and the frightful conflicts it entails between duty and the instincts of reason and the heart—and prepared, since no other alternative was left, to suffer in itself alone, and in the consequences of its own act, all obloquy, all vengeance the world could inflict. That there lay beneath this a grave error, undermining the foundations upon which the whole social superstructure rested, was, in a certain large and general sense, sufficiently obvious to me. But who could argue such questions against convictions based upon individual and exceptional injuries? Who could require, in the very moment and agony of sacrifice, that she who had been thus wronged and tortured, and who had never, of her own free action, incurred the responsibility from which she revolted, should offer herself up a victim to laws that afforded her no protection, and condemned her to eternal strife, and the sins of a rebellious conscience? I would have saved her if I could. It was my first impulse—my most earnest desire. But of what avail was the attempt? Where was she to find refuge? Only one of two courses lay before her—to return and fulfil her contract, or to renounce the world: the first was doubtful, perhaps impossible; the second, she had resolved upon. Even if I were to hold back on the brink of the precipice, it would not shake her determination.

In this extremity and in the last resort, I felt myself bound to her by every consideration of love and honor. Honor! When that element enters into our casuistry, the peril is at its height!

"Have you never endeavored to release yourself from this contract?" I inquired.

"He would not release me."

"Have you explicitly demanded it of him, so that you should have the satisfaction of feeling that you had tried all other means before you broke the bond yourself?"

"I have demanded and besought it of him—prayed to him—appealed to him, by his soul's hopes here and hereafter, to release me. I have laid my own perdition on his refusal—and he still refused. I gave up all; offered to leave England forever; to give him security that, be my fate what it might, neither he nor his should be troubled with me. To no purpose—he was iron. He could have procured a separation, which I could not. I gave him the means, and would have borne any humiliation to obtain my freedom. He would not release me; he held me bound, that he might gloat his vengeance upon my sufferings."

"And this man—this fiend—you have not told me, Astræa, who he is."

While I was speaking, I observed her looking keenly through the mist that was collecting about us. Some object had attracted her attention. My eyes followed the direction hers had taken, and I discerned a figure, apparently wrapped up in a cloak, about the centre of the bridge, on the near side. We watched it in silence for a space of two or three minutes, when it moved slowly from its position, and winding down among the trees, took the path that led directly to the spot where we were seated. She grasped my arm, and cried in a whisper—

"Stand firm. Speak not. It is my deed, not yours. The hour I have looked for through long years of anguish is come at last. Fear nothing for me!"

The figure approached, still enveloped in a cloak, and stood exactly opposite to us. For a moment—the most intense I ever remember—not a word was uttered. At last, the stranger spoke.

"It is, then, as I expected. I have tracked you to your hiding-place, and I find you with your paramour."

It was the voice of the dwarf! The blood leaped in my veins, and, hardly conscious of what I was doing, or meant to do, I sprang from my seat. Astræa rose at the same moment, and interposed.

"If you have the least regard or respect for me," she said, "do not interfere. For my sake, control yourself."

"For *your* sake!" echoed the dwarf. "Do you glory in *his* shame, as well as your own?"

"Shame!" cried Astræa. "Take back the foul word, and begone. You have no authority, no rights here. The shame is yours, not mine—yours, unmanly, pitiful, and mean, who have taken advantage of a contract wrung from a girl to doom the life of a woman to misery."

"Have I no authority?" quoth the dwarf.

"Listen to me—you must—you shall—if it kill

you in your heroics. I am your husband—my authority is law. I can command you to my foot, and you must obey me. You think you are secure; but I will show you that you have committed an egregious mistake. Believe me," he added, in a tone of supercilious mockery, for which I could have inflicted summary chastisement—"believe me, you only deceive yourself, as you have tried to deceive me."

"In what have I tried to deceive you?" she demanded. "I have been so explicit with you, that none but the most contemptible of your sex would have persisted at such a sacrifice of pride and feeling. Pride? You have none. Where you proffered love—oh! such love!—you found aversion;—where you sought, sued, and threatened, you received nothing in return but loathing and scorn. And now, henceforth and forever, I break all bonds between us. Since you will not do it, I will—I *have* done it! Obey you? I owe you no obedience. Be wise; take my answer, and leave me."

"Not at your bidding, madam. I did not come here to visit you in your retirement, and be turned away so unceremoniously. It is not my intention to leave you. Where you are, there must I be too."

The insolent coolness with which this was spoken, rendered it very difficult for me to submit to the injunction Astræa had imposed upon me. I began to feel that I, too, had rights, and that the course this husband-in-law was pursuing, was not the best calculated to induce me to surrender them.

"Where I am you shall never come again!" returned Astræa. "That is over. A gulf yawns between us. Do not tempt it any further."

"I will not be critical about words with you," said the dwarf. "If I am not to come where you are, you shall come to me. It is the same thing. You are only wasting your fine speeches. I have come here to take you back to London."

"To take me back?" she echoed. "Are you mad? Do you believe such a thing credible? I have chosen my own course; and no power, authority, or force can turn me from it. Take me back! Even were I willing to go—suppose I were weak enough to repent the step I have taken—can you not see—have you not eyes and understanding to see and comprehend, that it would be to your own eternal dishonor—that it would only bring upon you the contempt and derision of the world?"

"It is for me to judge of that. Come—we are losing time, and it is growing dark already."

"Then why do you stay? Why do you not go as you came. I have given you my answer; and if you were to stand here forever, you will get none other. Have you no particle of self-respect left?"

"Whatever self-respect or pride I had," returned the dwarf, in a low and bitter tone, "you have trampled upon, and raised up a demoniac spirit in this place. It might have been

otherwise once. I loved you—ay! writhe under the word—I loved you; but I was ill-favored, misshapen, stunted, and loathsome to look upon. You thought that love and ambition and high thoughts could not take up with such a frame as this—that they all went with straight limbs and milky faces. Nature could not condescend to endow the dwarf with the attributes of humanity. But I was a man as well as they—had the passions and hopes of a man, the capabilities of good and evil. You never sought the good; you never felt it to be your duty to seek and cultivate the better qualities which my own consciousness of my outward defects made irresolute and wayward in development. You only looked upon the surface: and in the selfishness of your heart you spurned me from you. You never thought of asking yourself whether it was in your power to redeem and elevate, for noble ends, the human soul that was pent up in this weak and distorted body. You never stopped to reflect whether, by your contumely and pride of beauty, you were not destroying the germs of all self-respect, perverting the virtuous instincts into poisonous fangs, and shattering to the core the best resolves of a human being who might be better than yourself. A word of kindness in season—a generous construction of my character—an effort to call my moral strength into action, might have raised me to the dignity of the manhood it was your pleasure to disdain and degrade—might have given me the fortitude and the compensating motive to resign you—might have saved us both! But that word was never on your lips—that effort you were not generous enough to try. What I am, then, you have made me—bitter to the dregs, engrossed by one thought, living but for one object. Life is a curse to me. Every new day that rises upon me, humiliation and despair are before me. Do you believe I will suffer this tamely? What have I to lose? You hate me—I return you hate for hate, loaded with the recollections of years of scorn and defiance. Defiance? Ha! ha! It is my turn now, and no remorse shall step in between us to mitigate my vengeance!”

His voice rose almost into a shriek at the close, he had worked himself up to such a height of fanatic excitement; yet, notwithstanding the denunciation with which he ended, it was impossible not to be touched with pity for the real suffering that had reduced him to this condition. A great sorrow had converted this wretched man into a human fiend; and I never before believed that there were the elements of tenderness in him which these references to the past seemed dimly to light up. Astræa heard it all very calmly.

“We are not answerable for our likings or antipathies,” she replied; “and I am no more accountable for my feeling than you are for your shape. Had you possessed the instincts you speak of—the manhood you claim for yourself, you might have long since secured, at least, my gratitude, and spared us both the ignominy of

this night. But it is useless to look back. I have nothing more to say. Let us part—in hate, if you will. I am indifferent alike to your opinions and your vengeance. Avail yourself of whatever power the law gives you; but here we now part, never to meet again!”

As she said this, she moved away, and I still lingered behind to protect her retreat, if it should be necessary.

“No, madam; not so easily. We do not part. I command you to leave this place, and go with me. It is my pleasure. Do not compel me to enforce it.”

Seeing him rush forward to follow her, I placed myself between them.

“I charge you,” cried the dwarf, “to stand out of my path. It will be dangerous.”

“You have threatened me before,” I exclaimed; “and it is full time that you and I should understand each other. I have an advantage over you which I do not desire to use, except in extremity; be careful, therefore, how you provoke it. Advance no further, or I will not answer for the consequences!”

“So, then, you champion her in her guilt,” he cried.

“I know of no guilt,” I replied. “I have not interfered hitherto; I had no right to do so. But I will not suffer any violence to be committed toward her; she must be free to act as she pleases!”

“And what right have you to interfere now?”

“The right which every man has to protect a woman against outrage.”

“I warn you for the last time!” exclaimed the dwarf, his eyeballs flashing fire. “It is you who have done this; you who have tempted and destroyed her—destroyed us both. Do not urge me to the retribution I thirst for. Put your hand upon me; there is my outstretched arm—only touch it with your fingers, and put me on my defense!”

Astræa was standing at my side.

“I charge you,” she said, “to leave him, and go into the house. He will not dare to follow me!”

“I will dare the depths of perdition, and follow you wherever you go. See how he shrinks from me!—this champion and bully, for whom you stand condemned and branded before the world!”

“Bully!” I cried, “if you were not the feeble, wretched thing you are, I would strike you to the earth. It is you, not I, that have worked out this shame for your own fiendish ends. Did you not tell me that you helped and encouraged our intercourse—that you saw feelings growing up, and used all your arts to heighten them into an attachment which you knew would bring misery upon us all? For what purpose, devil as you are, did you do this?”

“To break her heart—for she had broken mine!”

“Be content, then, with what you have done, and leave us. You have placed me in a position which no fear of consequences can induce

me to abandon. I will protect her to the last. Look upon us henceforth as inseparable, and rid us of your presence, lest I lose all self-command."

Grasping Astræa's hand, and controlling myself by a violent effort, I turned from him to lead her toward the house.

Perhaps it was this action which suddenly infuriated the demon, who now looked more horrible in the contortions of his unbridled rage than ever; and as I turned I felt, rather than saw, that he had coiled himself up to spring upon me. Relieving myself from her, I instantly faced him. His motions were as quick as light. One hand was upon my chest, and the other was fumbling under his cloak. Suspecting his intention, I seized his right arm and dragged it out. There was a pistol in his hand. It was not a time to exercise much forbearance in consideration of his physical inferiority, and by desperate force I wrenched the pistol from his grasp, and, tossing it over his head, flung it into the river. In the struggle, however, it had gone off, and, by the cry of pain he uttered, I concluded that he was wounded. But I was too much heated to think of that; and, in the fierceness of the conflict between us, I lifted him up by main strength, and flung him upon the ground.

Leaving him there, I hastened to Astræa, and we both went into the house, taking care to lock and bar the door, so that he could not follow us. The windows of the sitting-room went down close to the gravel-walk outside, upon which they opened. These were already secured, and we were safe.

As we sat there, half an hour afterward, a low, piteous voice came wailing through the shutters, uttering one word, which it repeated at intervals, in a tone that pierced me to the soul. "Astræa! Astræa! Astræa!" It was a voice so freighted with sorrow, that, had not evil passions intervened to shut our hearts to its petition, we must have relented and shown mercy to him out of whose despair it issued. But we held our breaths, hardly daring to look in each other's faces, and moved not!

God! all the long night that wailing voice seemed repeating, in fainter tones, "Astræa! Astræa! Astræa!" and she to whom it was addressed, and to whom it appealed in vain—let me not recall the memory! Many years have since trampled out other recollections, but that voice still seems to vibrate on my heart, and the name still surges up as I heard it then, sobbing through tears of mortal agony!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MADAME DE GENLIS AND MADAME DE STAEL.*

BEFORE the Revolution, I was but very slightly acquainted with Madame de Genlis, her conduct during that disastrous period having

* This curious piece has recently appeared in the "Gazette de France," and has excited much remark. It is given out to be the production of Charles X. when Monsieur, and was communicated to M. Neychens by the Marquis de la Roche Jaqueline.

not a little contributed to sink her in my estimation; and the publication of her novel, "The Knights of the Swan" (the *first* edition), completed my dislike to a person who had so cruelly aspersed the character of the queen, my sister-in-law.

On my return to France, I received a letter full of the most passionate expressions of loyalty from beginning to end; the missive being signed Comtesse de Genlis: but imagining this could be but a *plaisanterie* of some intimate friend of my own, I paid no attention whatever to it. However, in two or three days it was followed by a second epistle, complaining of my silence, and appealing to the great sacrifices the writer had made in the interest of my cause, as giving her a *right* to my favorable attention. Talleyrand being present, I asked him if he could explain this enigma.

"Nothing is easier," replied he; "Madame de Genlis is unique. She has lost her own memory, and fancies others have experienced a similar bereavement."

"She speaks," pursued I, "of her virtues, her misfortunes, and Napoleon's persecutions."

"Hem! In 1789 her husband was quite ruined, so the events of that period took nothing from *him*; and as to the tyranny of Bonaparte, it consisted, in the first place, of giving her a magnificent suite of apartments in the Arsenal; and in the second place, granting her a pension of six thousand francs a year, upon the sole condition of her keeping him every month *au courant* of the literature of the day."

"What shocking ferocity!" replied I, laughing; "a case of infamous despotism indeed. And this martyr to our cause asks to see me!"

"Yes; and pray let your royal highness grant her an audience, were it only for once: I assure you she is most amusing."

I followed the advice of M. de Talleyrand, and accorded to the lady the permission she so pathetically demanded. The evening before she was to present herself, however, came a third missive, recommending a certain Casimir, the *phénix* of the *époque*, and several other persons besides; all, according to Madame de Genlis, particularly celebrated people; and the postscript to this effusion prepared me also beforehand for the request she intended to make, of being appointed governess to the children of my son the Duc de Berry, who was at that time not even married.

Just at this period it so happened that I was besieged by more than a dozen persons of every rank in regard to Madame de Staël, formerly exiled by Bonaparte, and who had rushed to Paris without taking breath, fully persuaded every one there, and throughout all France, was impatient to see her again. Madame de Staël had a double view in thus introducing herself to me; namely, to direct my proceedings entirely, and to obtain payment of the two million francs deposited in the treasury by her father during his ministry. I confess I was not prepossessed in favor of Madame de Staël, for she also, in

1789, had manifested so much hatred toward the Bourbons, that I thought all she could possibly look to from us, was the liberty of living in Paris unmolested: but I little knew her. She, on her side, imagined that we ought to be grateful to her for having quarreled with Bonaparte—her own pride being, in fact, the sole cause of the rupture.

M. de Fontanes and M. de Châteaubriand were the first who mentioned her to me; and to the importance with which they treated the matter, I answered, laughing, "So Madame la Baronne de Staël is then a supreme power?"

"Indeed she is, and it might have very unfavorable effects did your royal highness overlook her: for what she asserts, every one believes, and then—she has suffered so much!"

"Very likely; but what did she make my poor sister-in-law the queen suffer? Do you think I can forget the abominable things she said, the falsehoods she told? and was it not in consequence of them, and the public's belief of them, that she owed the possibility of the embassadress of Sweden's being able to dare insult that unfortunate princess in her very palace?"

Madame de Staël's envoys, who manifested some confusion at the fidelity of my memory, implored me to forget the past, think only of the future, and remember that the genius of Madame de Staël, whose reputation was European, might be of the utmost advantage, or the reverse. Tired of disputing I yielded; consented to receive this *femme célèbre*, as they all called her, and fixed for her reception the same day I had notified to Madame de Genlis.

My brother has said, "Punctuality is the politeness of kings"—words as true and just as they are happily expressed; and the princes of my family have never been found wanting in good manners; so I was in my study waiting when Madame de Genlis was announced. I was astonished at the sight of a long, dry woman, with a swarthy complexion, dressed in a printed cotton gown, any thing but clean, and a shawl covered with dust, her habit-shirt, her hair even, bearing marks of great negligence. I had read her works, and remembering all she said about neatness, and cleanliness, and proper attention to one's dress, I thought she added another to the many who fail to add example to their precepts. While making these reflections, Madame de Genlis was firing off a volley of courtesies; and upon finishing what she deemed the requisite number, she pulled out of a great huge bag four manuscripts of enormous dimensions.

"I bring," commenced the lady, "to your royal highness what will amply repay any kindness you may show to me—No. 1 is a plan of conduct, and the project of a constitution; No. 2 contains a collection of speeches in answer to those likely to be addressed to Monsieur; No. 3, addresses and letters proper to send to foreign powers, the provinces, &c.; and in No. 4 Monsieur will find a plan of education, the only one

proper to be pursued by royalty, in reading which, your royal highness will feel as convinced of the extent of my acquisitions as of the purity of my loyalty."

Many in my place might have been angry; but, on the contrary, I thanked her with an air of polite sincerity for the treasures she was so obliging as to confide to me, and then consoled with her upon the misfortunes she had endured under the tyranny of Bonaparte.

"Alas! Monsieur, this abominable despot dared to make a mere plaything of me! and yet I strove, by wise advice, to guide him right, and teach him to regulate his conduct properly: but he would not be led. I even offered to mediate between him and the Pope, but he did not so much as answer me upon this subject; although (being a most profound theologian) I could have smoothed almost all difficulties when the Concordat was in question."

This last piece of pretension was almost too much for my gravity. However, I applauded the zeal of this new mother of the church, and was going to put an end to the interview, when it came into my head to ask her if she was well acquainted with Madame de Staël.

"God forbid!" cried she, making a sign of the cross: "I have no acquaintance with *such people*; and I but do my duty in warning those who have not perused the works of that lady, to bear in mind that they are written in the worst possible taste, and are also extremely immoral. Let your royal highness turn your thoughts from such books; you will find in *mine* all that is necessary to know. I suppose monsieur has not yet seen *Little Necker*?"

"Madame la Baronne de Staël Holstein has asked for an audience, and I even suspect she may be already arrived at the Tuileries."

"Let your royal highness beware of this woman! See in her the implacable enemy of the Bourbons, and in me their most devoted slave!"

This new proof of the want of memory in Madame de Genlis amused me as much as the other absurdities she had favored me with; and I was in the act of making her the ordinary salutations of adieu, when I observed her blush purple, and her proud rival entered.

The two ladies exchanged a haughty bow, and the comedy, which had just finished with the departure of Madame de Genlis, recommenced under a different form when Madame de Staël appeared on the stage. The baroness was dressed, not certainly dirtily, like the countess, but quite as absurdly. She wore a red satin gown, embroidered with flowers of gold and silk; a profusion of diamonds; rings enough to stock a pawnbroker's shop; and, I must add, that I never before saw so low a cut corsage display less inviting charms. Upon her head was a huge turban, constructed on the pattern of that worn by the Cumean sibyl, which put a finishing stroke to a costume so little in harmony with her style of face. I scarcely understand how a woman of genius *can* have such a

false, vulgar taste. Madame de Staël began by apologizing for occupying a few moments which she doubted not I should have preferred giving to Madame de Genlis. "She is one of the illustrations of the day," observed she with a sneering smile—"a colossus of religious faith, and represents in her person, she fancies, all the literature of the age. Ah, ah, monsieur, in the hands of *such people* the world would soon retrograde; while it should, on the contrary, be impelled forward, and your royal highness be the first to put yourself at the head of this great movement. To you should belong the glory of giving the impulse, guided by *my experience*."

"Come," thought I, "here is another going to plague me with plans of conduct, and constitutions, and reforms, which I am to persuade the king my brother to adopt. It seems to be an insanity in France this composing of new constitutions." While I was making these reflections, madame had time to give utterance to a thousand fine phrases, every one more sublime than the preceding. However, to put an end to them, I asked her if there was any thing she wished to demand.

"Ah, dear!—oh yes, prince!" replied the lady in an indifferent tone. "A mere trifle—less than nothing—two millions, without counting the interest at five per cent.; but these are matters I leave entirely to my men of business, being for my own part much more absorbed in politics and the science of government."

"Alas! madame, the king has arrived in France with his mind made up upon most subjects, the fruit of twenty-five years' meditation; and I fear he is not likely to profit by your good intentions!"

"Then so much the worse for him and for France! All the world knows what it cost Bonaparte his refusing to follow my advice, and pay me my two millions. I have studied the Revolution profoundly, followed it through all its phases, and I flatter myself I am the only pilot who can hold with one hand the rudder of the state, if at least I have Benjamin for steersman."

"Benjamin! Benjamin—who?" asked I, in surprise.

"It would give me the deepest distress," replied she, "to think that the name of M. le Baron de Rebecque Benjamin de Constant has never reached the ears of your royal highness. One of his ancestors saved the life of Henri Quatre. Devoted to the descendants of this good king, he is ready to serve them; and among several *constitutions* he has in his portfolio, you will probably find one with annotations and reflections by myself, which will suit you. Adopt it, and choose Benjamin Constant to carry out the idea."

It seemed like a thing resolved—an event decided upon—this proposal of inventing a constitution for us. I kept as long as I could upon the defensive; but Madame de Staël, carried away by her zeal and enthusiasm, instead of

speaking of what personally concerned herself, knocked me about with arguments, and crushed me under threats and menaces; so, tired to death of entertaining, instead of a clever, humble woman, a roaring politician in petticoats, I finished the audience, leaving her as little satisfied as myself with the interview. Madame de Genlis was ten times less disagreeable, and twenty times more amusing.

That same evening I had M. le Prince de Talleyrand with me, and I was confounded by hearing him say, "So your royal highness has made Madame de Staël completely quarrel with me now?"

"Me! I never so much as pronounced your name."

"Notwithstanding that, she is convinced that I am the person who prevents your royal highness from employing her in your political relations, and that I am jealous of Benjamin Constant. She is resolved on revenge."

"Ha, ha—and what can she do?"

"A very great deal of mischief, monseigneur. She has numerous partisans; and if she declares herself Bonapartiste, we must look to ourselves."

"That *would* be curious."

"Oh, I shall take upon myself to prevent her going so far; but she will be Royalist no longer, and we shall suffer from that."

At this time I had not the remotest idea what a mere man, still less a mere woman, could do in France; but now I understand it perfectly, and if Madame de Staël was living—Heaven pardon me!—I would strike up a flirtation with her.

THE TWO ROADS.

IT was New-Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes toward the deep-blue sky, where the stars were floating, like white lilies, on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more hopeless beings than himself now moved toward their certain goal—the tomb. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort. The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment, when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his agony, "O youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!"

But the days of his youth and his father had both passed away. He saw wandering lights

floating far away over dark marshes, and then disappear—these were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven, and vanish in darkness. This was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now happy and honored on this New-Year's night. The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up on his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look toward that heaven where his father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and, with one despairing effort, he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! come back!"

And his youth *did* return; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New-Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real. He thanked God, fervently, that time was still his own, that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land, where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that, when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain: "O youth, return! O give me back my early days!"

STORIES OF SHIPWRECK.

THE Magpie, commanded by Lieutenant Edward Smith, was lost during a hurricane in the West Indies, in 1826. At the moment of the vessel going down, a gunner's mate of the name of Meldrum struck out and succeeded in reaching a pair of oars that were floating in the water; to these he clung, and, having divested himself of a part of his clothing, he awaited, in dreadful anxiety, the fate of his companions. Not a sound met his ear; in vain his anxious gaze endeavored to pierce the gloom, but the darkness was too intense. Minutes appeared like hours, and still the awful silence remained unbroken: he felt, and the thought was agony, that, out of the twenty-four human beings who had so lately trod the deck of the schooner, he alone was left. This terrible suspense became almost beyond the power of endurance; and he already began to envy the fate of his companions, when he heard a voice at no great distance inquiring if there was any one near. He answered in the affirmative; and, pushing out in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, he reached a boat to which seven persons were clinging; among whom was Lieutenant Smith, the commander of the sloop. So far, this was a subject of congratulation; he was no longer alone; but yet the chances of his ultimate preservation were as distant as ever. The boat, which had been placed on the booms of the

schooner, had, fortunately, escaped clear of the sinking vessel, and, if the men had waited patiently, was large enough to have saved them all; but the suddenness of the calamity had deprived them of both thought and prudence. Several men had attempted to climb in on one side; the consequence was, the boat heeled over, became half filled with water, and then turned keel uppermost; and, when Meldrum reached her, he found some stretched across the keel, and others hanging on by the sides.

Matters could not last long in this way; and Mr. Smith, seeing the impossibility of any of the party being saved if they continued in their present position, endeavored to bring them to reason, by pointing out the absurdity of their conduct. To the honor of the men, they listened with the same respect to their commander as if they had been on board the schooner; those on the keel immediately relinquished their hold, and succeeded, with the assistance of their comrades, in righting the boat. Two of their number got into her, and commenced baling with their hats, while the others remained in the water, supporting themselves by the gunwales.

Order being restored, their spirits began to revive, and they entertained hopes of escaping from their present peril: but this was of short duration; and the sufferings which they had as yet endured were nothing in comparison with what they had now to undergo. The two men had scarcely commenced baling, when a cry was heard of "A shark! a shark!" No words can describe the consternation which ensued; it is well known the horror sailors have of these voracious animals, who seem apprised, by instinct, when their prey is at hand. All order was at an end; the boat again capsized, and the men were left struggling in the waters. The general safety was neglected, and it was every man for himself; no sooner had one got hold of the boat than he was pushed away by another, and in this fruitless contest more than one life was nearly sacrificed. Even in this terrible hour, their commander remained cool and collected; his voice was still raised in words of encouragement, and, as the dreaded enemy did not make its appearance, he again succeeded in persuading them to renew their efforts to clear the boat. The night had passed away—it was about ten o'clock on the morning of the 28th: the baling had progressed without interruption; a little more exertion, and the boat would have been cleared, when again was heard the cry of "The sharks! the sharks!" But this was no false alarm; the boat a second time capsized, and the unhappy men were literally cast among a shoal of these terrible monsters. The men, for a few minutes, remained uninjured, but not untouched, for the sharks actually rubbed against their victims, and, to use the exact words of one of the survivors, "frequently passed over the boat and between us while resting on the gunwale." This, however, did not last long; a shriek soon told the fate of one of the men: a shark had seized him by the leg, dyeing the water with

his blood; another shriek followed, and another man disappeared.

But these facts are almost too horrible to dwell upon; human nature revolts from so terrible a picture; we will, therefore, hurry over this part of our tale.

Smith had witnessed the sufferings of his followers with the deepest distress; and, although aware that, in all probability, he must soon share the same fate, he never for a moment appeared to think of himself. There were but six men left; and these he endeavored to sustain by his example, cheering them on to further exertions. They had, once more, recommenced their labors to clear out the boat, when one of his legs was seized by a shark. Even while suffering the most horrible torture, he restrained the expression of his feelings, for fear of increasing the alarm of the men; but the powers of his endurance were doomed to be tried to the utmost; another limb was scrunched from his body, and, uttering a deep groan, he was about to let go his hold, when he was seized by two of his men, and placed in the stern-sheets.

Yet, when his whole frame was convulsed with agony, the energies of his mind remained as strong as ever; his own pain was disregarded; he thought only of the preservation of his crew. Calling to his side a lad of the name of Wilson, who appeared the strongest of the remaining few, he exhorted him, in the event of his surviving, to inform the admiral that he was going to Cape Ontario, in search of the pirate, when the unfortunate accident occurred. "Tell him," he continued, "that my men have done their duty, and that no blame is attached to them. I have but one favor to ask, and that is, that he will promote Meldrum to be a gunner."

He then shook each man by the hand, and bade them farewell. By degrees his strength began to fail, and at last became so exhausted that he was unable to speak. He remained in this state until the sun set, when another panic seized the men from a re-appearance of the sharks; the boat gave a lurch, and the gallant commander found an end to his sufferings in a watery grave.

The Anson was lost, in 1807, off the coast of France. The ship was no longer an object of consideration; Captain Lydiard felt that he had done his utmost to save her, but in vain, and that now every energy must be put forth for the preservation of human life. The tempest raged with such fury, that no boat could possibly come to their aid, nor could the strongest swimmer hope to gain the shore. It appeared to Captain Lydiard, that the only chance of escape for any of the crew was in running the ship as near the coast as possible. He gave the necessary orders, and the master run the vessel on the sand which forms the bar between the Loe Pool and the sea, about three miles from Helstone. The tide had been ebbing nearly an hour when she took the ground, and she broach-

ed to, leaving her broadside heeling over, and facing the beach.

The scene of horror and confusion which ensued, on the Anson striking against the ground, was one which baffles all description. Many of the men were washed away by the tremendous sea which swept over the deck; many others were killed by the falling of the spars, the crashing sound of which, as they fell from aloft, mingled with the shrieks of the women on board, was heard even amidst the roar of the waters and the howling of the winds. The coast was lined with crowds of spectators, who watched with an intense and painful interest the gradual approach of the ill-fated vessel toward the shore, and witnessed the subsequent melancholy catastrophe.

Calm and undaunted amidst the terrors of the scene, Captain Lydiard is described as displaying, in a remarkable degree, that self-possession and passive heroism which has been so often the proud characteristic of the commander of a British ship-of-war under similar harassing circumstances. Notwithstanding the confusion of the scene, his voice was heard, and his orders were obeyed with that habitual deference which, even in danger and in death, an English seaman rarely fails to accord to his commanding officer. He was the first to restore order, to assist the wounded, to encourage the timid, and to revive expiring hope. Most providentially, when the vessel struck, the mainmast, in falling overboard, served to form a communication between the ship and the shore, and Captain Lydiard was the first to point out this circumstance to the crew. Clinging with his arm to the wheel of the rudder, in order to prevent his being washed overboard by the waves, he continued to encourage one after another as they made the perilous attempt to reach the shore. It was fated that this gallant officer should not enjoy in this world the reward of his humanity and his heroism. After watching with thankfulness the escape of many of his men, and having seen, with horror, many others washed off the mast, in their attempts to reach the land, he was about to undertake the dangerous passage himself, when he was attracted by the cries of a person seemingly in an agony of terror. The brave man did not hesitate for a moment, but turned and made his way to the place whence the cries proceeded. There he found a boy, a protégé of his own, whom he had entered on board the Anson only a few months before, clinging, in despair to a part of the wreck, and without either strength or courage to make the least effort for his own preservation. Captain Lydiard's resolution was instantly taken: he would save the lad if possible, though he might himself perish in the attempt. He threw one arm round the boy, while he cheered him by words of kind encouragement; with the other arm, he clung to the spars and mast to support himself and his burden. But the struggle did not last long; nature was exhausted by the mental and physical sufferings

he had endured; he lost his hold, not of the boy, but of the mast, the wild waves swept over them, and they perished together.

JOE SMITH AND THE MORMONS.

BY PROF. JAMES F. W. JOHNSTON.

IN the future history of mankind, if present appearances are to be trusted, the counties of Wayne and Ontario, N. Y., are likely to derive an interest and importance, in the eyes of a numerous body of people, from a circumstance wholly unconnected either with their social progress, or with their natural productions or capabilities. In these counties lie the scenes of the early passages in the life of Joe Smith, the founder of the sect of the Mormons.

Born in December, 1805, in Sharon, Windsor County, State of Vermont, he removed with his father, about 1815, to a small farm in Palmyra, Wayne County, New York, and assisted him on the farm till 1826. He received little education, read indifferently, wrote and spelt badly, knew little of arithmetic, and, in all other branches of learning he was, to the day of his death, exceedingly ignorant.

His own account of his religious progress is, that as early as fifteen years of age he began to have serious ideas regarding the future state, that he got into occasional ecstasies, and that in 1823, during one of these ecstasies, he was visited by an angel, who told him that his sins were forgiven—that the time was at hand when the gospel in its fullness was to be preached to all nations—that the American Indians were a remnant of Israel, who, when they first emigrated to America, were an enlightened people, possessing a knowledge of the true God, and enjoying his favor—that the prophets and inspired writers among them had kept a history or record of their proceedings—that these records were safely deposited—and that, if faithful, he was to be the favored instrument for bringing them to light.

On the following day, according to instructions from the angel, he went to a hill which he calls Cumorah, in Palmyra township, Wayne County, and there, in a stone chest, after a little digging, he saw the records; but it was not till four years after, in September 1827, that "the angel of the Lord delivered the records into his hands."

"These records were engraved on plates which had the appearance of gold, were seven by eight inches in size, and thinner than common tin, and were covered on both sides with Egyptian characters, small and beautifully engraved. They were bound together in a volume like the leaves of a book, and were fastened at one edge with three rings running through the whole. The volume was about six inches in thickness, bore many marks of antiquity, and part of it was sealed. With the records was found a curious instrument, called by the ancients Urim and Thummim, which consisted of two transparent stones, clear as crystal, and set in two rims of a bow"—a pair of pebble

spectacles, in other words, or "helps to read" unknown tongues.

The report of his discovery having got abroad, his house was beset, he was mobbed, and his life was endangered by persons who wished to possess themselves of the plates. He therefore packed up his goods, concealed the plates in a barrel of beans, and proceeded across the country to the northern part of Pennsylvania, near the Susquehanna river, where his father-in-law resided. Here, "by the gift and power of God, through the means of the Urim and Thummim, he began to translate the record, and, being a poor writer, he employed a scribe to write the translation as it came from his mouth." In 1830 a large edition of the *Book of Mormon* was published. It professes to be an abridgment of the records made by the prophet Mormon, of the people of the Nephites, and left to his son Moroni to finish. It is regarded by the Latter-day Saints with the same veneration as the New Testament is among Christians.

The Church of the Latter-day Saints was organized on the 6th of April, 1830, at Manchester, in Ontario County, New York. Its numbers at first were few, but they rapidly increased, and in 1833 removed to the State of Missouri, and purchased a large tract of land in Jackson County. Here their neighbors tarred and feathered some, killed others, and compelled the whole to remove. They then established themselves in Clay County, in the same State, but on the opposite side of the river. From this place again, in 1835, they removed eastward to the State of Ohio, settled at Kirtland, in Geauga County, about twenty miles from Cleveland, and began to build a temple, upon which sixty-thousand dollars were expended. At Kirtland a bank was incorporated by Joe and his friends, property was bought with its notes, and settled upon the Saints, after which the bank failed—as many others did about the same time—and Ohio became too hot for the Mormons. Again, therefore, the Prophet, his apostles, and a great body of the Saints, left their home and temple, went westward a second time to the State of Missouri, purchased a large tract of land in Caldwell County, in Missouri, and built the city of the "Far West." Here difficulties soon beset them, and in August, 1838, became so serious that the military were called in; and the Mormons were finally driven, unjustly, harshly, and oppressively, by force of arms, from the State of Missouri, and sought protection in the State of Illinois, on the eastern bank of the Mississippi. They were well received in this State, and after wandering for some time—while their leader, Joe Smith, was in jail—they bought a beautiful tract of land in Hancock County, and, in the spring of 1840, began to build the city and temple of Nauvoo. The Legislature of Illinois at first passed an act giving great, and, probably, injudicious privileges to this city, which, in 1844, was already the largest in the State, and contained a population of about twenty thousand souls. The temple, too, was of great size and

magnificence—being 128 feet long and 77 feet high, and stood on an elevated situation, from which it was visible to a distance of 25 or 30 miles. In the interior was an immense baptismal font, in imitation of the brazen sea of Solomon—"a stone reservoir, resting upon the backs of twelve oxen, also cut out of stone, and as large as life."

But persecution followed them to Illinois, provoked in some degree, no doubt, by their own behavior, especially in making and carrying into effect city ordinances, which were contrary to the laws of the State. The people of the adjoining townships rose in arms, and were joined by numbers of the old enemies of the Mormons from Missouri. The militia were called out; and, to prevent further evils, Joe Smith and one of his brothers, with several other influential Saints, on an assurance of safety and protection from the Governor of the State, were induced to surrender themselves for trial in respect of the charges brought against them, and were conducted to prison. Here they were inconsiderately left by the Governor, on the following day, under a guard of seven or eight men. These were overpowered the same afternoon by an armed mob, who killed Joe Smith and his brother, and then made their escape. After this, the Mormons remained a short time longer in the Holy City; but the wound was too deep seated to admit of permanent quiet on either part, and they were at last driven out by force, and compelled to abandon or sacrifice their property. Such as escaped this last persecution, after traversing the boundless prairies, the deserts of the Far West, and the Rocky Mountains, appear at last to have found a resting-place near the Great Salt Lake in Oregon. They are increasing faster since this last catastrophe than ever; and are daily receiving large accessions of new members from Europe, especially from Great Britain. They form the nucleus of the new State of Utah, this year erected into a Territory of the United States, and likely, in the next session of Congress, to be elevated to the dignity of an independent State. So rapidly has persecution helped on this offspring of ignorance, and tended to give a permanent establishment, and a bright future, to a system, not simply of pure invention, but of blasphemous impiety, and folly the most insane.

The *Book of Mormon*, which is the written guide of this new sect, consists of a series of professedly historical books—a desultory and feeble imitation of the Jewish chronicles and prophetic books—in which, for the poetry and warnings of the ancient prophets, are substituted a succession of unconnected rhapsodies and repetitions such as might form the perorations of ranting addresses by a field preacher, to a very ignorant audience.

The book, in the edition I possess, consists in all of 634 pages, of which the first 580 contain the history of a fictitious personage called Lehi and that of his descendants for the space of a thousand years.

This Lehi, a descendant of Joseph the son of Jacob, with his family left Jerusalem in the beginning of the reign of Zedekiah, six hundred years before Christ, and, passing the Red Sea, journeyed eastward for eight years till they reached the shore of a wide sea. There they built a ship, and, embarking, were carried at length to the promised land, where they settled and multiplied. Among the sons of Lehi one was called Laman and another Nephi. The former was wicked, and a disbeliever in the law of Moses and the prophets; the latter, obedient and faithful, and a believer in the coming of Christ. Under the leadership of these two opposing brothers, the rest of the family and their descendants arranged themselves, forming the Lamanites and the Nephites, between whom wars and perpetual hostilities arose. The Lamanites were idle hunters, living in tents, eating raw flesh, and having only a girdle round their loins. The skin of Laman and his followers became black; while that of Nephi and his people, who tilled the land, retained its original whiteness. As with the Jews, the Nephites were successful when they were obedient to the law; and, when they fell away to disobedience and wickedness, the Lamanites had the better, and put many to death. At the end of about four hundred years, a portion of the righteous Nephites under Mosiah, having left their land, traveled far across the wilderness, and discovered the city of Zarahemla, which was peopled by the descendants of a colony of Jews who had wandered from Jerusalem when King Zedekiah was carried away captive to Babylon, twelve years after the emigration of Lehi. But they were heathens, possessed no copy of the law, and had corrupted their language. They received the Nephites warmly, however, learned their language, and gladly accepted the law of Moses.

This occupies 158 pages. The history of the next two hundred years follows this new people, and that of occasional converts from the Lamanites—called still by the general name of Nephites in their struggles with the Lamanites, and the alternations of defeat and success which accompany disobedience or the contrary. This occupies several books, and brings us to the 486th page, and the period of the birth of Christ. This event is signified to the people of Zarahemla by a great light, which made the night as light as mid-day. And thirty-three years after there was darkness for three days, and thunderings and earthquakes, and the destruction of cities and people. This was a sign of the crucifixion. Soon after this, Christ himself appears to this people of Zarahemla in America, repeats to them in long addresses the substance of his numerous sayings and discourses, as recorded by the apostles; chooses twelve to go forth and preach and baptize; and then disappears. On occasion of a great baptizing by the apostles, however, he appears again; imparts the Holy Spirit to all, makes long discourses, and disappears. And, finally, to the

apostles themselves he appears a third time; and addresses them in ill-assorted extracts and paraphrases of his New Testament sayings.

The account of these visits of our Saviour to the American Nephites, and of his sayings, occupies about 48 pages. For about 400 years, the Christian doctrine and church thus planted among the Nephites had various fortune; increasing at first, and prospering, but, as corruptions came in, encountering adversity. The Lamanites were still their fierce enemies; and as wickedness and corrupt doctrine began to prevail among the Christians, the Lamanites gained more advantages. It would appear, from Joe Smith's descriptions, that he means the war to have begun at the Isthmus of Darien—where the Nephites were settled, and occupied the country to the north, while the Lamanites lived south of the isthmus. From the isthmus the Nephites were gradually driven toward the east, till finally, at the hill of Cumorah, near Palmyra, in Wayne County, western New York, the last battle was fought, in which, with the loss of 230,000 fighting men, the Nephites were exterminated! Among the very few survivors was Moroni the last of the scribes, who deposited in this hill the metal plates which the virtuous Joe Smith was selected to receive from the hands of the angel. This occupies to the 580th page.

But now, in the Book of Ether, which follows, Joe becomes more bold, and goes back to the tower of Babel for another tribe of fair people, whom he brings over and settles in America. At the confusion of the languages, Ether and his brethren journeyed to the great sea, and, after a sojourn of four years on the shore, built boats under the Divine direction, water-tight, and covered over like walnuts, with a bright stone in each end to give light! And when they had embarked in their tight boats, a strong wind arose, blowing toward the promised land, and for 344 days it blew them along the water, till they arrived safe at the shore. Here, like the sons of Lehi, they increased and prospered, and had kings and prophets and wars, and were split into parties, who fought with each other. Finally, Shiz rose in rebellion against Coriantumr, the last king, and they fought with alternate success, till two millions of mighty men, with their wives and children, had been slain! And, after this, all the people were gathered either on the one side or the other, and fought for many days, till only Coriantumr alone remained alive!

This foolish history is written with the professedly religious purpose of showing the punishment from the hand of God which wicked behavior certainly entails; and, with some trifling moralities of Moroni, completes the *Book of Mormon*.

Joseph Smith does not affect in this gospel of his to bring in any new doctrine, or to supersede the Bible, but to restore "many plain and precious things which have been taken away from the first book by the abominable church, the

Mother of Harlots." It is full of sillinesses, follies, and anachronisms; but I have not discovered, in my cursory review, any of the immoralities or positive licentiousness which he himself practiced, directly inculcated. He teaches faith in Christ, human depravity, the power of the Holy Ghost, the doctrine of the Trinity, of the atonement, and of salvation only through Christ. He recommends the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper; and, whatever his own conduct and that of his people may be, certainly in his book prohibits polygamy and priestcraft.

The wickedness of his book consists in its being a lie from beginning to end, and of himself in being throughout an impostor. Pretending to be a "seer"—which, he says, is greater than a prophet—he puts into the hands of his followers a work of pure invention as a religious guide inspired by God, and which, among his followers, is to take the place of the Bible. Though an ignorant man, he was possessed of much shrewdness. He courted persecution, though he hoped to profit, not to die by it. Unfortunately, his enemies, by their inconsiderate persecution, have made him him a martyr for his opinions, and have given a stability to his sect which nothing may now be able to shake. It was urged by Smith himself that the New World was as deserving of a direct revelation as the Old; and his disciples press upon their hearers that, as an *American revelation*, this system has peculiar claims upon their regard and acceptance. The feeling of nationality being thus connected with the new sect, weak-minded native-born Americans might be swayed by patriotic motives in connecting themselves with it. But it is mortifying to learn that most numerous accessions are being made to the body in their new home by converts proceeding from England.* Under the name of the "Latter-day Saints," professing the doctrines of the gospel, the delusions of the system are hidden from the masses by the emissaries who have been dispatched into various countries to recruit their numbers among the ignorant and devoutly-inclined lovers of novelty. Who can tell what two centuries may do in the way of giving a historical position to this rising heresy?

AN ICE-HILL PARTY IN RUSSIA.

THE reader, I hope, will have no objection to quit his comfortable fire-side, put on his furs, and accompany me to a sledge, or ice-hill party.

An army of about ten or fifteen sledges start from a house where all the party assemble, the gentlemen driving themselves, and each family taking some provisions with them. After about an hour and three-quarters' drive, the whole

* It has been recently stated that the Mormon emigration from Liverpool alone, up to the present year, has been 13,500, and that they have, on the whole, been superior to and better provided than the other classes of emigrants. Of course, many more of his sect must have emigrated from other ports, and many even from the port of Liverpool, whose faith and ultimate destination was not known.

caravan arrives at the house of a *starosto* (president) of the work-people employed by the foreign commercial houses in Russia. The *starosto* is usually a wealthy man, and mostly looked up to by his neighbors, as he has by some most extraordinary means acquired some few townish manners, which suit *his* country appearance as much as glazed boots, and a polka tie would suit the true English country farmer.

After having warmed themselves before a good hot Russian stove, the party begin operations by getting the sledges ready, and ascending the ice-hills. The hills are made of a wooden scaffold, covered with huge bits of ice, all of an equal size, placed side-by-side, so as to fit closely together. By being constantly watered, they gradually become one solid mass, as smooth as a mirror. The hill, which usually is of a considerable height, and rather sloping, ends in a long, narrow plain of ice called the run, which is just broad enough for three narrow sledges to pass each other, and long enough to carry you to the foot of a second hill.

The sledges are usually of iron, long and narrow, and covered by cushions, often embroidered by the fair hand of a lady. They are low, and so constructed that they can hold one or two persons, as the case may be. Both the run and the hill are bordered by fir trees on each side, and on such evening parties are illuminated with Chinese lamps placed between the branches of the trees. Fancy yourself on the top of the hill looking down this illuminated avenue of firs, which is reflected in the mirror of the ice, as if determining to outshine the lights in the clear sky, and the gay laughing crowds moving up and down the hills, and you have before you the finest and most perfect picture of sorrowless enjoyment, as a striking contrast to the lifeless nature surrounding it. The briskness of the movement, and the many accidents happening to the clumsy members of the party, keep up the excitement, while the contest of young men to obtain this or the other lady for their partner on their down-hill journey (not in life), never allows the conversation or the laugh to flag for one moment. I remember once getting into what school-boys would call an awful scrape with one of the ice-hill heroes. We both started together from the second hill on a race, and I, having a faster sledge, overtook him by the length of my conveyance, and arrived at the top of the hill before him. Seeing that the *belle* of the evening was disengaged, I approached her with all the formality with which the newly-admitted youth requests the queen of a ball-room for the pleasure and honor to dance a polka with her, and asked her to go down. Forgetting a previous appointment with my former antagonist, she accepted my offer, and the latter just arrived in time to see us start from the hill. In his rage he determined to do me some mischief by upsetting my sledge, as soon as he had an opportunity of doing so without any damage to another party. He soon had an occasion, but, unfortunately, I had a

sledge with a lady before me; passing me, he hit me, and I, hitting against the sledge before me, without being able to avoid it, at the same time getting hold of his legs, upset all three. Luckily, no injury was done, as the whole lot were upset into the snow, to the great enjoyment of all spectators.

Gradually the time to retire approaches. The lamps begin to go out, and the hills, divested of their beauty, appear like the ruins of a magnificent city of olden times. Here and there you see a single lamp peeping out from the branches of the trees, wistfully looking round in search of its brothers, as if it wanted to assure itself of the absence of any other enlightening object.

The party go in to refresh themselves with tea and other warm beverages. The gentlemen wait on the ladies, and a new contest begins, as each tries to surpass the other in politeness and quickness. If it is a supper, you see these youthful and useful members of society running about with plates of sandwiches, or steering along with a cup of *bouillon* in one and a glass of wine in the other hand, through the intricate passages formed by the numberless tables occupied by members of the fair sex. And then having, after a great deal of danger, at last arrived at their destination, they find the lady they wanted to serve already provided with every necessary comfort; and, perchance, she is so much engaged in conversation with their more fortunate rival, that she can not even give them a grateful smile for their trouble. Now the ladies adjourn, and the field of action is left to the gentlemen. All restraint seems to have gone. The clatter of knives, the jingling of glasses, the hubbub of voices, all this makes such a chaos of strange and mysterious noises, that it has quite a deafening effect. At last a cry of order is heard from the top of the table. One of the directors of the party, after having requested the audience to fill their glasses, in flowery language proposes the health of the ladies, which, of course, is drunk with tremendous applause, manifested by acts, such as beating with the handles of knives and forks on the table, and clapping hands.

After several other toasts, the party adjourn to join the ladies. Merry-making now begins, and an hour or so is passed in social games, such as hunting the slipper, cross-questions, crooked answers, and others. At last, the parties wrap themselves up again in their furs, and prepare to go home. On their homeward tour, one of the finest phenomena in nature may, perchance, appear to them. A streak of light, suddenly appearing on the horizon, shoots like lightning up to the sky. One moment longer, and the whole sky is covered by such streaks, all of different colors amalgamating together, and constantly changing and lighting up the objects as bright as daylight. This is the *Aurora Borealis*, one of the numerous spectacles of nature, which the common people regard with astonishment, while the cultivated mind finds "

sermon on the glory of our Maker in every object he meets on his journey through life; looks at it with admiration and reverence.

THE BLIND LOVERS OF CHAMOUNY.*

IT was during a second visit to the beautiful and melancholy valley of Chamouny that I became acquainted with the following touching and interesting story. A complete change of ideas had become absolutely necessary for me; I sought, therefore, to kindle those emotions which must ever be awakened by the sublime scenes of Nature; my wearied heart required fresh excitement to divert it from the grief which was devouring it; and the melancholy grandeur of Chamouny seemed to present a singular charm to my then peculiar frame of mind.

Again I wandered through the graceful forest of fir-trees, which surrounds the Village des Bois, and, this time, with a new kind of pleasure; once more I beheld that little plain upon which the glaciers every now and then make an inroad, above which the peaks of the Alps rise so majestically, and which slopes so gently down to the picturesque source of the Arveyron. How I enjoyed gazing upon its portico of azure crystal, which every year wears a new aspect. On one occasion, when I reached this spot, I had not proceeded very far, when I perceived that Puck, my favorite dog, was not by my side. How could this have happened, for he would not have been induced to leave his master, even for the most dainty morsel? He did not answer to my call, and I began to feel uneasy, when, suddenly, the pretty fellow made his appearance, looking rather shy and uncomfortable, and yet with caressing confidence in my affection; his body was slightly curved, his eyes were humid and beseeching, he carried his head very low—so low, that his ears trailed upon the ground, like those of Zadig's dog; Puck, too, was a spaniel. If you had but seen Puck, in that posture, you would have found it impossible to be angry with him. I did not attempt to scold him, but, nevertheless, he continued to leave me, and return to me again; he repeated this amusement several times; while I followed in his track till I gradually came toward the point of his attraction; it appeared as if a similar kind of sympathy drew me to the same spot.

Upon a projection of a rock sat a young man, with a most touching and pleasing countenance; he was dressed in a sort of blue blouse, in the form of a tunic, and had a long stick of *Cytisus* in his hand; his whole appearance reminded me strongly of Poussin's antique shepherds. His light hair clustered in thick curls round his uncovered throat, and fell over his shoulders, his features wore an expression of gravity, but not of austerity, and he seemed sad, though not desponding. There was a singular character about his eyes, the effect of which I could scarcely define; they were large and liquid, but

their light was quenched, and they were fixed and unfathomable. The murmur of the wind had disguised the sound of my footsteps, and I soon became aware that I was not perceived. At length, I felt sure that the young man was blind. Puck had closely studied the emotions which became visible in my face; but as soon as he discovered that I was kindly disposed toward his new friend, he jumped up to him. The young man stroked Puck's silky coat, and smiled good-naturedly at him.

"How is it that you appear to know me," said he, "for you do not belong to the valley? I once had a dog as full of play as you, and, perhaps, as pretty; but he was a French water-spaniel, with a coat of curly wool; he has left me, like many others—my last friend, my poor Puck."

"How curious! was your dog called Puck, too?"

"Ah, pardon me, sir!" exclaimed the young man, rising, and supporting himself on his stick. "My infirmity must excuse me."

"Pray sit down, my good friend; you are blind, I fear?"

"Yes, blind since my infancy."

"Have you never been able to see?"

"Ah, yes, but for so very short a time! yet, I have some recollection of the sun, and when I lift up my eyes toward the point in the heavens where it should be, I can almost fancy I see a globe, which reminds me of its color. I have, too, a faint remembrance of the whiteness of the snow, and the hue of our mountains."

"Was it an accident which deprived you of your sight?"

"Yes, an accident which was the least of my misfortunes. I was scarcely more than two years old, when an avalanche fell down from the heights of La Flégère, and crushed our little dwelling. My father, who was the guide among these mountains, had spent the evening at the Priory; you can easily picture to yourself his despair when he found his family swallowed up by this horrible scourge. By the aid of his comrades, he succeeded in making a hole in the snow, and was thus able to get into our cottage, the roof which was still supported on its frail props. The first thing which met his eyes was my cradle, he placed this at once in safety, for the danger was rapidly increasing; the work of the miners caused fresh masses of ice to crumble, and served rather to hasten the overthrow of our fragile abode; he pushed forward to save my mother, who had fainted, and he was afterward seen for a moment carrying her in his arms, by the light of the torches which burnt outside; and then all gave way. I was an orphan, and the next day it was discovered that my sight had been destroyed."

"Poor child! so you were left alone in the world, quite alone!"

"In our valley, a person visited by misfortune is never quite alone, all our good Chamouniers united in endeavoring to relieve my wretchedness; Bahnat gave me shelter, Simon

* From the French of Charles Nodier

Coutet afforded me food, Gabriel Payot clothed me; and a good widow who had lost her children, undertook the care of me. She still performs a mother's part to me, and guides me to this spot every day in summer."

"And are these all the friends you have?"

"I have had more," said the young man, while he placed his finger on his lip in a mysterious manner; "but they are gone."

"Will they never come back again?"

"I should think not, from appearances; yet a few days ago I imagined that Puck would return, that he had only strayed, but nobody strays among our glaciers with impunity. I shall never feel him bound again at my side, or hear him bark at the approach of travelers," and he brushed away a tear.

"What is your name?"

"Gervais."

"Listen, Gervais; you must tell me about these friends whom you have lost;" at the same time I prepared to seat myself by his side, but he sprang up eagerly, and took possession of the vacant place.

"Not here, not here, sir; this is Eulalie's seat, and since her departure nobody has occupied it."

"Eulalie," replied I, seating myself in the place from which he had just risen; "tell me about Eulalie, and yourself; your story interests me."

Gervais proceeded:

"I explained to you that my life had not been devoid of happiness, for Heaven compensates bountifully to those in misfortune, by inspiring good people with pity for their wretchedness. I lived in happy ignorance of the extent of my deprivation; suddenly, however, a stranger came to reside in the village des Bois, and formed the topic of conversation in our valley. He was only known by the name of M. Robert, but the general opinion was, that he was a person of distinction, who had met with great losses, and much sorrow, and consequently had resolved to pass his latter years in perfect solitude. He was said to have lost a wife, to whom he was tenderly attached; the result of their union, a little girl, had occasioned him much grief, for she was born blind. While the father was held up as a model for his virtues, the goodness and charms of his daughter were equally extolled. My want of sight prevented me from judging of her beauty, but could I have beheld her she could not have left a more lovely impression on my mind. I picture her to myself sometimes as even more interesting than my mother."

"She is dead, then?" inquired I.

"Dead!" replied he, in an accent in which there was a strange mixture of terror and wild joy! "dead! who told you so?"

"Pardon me, Gervais, I did not know her; I was only endeavoring to find out the reason of your separation."

"She is alive," said he, smiling bitterly, and he remained silent for a moment. "I do not

know whether I told you that she was called Eulalie. Yes, her name was Eulalie, and this was her place;" he broke off abruptly. "Eulalie," repeated he, while he stretched out his hand as if to find her by his side. Puck licked his fingers, and looked pityingly at him: I would not have parted from Puck for a million.

"Calm yourself, Gervais, and forgive me for opening a wound which is scarcely yet healed. I can guess the rest of your story. The strange similarity of Eulalie's and your misfortune awakened her father's interest in you, and you became another child to him."

"Yes, I became another child to him, and Eulalie was a sister to me; my kind adopted mother and I went to take up our abode in the new house, which is called the Chateau. Eulalie's masters were mine; together we learned those divine strains of harmony which raise the soul to heaven, and together, by means of pages printed in relief, we read with our fingers the sublime thoughts of the philosophers, and the beautiful creations of the poets. I endeavored to imitate some of their graceful images, and to paint what I had not seen. Eulalie admired my verses, and this was all I desired. Ah! if you had heard her sing, you would have thought that an angel had descended to entrance the valley. Every day in the fine season we were conducted to this rock, which is called by the inhabitants of this part 'le Rocher des Aveugles;' here too the kindest of fathers guided our steps, and bestowed on us numberless fond attentions. Around us were tufts of rhododendrons, beneath us was a carpet of violets and daisies, and when our touch had recognized, by its short stalk and its velvety disk, the last-named flower, we amused ourselves in stripping it of its petals, and repeated a hundred times this innocent diversion, which served as a kind of interpretation to our first avowal of love."

As Gervais proceeded, his face acquired a mournful expression, a cloud passed over his brow, and he became suddenly sad and silent; in his emotion he trod unthinkingly upon an Alpine rose, which was, however, already withered on its stalk; I gathered it without his being aware of it, for I wished to preserve it in remembrance of him. Some minutes elapsed before Gervais seemed inclined to proceed with his narrative, and I did not like to speak to him; suddenly he passed his hand over his eyes, as if to drive away a disagreeable dream, and then turning toward me with an ingenuous smile, he continued.

"Be charitable to my weakness, for I am young, and have not yet learned to control the emotions of my heart; some day, perhaps, I shall be wiser."

"I fear, my good friend," said I, "that this conversation is too fatiguing for you; do not recall to your mind circumstances which appear so painful. I shall never forgive myself for occasioning you such an hour of grief."

"It is not you," replied Gervais, "who bring

back these recollections, for these thoughts are never absent from my mind, and I would rather that it was annihilated than that they should ever cease to occupy it; my very existence is mixed up with my sorrow." I had retained Gervais's hand; he understood, therefore, that I was listening to him.

"After all, my reminiscences are not entirely made up of bitterness; sometimes I imagine that my present affliction is only a dream—that my real life is full of the happiness which I have lost. I fancy that she is still near me, only, perhaps, a little further off than usual—that she is silent because she is plunged in deep meditation, of which our mutual love forms a principal part. One day we were seated as usual on this rock, and were enjoying the sweetness and serenity of the air, the perfume of our violets, and the song of the birds; upon this occasion we listened with a curious kind of pleasure to the masses of ice which, being loosened by the sun, shot hissing down from the peaks of the mountain. We could distinguish the rushing of the waters of the Arveyron. I do not know how it was, but we were both suddenly impressed with a vague sensation of the uncertainty of happiness, and at the same time with a feeling of terror and uneasiness; we threw ourselves into each other's arms, and held each other tightly, as if somebody had wished to separate us, and both of us exclaimed eagerly, 'Ah, yes! let it be always thus, always thus.' I felt that Eulalie scarcely breathed, and that her overwrought state of mind required to be soothed. 'Yes, Eulalie, let us ever be thus to one another; the world believes that our misfortune renders us objects only of pity, but how can it possibly judge of the happiness that I enjoy in your tenderness, or that you find in mine? How little does the turmoil and excitement of society affect us; we may be regarded by many as imperfect beings, and this is quite natural, for they have not yet discovered that the perfection of happiness consists in loving and in being loved. It is not your beauty which has captivated me, it is something which can not be described when felt, nor forgotten when once experienced; it is a charm which belongs to you alone—which I can discover in your voice, in your mind, in every one of your actions. Oh! if ever I enjoyed sight, I would entreat God to extinguish the light of my eyes in order that I might not gaze at other women—that my thoughts might only dwell upon you. It is you who have rendered study pleasing to me—who have inspired me with taste for art; if the beauties of Rossini and Weber impressed me strongly, it was because you sang their glorious ideas. I can well afford to dispense with the superfluous luxuries of art, I who possess the treasure from which it would derive its highest price; for surely thy heart is mine,' if not thou couldst not be happy."

"I am happy," replied Eulalie, "the happiest of girls."

"My dear children," said M. Robert, while

he joined our trembling hands, "I hope you will always be equally happy, for it is my desire that you should never be separated."

"M. Robert was never long absent from us, he was ever bestowing upon us marks of his tenderness. Upon this occasion he had reached the spot where we were seated without our having been aware of his presence, and he had heard us without intentionally listening. I did not feel that I was in fault, and yet I was overwhelmed, embarrassed. Eulalie trembled. M. Robert placed himself between us, for we had withdrawn a little from each other."

"'Why should it not be as you wish?' said he, as he threw his arms around us, and pressed us close together, and embraced us with more than usual warmth. 'Why not? Am I not sufficiently rich to procure you servants and friends? You will have children who will replace your poor old father; your infirmity is not hereditary. Receive my blessing, Gervais, and you, my Eulalie. Thank God, and dream of to-morrow, for the day which will shine upon us to-morrow will be beautiful even to the blind.'

"Eulalie embraced her father, and then threw her arms round me; for the first time my lips touched hers. This happiness was too great to be called happiness. I thought that my heart would burst; I wished to die at that moment, but, alas! I did not die. I do not know how happiness affects others, but mine was imperfect, for it was without hope or calmness. I could not sleep, or rather I did not attempt to sleep, for it seemed to me a waste of time, and that eternity would not be sufficiently long to enjoy the felicity which was in store for me; I almost regretted the past, which, though it lacked the delicious intoxication of the present moment, was yet free from doubts and fears. At length I heard the household stirring; I got up, dressed myself, performed my morning devotions, and then went to my window, which looked out upon the Arve. I opened it, stretched forth my head in the morning mists to cool my burning brow. Suddenly my door opened, and I recognized a man's footstep; it was not M. Robert; a hand took hold of mine—"M. Maunoir!" exclaimed I.

"It was a great many years since he had been to the Valley; but the sound of his footstep, the touch of his hand, and something frank and affectionate in his manner, brought him back to my remembrance.

"'It is indeed he,' observed M. Maunoir, in a faltering voice, to some one near him, 'It is indeed my poor Gervais. You remember what I said to you about it at that time.' He then placed his fingers on my eyelids, and kept them up for a few seconds. 'Ah,' said he, 'God's will be done! You are happy at any rate, are you not Gervais?'

"'Yes, very happy,' replied I. 'M. Robert considers that I have profited by all his kindness; I assure you I can read as well as a person who is gifted with sight; above all, Eulalie loves me.'

"‘She will love you, if possible, still more if she should one day be able to see you.’

"‘If she sees me, did you say?’

"‘I thought he alluded to that eternal home where the eyes of the blind are opened, and darkness visits them no more.

"‘My mother, as was her custom, brought me here, but Eulalie had not arrived; she was later than usual. I began to wonder how this could have happened. My poor little Puck went to meet her, but he returned to me again without her. At length he began to bark violently, and to jump so impatiently up and down on the bench, that I felt sure she must be near me, though I could not hear her myself. I stretched myself forward in the direction she would come, and presently my arms were clasped in hers. M. Robert had not accompanied her as usual, and then I began at once to feel sure that his absence, and Eulalie’s delay in reaching our accustomed place of rendezvous, was to be attributed to the presence of strangers at the Chateau. You will think it very extraordinary when I tell you that Eulalie’s arrival, for which I had so ardently longed, filled me with a restless sensation, which had hitherto been unknown to me. I was not at ease with Eulalie as I had been the day before. Now that we belonged to each other, I did not dare to make any claim on her kindness; it seemed to me that her father, in bestowing her on me had imposed a thousand restrictions; I felt as if I might not indulge in a word or caress; I was conscious that she was more than ever mine, and yet I did not venture to embrace her. Perhaps she experienced the same feelings, for our conversation was at first restrained, like that of persons who are not much acquainted with each other; however, this state of things could not last long, the delicious happiness of the past day was still fresh in our minds. I drew near to Eulalie, and sought her eyes with my lips, but they met a bandage.

"‘You are hurt, Eulalie?’

"‘A little hurt,’ replied she, ‘but very slightly, since I am going to spend the day with you, as I am in the habit of doing; and that the only difference is, that there is a green ribbon between your mouth and my eyes.’

"‘Green! green! Oh, God! what does that mean? What is a green ribbon?’

"‘I have seen,’ said she, ‘I can see,’ and her hand trembled in mine, as if she had apprised me of some fault or misfortune.

"‘You have seen,’ exclaimed I, ‘you will see! Oh! unfortunate creature that I am! Yes, you will see, and the glass which has hitherto been to you a cold and polished surface, will reflect your living image; its language, though mute, will be animated; it will tell you each day that you are beautiful! and when you return to me it will make you entertain only one feeling toward me, that of pity for my misfortunes. Yet what do I say? you will not return to me; for who is the beautiful girl who would bestow her affection on a blind

lover? Oh! unfortunate creature that I am to be blind;’ in my despair I fell to the earth; she wound her arms round me, twined her fingers in my hair, and covered me with kisses, while she sobbed like a child.

"‘No, no! I will never love any one but Gervais. You were happy yesterday, in thinking we were blind, because our love would never be likely to change. I will be blind again, if my recovery of sight makes you unhappy. Shall I remove this bandage, and cause the light of my eyes to be for ever extinguished? Horrible idea, I had actually thought of it.’

"‘Stop, stop,’ cried I, ‘our language is that of madness, because we are both unnerved and ill—you from excess of happiness, and I from despair. Listen,’ and I placed myself beside her, but my heart felt ready to break. ‘Listen,’ continued I, ‘it is a great blessing that you are permitted to see, for now you are perfect; it matters not, if I do not see, or if I die; I shall be abandoned, for this is the destiny which God has reserved for me; but promise me that you will never see me, that you will never attempt to see me; if you see me, you will, in spite of yourself, compare me to others—to those whose soul, whose thoughts may be read in their eyes, to those who set a woman fondly dreaming with a single glance of fire. I would not let it be in your power to compare me; I would be to you what I was in the mind of a little blind girl, as if you saw me in a dream. I want you to promise me that you will never come here without your green bandage; that you will visit me every week, or every month, or at least once every year;—ah! promise me to come back once more, without seeing me.’

"‘I promise to love you always,’ said Eulalie, and she wept.

"‘I was so overcome that my senses left me, and I fell at her feet. M. Robert lifted me from the ground, bestowed many kind words and embraces upon me, and placed me under the care of my adopted mother. Eulalie was no longer there; she came the next day, and the day after, and several days following, and each day my lips touched the green bandage which kept up my delusion; I fancied I should continue to be the same to her as long as she did not see me. I said to myself with an insane kind of rapture, ‘my Eulalie still visits me without seeing me; she will never see me, and therefore I shall be always loved by her.’ One day, a little while after this, when she came to visit me, and my lips sought her eyes as usual, they, in wandering about, encountered some long, silky eye-lashes beneath her green bandage.

"‘Ah!’ exclaimed I, ‘if you were likely to see me.’

"‘I have seen you,’ said she, laughingly; ‘what would have been the good of sight to me, if I had not looked upon you? Ah! vain fellow, who dares set limits to a woman’s curiosity, whose eyes are suddenly opened to the light?’

"But it is impossible, Eulalie, for you promised me."

"I did not promise you any thing, dearest, for when you asked me to make you this promise, I had already seen you."

"You had seen me, and yet you continued to come to me; that is well; but whom did you see first?"

"M. Maunoir, my father, Julie, then this great world, with its trees and mountains, the sky and the sun."

"And whom have you seen since?"

"Gabriel Payot, old Balmat, the good Terraz, the giant Cachat, and Marguerite."

"And nobody else?"

"Nobody."

"How balmy the air is this evening! take off your bandage, or you may become blind again?"

"Would that grieve me so much? I tell you again and again, that the chief happiness I have in seeing, is to be able to look at you, and to love you through the medium of another sense. You were pictured in my soul as you now are in my eyes. This faculty, which has been restored to me, serves but as another link to bring me closer to your heart; and this is why I value the gift of sight."

"These words I shall never forget. My days now flowed on calmly and happily, for hope so easily seduces; our mode of life was considerably changed, and Eulalie endeavored to make me prefer excitement and variety of amusement, instead of the tranquil enjoyment which had formerly charmed us. After some little time I thought I observed that the books which she selected for reading to me were of a different character to those she used to like; she seemed now to be more pleased with those writers who painted the busy scenes of the world, she unconsciously showed great interest in the description of a fête, in the numerous details of a woman's toilet, and in the preparations for, and the pomps of a ceremony. At first I did not imagine that she had forgotten that I was blind, so that though this change chilled, it did not break my heart. I attributed the alteration in her taste, in some measure, to the new aspect things had assumed at the Chateau; for since M. Maunoir had performed one of the miracles of his art upon Eulalie, M. Robert was naturally much more inclined to enjoy society and the luxuries which fortune had bestowed upon him; and as soon as his daughter was restored to him in all the perfection of her organization, and the height of her beauty, he sought to assemble, at the Chateau, the numerous travelers that the short summer season brought to the neighborhood."

"The winter came at length, and M. Robert told me, after slightly preparing me, that he was going to leave me for a few days—for a few days at the most—he assured me that he only required time to procure and get settled in a house at Geneva, before he would send for me to join them; he told me that Eulalie was to accompany him; and at length, that he intend-

ed to pass the winter at Geneva; the winter which would so soon be over, which had already begun. I remained mute with grief. Eulalie wound her arms affectionately round my neck. I felt they were cold and hung heavily on me; if my memory still serves me she bestowed on me all kinds of endearing and touching appellations; but all this was like a dream. After some hours I was restored to my senses, and then my mother said, 'Gervais, they are gone, but we shall remain at the Chateau.' From that time I have little or nothing to relate."

"In the month of October she sent me a ribbon with some words printed in relief, they were these: 'This ribbon is the green ribbon which I wore over my eyes—it has never left me; I send it you.' In the month of November, which was very beautiful, some servants of the house brought me several presents from her father, but I did not inquire about them. The snow sets in in December, and, oh! heavens, how long that winter was! January, February, March, April, were centuries of calamities and tempests. In the month of May the avalanches fell every where except on me. When the sun peeped forth a little, I was guided, by my wish, to the road which led to Bossons, for this was the way the muleteers came; at length, one arrived, but with no news for me; and then another, and after the third I gave up all hope of hearing from my absent friends; I felt that the crisis of my fate was over. Eight days after, however, a letter from Eulalie was read to me; she had spent the winter at Geneva, and was going to pass the summer at Milan. My poor mother trembled for me, but I smiled; it was exactly what I expected. And now, sir, you know my story, it is simply this, that I believed myself loved by a woman, and I have been loved by a dog. Poor Puck!" Puck jumped on the blind man."

"Ah!" said he, "You are not my Puck, but I love you because you love me."

"Poor fellow," cried I, "you will be loved by another, though not by her, and you will love in return; but listen, Gervais, I must leave Chamouny, and I shall go to Milan. I will see her. I will speak to Eulalie, I swear to you, and then I will return to you. I, too, have some sorrows which are not assuaged; some wounds which are not yet healed." Gervais sought for my hand, and pressed it fervently. Sympathy in misfortune is so quickly felt. "You will, at least, be comfortably provided for; thanks to the care of your protector, your little portion of land has become very fruitful, and the good Chamouniers rejoice in your prosperity. Your prepossessing appearance will soon gain you a mistress, and will enable you to find a friend."

"And a dog?" replied Gervais.

"Ah! I would not give mine for your valley or mountains if he had not loved you, but now I give him to you."

"Your dog!" exclaimed he. "Your dog ah! he can not be given away."

"Adieu, Gervais!"

I did not speak to Puck, or he would have followed me; as I was moving on I saw Puck looked uneasy and ashamed; he drew back a step, stretched out his paws, and bent down his head to the ground. I stroked his long silky coat, and with a slight pang at my heart, in which there was no feeling of anger, I said, so. He flew back to Gervais like an arrow. Gervais will not be alone at any rate, thought I.

A few days afterward I found myself at Milan. I was not in spirits for enjoying society, yet I did not altogether avoid mixing in it; a crowded room is, in its way, a vast solitude, unless you are so unfortunate a person as to stumble upon one of those never-tiring tourists whom you are in the habit of meeting occasionally on the Boulevards, at Tortoni's, or with whom you have gaped away an hour at Favert's, one of those dressed-up puppies with fashionable cravat and perfumed hair, who stare through an eye-glass, with the most perfect assurance imaginable, and talk at the highest pitch of their voice.

"What! are you here?" cried Roberville.

"Is it you?" replied I. He continued to chatter, but his words were unheeded by me, for my eyes suddenly fixed upon a young girl of extraordinary beauty; she was sitting alone, and leaning against a pillar in a kind of melancholy reverie.

"Ah! ah!" said Roberville, "I understand; your taste lies in that direction. Well, well, really in my opinion you show considerable judgment. I once thought of her myself, but now I have higher views."

"Indeed," replied I, as I gazed at him from head to foot, "you do not say so."

"Come, come," said Roberville, "I perceive your heart is already touched, you are occupied only with her; confess that it would have been a sad pity if those glorious black eyes had never been opened to the light."

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? why, that she was born blind. She is the daughter of a rich merchant of Anvers, and his only child; he lost his wife very young, and was plunged in consequence in the profoundest grief."

"Do you believe it?"

"I should think so, for he quitted Anvers, gave up his mercantile pursuits, which had never been more profitable to him than at that time, and, after making magnificent presents to those persons employed in his service, and pensions to his servants, left his house and occupation."

"And what became of him afterward?" said I, somewhat impatiently, for my curiosity was gradually increasing.

"Oh! it's a romance, a perfect romance. This good man retired to Chamouny, where we have all been once in our life, for the sake of saying that we have been, though, for my part, I can never understand the charms of its melancholy grandeur, and there he remained several years. Have you never heard him mentioned?

let me see, it's a plebeian name—M. Robert, that's it."

"Well?" said I.

"Well," continued he, "an oculist succeeded in restoring his daughter's sight. Her father took her to Geneva, and at Geneva she fell in love with an adventurer, who carried her off because her father would not have him for a son-in-law."

"Her father felt that he was unworthy of her," said I.

"Yes, and he had formed a correct opinion of him, for no sooner had they reached Milan than the adventurer disappeared, with all the gold and diamonds of which he had been able to possess himself; it was asserted that this gallant gentleman was already married, and that he had incurred capital punishment at Padua, so that the law punished him."

"And M. Robert?"

"Oh, M. Robert died of grief; but this affair did not create a great sensation, for he was a very singular man, who had some extraordinary ideas; one of the absurd plans he had formed was, to marry his daughter to a blind youth."

"Oh, the poor girl!"

"She is not so much to be pitied either; but look at her instead of talking of her, and confess that she has many advantages, with two hundred thousand francs a year, and such a pair of eyes!"

"Eyes, eyes, curses rest upon her eyes, for they have been her ruin!" There is a leaven of cruelty in my composition, and I like to make those, who have caused others suffering, suffer in their turn. I fixed one of those piercing looks upon Eulalie, which, when they do not flatter a woman, make her heart sink within her; she raised herself from the pillar, against which she was leaning, and stood motionless and tremblingly before me. I went up to her slowly, and whispered Gervais.

"Who?"

"Gervais."

"Ah, Gervais," replied she, while she placed her hand before her eyes.

The scene was so singular that it would have shaken the nerves of the most composed person, for my appearance there was altogether so sudden, my acquaintance with her history so extraordinary.

"Ah, Gervais," exclaimed I, vehemently seizing her at the same time by the arm, "what have you done to him?" She sank to the ground in a swoon. I never heard any more of her from that memorable night.

I entered Savoy by Mount St. Bernard, and again found myself once more in the valley of Chamouny. Again I sought the rock where Gervais was accustomed to sit, but though it was his usual hour for sitting there, he was not to be seen. I came up to the old spot, and discovered his stick of *Cytisus*, and perceiving that it was ornamented with a piece of green ribbon, on which were some words printed in relief, the circumstance of his leaving this be

hind him made me feel very uneasy. I called Gervais, loudly; a voice repeated Gervais; it seemed to me like an echo; I turned round, and beheld Marguerite, leading a dog by a chain. They stopped, and I recognized Puck, though he did not know me, for he seemed occupied by some idea; he sniffed his nose in the air, raised his ears, and stretched forth his paws, as if he was going to start off.

"Alas, sir," said Marguerite, "have you met with Gervais?"

"Gervais," replied I, "where is he?" Puck looked at me as if he had understood what I had said, he stretched himself toward me, as far as his chain would permit; I stroked him with my hand, the poor thing licked my fingers and then remained still.

"I remember now, sir, that it was you who gave him this dog to console him for one which he had lost, a little while before you came here; this poor animal had not been eight days in the valley before he lost his sight like his master."

"I lifted up Puck's silky head, and discovered that he was indeed blind. Puck licked my hand, and then howled.

"It was because he was blind," said Marguerite, "that Gervais would not take him with him yesterday.

"Yesterday, Marguerite! what, has he not been home since yesterday?"

"Ah, sir, that is exactly what astonishes us all so much. Only think on Sunday, in the midst of a tremendous storm, a gentleman came to the Valley; I could have declared he was an English milord; he wore a straw hat, covered with ribbons."

"Well, but what has all this to do with Gervais?"

"While I was running to fetch some fagots to make a fire for drying M. Roberville's clothes, he remained with Gervais. M. de Roberville! yes, that was his name. I do not know what he said, but yesterday Gervais was so melancholy; he, however, seemed more anxious than ever to go to the rock; indeed he was in such a hurry that I had scarcely time to throw his blue cloak over his shoulders; and I think I told you that the evening before was very cold and damp. 'Mother,' said he, as we went along, 'be so kind as to prevent Puck from following me, and take charge of him; his restlessness inconveniences me sometimes, and if he should pull his chain out of my hand, we should not be able to find each other again perhaps.'

"Alas, Gervais!" cried I, "my poor Gervais!"

"Oh, Gervais! Gervais, my son! my little Gervais!" sobbed the poor woman.

Puck gnawed his chain, and jumped impatiently about us.

"If you were to set Puck at liberty, perhaps he might find Gervais," said I.

The chain was unfastened, and before I had time to see that Puck was free, he had darted off, and the next moment I heard the sound of

a body falling into the depths of the Arveyron. "Puck! Puck!" shouted I; but when I reached the spot, the little dog had disappeared, and all that could be seen was a blue mantle floating on the surface of the waters.

THE DAUGHTER OF BLOOD—A TALE OF SPANISH LIFE.

AT Aranjuez, some twenty years ago, there lived a youth of the poorer class, whose good nature and industry were the proverb of the village. His name was Julio. His disposition was naturally indolent, morally I mean rather than physically; and although he was by no means deficient in understanding, he allowed himself to be guided by any person who, for any purpose, thought fit to undertake the task. Julio delighted in doing a kindness and, as his good-nature equalled his ductility, he granted every request, whether it lay in his power or not. No one was more ready to play at the village dance than Julio; and though he loved to dance himself, he never thought of indulging in this predilection until his companions, knowing his weakness, insisted on his allowing some one else to take the guitar. It was to him always that damsels resorted who had quarreled with their sweethearts, or youths who had fallen under the displeasure of their Chloe; for, on behalf of the first, he was best able to soften jealousy and extort promises of future amendment, and for the latter, he would smooth matters by appropriate words, nay, often by a small gift purchased by a sacrifice of part of his own scanty store, and presented as though from the culprit. Great were this charming young man's accomplishments; and not only were his companions, but the higher class of inhabitants, grieved when his facile disposition brought him into any scrape. It had always been supposed that Julio was attached to a young girl, with whom he had been brought up. His paternal cottage adjoined to that of her parents, and he had ever seemed to court her society more than that of his other fair acquaintances. As for her, she adored him. She was much of the same disposition as himself, and undecided; but in her love for him, she had come out of herself; she would have followed him to the scaffold, and would infinitely have preferred a disagreeable death in his society, than the most agreeable life without him. As yet he had scarcely sufficiently reciprocated her attachment; he liked her society; he perhaps did not object to her devotion! nay, he wished to marry her; but she had not inspired him with the same absorbing love she herself felt; she had not sufficient command over him to draw forth his passion in its full tide; and while that passion was accumulating, pent up for some event, she was content with his simmering affection. Her name was Faustina.

But his love was soon to be proved, and poor Faustina's heart was to be sorely tried. While she confidently looked up to him who was virtually her betrothed, she little thought how

slight was the bond that attached him to her. She knew his love did not reach one tithe of that she would have wished, but she thought it infinitely more than what it eventually appeared.

An Italian family from Madrid came to reside during the spring months at Aranjuez. In their retinue came Ursula, an Italian *femme-de-chambre*, a woman whose name is never uttered in the *pueblo* but with a curse.

She was older than Julio, who became acquainted with her while employed in the house in his trade as carpenter; but as she saw his pliable disposition, and perhaps his nascent passion, her experience and acuteness taught her to turn them to account; and in a short time she obtained such an ascendancy over him, that he became a perfect plaything in her hands. He ruined himself in purchasing presents for the artful woman; he furnished her with all she required; he gave her money; in fact, had she requested his life, it would not have been considered an exorbitant demand. Ursula was handsome, tall, dark, and fierce-looking. Flashing eyes she had, with heavy arched brows; and considering these advantages, folks wondered that she would condescend to turn her ideas so humbly; but after inquiries showed that in her own land, and in Madrid, her conduct had been so very profligate, that all was now fish that came to her net, and that, to obtain the consummation of the wishes of every woman, a husband and independence, she must stoop far below what must have been her original expectations.

Meanwhile poor Faustina wept and prayed, now scorned by Julio, but pitied by the little world in which she had lived. She wept and prayed, but tears seemed to afford no relief to the maiden in her anguish, and prayers appeared to have lost their efficacy: they brought no success, nay, worse, no comfort. Still Julio pursued his headlong career, heedless of the past, the present, or the future. It was dreadful to see the change in him: he seemed as one possessed. The reckless passion that had been roused by the wily Italian, burst all bounds, knew no restraint, no path; it was like a torrent that has been for some time dammed up, which, when set free, acknowledges no demarkation, no rule of banks or bed, but tears forward, involving in its impetuous rage the verdure and bloom that are around it.

Such was the state of affairs that occupied the attention of all the Aranjovites, when one morning Ursula the Italian disappeared. Julio was at work when the fact was communicated to him, which being done, he fell to the ground, as though the intelligence had struck him dead; and when he recovered from the swoon, he raved, frantic. He wandered to Madrid, but could discover no intelligence of her; he visited all the neighboring towns, he inquired of the police, but no trace of the woman could be found, till at last the reaction of his spirits, after the tense excitement, the grief, the balked

passion, seemed to have prostrated his senses; he walked as a spectre, taking heed of no passer-by, callous to all changes, careless of remark and of appearance, a noonday ghou! preying on his own misery. But now the prayers of the poor girl who loved him so fondly seemed to her to have been granted. She had not besought a return of his former lukewarm regard, only an opportunity of proving her own devotion; and in his dull apathy she indeed proved herself a loving woman. She followed him in his walks, she arranged his cottage, sang to him the songs she thought he best loved; nay, to cheer him, would endeavor to repeat the airs she had at times heard from the lips of her Italian rival, though the attempt was but a self-inflicted wound; and in the heat of the day, she would take him often her own share of the domestic meal, or placing his unconscious head on her bosom, would tend him like a child, as he lay half sleeping, half senseless.

Her constancy received a qualified reward—Count —, an officer having the chief authority in the royal demesnes, hearing the story, offered to Julio a good appointment in the gardens, with the proviso that he should espouse Faustina. To this Julio yielded without a sigh; poverty was beginning to make itself felt, and having resigned all hope of happiness he did not anticipate increased misery. His marriage did not alter his late mode of life. Listless and stupid he wandered about the gardens, inspecting, with an uninterested eye, the workmen over whom he had been placed, and he would soon have lost his appointment had it not been for his wife, who, "tender and true," in addition to her household duties, executed those which had been committed to his charge, slaving night and day for him she loved, careless of suffering and of labor, her only object to win his approbation, and some, however slight, token of returned affection: but she labored in vain; Julio did not see, or affected not to see, these exertions; he would enter the house or leave it, without uttering a syllable, while his wife continued her thankless office, rewarded only by her conscience. And how disheartening a task it is to practice self-denial unappreciated, to resign all for one who deigns not even to bestow a word of kind approval. But thus Faustina lived her life—one uninterrupted self-sacrifice. Alas! how often are such lives passed by women in every rank of life! How little can a stranger tell the heroism that occurs beneath the roofs of the noble or on the cold hearth of the beggar; at odd times, at sudden epochs, the world may hear of deeds practiced, that, of old, would have deified the performer; but often, how often, will noble acts, such as these, receive a thankless return; years passed as this, acknowledged only when too late; their premium in life, perchance, may be harsh words or curses, or transitory tears may moisten the grave when the gentle spirit passes from its earthly frame. These observations may be just, but they are somewhat trite.

Thus they lived for five years, one pretty little girl being the only fruit of this union; a child who, in her earliest days, was taught to suffer, and who partook her mother's disposition, nay, even her mother's character, as it appeared, tempered by the grief of womanhood; when one day, to the horror and disgust of the township, Ursula, the *teterrima causa*, reappeared at Aranjuez. She was grown much older in appearance—years and evident care had worn furrows in her cheeks; but the flashing eye of sin was not yet dimmed, her head not bent, nor the determination that had of old gained such a baneful influence on the mind of Julio. One morning Faustina, leaving her house, beheld her husband in conversation with her rival. That day had sealed her doom. Morning, noon, and night, Julio was at the side of Ursula, as before, obeying her slightest command, groveling at her feet, like a slave; his ancient energy of passion had returned, but only to brutalize his nature; instead of cold looks to his wife, he now treated her with blows at the rare interviews he held with her; the cold apathy was changed into deep hate, and though no direct act of violence caused her death, the shock, the harshness, added to neglect, soon broke her heart. Poor Faustina died, blessing with her latest breath, the being who had by his cruelty killed her, and deprecating even remorse to visit him, she left the world, in which she had loved in vain.

At her death, Julio found himself comparatively wealthy—wealthy by her exertion; and ere another moon shone over his roof, his bride, the dark Italian, beat his child on the spot where the mother had so lately died.

Dark rumors soon spread over the village, a scowling Italian, given out by Ursula as her brother, came and took up his abode in her newly-acquired house; curious neighbors whispered tales how, peeping in at night, they had beheld the three deal heavy blows to poor Faustina's daughter; screams often were heard from the desecrated habitation, and the child was never seen to leave the house. Julio had recovered, to a certain extent, the use of his faculties, and was enabled now himself to attend to his affairs, but his subordinates soon felt the loss of Faustina's mild rule, and with the discrimination of the Spanish peasantry, attributed their sufferings, not to the miserable tool, but to the fiend-hearted woman.

Julio was walking in the garden alone, during the time usually devoted to the mid-day sleep; his underlings were reclining beneath the shade of the trees; and, at last, overcome by the heat, he himself gave way to slumber; his dreams were troubled, but were not of long duration; for he had not long laid himself on the sward, when he felt himself rudely shaken, and, awaking, discovered an officer of justice standing near him, who desired his society. The alguazil led him to his own abode, and, on reaching it, what did he behold? His wife, who was then with child, pinioned, between two villagers

acting for the nonce as constables, one of whom held in his hand a bloody *navaja*; the brother (!), also pinioned, standing near her; and on the ground, surrounded by a knot of peasants, glad at the vengeance that was to overtake the guilty pair, he saw the child of Faustina, decapitated, dismembered, discovered thus on the floor of the cottage, ere the murderous couple had been enabled to conceal the mangled remains. A workman, a near relation of Julio's first wife, who had, by chance, heard a suppressed scream in passing, hastily summoning assistance, had arrived in time only to apprehend the assassins, the shedders of innocent blood. There was no flaw in the evidence, and, ere long, Ursula and her paramour, for such was the true relative position in which she stood with the stranger, were sentenced to the doom they so richly deserved. I have not, however, ended my narrative, but I will endeavor to curtail the rest of my history, to me the strangest part of it. Julio was not disenchanted; by extraordinary exertions to save the mother of a child, shrewdly suspected not to be his own, he prevailed on his patron, Count —, to procure the commutation of his wife's sentence to a term of imprisonment; and though the murderer forfeited his life, the murderess escaped after some years' incarceration, having given birth to a child shortly after her trial, who, innocent, bore on her brow the mark of the instrument of her mother's crime; and, can it be credited!—Julio took the woman to his home, his love unabated, his subserviency undiminished!

They now live in Aranjuez, and the child is left to wander about unnoticed, except with punishment; my kind-hearted landlady alone feeds the poor creature, whom all others shun: and even she feels uncomfortable in the presence of one born under such auspices. Her fellow-townsfolk, as they pass the scene of virtue and of crime, bless the memory of Faustina, and curse the life of Ursula, praying for the peace of the first one and of her child; and, while execrating the latter, refuse shelter or relief to her innocent offspring, who, in the universal spirit of poetry that reigns in Spain, is known far and near, and pointed to the stranger as *La Hija de Sangre*, the Daughter of Blood.

THE EXECUTION OF FIESCHI, MOREY, AND PEPIN.

ABOUT one o'clock on a cold winter night in 1835, a party of four persons were seated in the coffee-room of the Hôtel Meurice, at Paris. It was chilly, sloppy, miserable weather; half-melted snow, mixed with the Paris mud, and a driving, sleety rain hissed against the ill-fitting windows.

Our four convives were drinking—not the wines of sunny France, but something much more appropriate and homely—a curiously-fine sample of gin, artfully compounded into toddy, by Achille, the waiter.

When the clock struck one, three of the party made a show of retiring; but the fourth, a

punchy gentleman from Wolverhampton, entertained that the rest would not all desert him while he discussed one glass more—nay, perhaps, would join him! But here Achilles was inexorable: the master was in bed, and had taken the keys.

Our four friends have taken their candles, and are moving from the room, when a cab drives rapidly to the door—there is a smart ring at the bell, and a gentleman in full evening dress, and enveloped in a Spanish cloak, hastily enters the room.

“Who is inclined to see Fieschi’s head chopped off?” said the stranger, unfolding himself from the cloak. “The execution is to take place at daylight—I had it from a peer of France, and the guillotine has been sent off an hour ago.”

“Where?”

Our informant could not tell. It was known only to the police—there was an apprehension of some attempt at a rescue, and ten thousand troops were to be on the ground. It will be either the Place St. Jaques, or the Barrière du Trône—the first, most likely; let us try that to begin with, and there will be plenty of time to go on to the other afterward: but we must be early, to get a good place.

We are not of those who make a practice of attending executions with a morbid appetite for such horrors. Under any circumstances, the deliberate cutting off a life is a melancholy spectacle. The mortal agony, unrelieved by excitement, is painful in the extreme to witness, but worse still is reckless bravado. Rarest of all is it to see the inevitable fate met with calm dignity. Here, however, was a miscreant, who, to gratify a political feeling—dignified, in his opinion, with the name of patriotism—deliberately fired the contents of a battery of gun-barrels into a mass of innocent persons, many of whom, it was quite certain, would be killed, for the chance of striking down one man, and, probably, some of his family. That this family, with their illustrious father, should have escaped altogether, is an instance of good fortune as remarkable as the attempt was flagitious. But the magnitude of the crime invested the perpetrators with a terrible interest, which overcame any lingering scruples, and the whole party decided upon setting out forthwith. We made for the nearest coach-stand, which was that upon the quay, near the Pont Neuf.

In something more than half an hour, we jingled into the Place St. Jaques, and, pausing at the corner, had the satisfaction to hear the sounds of hammers busily plied upon a dark mass rising in the centre of the square—it was the platform upon which to erect the guillotine. On all sides of this, workmen were busily engaged, their labor quickened by the exhortations of one who walked about, lantern in hand, upon the top. This was the executioner, who, seen by the light he carried, bore a remarkable resemblance to the great English comedian, the late Mr. Liston. There was the same square

form of the countenance, the small nose, the long upper lip, the mirth-provoking gravity, and the same rich, husky chuckle. This curious likeness was at once acknowledged by all present, and an Englishman took the liberty of interrupting the grave functionary with the information that he was the very image of *le plus grand farceur que nous avons en Angleterre*, a piece of information which the French scion of the House of Ketch received, after the manner of Frenchmen, as a high compliment, being moved to bow and chuckle much thereat.

By this time, the hammering had roused the dwellers in the place, and lights were seen rapidly moving about the windows. A café-keeper had opened his saloon, arranged his little tables, and was bustling about with his waiters attending to the wants of the guests already assembled. An execution is a godsend to the Place St. Jaques at any time, but the execution of three great state criminals, such as these, would go far to pay the year’s rent of the houses. As cabs and *fiacres* began to arrive, we thought it necessary to make arrangement for securing a room from whence to see the execution, and chance conducted us to the corner house, one side of which looked upon the square, directly opposite the guillotine, from which it was scarcely fifty yards distance; and the other side fronted the road by which the prisoners were to be conveyed from their prison to the scaffold.

We found the situation well adapted for our purpose, though only one window looked into the square, the two others were easily made to command a view of the scaffold, which was nearly in a line with that side of the house. Our host had also with much propriety made the bed, set the furniture to rights, raked up the ashes of the wood-fire, and put on another block or two; and the fact of meeting with an open fire-place instead of the eternal stove, made us feel at home at once. The Wolverhampton man declared that it was dangerous to British lungs to be out in these raw mornings in a foreign country without something warm to qualify the air; so a bottle of brandy was sent for to the neighboring *café*, and our hostess had busied herself in producing hot water and tumblers, as if, through the frequenters of executions, she had arrived at considerable knowledge of the national tastes. Our ancient host, being accommodated with a cigar, narrated the particulars of the many beheadings which had fallen under his observation since his occupancy of the house. One may be mentioned as exhibiting a rare instance of irresistible curiosity. The man had been guilty of an atrocious murder, either of a wife or some near relative, and when his neck was placed under the ax, he contrived to slue himself partly round to see its descent, and had a part of his chin taken off in consequence.

About two hours before day-light a body of mounted municipal guards arrived, and formed round the scaffold. The object of this appeared

to be to hide the proceedings as much as possible from those on foot, who could only hope for a very imperfect view between the bodies and the bear-skins of these troops. Soon after the municipal guard the infantry of the line began to arrive, and were formed in a circle four deep outside the municipals, and nearly as far back as the houses of the Place. A considerable crowd had also collected, though extremely orderly and good-humored; in fact, to see the general hilarity, and listen to the bursts of loud laughter, it would seem to be regarded in the light of a *fête*. There was certainly no appearance of sympathy with the criminals. Finding the municipals so materially interfered with the show, the people soon began to occupy the trees and lamp-posts, the adjacent walls, and the roofs of the neighboring houses; while the infantry, having piled arms, waltzed and danced to keep themselves warm.

Soon after daylight the hammering ceased, and the preparations appeared to be completed; and shortly afterward strong bodies of cavalry began to take up their positions in all the streets leading into the Place. The first care of the officer commanding these was to clear the square entirely of all the people who had collected in rear of the infantry, and to drive them out along the adjacent streets; an order was also given to dislodge the people out of the trees, and from the walls and lamp-posts, and this caused much grumbling and swearing of all concerned. Some merriment, however, was excited by the discovery of some women in the trees, and their descent, superintended by the dragoons below, gave occasion for the exercise of much not over decent wit among the troopers. It struck me that in their manner of dealing with the crowd there was much unnecessary harshness on the part of the troops, an irritability and fretfulness often exhibited by persons doubtful of their own authority, and very unlike the calm, good-humored superiority with which our own men are wont to handle the masses.

Presently came two general officers with their staff, and each followed by a mounted "jockey," lads dressed as English grooms, of whom one, as well by his fair complexion and honest round face, the whiteness of his tops and leathers, and the general superiority of his turn-out, as by his firm and easy seat on horseback, was evidently a native of our own country.

About an hour after sun-rise three caleches came rapidly down the road, passing our windows, each carriage containing three persons, the condemned, and two police officers. The troops opened out, and the men were landed at the foot of the platform. It may be well to describe the general appearance of the scaffold.

On a platform about twelve feet square, and seven feet above the ground, are erected the two upright posts, between which is suspended the ax. They somewhat resemble a narrow gallows, scarcely more than a foot between the posts. The ax, which is not unlike a hay-knife, though much heavier and broader, is

drawn up to the top of the posts, between which it runs in grooves, and is held suspended by a loop in the halyards, passed over a button at the bottom. The edge of the ax, as it hangs suspended, is not horizontal, or at a right angle with the post, but diagonal, giving the instrument a fearful power, in conjunction with its weight and long fall, of shearing through a resisting substance of many times more opposing force than a human neck. On the centre of the platform stands a frame, or large box, much resembling a soldier's arm-chest, about six feet long by two and a half wide, and probably as much high. One end of this abuts upon the upright posts, at the other end is a small frame like a truck, connected about its centre with the chest by hinges, and with a strap and buckle, to make it fast to the man's body.

The prisoners having dismounted, were placed in a line on the ground facing the guillotine, their arms pinioned. They were very different in appearance. Fieschi had a most sinister and ferocious expression of face, rendered more so by the scars, scarcely healed apparently, inflicted by the bursting of his gun-barrels. He was plainly dressed, and appeared like a workman of the better class; his age about thirty-five. Morey was a man advanced in life, perhaps seventy; his bald head was partly covered with a black cap revealing the white hairs behind, and at the sides: he was a corpulent large figure, dressed completely in black, with a mild intelligent face, and altogether a very gentlemanly air and manner. Pepin was a small, thin-faced, insignificant man.

Pepin was chosen first for execution. Having been deprived of his coat and neck-handkerchief, and the collar of his shirt turned down, he was led by the executioner up the steps of the platform. He ascended with an air of considerable bravado, shook himself, and looked round with much confidence, and spoke some words which we could not catch, and which the executioner appeared disposed to cut short. Having advanced with his breast against the truck, to which his body was rapidly strapped, he was then tilted down, truck and all, upon his face; and the truck moving upon small wheels or castors in grooves upon the chest, he was moved rapidly forward, till his neck came directly under the chopper, when the rope being unhooked from the button, the ax fell with a loud and awful "chop!" the head rolling down upon the bare platform. After the separation of the head, the body moved with much convulsive energy, and had it not been made fast to what I have called the truck, and that also connected with the raised platform, would probably have rolled down on the lower stage. The executioner then held up the head to view for a moment, and I suspect, from some laughter among the troops, made a facetious remark. The lid of a large basket alongside the chest was then raised, and the body rolled into it.

Morey was the next victim. He ascended the steps feebly, and requiring much assistance

he was also supported during the process of strapping him. His bald head and venerable appearance made a favorable impression upon the spectators, and elicited the only expressions of sympathy observable throughout the executions.

Fieschi came last, and was the most unnerved of the three. He appeared throughout in a fainting condition, and hung his head in a pitiable state of prostration. Very little consideration was shown him, or rather he was pushed and thrust about in a way which was indecent, if not disgusting, whatever might have been his crimes. Some little difficulty occurred in placing his head conveniently under the ax, from a recoiling motion of the prisoner. He was certainly the least brave of the three. The executioner having rolled his body into the larger basket with the others, took up that containing the three heads, which having emptied upon the bodies, he gave the bottom of the basket a jocular tap, which, being accompanied with a lifting of his foot behind, and probably some funny and seasonable observation, created a good deal of merriment among the spectators.

The guillotine is apparently the most merciful, but certainly the most terrible to witness, of any form of execution in civilized Europe. The fatal chop, the raw neck, the spouting blood, are very shocking to the feelings, and demoralizing; as such exhibitions can not fail to generate a spirit of ferocity and a love of bloodshed among those who witness them. It was not uncommon at this period in Paris to execute sheep and calves with the guillotine; and fathers of families would pay a small sum to obtain such a gratifying show for their children. In such a taste may we not trace the old leaven of the first Revolution, and the germ of future ones?

The fate of poor Dr. Guillotin was a singular one. He lived to see the machine which he had invented, from feelings of pure philanthropy, made the instrument of the most horrible butcheries, the aptness of the invention notoriously increasing the number of the victims who fell by it; and he died in extreme old age, with the bitter reflection that his name would be handed down to posterity, in connection with the most detestable ferocities which have ever stained the annals of mankind.

PERSONAL HABITS AND CHARACTER OF THE WALPOLES.

BY ELIOT WARBURTON.

WE are not disposed to consider the elder Horace Walpole a great statesman, or claim for him the consideration accorded to his more celebrated brother; but he was superior in talent to many of his contemporaries who attained a much higher eminence; and his honesty and zeal would have rendered creditable a much less amount of political accomplishments than he could boast of. Measured with the diplomatists of a more modern period, Lord Walpole will probably fall below par; but

he had no genius for that fine subtlety which is now expected to pervade every important negotiation, and knew nothing of that scientific game of words, in which diplomatists of the new school are so eager to distinguish themselves.

In appearance he was more fitted to appear as a republican representative, than as an ambassador from a powerful sovereign to the most polished court in Europe; his manners were so unpolished, his form so inelegant, and his address so unrefined. He rendered valuable support to the English monarchy, and won the confidence of the shrewd and calculating Queen Caroline, as well as the esteem of the sagacious and prudent States-general. A trustworthy authority has styled him "a great master of the commercial and political interests of this country," and accorded him the merits of unwearyed zeal, industry, and capacity. With such advantages, he might well confess, without much regret, that he had never learned to dance, and could not pride himself on making a bow.

Though blunt and unpolished, he was extremely agreeable in conversation; abounding in pleasant anecdote, and entertaining reminiscences; fond of society, affable to every one, sumptuous in his hospitality, and not less estimable in his domestic than in his social relations. Though he wrote, and printed, and spoke lessons of political wisdom, that met with the fate of entire disregard, it is impossible not to admire the unselfish zeal that would almost immediately afterward induce him to write, print, and speak similar instructive lessons, to the same set of negligent scholars.

There is a statement which having found its way into such an authority as "Chandler's Debates," has been incorporated in works pretending to historical accuracy. On a debate arising out of the Bill for the Encouragement and increase of Seamen, in 1740, Pitt is represented as attacking Mr. Horace Walpole for having ventured on a reference to his youth. The fact is, that these debates were imaginary or constructed on a very slight foundation. Dr. Johnson, as is well known, before he had obtained his colossal reputation, drew up fictitious reports of what took place in the House of Commons.

Mr. Walpole having in a discussion been severely handled by Pitt, Lyttleton, and the Granvilles, all of whom were much his juniors, lamented that though he had been so long in business, young men should be found so much better informed in political matters than himself. He added that he had at least one consolation in remembering that his own son being twenty years of age, must be as much the superior of Pitt, Lyttleton, and the Granvilles, as they were wiser than himself. Pitt having his youth thus mercilessly flung in his face, got up in a rage, commencing—"With the greatest reverence to the gray hairs of the gentleman," but was stopped by Mr. Walpole pulling off

his wig, and disclosing a grizzled poll beneath. This excited very general laughter, in which Pitt joined with such heartiness, as quite to forget his anger.

The younger Walpole always preserved a delicacy of figure, approaching effeminacy: his dress was simple: his manners studiously courteous: but his features, though agreeable, were not handsome; the most expressive portion being his eyes, which, when animated in conversation, flashed with intelligence. A close observer has stated, that "his laugh was forced and uncouth, and even his smile not the most pleasing." This may, perhaps, be attributed to the pain he habitually suffered, since the age of twenty-five, from the gout, which in the latter part of his life attacked his hands and feet with great severity. During the last half of his existence he was not only extremely abstemious, but his habits indicated a constitution that could brave alterations of temperature, from which much stronger men would shrink.

His hour of rising was usually nine, and then, preceded by his favorite little dog, which was sure to be as plump as idleness and good feeding could render it, he entered the breakfast-room. The dog took his place beside him on the sofa. From the silver tea-kettle, kept at an even temperature by the lamp beneath, he poured into a cup of the rarest Japan porcelain, the beverage "that cheers, but not inebriates." This was replenished two or three times, while he broke his fast on the finest bread, and the sweetest butter that could be obtained. He, at the same time, fed his four-footed favorite, and then, mixing a basin of bread and milk, he opened the window, and threw it out to the squirrels, who instantly sprang from bough to bough in the neighboring trees, and then bounded along the ground to their meal.

At dinner, which was usually about four o'clock, he ate moderately of the lightest food, quenching his thirst from a decanter of water that stood in an ice-pail under the table. Coffee was served almost immediately, to which he proceeded up stairs, as he dined in the small parlor or large dining-room, according to the number of his guests. He would take his seat on the sofa, and amuse the company with a current of lively gossip and scandal, relieved with observations on books and art, in illustration of objects brought from the library or any other portion of the house—for the whole might be regarded as a museum. His snuff-box, filled from a canister of *tabac d'etrennes* from Fribourg's, placed in a marble urn at one of the windows to keep it moist, was handed round, and he frequently enjoyed its pungent fragrance till his guests had departed—this was rarely till about two o'clock. If earlier, Walpole was sure to be found with pen in hand, continuing whatever work he might have in progress, or communicating to some of his numerous friends the news and gossip of the day.

The whole of the forenoon, till dinner-time,

was often employed by him in attending upon visitors, rambling about the grounds, or taking excursions upon the river. He rarely wore a hat, his throat was generally exposed, and he was quite regardless of the dew, replying, to the earnest solicitude of his friends, "My back is the same with my face, and my neck is like my nose."

Sometimes of an evening he would go out to pay a visit to his neighbor, Kitty Clive, and then the hours passed by in a rivalry of anecdote and pleasantry; for Kitty, like himself had seen a great deal of the world, and was full of its recollections.

AN INCIDENT OF INDIAN LIFE.

IN the year 1848 I found myself traveling through the Mysorean country of Seringapatam, so familiar to every reader of Indian history, for the rapid rise of that crafty but talented Asiatic Hyder Ali.

I had been reflecting as I passed through the country on the warlike exploits and barbarous cruelties by which it has been disfigured, and on the short space of time in which, from the first settlement by a few enterprising merchants at Surat, in the year 1612, the English had, either by force or diplomacy, possessed themselves of the entire territory from Cape Comorin to the Himalaya mountains; and, by an anomaly of which history furnishes no parallel, holding and enforcing their authority in great measure by means of the very natives and troops they have conquered, and who now lend themselves to enslave their own country, and rivet the shackles of bondage on their fatherland. I asked myself the question—was the time approaching when their fame, colonies, and possessions would be among the things that were? would they in process of development be swept away before some nation not yet cradled, or only in its infancy; or—proving an exception to the whole experience of ages—would they remain imperishably great and renowned till the final dissolution of nature?

Bewildered at last with these reflections, I left my palanquin; and, walking forward, with a Manton across my shoulder, accompanied by a Coolie carrying a double-barreled rifle, was soon busily engaged peering into the thick grass and underwood that lay on each side of the path, intent only on scattering destruction among some innocent and tender little bipeds, with the laudable design of furnishing some trifling addition to natural history, and a distant hope of perhaps securing a shot among a herd of deer faintly discernible in the outline.

In the incautious pursuit of a wild boar that had crossed my path, I at length found myself in the midst of a dense jungle—not the most secure position in the world, with only a single ebony gentleman at your side—for on the least indication of danger, this representative of Lucifer judiciously prefers present safety to future reputation, and performs a retrograde movement with undignified rapidity, leaving you alone to

apologize for your intrusion to a brute that can not be persuaded to adopt polite manners, but evinces an unmistakable desire to exhibit his gratitude for your visit by a passionate and unceremonious embrace. The tendency of long ages of lost liberty and slavish superstition to produce national degradation is forcibly exemplified in the lower castes of the natives, who may truthfully be said to have acquired all the vices of their various conquerors, without any of their redeeming qualities.

To return :—tired at last with my exertions and the intensity of the heat, I dispatched my sable attendant in quest of that peculiar Indian luxury, the palanquin; and looking round for some sheltered spot to await its coming up, perceived a wide-spreading banyan tree. Trusting to its friendly shelter, I was soon stretched beneath a canopy of densely-clustered foliage, sufficient to exclude all direct rays of the solar star; and, lighting one of my best Indian pipes, resigned myself to what brother Jonathan terms a "tarnation smoke."

The scene before me was such as that which Johnson in one of his rich and genial moods would delight to portray—the image of beauty reposing in the lap of sublimity was never more aptly applied. The sun had attained its culminating point, and was showering down its fervid rays with a scorching influence; not a breath stirred the forest air: all was hushed in repose, and silent as the last breathings of the departing soul—while a foreboding sensation o'ershadowed the whole, as that beautiful couplet in Campbell's "Lochiel" ominously crowded on my memory,

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore.
And coming events cast their shadows before.

I could not account for the oppressive silence, for often before I had reclined at the foot of some forest giant, and experienced widely different feelings; all here seemed indescribably grand and ennobling. The various tribes of baboons, monkeys, and apes, screeching, chattering and grinning overhead, anon leaping from tree to tree, luxuriating in all the enjoyment of freedom and revelry; while the jay, the parrot, the peacock, with minor and sweeter minstrels in every splendid variety of tropical plumage, might be seen soaring or darting amidst the foliage of forest verdure, combined with the beauty and number of parasitical plants and wild flowers. Such a scene of loveliness and life had often enraptured me, till a second Eden seemed realized; when, as if its aspect were too beautiful for sinful earth, the illusion was dissipated on observing the slender and graceful form of a snake gliding swiftly in mazy folds through the long grass—by that curious association of ideas, suggesting at once the primal fall, and the probable vicinity of a cobra coiled on the branch of a tree overhead, whose color so closely approximates its tinge, that it is almost impossible, without careful scrutiny, to detect its presence, and if unconsciously disturbed in its leafy cradle, the oscillation is re-

sented by darting its poisoned fang in the invader's face. These insidious foes, and the probability of a struggle with some carnivorous denizen of the glen, suggest strong doubts as to the security of your woodland abode, and damp the pleasure the scene otherwise might afford. And thus surely do we find that, in nature as in life, under the most lovely and entrancing aspects often lurk the most seductive and deadly influences. The prospect loses nothing at night, when effulgent with the pensive moonbeams, and the myriads of fire-flies like living stars broke loose from the dominion of old night, delighted with their new-found liberty, and dancing in a perfect jubilee of joyous light through the embowering arcades, illuminating every note of forest life; and on the one side is heard the amorous roar of the antelope's midnight suitor, as pending to the crashing march of the gregarious elephant; and on the other the nightly concert of a pack of jackalls, resembling so closely the music of those "delightful" babies, that it is only by continuous rehearsals the ear can receive them with indifference—render the whole indescribably magnificent, though rather trying to delicate nerves.

All such sublimity and active life, however, were now absent; not a living creature was to be seen, and actuated by some indefinable impulse, I involuntarily clutched my rifle. Scarcely had I done so, when an agonizing shriek reached through the forest; rushing in the direction, I encountered a sight that struck me with horror and dismay—for a moment I stood paralyzed!

A Brahmin, with his wife and only daughter, were making a pilgrimage to the banks of the sacred Ganges. With the characteristic indifference of their caste, they had incautiously halted in the midst of the jungle to cook some rice. The little girl, while the mother was occupied in preparing the frugal meal, had thoughtlessly wandered into the long grass in quest of some gaudy insect flitting past: on a sudden the father, who had thrown himself on the ground to snatch a few moments' repose, was aroused by the screams of his child, and, regaining his feet, perceived a full-grown cheetah in the act of springing on his tender girl. To see, and rush to her rescue, armed only with a knife, was the work of an instant; he arrived too late to arrest the tiger as he made his rarely missing, and in this case fatal spring on the beautiful and dark-bosomed maid. A terrible struggle now ensued, the infuriated animal relaxed its grasp of the child, and fastened on the father. The tender and loving wife, only now fully awakened to the extent of the danger, forgetting her sex, insensible to aught but her husband's peril, recklessly rushed forward; but ere she could reach the spot to become a third victim to the insatiate monster, the providential flight of a bullet from a stranger's rifle, penetrating the animal's brain, stretched him dead at her feet. The brave husband, on approaching the spot, lay extended on the grass

in the last agonies of death, dreadfully mangled, the brute having torn away the greater part of his brain and face. The little girl had already expired.

Never can I forget the calmness and apparently stoical indifference of this Indian woman while her husband lay extended before her, gasping his last. She supported his head, gently wiping the blood from his face and lips; no sign of her feelings could be detected in her features. I gazed upon her with astonishment; but no sooner was it evident that death had effectually terminated the loved one's sufferings, than she gave way to the most frantic and heart-rending expressions of grief. The anguish of that woman death alone can obliterate from my memory—words can not picture it. I see her before me as I write, alternately embracing the lifeless and bloody bodies of her husband and child, lavishing over them the most tender, endearing invocations of affection, then as suddenly turning round and seizing the crimson knife of her heroic husband, plunged it again and again into the body of the insensible animal, uttering all the time the most fearful and violent imprecations of despair and anguish.

It was with the greatest difficulty she could at length be removed from the tragic scene, and confided to the care of some neighboring villagers. I had occasion to revisit the same scenes some few months after, and found the bereaved wife, but, indeed, how changed! I could hardly recognize her. Day and night, I was informed, she wandered about, calling on her husband and child. A deep, settled gloom, beyond any thing I ever witnessed, was upon her features; her eyes had a wandering, restless expression. She knew me immediately, and talked in the most pathetic strain of her hapless child and husband. Poor creature! I tried to console her, but in vain. She said, her only wish was, as soon as the monsoon, or rainy season abated, to prosecute her journey to the Ganges, and die by its sacred stream. I remonstrated with her on this folly, and explained to her the divine truths of Christianity. All in vain! She was fixed in her resolution; and when I pointed to the heavens, and spoke of the mercies of God and His power, she replied, "that were He powerful, He could not be merciful, or He would not have taken her husband and child away without taking her also." All I could say made no impression, nor seemed to abate her determination, and time would not permit my stay, nor did I ever chance again to traverse the same scenes; but I have no doubt, from my knowledge of Indian character, she subsequently carried her resolution into effect.

COFFEE PLANTING IN CEYLON.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

IN the month of September, 1840, I started from Kandy, the ancient capital of Ceylon, to visit a friend who was in charge of one of the many new coffee clearings then in progress. I was accompanied by a young planter well ac-

quainted with the country and the natives, and who had offered to act as my guide. The clearing was distant about twenty-five miles. The route we took has since become famous. Rebellion and martial law have stalked over it; and concerning it, the largest blue books of last session have been concocted.

We mounted our horses a good hour before day-break, so as to insure getting over the most exposed part of our journey before the sun should have risen very high, an important matter for man and beast in tropical countries. Toward noon, we pulled up at a little bazaar, or native shop, and called for "*Hoppers and Coffee*." I felt that I could have eaten almost any thing, and, truly, one needs such an appetite to get down the dreadful black-draught which the Cingalese remorselessly administer to travelers, under the name of coffee.

The sun was high in the horizon when we found ourselves suddenly, at a turn of the road, in the midst of a "clearing." This was quite a novelty to me; so unlike any thing one meets with in the low country, or about the vicinity of Kandy. The present clearing lay at an elevation of fully three thousand feet above the sea-level, while the altitude of Kandy is not more than sixteen hundred feet. I had never been on a Hill Estate, and the only notions formed by me respecting a plantation of coffee, were of continuous, undulating fields, and gentle slopes. Here it was not difficult to imagine myself among the recesses of the Black Forest. Pile on pile of heavy, dark jungle, rose before my astonished sight, looking like grim fortresses defending some hidden city of giants. The spot we had opened upon was at the entrance of a long valley of great width, on one side of which lay the young estate we were bound to. Before us were, as near as I could judge, fifty acres of felled jungle in thickest disorder; just as the monsters of the forest had fallen, so they lay, heap on heap, crushed and splintered into ten thousand fragments. Fine brawny old fellows some of them; trees that had stood many a storm and thunder-peal; trees that had sheltered the wild elephant, the deer, and the buffalo, lay there prostrated by a few inches of sharp steel. The "fall" had taken place a good week before, and the trees would be left in this state until the end of October, by which time they would be sufficiently dry for a good "burn." Struggling from trunk to trunk, and leading our horses slowly over the hugh rocks that lay thickly around, we at last got through the "fall," and came to a part of the forest where the heavy, quick click of many axes told us there was a working-party busily employed. Before us, a short distance in the jungle, were the swarthy, compact figures of some score or two of low country Cingalese, plying their small axes with a rapidity and precision that was truly marvelous. It made my eyes wink again, to see how quickly their sharp tools flew about, and how near some of them went to their neighbors' heads.

In the midst of these busy people I found my planting friend, superintending operations, in full jungle costume. A sort of wicker helmet was on his head, covered with a long padded white cloth, which hung far down his back, like a baby's quilt. A shooting-jacket and trousers of checked country cloth; immense leech-gaiters fitting close inside the roomy canvas boots; and a Chinese-paper umbrella, made up his curious outfit.

To me it was a pretty, as well as a novel sight, to watch the felling work in progress. Two ax-men to small trees; three, and sometimes four, to larger ones; their little bright tools flung far back over their shoulders with a proud flourish, and then, with a "whirr," dug deep in the heart of the tree, with such exactitude and in such excellent time, that the scores of axes flying about me seemed impelled by some mechanical contrivance, and sounding but as one or two instruments. I observed that in no instance were the trees cut through, but each one was left with just sufficient of the heart to keep it upright; on looking around, I saw that there were hundreds of them similarly treated. The ground on which we were standing was extremely steep and full of rocks, between which lay embedded rich veins of alluvial soil. Where this is the case, the masses of stone are not an objection; on the contrary, they serve to keep the roots of the young coffee plants cool during the long dry season, and, in the like manner, prevent the light soil from being washed down the hill-side by heavy rains. My planter-friend assured me that, if the trees were to be at once cut down, a few at a time, they would so encumber the place as to render it impossible for the workmen to get access to the adjoining trees, so thickly do they stand together, and so cumbersome are their heavy branches. In reply to my inquiry as to the method of bringing all these cut trees to the ground, I was desired to wait until the cutting on the hill-side was completed, and then I should see the operation finished.

The little axes rang out a merry chime—merrily to the planter's ear, but the death-knell of many a fine old forest tree. In half an hour the signal was made to halt, by blowing a conch shell; obeying the signal of the superintendent, I hastened up the hill as fast as my legs would carry me, over rocks and streams, halting at the top, as I saw the whole party do. Then they were ranged in order, axes in hand, on the upper side of the topmost row of cut trees. I got out of their way, watching anxiously every movement. All being ready, the manager sounded the conch sharply: two score voices raised a shout that made me start again; forty bright axes gleamed high in air, then sank deeply into as many trees, which at once yielded to the sharp steel, groaned heavily, waved their huge branches to and fro, like drowning giants, then toppled over, and fell with a stunning crash upon the trees below them. These having been cut through previously, offered no

resistance, but followed the example of their upper neighbors, and fell booming on those beneath. In this way the work of destruction went rapidly on from row to row. Nothing was heard but groaning, crackling, crashing, and splintering: it was some little time before I got the sounds well out of my ears. At the time it appeared as though the whole of the forest-world about me was tumbling to pieces; only those fell, however, which had been cut, and of such not one was left standing. There they would lie until sufficiently dry for the torch that would blacken their massive trunks, and calcine their many branches into dusty heaps of alkali.

By the time this was completed, and the men put on to a fresh "cut," we were ready for our mid-day meal, the planter's breakfast. Away we toiled toward the *bungalow*. Passing through a few acres of standing forest, and over a stream, we came to a small cleared space well sheltered from wind, and quite snug in every respect. It was thickly sown with what I imagined to be young lettuces, or, perhaps, very juvenile cabbage-plants, but I was told this was the "Nursery," and those tiny green things were intended to form the future Soolookande Estate. On learning that we had reached the "Bungalow," I looked about me to discover its locality, but in vain; there was no building to be seen; but presently my host pointed out to me what I had not noticed before—a small, low-roofed, thatched place, close under a projecting rock, and half hid by thorny creepers. I imagined this to be his fowl-house, or, perhaps, a receptacle for tools; but was not a little astonished when I saw my friend beckon me on, and enter at the low, dark door. This miserable little cavern could not have been more than twelve feet long by about six feet wide, and as high at the walls. This small space was lessened by heaps of tools, coils of string, for "lining" the ground before planting, sundry boxes and baskets, an old rickety table, and one chair. At the farther end—if any thing could be far in that hole—was a jungle bedstead, formed by driving green stakes in the floor and walls, and stretching rope across them. I could not help expressing astonishment at the miserable quarters provided for one who had so important a charge, and such costly outlay to make. My host, however, treated the matter very philosophically. Every thing, he observed, is good or bad by comparison; and wretched as the accommodation appeared to me, who had been accustomed to the large, airy houses of Colombo, he seemed to be quite satisfied; indeed, he told me, that when he had finished putting up this little crib, had moved in his one table and chair, and was seated, cigar in mouth, inside the still damp mud walls, he thought himself the happiest of mortals. I felt somewhat curious to know where he had dwelt previous to the erection of this unique building—whether he had perched up in the forest trees, or in holes in the rocks, like the wild Veddahs of Bintenne.

I was told that his first habitation, when commencing work up there, was then suspended over my head. I looked up to the dark, dusty roof, and perceived a bundle of what I conceived to be old dirty, brown paper, or parchment-skin. Perceiving my utter ignorance of the arrangement, he took down the roll, and spread it open outside the door. It turned out to be a huge *talipot-leaf*, which he assured me was the only shelter he had possessed for nearly two months, and that, too, during the rainy season. It might have measured ten feet in length, and possibly six in width; pretty well for a leaf; it was used by fastening a stout pole lengthways to two stakes driven in the ground; the leaf was hung across this ridge-pole, midway, and the corners of it made fast by cords: common mats being hung at each end, and under the leaf.

The "Lines," a long row of mud huts for the coolies, appeared to be much more comfortable than their master's dwelling. But this is necessarily the case, for, unless they be well-cared for, they will not remain on a remote estate, such as this one was then considered. The first thing a good planter sees to is a roomy and dry set of "Lines" for the people: then the "Nursery" of coffee plants; and, thirdly, a hut for himself.

The superintendent assured me that none but those who had opened an estate in a remote district, could form any idea of the difficulties and privations encountered by the planter. "Folks may grumble as they like, down in Colombo, or in England," said my friend, "about the high salaries paid to managers, but if some of them had only a month of it up here, in the rains, I suspect they'd change their notions."

He had had the greatest difficulty at first in keeping but a dozen men on the place to clear ground for lines and nurseries: so strong is the objection felt by Malabars to new and distant plantations. On one occasion he had been quite deserted: even his old cook ran away, and he found himself with only a little Cingalese boy, and his rice, biscuit, and dried fish, all but exhausted. As for meat, he had not tasted any for many days. There was no help for it, he saw, but to send off the little boy to the nearest village, with a rupee, to buy some food, and try to persuade some of the village people to come up and assist him. When evening came on, there was no boy back, and the lonely planter had no fire to boil his rice. Night came on and still he was alone: hungry, cold, and desolate. It was a Sabbath evening, and he pointed out to me the large stone on which he had sat down to think of his friends in the old country; the recollection of his distance from them, and of his then desolate, Crusoe-like, position, came so sadly upon him that he wept like a child. I almost fancied I saw a tear start to his large eye as he related the circumstance.

Ceylon planters are proverbially hospitable: the utmost stranger is at all times sure of a hearty welcome for himself and his horse. On

this occasion, my jungle friend turned out the best cheer his small store afforded. It is true we had but one chair among us, but that only served to give us amusement in making seats of baskets, boxes, and old books. A dish of rice, and curry, made of dry salt fish, two red herrings, and the only fowl on the estate, formed our meal; and, poor as the repast may appear to those who have never done a good day's journey in the jungles of Ceylon, I can vouch for the keen relish with which we all partook of it.

In the afternoon we strolled out to inspect the first piece of planting on the Soolookande estate. It was in extent about sixty acres, divided into fields of ten acres by narrow belts of tall trees. This precaution was adopted, I learnt, with a view to protect the young plants from the violence of the wind, which at times rushes over the mountains with terrific fury. Unless thus sheltered by belts or "staking," the young plants get loosened, or are whirled round until the outer bark becomes worn away, and then they sicken and die, or if they live, yield no fruit. "Staking" is simply driving a stout peg in the ground, and fastening the plant steadily to it; but it is an expensive process. The young trees in these fields had been put out during the previous rains of July, and though still very small, looked fresh and healthy. I had always imagined planting out to be a very easy and rough operation; but I now learnt that exceeding care and skill are required in the operation. The holes to receive the young coffee-plant must be wide and deep—they can scarcely be too large; the earth must be kept well about the roots of the seedling in removing it; and care must be taken that the *tap-root* be neither bent, nor planted over any stone or other hard substance; neglect of these important points is fatal to the prosperity of the estate. The yellow drooping leaves, and stunted growth, soon tell the proprietor that his superintendent has done his work carelessly; but, alas! it is then too late to apply any remedy, save that of re-planting the ground.

I left this estate impressed with very different notions concerning the life and trials of a planter in the far jungle, from those I had contracted below from mere Colombo gossip; and I felt that superintendents were not so much overpaid for their skill, patience, privations, and hard work.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Having seen almost the commencement of the Soolookande Coffee Estate, I felt a strong desire toward the end of the year 1846, to pay it a second visit, while in its full vigor. I wished to satisfy myself as to the correctness of the many reports I had heard of its heavy crops, of its fine condition, its excellent works, and, not least, of the good management during crop-time. My old acquaintance was no longer in charge; he had been supplanted by a stranger. However, I went armed with a letter from the Colombo agents, which would insure more attention than a bed and a meal.

I journeyed this time by another and rather shorter route. Instead of taking the Matelle road, I struck off to the right, past Davy's Tree, celebrated as the scene of the massacre of a large body of British officers and troops by the treacherous Kandians, and crossing the Mahavilla Ganga, at Davy's Ferry, made the best of my way across the beautiful vale of Dombera, and thence toward the long range of mountains forming one flank of the Kallibokke Valley. At the period of my former excursion this long tract of fertile country was one unbroken mass of heavy jungle; now a dozen large estates, with bungalows and extensive works, were to be seen, enlivening the journey, and affording a much readier passage for the horseman; for wherever plantations are formed, good jungle paths are sure to be made. The ride was a most interesting one; mile upon mile of coffee lay before and around me, in various stages of growth, from the young seedling just put out, to the full-bearing bush, as heavily laden with red, ripe coffee berries as any currant-bush in England with its fruit.

It was then the middle of November, and the very height of the planter's harvest. All appeared busy as I rode along, gathering on the old properties; weeding and "supplying," or filling up failures on the young estates. I halted but once for a cup of good, wholesome coffee, and gladly pushed on, so as to reach my destination in good time for breakfast.

The many lovely prospects opening before me caused some little delay in admiration; and, by the time I had ridden through the last piece of jungle, and pulled up at the upper boundary of "Soolookande," it was not far from mid-day. The sun was blazing high above me, but its rays were tempered by a cool breeze that swept over from the neighboring mountain-tops. The prospect from that lofty eminence was lovely in the extreme: steep ridges of coffee extended in all directions, bounded by piles of mossy forest; white spots, here and there, told of bungalows and stores; a tiny cataract rushed down some cleft rock, on one side; on the other, a rippling stream ran gently along, thickly studded with water-cresses. Before me, in the far distance, lay outstretched, like a picture-scroll, the Matelle district, with its paddy fields, its villages, and its Vihares, skirted by a ridge of mountains and terminated by the Cave Rocks of Dambool. At my feet, far below, lay the estate, bungalow, and works, and to them I bent my way by a narrow and very steep bridle-path. So precipitous was the land just here, that I felt rather nervous on looking down at the white buildings. The pathway, for a great length, was bordered by rose-bushes, or trees, in fullest blossom, perfuming the air most fragrantly: as I approached the bungalow, other flowering shrubs and plants were mingled with them, and in such excellent order was every thing there that the place appeared to me more like a magnified garden than an estate. How changed since my former visit! I could scarcely recog-

nize it as the same property. The bungalow was an imposing-looking building, the very picture of neatness and comfort. How different to the old talipot-leaf, and the dirty little mud hut! The box of a place I had slept in six years before would have stood, easily, on the dining-table in this bungalow. A wide verandah surrounded the building, the white pillars of which were polished like marble. The windows were more like doors; and, as for the doors, one may speak of them as lawyers do of Acts of Parliament, it would be easy to drive a coach-and-six through them.

The superintendent was a most gentlemanly person, and so was his Bengalee servant. The curry was delightfully hot; the water was deliciously cool. The chairs were like sofas; and so exquisitely comfortable, after my long ride, that, when my host rose and suggested a walk down to the works, I regretted that I had said any thing about them, and had half a mind to pretend to be poorly.

The store was a zinc-roofed building, one hundred feet in length, by twenty-five wide; it was boarded below, but the sides upward were merely stout rails, for insuring a thorough circulation of air through the interior. It presented a most busy appearance. Long strings of Malabar coolies were flocking in, along narrow paths, from all sides, carrying bags and baskets on their heads, filled with the ripe coffee. These had to pass in at one particular door of the store, into the receiving-floor, in the upper part of the building. A Canghany was stationed there to see each man's gathering fairly measured; and to give a little tin ticket for every bushel, on the production of which the coolies were paid, at the end of the month. Many coolies, who had their wives and children to assist them in the field, brought home very heavy parcels of coffee.

Passing on to the floor where the measuring was in progress, I saw immense heaps of ripe, cherry-looking fruit, waiting to be passed below to the pulpers. All this enormous pile must be disposed of before the morning, or it will not be fit for operating on, and might be damaged. I saw quantities of it already gliding downward, through little openings in the floor, under which I could hear the noise of some machinery in rapid motion, but giving out sounds like sausage-machines in full "chop." Following my guide, I descended a ladder, between some ugly-looking wheels and shafting, and landed safely on the floor of the pulping-room. "Pulping" is the operation of removing the outer husk, or "cherry," which incloses the parchment-looking husk containing the pair of coffee beans. This is performed by a machine called a "pulper." It is a stout wooden or iron frame, supporting a fly-wheel and barrel of wood, covered with sheet copper, perforated coarsely outward, very like a huge nutmeg-grater. This barrel is made to revolve rapidly, nearly in contact with two chocks of wood. The coffee in the cherry being fed on to this by a hopper, is forced be-

tween the perforated barrel and the chocks; the projecting copper points tear off the soft cherry, while the coffee beans, in their parchment case, fall through the chocks into a large box. These pulpers (four in number) were worked by a water-wheel of great power, and turned out in six hours as much coffee as was gathered by three hundred men during the whole day.

From the pulper-box the parchment coffee is shoveled to the "cisterns"—enormous square wooden vats. In these the new coffee is placed, just covered with water, in which state it is left for periods varying from twelve to eighteen hours, according to the judgment of the manager. The object of this soaking is to produce a slight fermentation of the mucilaginous matter adhering to "the parchment," in order to facilitate its removal, as otherwise it would harden the skin, and render the coffee very difficult to peel or clean. When I inspected the works on Soolookande, several cisterns of fermented coffee were being turned out, to admit other parcels from the pulper, and also to enable the soaked coffee to be washed. Coolies were busily employed shoveling the berries from one cistern to another; others were letting on clean water. Some were busy stirring the contents of the cisterns briskly about; while some, again, were letting off the foul water; and a few were engaged in raking the thoroughly-washed coffee from the washing platforms to the barbecues.

The barbecues on this property were very extensive; about twenty thousand square feet, all gently sloped away from their centres, and smooth as glass. They were of stone, coated over with lime well polished, and so white, that it was with difficulty I could look at them with the sun shining full upon their bright surfaces. Over these drying grounds the coffee, when quite clean and white, is spread, at first thickly, but gradually more thinly, until, on the last day, it is placed only one bean thick. Four days' sunning are usually required, though occasionally many more are necessary before the coffee can be heaped away in the store without risk of spoiling. All that is required is to dry it sufficiently for transport to Kandy, and thence to Colombo, where it undergoes a final curing previous to having its parchment skin removed, and the faulty and broken berries picked out. Scarcely any estates are enabled to effectually dry their crops, owing to the long continuance of wet weather on the hills.

The "dry floor" of this store resembled very much the inside of a malting-house. It was nicely boarded, and nearly half full of coffee, white and in various stages of dryness. Some of it, at one end, was being measured into two bushel bags, tied up, marked and entered in the "packed" book, ready for dispatch to Kandy. Every thing was done on a system; the bags were piled up in tens; and the loose coffee was kept in heaps of fixed quantities as a check on the measuring. Bags, rakes, measures, twine, had all their proper places allotted them. Each day's work must be finished off-hand at once;

no putting off until to-morrow can be allowed, or confusion and loss will be the consequence. Any heaps of half dried coffee, permitted to remain unturned in the store, or not exposed on the "barbecue," will heat, and become discolored, and in that condition is known among commercial men as "Country Damaged."

The constant ventilation of a coffee store is of primary importance in checking any tendency to fermentation in the uncured beans; an ingenious planter has recently availed himself of this fact, and invented an apparatus which forces an unbroken current of dry, warm air, through the piles of damp coffee, thus continuing the curing process in the midst of the most rainy weather.

When a considerable portion of the gathering is completed, the manager has to see to his means of transport before his store is too crowded. A well conducted plantation will have its own cattle to assist in conveying the crop to Kandy; it will have roomy and dry cattle-pens, fields of guinea-grass, and pasture grounds attached, as well as a manure-pit, into which all refuse and the husks of the coffee are thrown, to be afterward turned to valuable account.

The carriage of coffee into Kandy is performed by pack-bullocks, and sometimes by the coolies, who carry it on their heads, but these latter can seldom be employed away from picking during the crop time. By either means, however, transport forms a serious item in the expenses of a good many estates. From some of the distant hill-estates possessing no cattle, and with indifferent jungle-paths, the conveyance of their crops to Kandy will often cost fully six shillings the hundred weight of clean coffee, equal to about three pence per mile. From Kandy to Colombo, by the common bullock-cart of the country, the cost will amount to about two or three shillings the clean hundred weight, in all, eight or nine shillings the hundred weight from the plantation to the port of shipment, being twice as much for conveying it less than a hundred miles, as it costs for freight to England, about sixteen thousand miles. One would imagine that it would not require much sagacity to discern that, in such a country as this, a railroad would be an incalculable benefit to the whole community. To make this apparent even to the meanest Cingalese capacity, we may mention that, even at the present time, transit is required from the interior of the island to its seaports, for enough coffee for shipment to Great Britain alone, to cause a railroad to be remunerative. The quantity of coffee imported from British possessions abroad in 1850, was upward of forty millions of pounds avoirdupois; and a very large proportion of this came from Ceylon. What additional quantities are required for the especially coffee-bibbing nations which lie between Ceylon and this country, surpass all present calculation; enough, we should think, sails away from this island in the course of every year, the transit of which to its sea-board, would pay for a regular net-work of railways.

A BRETON WEDDING.

THE customs and habits of the Bretons bear a close and striking resemblance to those of their kindred race* in the principality of Wales.

When a marriage in Lower Brittany has been definitely resolved upon, the bride makes choice of a bridesmaid, and the bridegroom of a groomsman. These, accompanied by an inviter, or "bidder," as the personage is called in Wales, bearing a long white wand, invite the members of their respective families to the wedding. On so important and solemn an occasion, no one is forgotten, however humble his condition in life may happen to be; and in no country in the world are the ties of kindred so strong as in Lower Brittany.

These consequently include a very large circle; and it happens that the task of "bidding" very frequently occupies many days. A thousand persons have been known to assist at the wedding of a prosperous farmer.

On the Sunday preceding the wedding-day, every one who has accepted the invitation must send some present to the youthful pair, by one of their farm servants, who has been very carefully dressed, in order to produce a high idea of their consequence. These gifts are sometimes of considerable value, but for the most part confined to some article of domestic use, or of consumption on the wedding-day, which is usually fixed for the following Tuesday.

At an early hour of that day the young men assemble in a village near to the residence of the bride, where the bridegroom meets them. As soon as they are collected in sufficiently imposing numbers, they depart in procession, preceded by the *basvalan* (embassador of love), with a band of music, of which the bagpipe is a conspicuous instrument, to take possession of the bride. On arriving at the farm, every thing, save the savage wolf-dogs, is in the most profound silence. The doors are closed, and not a soul is to be seen; but on closely surveying the environs of the homestead, there is sufficient indication of an approaching festivity, chimneys and caldrons are smoking, and long tables ranged in every available space.

The *basvalan* knocks loudly and repeatedly at the door, which at length brings to the threshold the *brotæir* (envoy of the bride's family), who, with a branch of broom in his hand, replies in rhyme, and points out to some neighboring chateau, where he assures the *basvalan* such a glorious train as his is sure to find welcome on account of its unparalleled splendor and magnificence. This excuse having been foreseen, the *basvalan* answers his rival, verse for verse, compliment for compliment, that they are in search of a jewel more brilliant than the stars, and that it is hidden in that "palace."

The *brotæir* withdraws into the interior; but presently leads forth an aged matron, and presents her as the only jewel which they possess.

"Of a verity," retorts the *basvalan*, "a most respectable person; but it appears to us that she is past her festal time; we do not deny the merit of gray hair, especially when it is silvered by age and virtue; but we seek something far more precious. The maiden we demand is at least three times younger—try again—you can not fail to discover her from the splendor which her unequalled beauty sheds around her."

The *brotæir* then brings forth, in succession, an infant in arms, a widow, a married woman, and the bridesmaid; but the embassador always rejects the candidates, though without wounding their feelings. At last the dark-eyed blushing bride makes her appearance in her bridal attire.

The party then enters the house, and the *brotæir*, falling on his knees, slowly utters a *Pater* for the living, and a *De Profundis* for the dead, and demands the blessing of the family upon the young maiden. Then the scene, recently so joyous, assumes a more affecting character, and the *brotæir* is interrupted by sobs and tears. There is always some sad episode in connection with all these rustic but poetic festivals in Brittany. How many sympathies has not the following custom excited? At the moment of proceeding to church, the mother severs the end of the bride's sash, and addresses her: "The tie which has so long united us, my child, is henceforward rent asunder, and I am compelled to yield to another the authority which God gave me over thee. If thou art happy—and may God ever grant it—this will be no longer thy home; but should misfortune visit thee, a mother is still a mother, and her arms ever open for her children. Like thee, I quitted my mother's side to follow a husband. Thy children will leave thee in their turn. When the birds are grown, the maternal nest can not hold them. May God bless thee, my child, and grant thee as much consolation as he has granted me!" The procession is then formed, and the cavalcade proceeds to the parish church; but every moment it is interrupted in its progress by groups of mendicants, who climb up the slopes bordering the roads—which are extremely deep and narrow—to bar the passage by means of long briars, well armed with prickly thorns, which they hold up before the faces of the wedding party. The groomsman is the individual appointed to lower these importunate barriers; which he does by casting among the mendicants small pieces of money. He executes his commission with good temper, and very frequently with liberality; but when the distance is great, these fetters become so numerous that his duties grow exceedingly wearisome and expensive.

After the religious ceremony, comes the feast; which is one of the most incredible things imaginable. Nothing can give an idea of the multitude of guests, of all ages, and of each sex; they form a lively, variegated, and con-

* Pitre-Chevalier says, in his "Brittany," (*La Bretagne*), "We Celts of Lower Brittany require nothing more to recognize as brothers the primitive inhabitants of Wales, than the ability to salute them in their maternal tongue, after a separation of more than a thousand years."

fused picture. The tables having been laid out the previous day, at the coppers, which are erected in the open air, all the neighbors, and the invited, who have any pretension to the culinary art, are ready with advice and assistance. It is curious to see them, in the blazing atmosphere of the huge fires, watching enormous joints of meat and other comestibles cooking in the numerous and vast utensils; nevertheless, however zealous they may be, there are few who do not desert their post when the firing of guns and the distant sound of the bagpipes announce the return of the wedding procession.

The newly married couple are at the head of the train, preceded by pipers, and fiddlers, and single-stick players, who triumphantly lead the way; the nearest relatives of the young pair next follow; then the rest of the guests without order, rushing on helter-skelter, each in the varied and picturesque costume of his district; some on foot, some on horseback, most frequently two individuals on the same beast, the man seated upon a stuffed pad which serves as a saddle, and the wife, with arm around his waist, seated upon the crupper;—an every-day sight, not many years ago, in the rural districts of England, when roads were bad, and the gig and taxed-cart uninvented. The mendicants follow at their heels by hundreds, to share the remnants of the feast.

As soon as the confusion occasioned by the arrival of such a multitude has subsided, the guests place themselves at the tables. These are formed of rough and narrow planks, supported by stakes driven into the ground, the benches constructed after the same fashion; and they are raised in proportion to the height of the tables, so that you may have your knees between your plate and yourself; if, in a real Breton wedding, you happen to be supplied with such an article—for a luxury of this description has not yet reached very far into Brittany: the soup is eaten out of a wooden bowl, and the meat cut up and eaten in the hand, or, as the phrase goes, “upon the thumb.” Every individual, as a matter of course, carries his own case or pocket knife; the liquids are served in rude earthenware, and each drinks out of a cup apportioned to five or six individuals. It is the height of civility to hand one’s cup to a neighbor, so that he may assist in emptying it; and a refusal would be considered extremely rude and insolent.

The husband and his immediate relatives are in waiting, and anticipate every one’s wants and wishes—pressing each to take care of himself: they themselves share in no part of the entertainment, save the compliments which are showered, and the cups of cider and wine which civility obliges them to accept. After each course music strikes up, and the whole assembly rise from the tables. One party gets up a wrestling-match; the Bretons are as famous as their cousins in Cornwall at this athletic game—or a match at single-stick; another a foot-race, or a dance; while the dishes are col-

lected together, and handed to the hungry groups of mendicants who are seated in adjoining paddocks. From the tables to rustic games, reels, gavottes, and jabadoos; then to the tables again; and they continue in this manner till midnight announces to the guests that it is time to retire.

The company having diminished by degrees, at length leave the groomsman and the bridesmaid the only strangers remaining, who are bound to disappear the last, and put the bride and bridegroom, with due and proper solemnity, to rest: they then retire singing “Veni Creator.” In some districts they are compelled, by custom, to watch during the whole night in the bridal chamber; in others, they hold at the foot of the bed a lighted candle, between the fingers, and do not withdraw until the flame has descended to the palm of the hand. In another locality the groom’s-man is bound during the whole long night to throw nuts at the husband, who cracks them, and gives the kernel to his bride to eat. The festivity which a marriage occasions generally lasts three days, and, on Friday, the youthful wife embraces the companions of her childhood and bids them farewell, as if she never meant to return. Indeed, from the period of marriage, a new life commences for the Breton, whose days of single blessedness have been days of festivity and freedom; and it would seem that when once the wedding-ring has been placed upon the finger, her only business is the care of her household—her only delight, the peace of her domestic hearth.

[From Chambers’s Edinburgh Journal.]

JOANNA BAILLIE.

JOANNA BAILLIE was born in the year 1762, at the manse of Bothwell, in Lanarkshire. Her father had just been translated from the parish of Shotts to that of Bothwell; and on the very first day of the family’s removal into the new manse, while the furniture still lay tied up in bundles on the floors, Mrs. Baillie was taken ill, probably from over-fatigue, and was prematurely brought to bed of twin-daughters, one of whom died in the birth, and the other, named Joanna—after her maternal uncle, the celebrated John Hunter—lived for eighty-nine years, and became the most celebrated of her race, and one of the most celebrated women of her time.

Those who like to trace the descent of fine qualities, will be interested to know that Joanna’s mother—herself a beautiful and agreeable woman—was the only sister of those remarkable men, William and John Hunter; and that her father, a clergyman of respectable abilities, was of the same descent with that Baillie of Jarviswood who nobly suffered for the religion and independence of his country.

Although Mrs. Baillie was forty years of age when she married, she gave birth to five children. Of these, three grew up: the eldest, Agnes who still survives; the celebrated Matthew, physician to George III.; and Joanna.

When Joanna was seven years old, her father removed to Hamilton. There he was colleague to the Rev. Mr. Miller, father to the well-known professor of law at Glasgow of that name, whose daughters were throughout life among Joanna's most intimate and cherished friends. All that is known of her before she quitted Bothwell seems to be, that she was an active, sprightly child, fond of play, and very unfond of lessons—the difficulty of fixing her attention long enough to enable her to learn the alphabet having been in her case rather greater than it is with ordinary children. At twelve years of age, though still no scholar, she was a clever, lively, shrewd girl, and even then showed something of the creative power for which she was afterward so remarkable. Miss Miller well recollects being closeted with her and other young companions for the purpose of hearing her narrate little stories of her own invention, which she did in a graphic and amusing manner.

After being seven years at Hamilton, Mr. Baillie was promoted to the chair of divinity in the University of Glasgow. There Joanna attended Miss M'Intosh's boarding-school, and made some proficiency in the accomplishments of music and drawing; for both of which she had a fine taste, though it was never fully cultivated. A constant residence in the crowded and smoky town of Glasgow would have proved very irksome to those accustomed, like the Baillies, to the sweet, healthful seclusion of a country manse; but they were never condemned to it. William Hunter, then accoucheur to Queen Charlotte, and in good general practice as a physician, was in possession of the little family property of Long Calderwood in Lanarkshire; and being himself confined to London by his professional duties, he invited his sister and her family to reside at his house there during the summer months. Nothing could have been more agreeable or beneficial to Joanna than this manner of life, had it continued. Her father had now a sufficiently large income to enable him to give his children the full advantage of the best teaching, and he was most anxious that they should enjoy it. Unfortunately, he only survived his removal to Glasgow two years; and by his premature death, his widow and family were left not only entirely unprovided for, but in very involved circumstances. The living at Hamilton had been too small to admit of any thing being saved from it; and the expense of removing, the purchase of furniture suitable to their new position, the repairing and furnishing of the house at Long Calderwood, besides the increased cost of living in a town, had in combination brought their family into an expenditure which two years of an enlarged income were by no means sufficient to meet. Dr. William Hunter came immediately to their assistance. He was at that time fast acquiring the large fortune which enabled him to leave behind him so noble a monument as the Hunterian Museum in Glasgow. He generously settled an adequate income on his sister and her

family, and offered to relieve her mind by entirely discharging her husband's liabilities. Here the widow and her high-spirited young people had the opportunity of manifesting the true delicacy and respectable pride which have ever distinguished the family. They carefully avoided disclosing to their generous relative any thing more than was unavoidable of these obligations, preferring, with noble self-denial, and at the expense of being looked down upon as niggardly and poor-spirited by neighbors who knew nothing of their motives, to pay the remainder out of their moderate income. Such a trait as this is surely well worth being recorded.

Even after they were clear with the world, Mrs. Baillie and her daughters continued to live in the strictest seclusion at Long Calderwood. Soon after his father's death, young Matthew obtained a Glasgow exhibition to Oxford; and having studied successfully there for some years, joined his uncle William in London, for the purpose of assisting him in his lectures. John Hunter, who had been originally intended for a humbler occupation, had long before this time been called to London by the successful William—had been brought forward by him in the medical profession—and had, in a few months, acquired such a knowledge of anatomy, as to be capable of demonstrating to the pupils in the dissecting-room. His health having been impaired by intense study, he had gone abroad for a year or two as staff-surgeon, and served in Portugal. On his return to London, he had devoted his powerful energies to the study of comparative anatomy, and before Matthew Baillie came to London, had erected a menagerie at Brompton for carrying on that useful branch of science. By his extraordinary genius, he subsequently rose to be inspector-general of hospitals and surgeon-general, and became one of the most famous men of his age.

Agnes, the elder sister—Joanna's faithful and beloved companion through a long life; and to whom, on entering her seventieth year, she addressed the exquisite poem of the "Birthday"—which no one will ever read unmoved—was very early an accomplished girl. Unlike Joanna, she had always been a diligent, attentive scholar; and unlike her also, was possessed of a remarkably retentive memory. In her companionship, and in the entire leisure of her six years' seclusion among the picturesque scenery of Long Calderwood, it may be supposed that Joanna's powerful intellect would have been awakened, and her wonderfully fertile imagination begun to assume some of those varied forms of truth and beauty which have since impressed themselves so vividly on the hearts and minds of her contemporaries. But like the graceful forms which the eye of the young sculptor has only yet seen in vision, those divine creations of her genius, before which the world was afterward to bow, still slumbered in the marble. Her genius partook of the slow growth, as well as the hardy vigor, of the pine-tree of her native rocks; but it had inherent power to shoot its

roots deep down in the human heart, and to spread its branches toward the heavens in green and enduring beauty. In these years (from her sixteenth to her twenty-second), the only tendency she showed toward what afterward became the master-current of her mind, was in being a fervent worshiper of Shakspeare. She carefully studied select passages; delighted in getting her two favorite young friends—Miss Miller, and the lively Miss Graham of Gairbraid—to take different parts with her, and would so spout through a whole play with infinite satisfaction. Still she was no general student; and we are doubtful if at any time of her life she can be considered to have been a *great* reader.

About a dozen years previous to his death, which took place in 1783, Dr. William Hunter had completed his house in Great Windmill-street. He had attached to it an anatomical theatre, apartments for lectures and dissections, and a magnificent room as a museum. At his death, the use of this valuable museum, which was destined ultimately to enrich the city of Glasgow, was bequeathed for the term of twenty years to his nephew Matthew, who had for some time past assisted him ably in his anatomical lectures. Besides this valuable bequest, the small family property of Long Calderwood was also left to Matthew Baillie, instead of his uncle, John Hunter, who was the heir-at-law. William had taken offense at his brother's marriage—not finding fault with his bride, who was an estimable woman, the sister of Dr., afterward Sir Everard Home—but, as it was whimsically said—disapproving of a philosopher marrying at all! But, however this may have been, young Matthew, with characteristic generosity, disliking to be enriched at the expense of those among his kindred who seemed to him to have a nearer claim, absolutely refused to take advantage of the bequest. The rejected little property thus, after all, fell legally to John; and only on the death of his son and daughter, a few years ago (without children), descended to William, the only son of Dr. Matthew Baillie, as their heir.

Soon after his uncle's death, Matthew, who had succeeded him as lecturer on anatomy, and was rising fast in the esteem of his professional brethren, prevailed on his mother and sisters to join him in London. Their uncle had left them all a small independence, and there they lived most happily with their brother in the house adjoining the museum, from about the year 1784 to 1791, when he married Miss Denman, daughter of Dr. Denman, and sister of Lord Denman, the late admirable lord chief-justice. This marriage was productive of great happiness to Joanna, as well as to her brother and the rest of the family.

Throughout their lives the most tender affection subsisted among them all. Mrs. Baillie and her daughters now retired to the country—at first a little way up the Thames, then to Hythe, near Dover; but they did not settle any where permanently till they located themselves in a

pretty cottage at Hampstead—that flowery, airy, charming retreat with which Joanna's name has now been so long and so intimately associated. How long she there courted the muses in secret is not known. Her reserved nature and Scottish prudence at all events secured her from making any display of their crude favors. Toward the end of the century she first appears to have been quietly feeling her way toward the light. In sending some books to Scotland, to her ever-dear friend Miss Graham, she slipped into the parcel a small volume of poems, but without a hint as to the authorship. The poems were chiefly of a light, unassuming, and merry cast. They were read by Miss Graham, and others of her early associates—freely discussed and criticised among them, and certainly not much admired. Though light mirth and humor seem to have been more the characteristics of her mind than they were afterward, and though Miss Graham remarked that there was a something in the little poems that brought Joanna to her remembrance, still so improbable did it seem, that no suspicion of their true origin suggested itself to any of their thoughts. The authorship of this little volume was never claimed by her; but some of the best poems and songs it contained, which were afterward published in one of her works, at last disclosed the secret.

In 1799, her thirty-eighth year, she gave to the world her first volume of plays on the Passions. It contained her two great tragedies on love and on hatred—"Basil" and "De Montfort;" and one comedy, also on love—the "Tryal." They were prefaced by a long, plausible introductory discourse, in which she explained that these formed but a small portion of an extensive plan she had in view, hitherto unattempted in any language, and for the accomplishment of which a lifetime would be limited enough. Her project we must very shortly describe as a design to write a series of plays, the chief object of which should be the delineation of all the higher passions of the human breast—each play exhibiting in the principal character some one great passion in all the stages of its development, from its origin to its final catastrophe; and in which, in order to produce the strongest moral effect, the aim should be the expression and delineation of just sentiments and characteristic truth, rather than of marvelous incident, novel situation, or beautiful and sublime thought.

Although published anonymously, this volume excited an immediate sensation. In spite of theoretical limitations, it was found to be as full of original power, and delicate poetical beauty, as of truth and moral sentiment. Of course the authorship was keenly inquired into. As the publication had been negotiated by the accomplished Mrs. John Hunter—herself a follower of the muses, and the author of several lyrical poems of great sweetness and beauty, which were set to music by Haydn—the credit was at first naturally given to her. But Joan

na's incognito could not be long preserved; and the impression already made was deepened by the discovery, that this skillful anatomist of the heart of man, who had bodied forth creations bearing the stamp of lofty intellect and most original power, was a woman still young, unlearned, and so inexperienced in the world that it must have been chiefly to her own imagination and feeling she owed the materials which, by the force of her genius, she had thus so wonderfully combined into striking and life-like portraits.

The band of distinguished persons—poets, wits, and philosophers—with which the beginning of the century was enriched, now crowded eagerly to welcome to their ranks this new and highly-gifted sister, and were received by her with simple but dignified frankness. The gay and fashionable also would fain have wooed her to lionize in their fevering circles; but her well-balanced mind, and intuitive sense of what is really best and most favorable to human happiness and progress, seem from the first to have secured her youthful female heart from being inflated by the incense offered to her on all sides. Though touched, and deeply gratified by the warmly-expressed approbation of those among her great contemporaries whose applause was fame, she could not be won from the quiet healthful privacy of her life to join frequently even in the brilliant society which now so gladly claimed her as one of its brightest ornaments. Equally unspoiled and undistracted, she kept the even tenor of her way. The tragedies contained in her first volume—among the greatest efforts of her genius—were undoubtedly written by her in the fond hope of their being acted. "To receive the approbation of an audience of her countrymen," she confesses in the preface, "would be more grateful to her than any other praise." Believing that it is in the nature of man to delight in representations of passion and character, she regarded the stage, when properly managed, as an admirable organ for the instruction of the multitude; and that the poetical teacher of morality and virtue could not better employ his high powers than in supplying it with pieces the tendency of which would be, while pleasing and amusing, to refine and elevate the mind. Mrs. Siddons was then in the very zenith of her power; and it was a glimpse of that splendid presence—

"So queenly, so commanding, and so noble"—as it accidentally flashed upon her in turning the corner of a street, to which Miss Baillie has always fondly ascribed her first conception of the character of the pure, elevated, and noble Jane de Montfort. In 1800, the tragedy of "De Montfort" was adapted to the stage by John Kemble, and brought out at Drury-lane theatre; and the gratification may well be imagined with which the high-hearted poetess must have listened to

"Thoughts by the soul brought forth in silent joy—
Words often muttered by the timid voice,
Tried by the nice ear delicate of choice;"

as with their loftiest meanings heightened and spiritualized, she now heard them poured forth in the deep eloquent tones of that incomparable brother and sister!

Her second volume of plays on the Passions appeared in 1802, and with her name. It contained four plays: "The Election," a comedy upon hatred; and two tragedies and a comedy on ambition—"Ethwald," in two parts, and the "Second Marriage." Hitherto the fair authoress had received almost unqualified praise. She was now to undergo the other ordeal of almost unqualified censure. Since the publication of her first volume, the "Edinburgh Review" had been established, and its brilliant young editor had been suddenly, and almost by universal consent, promoted to the chair, as the first of critics. Jeffrey's real gentleness of heart, and lively sensibility to every form of literary beauty and excellence, are now too generally admitted to require vindication here; but the lamblike heart and kindly-indulgent feelings which in his middle and declining years seemed to warm and brighten the very atmosphere in which he lived, were at the beginning of his literary censorship carefully, and only too successfully, concealed under the formidable beak and claws, as well as the keen eye of the eagle.

Starting with the idea that, above all things, it was his duty to guard against false principles, the hymn of a seraph would probably have jarred upon his ear if composed upon what he supposed to be mistaken rules of art. He regarded Miss Baillie's project of confining the interest of every piece to the development of a single passion as a vicious system, by which her young and promising genius was likely to be cabined and confined; and that if such fallacy in one so well calculated to adorn the field of literature were met with indulgence, the result might be to narrow and degrade it. It seemed to him little better than a return to that barbarism which could unscrupulously extinguish the eyesight, that the hearing might be more acute. His faith was too catholic to brook the sectarian limitations which were involved in the theory she had so boldly propounded. He therefore waged war against the formidable heresy, cruelly, unsparingly; and if with something of the heat and petulance of a boy, yet with an unerring dexterity of aim, and a subtle poignancy of weapon, that could not fail to inflict both pain and injury. Gentler practice would probably have been followed by a better result. It is certain that Miss Baillie was hurt and offended by the uncourteous castigation inflicted on her by her countryman, rather than convinced by it that her notions were wrong. But the time happily came when—with that clairvoyance which, though it may be denied for a season, time and experience of life seldom fail to bestow in full measure upon true genius—these two fine spirits were able to read each other more clearly.

A single volume of miscellaneous plays containing two tragedies and a comedy by Miss

Baillie's pen, appeared in 1804. These dramas—"Rayner," "The Country Inn," and "Constantine Paleologus"—had been offered singly to the theatres for representation, and been rejected. Though full of eloquence, knowledge of human nature, and tragic power, they were found, like all her plays, deficient in the lifelike movement and activity indispensable to that perfectly successful theatrical effect which, without an experimental acquaintance with the whole nature and artifices of the stage has never been attained to even by the most gifted of pens.

The first time Miss Baillie revisited her native country after her name had become known to fame was in 1808. After exploring with a full heart the often-recalled scenery of the Clyde, and the still dearer haunts of the sweet Calder Water, she passed a couple of months in Edinburgh, dividing her time between her old friends Miss Maxwell and Mrs. John Thomson. She was somewhat changed since these friends had seen her last. Her manner had become more silent and reserved. Mere acquaintances, or strangers who had not the art of drawing forth the rich stream—ever ready to flow if the rock were rightly struck—found her cold and formidable. In external appearance the change was for the better. Her early youth had neither bloomed with physical nor intellectual beauty; but now, in her fine, healthy middle life, to the exquisite neatness of form and limb, the powerful gray eye, and well-defined, noticeable features she had always possessed, were added a graceful propriety of movement, and a fine elevated, spiritual expression, which are far beyond mere beauty.

She had now the happiness of being personally made known to Sir Walter Scott, who had always been an enthusiastic admirer of her genius, as she of his. They had been too long congenial spirits not to become immediately dear, personal friends. His noble poem of "Marmion," which appeared during her stay, was read aloud by her for the first time to her two friends Miss Miller and Miss Maxwell. In the introduction to the third canto occurs that splendid tribute to her genius which, well-known as it is, we can not resist quoting once more. The bard describes himself as advised by a friend, since he will lend his hours to thriftless rhyme, to

"Restore the ancient tragic line,
And emulate the notes that rung
From the wild harp, which silent hung
By silver Avon's holy shore,
Till twice an hundred years rolled o'er;
When she, the bold enchantress, came,
With fearless hand and heart on flame!
From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,
And swept it with a kinder measure,
Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
Awakening at the inspired strain,
Deem'd their own Shakspeare lived again."

Deeply gratified and touched as she must have been, the strong-minded poetess was able to read these exquisite lines unflinching to the end,

and only lost her self-possession when one of her affectionate friends rising, and throwing her arms round her, burst into tears of delight.

As she did not refuse to go into company, she could not be long in Edinburgh without encountering Francis Jeffrey, the foremost man in the bright train of *beaux-esprits* which then adorned the society of the Scottish capital. He would gladly have been presented to her; and if she had permitted it, there is little doubt that in the eloquent flow of his delightful and genial conversation, enough of the admiration he really felt for her poetry must have been expressed, to have softened her into listening at least with patience to his suggestions for her improvement. But in vain did the friendly Mrs. Betty Hamilton (authoress of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie") beg for leave to present him to her when they met in her hospitable drawing-room; and equally in vain were the efforts made by the good-natured Duchess of Gordon to bring about an introduction which she knew was desired at least by one of the parties. It was civilly but coldly declined by the poetess; and though the dignified reason assigned was the propriety of leaving the critic more entirely at liberty in his future strictures than an *acquaintance* might perhaps feel himself, there seems little reason to doubt that soreness and natural resentment had something to do with the refusal.

In 1809 her Highland play, the "Family Legend"—a tragedy founded on a story of one of the M'Leans of Appin—was successfully produced in the Edinburgh theatre. Sir Walter Scott, who took a lively interest in its success, contributed the prologue, and Henry Mackenzie (the "Man of Feeling") the epilogue. It was acted with great applause for fourteen successive nights, and gave occasion for the passage of many pleasant letters between Sir Walter and the authoress, afterward published by Mr. Lockhart. In 1812 followed the third and last volume of her plays illustrative of the higher passions of the mind. It contained four plays—one in verse and one in prose on fear ("Orra" and the "Dream"); the "Siege," a comedy on the same passion; and "The Beacon," a serious musical drama—perhaps the most faultless of Miss Baillie's productions, and generally allowed to be one of the most exquisite dramatic poems in the English language. This fresh attempt, at the end of nine years, to follow out, against all warning and advice, her narrow and objectionable system of dramatic art, was certainly ill-judged. Of course it brought upon the pertinacious theorist another tremendous broadside from the provoked reviewer. But though we can sympathize in a considerable degree with him in denouncing her whole scheme—and more bitterly than ever—as perverse, fantastic, and utterly impracticable—it is not easy to forgive the accusation so liberally added as to the execution—of poverty of incident and diction, want of individual reality of character, and the total absence of wit, humor, or any

species of brilliancy. That Miss Baillie's plays are better suited to the sober perusal of the closet than the bustle and animation of the theatre must at once be admitted; but we think nobody can read even a single volume of these remarkable works, without finding in it, besides the good sense, good feeling, and intelligent morality to which her formidable critic is fretted into limiting her claims, abundant proof of that deep and intuitive knowledge of the mystery of man's nature, which can alone fit its possessor for the successful delineation of either wayward passion or noble sacrifice—of skillful and original creative power—of delicate discrimination of character—and of a command of simple, forcible, and eloquent language, that has not often been equaled, and, perhaps, never surpassed.

But our limits forbid us to linger, and a mere enumeration of her remaining productions is all they will permit. This is the less to be regretted, that our object is rather to give a sketch, however slight and imperfect, of her long and honored life, than to attempt a studied analysis of works to which the world has long ago done justice. In 1821 were published her "Metrical Legends of Exalted Character," the subjects of which were—"Wallace, the Scottish Chief," "Columbus," and "Lady Griseld Baillie." They are written in irregular verse, avowedly after the manner of Scott, and are among the noblest of her productions. Some fine ballads complete the volume. In 1823 appeared a volume of "Poetical Miscellanies," which had been much talked of beforehand. It included, besides some slight pieces by Mrs. Hemans and Miss Catherine Fanshaw, Scott's fine dramatic sketch of "Macduff's Cross." "The Martyr," a tragedy on religion, appeared in 1826. It was immediately translated into the Cingalese language; and, flattered by the appropriation, Miss Baillie, in 1828, published another tragedy—"The Bride," a story of Ceylon, and dedicated in particular to the Cingalese. Of the three volumes of dramas written many years before, but not published till 1836—though they were eagerly welcomed by the public, and greatly admired as dramatic poems—only two, the tragedies of "Henriquez" and "The Separation," have ever been acted. These, besides many charming songs, sung by our greatest minstrels, and always listened to with delight by the public, and a small volume of "Fugitive Verses," complete the long catalogue of her successful labors. They were collected by herself, and published, with many additions and corrections, in the popular form of one monster volume, only a few weeks before her death.

To return, for a brief space, to the course of her life. It was in the autumn of 1820 that Miss Baillie paid her last visit to Scotland, and passed those delightful days with Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, the second of which is so pleasantly given in Mr. Lockhart's life of the bard. Her friends again perceived a change in

her manners. They had become blander, and much more cordial. She had probably been now too long admired and reverently looked up to, not to understand her own position, and the encouragement which, essentially unassuming as she was, would be necessary from her to reassure the timid and satisfy the proud. She had magnanimously forgiven and lived down the unjust severity of her Edinburgh critic, and now no longer refused to be made personally known to him. He was presented to her by their mutual friend, the amiable Dr. Morehead. They had much earnest and interesting talk together, and from that hour to the end of their lives entertained for each other a mutual and cordial esteem. After this Jeffrey seldom visited London without indulging himself in a friendly pilgrimage to the shrine of the secluded poetess; and it is pleasing to find him writing of her in the following cordial way in later years: "*London, April 28, 1840.*—I forgot to tell you that we have been twice out to Hampstead to hunt out Joanna Baillie, and found her the other day as fresh, natural, and amiable as ever—and as little like a Tragic Muse. Since old Mrs. Brougham's death, I do not know so nice an old woman." And again, in January 7, 1842—"We went to Hampstead, and paid a very pleasant visit to Joanna Baillie, who is marvelous in health and spirits, and youthful freshness and simplicity of feeling, and not a bit deaf, blind, or torpid."

About two years after her last visit to Scotland, Miss Baillie had the grief of losing her brother and beloved friend, Dr. Matthew Baillie, who, after a life of remarkable activity and usefulness, died full of honors in 1823. He left, besides a widow, who long survived him, a son and daughter, who with their families have been the source of much delightful and affectionate interest to the declining years of the retired sisters. In the composition and careful revisal of her numerous and varied works—in receiving at her modest home the friends she most loved and respected, a list of whom would include many of the best-known names of her time for talent and genius—in the active exercise of friendship, benevolence, and charity—ever contented with the lot assigned to her, and as grateful for the enjoyment of God's blessings as she was submissive to his painful trials—her unusually complete life glided calmly on, and was peacefully closed on the 23d of February last.

It will be easily believed, that in spite of all the natural modesty and reserve of Miss Baillie's character, the impression made by the appearance of one so highly gifted on those who had the happiness of being admitted to her intimacy, was neither slight nor evanescent. "Dear, venerable Joanna!" writes one of those, "I wish I could, for my own or others' benefit, recall, and in any way fix, the features of your countenance and mind! The ever-thoughtful brow—the eye that in old age still dilated with expression, or was suffused with a tear. I never

felt afraid of her. How could I, having experienced nothing but the most constant kindness and indulgence? I had heard of the 'awful stillness of the Hampstead drawing-room;' and when I first saw her in her own quiet home (she must have been then bordering on seventy, and I on twenty), I remember likening myself to the devil in Milton. I felt 'how awful goodness is—and virtue in her shape, how lovely!' One could not help feeling a constant reverence for her worth, even more than an admiration of her intellectual gifts. There was something, indeed, in her appearance that quite contrasted with one's ideas of authorship, which made one forget her works in her presence—nay, almost wonder if the neat, precise old maid before one could really be the same person who had painted the warm passion of a Basil, or soared to and sympathized with the ambition of a Mohammed or a Paleologus."

In a little tract, published about twenty years before her death, she indicates her religious creed. After studying the Scriptures carefully—examining the gospels and epistles, and comparing them with one another, which she thinks is all the unlearned can do—she faithfully sets down every passage relating to the divinity and mission of Christ; and, looking to the bearing of the whole, is able to rest her mind upon the Arian doctrine, which supposes Him to be "a most highly-gifted Being, who was with God before the creation of the world, and by whose agency it probably was created, by power derived from Almighty God." That she was no bigoted sectarian in religion, whatever she may once have been in poetry, is pleasingly shown by the following sentences. They occur in a letter to her ever esteemed and admired friend Mrs. Siddons, to whom she had sent a copy of this tract. They do honor to both the ladies:—"You have treated my little book very handsomely, and done all that I wish people to do in regard to it; for you have read the passages from Scripture, I am sure, with attention, and have considered them with candor. That after doing so, your opinions, on the main point, should be different from mine, is no presumption that either of us is in the wrong, or that our humble, sincere faith, though different, will not be equally accepted by the great father and master of us all. Indeed, this tract was less intended for Christians, whose faith is already fixed, than for those who, supposing certain doctrines to be taught in Scripture (which do not, when taken in one general view, appear to be taught there), and which they can not bring their minds to agree to, throw off revealed religion altogether. No part of your note, my dear madam, has pleased me more than that short parenthesis ('for I still hold fast my own faith without wavering'), and long may this be the case! The fruits of that faith, in the course of your much-trying and honorable life, are too good to allow any one to find fault with it."

A VISIT AT MR. WEBSTER'S.*

WE have been much charmed with our visit to Green Harbor, Marshfield, the beautiful domain of Mr. Webster. It is a charming and particularly enjoyable place, almost close to the sea. The beach here is something marvelous, eight miles in breadth, and of splendid, hard, floor-like sand, and when this is covered by the rolling Atlantic, the waves all but come up to the neighboring green, grassy fields. Very high tides cover them.

This house is very prettily fitted up. It strikes me as being partly in the English and partly in the French style, exceedingly comfortable, and with a number of remarkably pretty drawing-rooms opening into one another, which always is a judicious arrangement I think; it makes a party agreeable and informal. There are a variety of pictures and busts by American artists, and some of them are exceedingly good. There is a picture in the chief drawing-room of Mr. Webster's gallant son, who was killed in the Mexican war. The two greatest of America's statesmen each lost a son in that war, Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster. There is also a fine picture of Mr. Webster himself, which, however, though a masterly painting, does not do justice to the distinguished original. It was executed some years ago; but I really think it is not so handsome as the great statesman is now, with his Olympus-like brow, on which are throned such divinities of thought, and with that wonderful countenance of might and majesty.

The dining-room here is a charming apartment, with all its windows opening to the ground, looking on the garden; and it is deliciously cool, protected from the sun by the overshadowing masses of foliage of the most magnificent weeping (American) elms. These colossal trees stand just before the house, and are pre-eminently beautiful: they seem to unite in their own gigantic persons the exquisite and exceeding grace of the weeping willow, with the strength and grandeur of the towering elm. I was told a curious fact last night. Every where, through the length and breadth of the States, the sycamore trees this year are blighted and dying.

The walls of the dining-room are adorned chiefly with English engravings, among which there is one of my father. My bed-room is profusely decorated with prints of different English country houses and castles. The utmost good taste and refinement are perceptible in the arrangements of the house, and a most enchanting place of residence it is. All the domestics of the house are colored persons, which is very seldom indeed the case in this part of the United States. Mr. Webster tells me he considers them the best possible servants, much attached, contented, and grateful, and he added, he would "fearlessly trust them with untold gold." They certainly must be good ones, to judge by the

* From Lady Emeline Stuart Wortley's "Travels in the United States in 1849-50," in the press of Harper and Brothers.

exquisite neatness and order of every thing in the establishment.

Mr. Webster's farm here consists of one thousand five hundred acres: he has a hundred head of cattle.

Mr. F. Webster has been a good deal in India, and he was mentioning the other evening that he was struck, in several of the English schools in that country, by the tone of some political lessons that were taught there. For instance, with regard to freedom and representation of the people, &c.; the natives were forcibly reminded of their own unrepresented state, by questions bearing on the subject—the United States being instanced as an example of almost universal suffrage; Great Britain itself of a less extensive elective franchise; France, of whatever France was then; and Hindostan *especially* pointed out as having nothing of the kind, as if they really wished to make the poor Hindoos discontented with their present state. To be sure they might as well go to Persia and Turkey for their examples. Mr. F. Webster seemed to think the Hindoos were beginning a little to turn their thoughts to such political subjects.

While we were at dinner a day or two ago, a new guest, who had arrived rather late from New York, walked in, being announced as a general. He was a very military-looking man, indeed, with a formidable pair of mustaches. Some turn in the conversation reminding me of the Mexican war, I asked if General — had served in Mexico. Mr. — laughed, and told me he was in the militia, and had never smelt powder in his life.

What enterprising travelers American ladies sometimes are! My Atlantic-crossing performances seem very little in comparison with some of their expeditions. It would not surprise me that any who have ever gone to settle in the far-off portions of the country, and been doomed to undergo such rugged experiences as those described in the American work (by a lady) called "A New Home, Who'll Follow?" should laugh at hardships and discomforts which might reasonably deter less seasoned and experienced travelers; but it must be a very different case with those habituated only to refinements and luxuries. Mr. Webster had told me he had expected for some little time past the arrival of a lady, a relative of his, who had lately left China for the United States; she was to leave her husband in the Celestial flowery land, her intention being, I believe, to see her relatives and friends at home, and then to rejoin him in the course of some months in China.

Like the gallant chieftain spoken of before, she arrived late, and during dinner the doors were thrown open and "Mrs. P——, from China," was announced. She came in, and met her relatives and friends, as quietly as if she had merely made a "petite promenade de quinze jours" (as the French boasted they should do when they went to besiege Antwerp). She seated herself at table, when a few questions were asked relative to her voyage.

"Had you a good passage?"

"Very—altogether."

"How long?"

"About one hundred and three days" (I think this is correct, but I can not answer to a day).

"Pleasant companions?"

"Very much so, and with books the time passed very agreeably."

All this was as quietly discussed as if the passage had been from Dover to Boulogne, and the length of the time of absence a fortnight.

Mr. Webster was good enough to drive me out yesterday, and a most splendid drive we had. At one part, from a rather high eminence, we had a glorious panoramic view: it was really sublime: ocean, forest, hill, valley, promontory, river, field, glade, and hollow, were spread before us; altogether they formed a truly magnificent prospect. One almost seemed to be looking into boundless space. We paused at this spot a little while to admire the beautiful scene. How meet a companion the giant Atlantic seemed for that mighty mind, to some of whose noble sentiments I had just been listening with delight and veneration, and yet how far beyond the widest sweep of ocean, is the endless expanse of the immortal intellect—time-overcoming—creation-compelling!

However, while I was thus up in the clouds, they (condescendingly determining, I suppose, to return my call) suddenly came down upon us, and unmercifully. St. Swithin! what a rain it was! The Atlantic is a beautiful object to look at, but when either he, or some cousin-german above, takes it into his head to act the part of shower-bath-extraordinary to you, it is not so pleasant. My thoughts immediately fled away from ocean (except the *descending* one), forest, hill, dale, and all the circumjacent scenery, to centre ignominiously on my bonnet, to say nothing of the tip of my nose, which was drenched and drowned completely in a half second. My vail—humble defense against the fury of the elements!—accommodated its dripping self to the features of my face, like the black mask of some desperate burglar, driven against it, also, by the wind, that blew a "few," I can assure the reader.

How Mr. Webster contrived to drive, I know not, but drive he did, at a good pace too, for "after us," indeed, was "the deluge;" I could scarcely see him; a wall of water separated us, but ever and anon I heard faintly, through the hissing, and splashing, and lashing, and pattering of the big rain, his deep, sonorous voice, recommending me to keep my cloak well about me, which no mortal cloak of any spirit will ever allow you to do at such needful moments—not it! "My kingdom for a pin."

When we arrived at Green Harbour, we found Mrs. Webster very anxious for the poor rain-beaten wayfarers. She took every kind care of me, and, except a very slight *soupçon* of a cold, the next morning, I did not suffer any inconvenience. Mr. Webster had complained of not being very well before (I think a slight attack

of hay-asthma), but I was glad to meet him soon afterward at dinner, not at all the worse for the tempestuous drive; and for my part, I could most cordially thank him for the glorious panorama he had shown me, and the splendid drive through what seemed almost interminable woods: and (since we had got safely through it), I was not sorry to have witnessed the very excellent imitation of the Flood which had been presented before (and some of it into) my astonished eyes. Mr. Webster told me the drive through the woods would have been extended, but for the rain, ten miles!

I can not describe to you the almost adoration with which Mr. Webster is regarded in New England. The newspapers chronicle his every movement, and constantly contain anecdotes respecting him, and he invariably is treated with the greatest respect by every body, and, in fact, his intellectual greatness seems all but worshiped. Massachusetts boasts, with a commendable pride and exultation, that he is one of her children. A rather curious anecdote has been going the round of the papers lately. It appears Mr. Webster was at Martha's Vineyard a short time ago, and he drove up to the door of the principal hotel, at Edgartown, the capital, accompanied by some of his family, and attended, as usual, by his colored servants. Now, it must be observed that Mr. Webster has a swarthy, almost South-Spanish complexion, and when he put his head out of the window and inquired for apartments, the keeper of the hotel, casting dismayed glances, first at the domestics of different shades of sable and mahogany, and then at the fine dark face of Mr. Webster, excused himself from providing them with accommodation, declaring he made it a rule never to receive any *colored persons*. (This in New England, if the tale be true!) The great statesman and his family were about to seek for accommodation elsewhere—thinking the hotel-keeper alluded to his servants—when the magical name of "glorious Dan" becoming known, mine host, penitent and abashed, after profuse apologies, intreated him to honor his house with his presence. "All's well that ends well."

One can not wonder at the Americans' extreme admiration of the genius and the statesman-like qualities of their distinguished countryman, his glorious and electrifying eloquence, his great powers of ratiocination, his solid judgment, his stores of knowledge, and his large and comprehensive mind—a mind of that real expansion and breadth which, heaven knows, too few public men can boast of.

THE JEWELLED WATCH.

AMONG the many officers who, at the close of the Peninsular war, retired on half-pay, was Captain Dutton of the —th regiment. He had lately married the pretty, portionless daughter of a deceased brother officer; and filled with romantic visions of rural bliss and "love in a cottage," the pair, who were equally unskilled

in the practical details of housekeeping, fancied they could live in affluence, and enjoy all the luxuries of life, on the half-pay which formed their sole income.

They took up their abode near a pleasant town in the south of England, and for a time got on pretty well; but when at the end of the first year a sweet little boy made his appearance, and at the end of the second an equally sweet little girl, they found that nursemaids, baby-linen, doctors, and all the etceteras appertaining to the introduction and support of these baby-visitors, formed a serious item in their yearly expenditure.

For a while they struggled on without falling into debt; but at length their giddy feet slipped into that vortex which has engulfed so many, and their affairs began to assume a very gloomy aspect. About this time an adventurer named Smith, with whom Captain Dutton became casually acquainted, and whose plausible manners and appearance completely imposed on the frank, unsuspecting soldier, proposed to him a plan for insuring, as he represented it, a large and rapid fortune. This was to be effected by embarking considerable capital in the manufacture of some new kind of spirit-lamps, which Smith assured the captain would, when once known, supersede the use of candles and oil-lamps throughout the kingdom.

To hear him descant on the marvelous virtues and money-making qualities of his lamp, one would be inclined to take him for the lineal descendant of Aladdin, and inheritor of that scampish individual's precious heirloom. Our modern magician, however, candidly confessed that he still wanted the "slave of the lamp," or, in other words, ready money, to set the invention a-going; and he at length succeeded in persuading the unlucky captain to sell out of the army, and invest the price of his commission in this luminous venture. If Captain Dutton had refused to pay the money until he should be able to pronounce correctly the name of the invention, he would have saved his cash, at the expense probably of a semi-dislocation of his jaws; for the lamp rejoiced in an eight syllabled title, of which each vocable belonged to a different tongue—the first being Greek, the fourth Syriac, and the last taken from the aboriginal language of New Zealand; the intervening sounds believed to be respectively akin to Latin, German, Sanscrit, and Malay. Notwithstanding, however, this *prestige* of a name, the lamp was a decided failure: its light was brilliant enough; but the odor it exhaled in burning was so overpowering, so suggestive of an evil origin, so every way abominable, that those adventurous purchasers who tried it once, seldom submitted their olfactory nerves to a second ordeal. The sale and manufacture of the lamp and its accompanying spirit were carried on by Mr. Smith alone in one of the chief commercial cities of England, he having kindly arranged to take all the trouble off his partner's hands, and only requiring him to furnish the

necessary funds. For some time the accounts of the business transmitted to Captain Dutton were most flourishing, and he and his gentle wife fondly thought they were about to realize a splendid fortune for their little ones; but at length they began to feel anxious for the arrival of the cent.-per-cent. profits which had been promised, but which never came; and Mr. Smith's letters suddenly ceasing, his partner one morning set off to inspect the scene of operations.

Arrived at L——, he repaired to the street where the manufactory was situated, and found it shut up! Mr. Smith had gone off to America, considerably in debt to those who had been foolish enough to trust him; and leaving more rent due on the premises than the remaining stock in trade of the unpronounceable lamp would pay. As to the poor ex-captain, he returned to his family a ruined man.

But strength is often found in the depths of adversity, courage in despair; and both our hero and his wife set resolutely to work to support themselves and their children. Happily they owed no debts. On selling out, Captain Dutton had honorably paid every farthing he owed in the world before intrusting the remainder of his capital to the unprincipled Smith; and now this upright conduct was its own reward.

He wrote a beautiful hand, and while seeking some permanent employment, earned a trifle occasionally by copying manuscripts, and engrossing in an attorney's office. His wife worked diligently with her needle; but the care of a young family, and the necessity of dispensing with a servant, hindered her from adding much to their resources. Notwithstanding their extreme poverty, they managed to preserve a decent appearance, and to prevent even their neighbors from knowing the straits to which they were often reduced. Their little cottage was always exquisitely clean and neat; and the children, despite of scanty clothing, and often insufficient food, looked as they were, the sons and daughters of a gentleman.

It was Mrs. Dutton's pride to preserve the respectable appearance of her husband's wardrobe; and often did she work till midnight at turning his coat and darning his linen, that he might appear as usual among his equals. She often urged him to visit his former acquaintances, who had power to befriend him, and solicit their interest in obtaining some permanent employment; but the soldier, who was as brave as a lion when facing the enemy, shrank with the timidity of a girl from exposing himself to the humiliation of a refusal, and could not bear to confess his urgent need. He had too much delicacy to press his claims; he was too proud to be importunate; and so others succeeded where he failed.

It happened that the general under whom he had served, and who had lost sight of him since his retirement from the service, came to spend a few months at the watering-place near which

the Duttons resided, and hired for the season a handsome furnished house. Walking one morning on the sands, in a disconsolate mood, our hero saw, with surprise, his former commander approaching; and with a sudden feeling of false shame, he tried to avoid a recognition. But the quick eye of General Vernon was not to be eluded, and intercepting him with an outstretched hand, he exclaimed—"What, Dutton! is that you? It seems an age since we met. Living in this neighborhood, eh?"

"Yes, general; I have been living here since I retired from the service."

"And you sold out, I think—to please the mistress, I suppose, Dutton? Ah! these ladies have a great deal to answer for. Tell Mrs. Dutton I shall call on her some morning, and read her a lecture for taking you from us."

Poor Dutton's look of confusion, as he pictured the general's visit surprising his wife in the performance of her menial labors, rather surprised the veteran; but its true cause did not occur to him. He had had a great regard for Dutton, considering him one of the best and bravest officers under his command, and was sincerely pleased at meeting him again; so, after a ten minutes' colloquy, during the progress of which the ex-soldier, like a war-horse who pricks up his ears at the sound of the trumpet, became gay and animated, as old associations of the camp and field came back on him, the general shook him heartily by the hand, and said—"You'll dine with me to-morrow, Dutton, and meet a few of your old friends? Come, I'll take no excuse; you must not turn hermit on our hands."

At first Dutton was going to refuse, but on second thoughts accepted the invitation, not having, indeed, any good reason to offer for declining it. Having taken leave of the general, therefore, he proceeded toward home, and announced their rencontre to his wife. She, poor woman, immediately took out his well-saved suit, and occupied herself in repairing, as best she might, the cruel ravages of time; as well as in starching and ironing an already snowy shirt to the highest degree of perfection.

Next day, in due time, he arrived at General Vernon's handsome temporary dwelling, and received a cordial welcome. A dozen guests, civilians as well as soldiers, sat down to a splendid banquet. After dinner, the conversation happened to turn on the recent improvements in arts and manufactures; and comparisons were drawn between the relative talent for invention displayed by artists of different countries. Watch-making happening to be mentioned as one of the arts which had during late years been wonderfully improved, the host desired his valet to fetch a most beautiful little watch, a perfect *chef-d'œuvre* of workmanship, which he had lately purchased in Paris; and which was less valuable for its richly jeweled case, than for the exquisite perfection of the mechanism it enshrined. The trinket passed from hand to hand, and was greatly admired by the guests:

then the conversation turned on other topics, and many subjects were discussed, until they adjourned to the drawing-room to take coffee.

After sitting there a while, the general suddenly recollected his watch, and ringing for his valet, desired him to take it from the dining-room table, where it had been left, and restore it to its proper place. In a few moments the servant returned, looking somewhat frightened: he could not find the watch. General Vernon, surprised, went himself to search, but was not more fortunate.

"Perhaps, sir, you or one of the company may have carried it by mistake into the drawing-room?"

"I think not; but we will try."

Another search, in which all the guests joined, but without avail.

"What I fear," said the general, "is that some one by chance may tread upon and break it.

General Vernon was a widower, and this costly trinket was intended as a present to his only child, a daughter, who had lately married a wealthy baronet.

"We will none of us leave this room until it is found!" exclaimed one of the gentlemen with ominous emphasis.

"That decision," said a young man, who was engaged that night to a ball, "might quarter us on our host for an indefinite time. I propose a much more speedy and satisfactory expedient: let us all be searched."

This suggestion was received with laughter and acclamations; and the young man, presenting himself as the first victim, was searched by the valet, who, for the nonce, enacted the part of custom-house officer. The general, who at first opposed this piece of practical pleasantry, ended by laughing at it; and each new inspection of pockets produced fresh bursts of mirth. Captain Dutton alone took no share in what was going on: his hand trembled, his brow darkened, and he stood as much apart as possible. At length his turn came; the other guests had all displayed the contents of their pockets, so with one accord, and amid renewed laughter, they surrounded him, exclaiming that he must be the guilty one, as he was the last. The captain, pale and agitated, muttered some excuses, unheard amid the uproar.

"Now for it, Johnson!" cried one to the valet.

"Johnson, we're watching you!" said another; "produce the culprit."

The servant advanced; but Dutton crossing his arms on his breast, declared in an agitated voice, that, except by violence, no one should lay a hand on him. A very awkward silence ensued, which the general broke by saying: "Captain Dutton is right; this child's play has lasted long enough. I claim exemption for him and for myself."

Dutton, trembling and unable to speak, thanked his kind host by a grateful look, and then took an early opportunity of withdrawing;

General Vernon did not make the slightest remark on his departure, and the remaining guests, through politeness, imitated his reserve; but the mirth of the evening was gone, every face looked anxious, and the host himself seemed grave and thoughtful.

Captain Dutton spent some time in wandering restlessly on the sands before he returned home. It was late when he entered the cottage, and his wife could not repress an exclamation of affright when she saw his pale and troubled countenance.

"What has happened?" cried she.

"Nothing," replied her husband, throwing himself on a chair, and laying a small packet on the table. "You have cost me very dear," he said, addressing it. In vain did his wife try to soothe him, and obtain an explanation. "Not now, Jane," he said; "to-morrow we shall see. To-morrow I will tell you all."

Early next morning he went to General Vernon's house. Although he walked resolutely, his mind was sadly troubled. How could he present himself? In what way would he be received? How could he speak to the general without risking the reception of some look or word which he could never pardon? The very meeting with Johnson was to be dreaded.

He knocked; another servant opened the door, and instantly gave him admission. "This man, at all events," he thought, "knows nothing of what has passed." Will the general receive him? Yes; he is ushered into his dressing-room. Without daring to raise his eyes, the poor man began to speak in a low hurried voice.

"General Vernon, you thought my conduct strange last night; and painful and humiliating as its explanation will be, I feel it due to you and to myself to make it—"

His auditor tried to speak, but Dutton went on, without heeding the interruption. "My misery is at its height: that is my only excuse. My wife and our four little ones are actually starving!"

"My friend!" cried the general with emotion. But Dutton proceeded.

"I can not describe my feelings yesterday while seated at your luxurious table. I thought of my poor Jane, depriving herself of a morsel of bread to give it to her baby; of my little pale thin Annie, whose delicate appetite rejects the coarse food which is all we can give her; and in an evil hour I transferred two *pâtés* from my plate to my pocket, thinking they would tempt my little darling to eat. I should have died of shame had these things been produced from my pocket, and your guests and servant made witnesses of my cruel poverty. Now, general, you know all; and but for the fear of being suspected by you of a crime, my distress should never have been known!"

"A life of unblemished honor," replied his friend, "has placed you above the reach of suspicion; besides, look here!" And he showed the missing watch. "It is I," continued he, "who must ask pardon of you all. In a fit of

absence I had dropped it into my waistcoat pocket, where, in Johnson's presence, I discovered it while undressing."

"If I had only known!" murmured poor Dutton.

"Don't regret what has occurred," said the general, pressing his hand kindly. "It has been the means of acquainting me with what you should never have concealed from an old friend, who, please God, will find some means to serve you."

In a few days Captain Dutton received another invitation to dine with the general. All the former guests were assembled, and their host, with ready tact, took occasion to apologize for his strange forgetfulness about the watch. Captain Dutton found a paper within the folds of his napkin: it was his nomination to an honorable and lucrative post, which insured competence and comfort to himself and his family.

NEW PROOF OF THE EARTH'S ROTATION.

"THE earth does move notwithstanding," whispered Galileo, leaving the dungeon of the Inquisition: by which he meant his friends to understand, that if the earth did move, the fact would remain so in spite of his punishment. But a less orthodox assembly than the conclave of Cardinals might have been staggered by the novelty of the new philosophy. According to Laplace, the apparent diurnal phenomena of the heavens would be the same either from the revolution of the sun or the earth; and more than one reason made strongly in favor of the prevalent opinion that the earth, not the sun, was stationary. First, it was most agreeable to the impression of the senses; and next, to disbelieve in the fixity of the solid globe, was not only to eject from its pride of place our little planet, but to disturb the long-cherished sentiment that we ourselves are the centre—the be-all and end-all of the universe. However, the truth will out; and this is its great distinction from error, that while every new discovery adds to its strength, falsehood is weakened and at last driven from the field.

That the earth revolves round the sun, and rotates on its polar axis, have long been the settled canons of our system. But the rotation of the earth has been rendered *visible* by a practical demonstration, which has drawn much attention in Paris, and is beginning to excite interest in this country. The inventor is M. Foucault; and the following description has been given of the mode of proof:

"At the centre of the dome of the Panthéon a fine wire is attached, from which a sphere of metal, four or five inches in diameter, is suspended so as to hang near the floor of the building. This apparatus is put in vibration after the manner of a pendulum. Under and concentric with it, is placed a circular table, some twenty feet in diameter, the circumference of which is divided into degrees, minutes, &c., and the divisions numbered. Now, supposing the

earth to have the diurnal motion imputed to it, and which explains the phenomena of day and night, the plane in which this pendulum vibrates will not be affected by this motion, but the table over which the pendulum is suspended will continually change its position in virtue of the diurnal motion, so as to make a complete revolution round its centre. Since, then, the table thus revolves, and the pendulum which vibrates over it does not revolve, the consequence is, that a line traced upon the table by a point projecting from the bottom of the ball will change its direction relatively to the table from minute to minute and from hour to hour, so that if such point were a pencil, and that paper were spread upon the table, the course formed by this pencil would form a system of lines radiating from the centre of the table. The practiced eye of a correct observer, especially if aided by a proper optical instrument, may actually see the motion which the table has in common with the earth under the pendulum between two successive vibrations. It is, in fact, apparent that the ball, or rather the point attached to the bottom of the ball, does not return precisely to the same point of the circumference of the table after two successive vibrations. Thus is rendered visible the motion which the table has in common with the earth."

Crowds are said to flock daily to the Panthéon to witness this interesting experiment. It has been successfully repeated at the Russell Institution, and preparations are being made in some private houses for the purpose. A lofty staircase or room twelve or fourteen feet high would suffice; but the dome of St. Paul's, or, as suggested by Mr. Sylvestre in the *Times*, the transept of the Crystal Palace, offers the most eligible site. The table would make its revolution at the rate of 15° per hour. Explanations, however, will be necessary from lecturers and others who give imitations of M. Foucault's ingenuity, to render it intelligible to those unacquainted with mathematics, or with the laws of gravity and spherical motion. For instance, it will not be readily understood by every one why the pendulum should vibrate in the same plane, and not partake of the earth's rotation in common with the table; but this could be *shown* with a bullet suspended by a silk-worm's thread. Next, the apparent horizontal revolution of the table round its centre will be incomprehensible to many, as representative of its own and the earth's motion round its axis. Perhaps Mr. Wyld's colossal globe will afford opportunities for simplifying these perplexities to the unlearned.

The pendulum is indeed an extraordinary instrument, and has been a useful handmaid to science. We are familiar with it as the time-regulator of our clocks, and the ease with which they may be made to go faster or slower by adjusting its length. But neither this nor the Panthéon elucidation constitutes its sole application. By it the latitude may be approximately ascertained, the density of the earth's strata in

different places, and its elliptical eccentricity of figure. The noble Florentine already quoted was its inventor; and it is related of Galileo, while a boy, that he was the first to observe how the height of the vaulted roof of a church might be measured by the times of the vibration of the chandeliers suspended at different altitudes. Were the earth perforated from London to our antipodes, and the air exhausted, a ball dropped through would at the centre acquire a velocity sufficient to carry it to the opposite side, whence it would again descend, and so oscillate forward and backward from one side of the globe's surface to the other in the manner of a pendulum. Very likely the Cardinals of the Vatican would deem this heresy, or "flat blasphemy."

To clearly appreciate the following popular explanation, it will be necessary for the reader to convince himself of one property of the pendulum, viz., that of constantly vibrating in the same plane. Let it be imagined that a pendulum is suspended over a common table, the parts bearing the pendulum being also attached to the table. Suppose, also, that the table can move freely on its centre like a music-stool: the pendulum being put in motion will continue to move in the same plane between the eye and any object on the walls of the room, although the table is made to revolve, and during one revolution will have radiated through the whole circumference. A few moments' reflection are only necessary to prove this

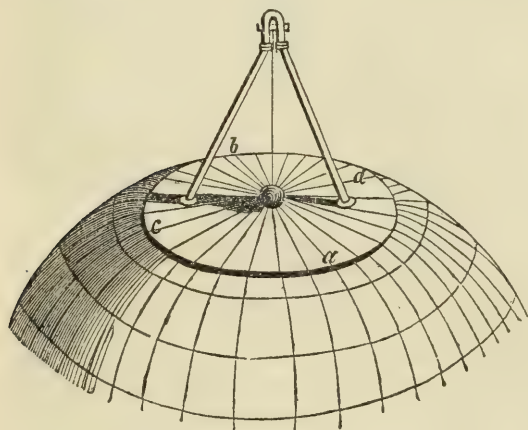


FIGURE 1.

The above figure represents a plane or table on the top of a globe, or at the north pole of the earth. To this table are fixed two rods, from which is suspended a pendulum, moving freely in any direction. The pendulum is made to vibrate in the path *a b*; it will continue to vibrate in this line, and have no apparent circular or angular motion until the globe revolves, when it will appear to have vibrated through the entire circle, to an object fixed on the table and moving with it. It is scarcely necessary to say the circular motion of the pendulum is only apparent, since it is the table that revolves—the apparent motion of the pendulum in a circle being the same as the apparent motion of the land to a person on board ship, or the recession of the earth to a person in a balloon. The pendulum vibrates always in the same

plane at the pole, and in planes parallel to each other at any intermediate point.

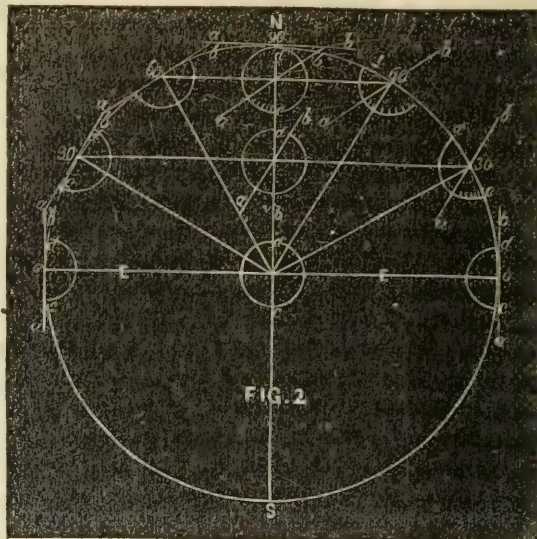


Fig. 2 represents the earth or a globe revolving once in twenty-four hours on its axis (*s n*). It is divided, on its upper half, by lines parallel to each other, representing the latitudes 60 degrees, 30 degrees, and the equator, where the latitude is nothing. The lines *a b*, at 90, 60, 30, and 0 represent the planes of those latitudes; or, in more familiar terms, tables, over which a pendulum is supposed to vibrate, and moving with them in their revolutions round the axis (*s n*). This being clearly understood, the next object is to show how the pendulum moves round the tables, for each of the latitudes; also to show the gradual diminution of its circular motion as it approaches the equator (*e e*), where, as was before observed, the latitude is nothing.

A pendulum vibrating over the plane, or table (*a b*), on the top of the globe, has been already shown (by Fig. 1) to go round the entire circle in twenty-four hours; or to have an angular velocity of 90, or quarter of a circle, in six hours. The plane (*a b*), at 60, has an inclination to the axis (*s n*), which will cause a pendulum vibrating over it to move through its circumference at a diminished rate. This will be shown by reference to the figure. The globe is revolving in the direction from left to right; the pendulum is vibrating over the line *a b*, which, at all times during its course, is parallel with the first path of vibration. The plane may now be supposed to have moved during six hours, or to have gone through a quarter of an entire revolution, equal to 90; but the pendulum has only moved from *c* to *a*, considerably less than 90. Again, if the plane is carried another six hours, making together 180, the Figure shows the pendulum to have moved only from *c* to *a*, considerably less than 180. The same remarks apply to the lower latitude of 30, where, it will be seen, the circular, or angular motion of the pendulum, is considerably slower than in the latitude of 60, continuing to diminish, until it becomes nothing at the equator, where it is clearly shown by the Figure to be always parallel to itself, and constant over its path of vibration through the entire circle.

ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR.*

I NOW took a long farewell of the horses, and turned northward, selecting a line close in by the base of the hills, going along at an improved pace, with a view of reaching the trading-post the same night; but stopping in a gully to look for water, I found a little pool, evidently scratched out by a bear, as there were foot-prints and claw-marks about it; and I was aware instinct prompts that brute where water is nearest the surface, when he scratches until he comes to it. This was one of very large size, the foot-mark behind the toes being full nine inches; and although I had my misgivings about the prudence of a *tête-à-tête* with a great grizzly bear, still the "better part of valor" was overcome, as it often is, by the anticipated honor and glory of a single combat, and conquest of such a ferocious beast. I was well armed, too, with my favorite rifle, a Colt's revolver, that never disappointed me, and a nondescript weapon, a sort of cross betwixt a claymore and a bowie-knife; so, after capping afresh, hanging the bridle on the horn of the saddle, and, staking my mule, I followed the trail up a gully, and much sooner than I expected came within view and good shooting distance of Bruin, who was seated erect, with his side toward me, in front of a manzanita bush, making a repast on his favorite berry.

The sharp click of the cock causing him to turn quickly round, left little time for deliberation; so, taking a ready good aim at the region of the heart, I let drive, the ball (as I subsequently found) glancing along the ribs, entering the armpit, and shattering smartly some of the shoulder bones. I exulted as I saw him stagger and come to his side; the next glance, however, revealed him, to my dismay, on all fours, in direct pursuit, but going lame; so I bolted for the mule, sadly encumbered with a huge pair of Mexican spurs, the nervous noise of the crushing brush close in my rear convincing me he was fast gaining on me; I therefore dropped my rifle, putting on fresh steam, and reaching the rope, pulled up the picket-pin, and springing into the saddle with merely a hold of the lariat, plunged the spurs into the mule, which, much to my affright produced a kick and a retrograde movement; but in the exertion having got a glimpse of my pursuer, uttering a snort of terror, he went off at a pace I did not think him capable of, soon widening the distance betwixt us and the bear; but having no means of guiding his motions, he brought me violently in contact with the arm of a tree, which unhorsed and stunned me exceedingly. Scrambling to my feet as well as I could, I saw my relentless enemy close at hand, leaving me the only alternative of ascending a tree; but, in my hurried and nervous efforts, I had scarcely my feet above his reach, when he was right under, evidently enfeebled by the loss of blood, as the exertion made it well out copiously. After

a moment's pause, and a fierce glare upward from his blood-shot eyes, he clasped the trunk; but I saw his endeavors to climb were crippled by the wounded shoulder. However, by the aid of his jaws, he just succeeded in reaching the first branch with his sound arm, and was working convulsively to bring up the body, when, with a well-directed blow from my cutlass, I completely severed the tendons of the foot, and he instantly fell with a dreadful souse and horrific growl, the blood spouting up as if impelled from a jet; he rose again somewhat tardily, and limping round the tree with upturned eyes, kept tearing off the bark with his tusks. However, watching my opportunity, and leaning downward, I sent a ball from my revolver with such good effect immediately behind the head, that he dropped; and my nerves being now rather more composed, I leisurely distributed the remaining five balls in the most vulnerable parts of his carcase.

By this time I saw the muscular system totally relaxed, so I descended with confidence, and found him quite dead, and myself not a little enervated with the excitement and the effects of my wound, which bled profusely from the temple; so much so, that I thought an artery was ruptured. I bound up my head as well as I could, loaded my revolver anew, and returned for my rifle; but as evening was approaching, and my mule gone, I had little time to survey the dimensions of my fallen foe, and no means of packing much of his flesh. I therefore hastily hacked off a few steaks from his thigh, and hewing off one of his hind feet as a sure trophy of victory, I set out toward the trading-post, which I reached about midnight, my friend and my truant mule being there before me, but no horses.

I exhibited the foot of my fallen foe in great triumph, and described the conflict with due emphasis and effect to the company, who arose to listen; after which I made a transfer of the flesh to the traders, on condition that there was not to be any charge for the hotel or the use of the mule. There was an old experienced French trapper of the party, who, judging from the size of the foot, set down the weight of the bear at 1500 lbs., which, he said they frequently overrun, he himself, as well as Colonel Frémont's exploring party, having killed several that came to 2000 lbs. He advised me, should I again be pursued by a bear, and have no other means of escape, to ascend a small-girthed tree, which they can not get up, for, not having any central joint in the fore-legs, they can not climb any with a branchless stem that does not fully fill their embrace; and in the event of not being able to accomplish the ascent before my pursuer overtook me, to place my back against it, when, if it and I did not constitute a bulk capable of filling his hug, I might have time to rip out his entrails before he could kill me, being in a most favorable posture for the operation. They do not generally use their mouth in the destruction of their victims, but, hugging them closely, lift

* From Kelly's "Excursion to California."

one of the hind-feet, which are armed with tremendous claws, and tear out the bowels. The Frenchman's advice reads rationally enough, and is a feasible theory on the art of evading unbearable compression; but, unfortunately, in the haunts of that animal those slim juvenile saplings are rarely met with, and a person closely confronted with such a grizzly *vis-à-vis* is not exactly in a tone of nerve for surgical operations.

A VISIT TO THE NORTH CAPE.

HAVING hired an open boat and a crew of three hands, I left Hammerfest at nine P.M., July 2, 1850, to visit the celebrated Nordkap. The boat was one of the peculiar Nordland build—very long, narrow, sharp, but strongly built, with both ends shaped alike, and excellently adapted either for rowing or sailing. We had a strong head-wind from northeast at starting, and rowed across the harbor to the spot where the house of the British consul, Mr. Robertson, a Scotchman, is situated, near to the little battery (*fastning*) which was erected to defend the approach to Hammerfest, subsequently to the atrocious seizure of the place by two English ships during the last war. Mr. Robertson kindly lent me a number of reindeer skins to lie on at the bottom of the boat; and spreading them on the rough stones we carried for ballast, I was thus provided with an excellent bed. I have slept for a fortnight at a time on reindeer skins, and prefer them to any feather bed. Mr. Robertson warned me that I should find it bitterly cold at sea, and expressed surprise at my light clothing; but I smiled, and assured him that my hardy wandering life had habituated me to bear exposure of every kind with perfect impunity. By an ingenious contrivance of a very long tiller, the pilot steered with one hand and rowed with the other, and we speedily cleared the harbor, and crept round the coast of Qual Oe (Whale-Island), on which Hammerfest is situated. About midnight, when the sun was shining a considerable way above the horizon, the view of a solitary little rock, in the ocean ahead, bathed in a flood of crimson glory, was most impressive. We proceeded with a tolerable wind until six in the morning, when heavy squalls of wind and torrents of rain began to beat upon us, forcing us to run, about two hours afterward, into Havöund; a very narrow strait between the island of Havöe and the mainland of Finmark. As it was impossible to proceed in such a tempest, we ran the boat to a landing-place in front of the summer residence of Herr Ulich, a great magnate in Finmark. This is undoubtedly the most northern gentleman's house in the world. It is a large, handsome, wooden building, painted white, and quite equal in appearance to the better class of villas in the North. The family only reside there during the three summer months; and extensive warehouses for the trade in dried cod or stockfish, &c. are attached. My crew obtained shelter in an outbuilding, and I unhesitatingly sought the

hospitality of the mansion. Herr Ulich himself was absent, being at his house at Hammerfest, but his amiable lady, and her son and two daughters, received me with a frank cordiality as great as though I were an old friend; and in a few minutes I was thoroughly at home. Here I found a highly accomplished family, surrounded with the luxuries and refinements of civilization, dwelling amid the wildest solitudes, and so near the North Cape, that it can be distinctly seen from their house in clear weather. Madame Ulich and her daughters spoke nothing but Norwegian; but the son, a very intelligent young man of about nineteen, spoke English very well. He had recently returned from a two years' residence at Archangel, where the merchants of Finmark send their sons to learn the Russian language, as it is of vital importance for their trading interests—the greater portion of the trade of Finmark being with the White-Sea districts, which supply them with meal and other necessities in exchange for stockfish, &c. Near as they were to the North Cape, it was a singular fact that Herr Ulich and his son had only once visited it; and the former had resided ten years at Havöund—not more than twenty-five miles distant—ere that visit took place! They said that very few travelers visited the Cape; and, strange to say, the majority are French and Italians.

I declined to avail myself of the pressing offer of a bed, and spent the morning in conversation with this very interesting family. They had a handsome drawing-room, containing a grand colossal bust in bronze of Louis-Philippe, King of the French. The ex-king, about fifty-five years ago, when a wandering exile (under the assumed name of Müller) visited the North Cape. He experienced hospitality from many residents in Finmark, and he had slept in this very room; but the house itself then stood on Maas Island, a few miles further north. Many years ago, the present proprietor removed the entire structure to Havöe; and his son assured me the room itself was preserved almost exactly as it was when Louis Philippe used it, though considerable additions and improvements have been made to other parts of the house. About sixteen years ago, Paul Garnard, the president of the commission shortly afterward sent by the French government to explore Greenland and Iceland, called on Herr Ulich, and said he was instructed by the king to ask what present he would prefer from his majesty as a memorial of his visit to the North. A year afterward, the corvette of war, *La Recherche*, on its way to Iceland, &c. put into Havöund, and left the bust in question, as the express gift of the king. It is a grand work of art, executed in the finest style, and is intrinsically very valuable, although of course the circumstances under which it became Herr Ulich's property add inestimably to its worth in his eyes. The latter gentleman is himself a remarkable specimen of the highly-educated Norwegian. He has traveled over all Europe, and speaks, more or less, most civilized

languages. On my return to Hammerfest I enjoyed the pleasure of his society, and his eager hospitality; and he favored me with an introduction for the Norwegian states minister at Stockholm. I merely mention these things to show the warm-hearted kindness which even an unintroduced, unknown traveler may experience in the far North. Herr Ulich has resided twenty-five years at Havörsund; and he says he thinks that not more than six English travelers have visited the North Cape within twenty years—that is to say, by way of Hammerfest; but parties of English gentlemen occasionally proceed direct in their yachts.

Fain would my new friends have delayed my departure; but, wind and tide serving, I resumed my voyage at noon, promising to call on my return. In sailing through the sound, I noticed a neat little wooden church, the most northern in Finmark. A minister preaches in it to the Fins and Laps at intervals, which depend much on the state of the weather; but I believe once a month in summer. The congregation come from a circle of immense extent. If I do not err, Mr. Robert Chambers mentions in his tour having met with the clergyman of this wild parish.

Passing Maas Oe, we sailed across an open arm of the sea, and reached the coast of Mager Oe, the island on which the North Cape is situated. Mager Oe is perhaps twenty miles long by a dozen broad, and is separated from the extreme northern mainland of Finmark by Magerörsund. Although a favorable wind blew, my crew persisted in running into a harbor here, where there is a very extensive fish-curing establishment, called Gjesvohr, belonging to Messrs Agaard of Hammerfest. There are several houses, sheds, &c., and immense tiers of the split stockfish drying across horizontal poles. At this time about two hundred people were employed, and one or two of the singular three-masted White-Sea ships were in the harbor, with many Finmark fishing-boats. The water was literally black with droves of young cod, which might have been killed by dozens as they basked near the surface. My men loitered hour after hour; but as I was most anxious to visit the North Cape when the midnight sun illumined it, I induced them to proceed.

On resuming our voyage, we coasted along the shore, which was one mass of savage, precipitous rock, until the black massive Cape loomed very distinctly in the horizon. I landed at a bluff headland called Tunces, and collected a few flowers growing in crevices in the rock. A little beyond that, in Sandbugt, a fragment of wreck was discernible, and I ordered the boat to be pulled toward it. It proved to be a portion of the keel of a large ship, about fifty feet long, and much worn. It had evidently been hauled on the reefs by some fishermen, and the fortunate salvors had placed their rude marks upon it. I mused over this fragment of wreck, which was mutely eloquent with melancholy suggestiveness. How many prayers had

gone forth with the unknown ship! how many fathers, brothers, sisters, lovers, and unconscious widows and orphans, might at that moment be hoping against hope for her return! To what port did she belong? In what remote ocean had she met her doom? Perchance this keel had been borne by wind and tide from some region of thick-ribbed ice, and was the only relic to tell of the dark fate of a gallant bark and brave crew! Alas, what a thrilling history might that weed-tangled piece of wood be linked with, and what food did it supply for the wanderer's imagination!

Resuming the voyage, we came to a long promontory of solid rock, stretching far into the sea, where it tapers down to the level of the water. It is called Kniuskjærødden; and I particularly draw attention to it for the following reason: at Hammerfest the consul favored me with an inspection of the charts recently published by the Norwegian government, from express surveys by scientific officers of their navy. The instant I cast my eye over the one containing Mager Oe, I perceived that Kniuskjærødden was set down *further north than the North Cape itself!* The consul said that such was the actual fact, though he will not consent to its disputing the legitimacy of the ancient fame which the Cape worthily enjoys; since it is merely a low, narrow projection, of altogether insignificant character. I walked to its extremity, and narrowly escaped being washed by the roaring breakers into the deep transparent sea.

Rounding Kniuskjærødden, the North Cape burst in all its sunlit grandeur on my delighted view. It was now a dead calm, and my vikings pulled very slowly across the grand bay of Kniusværig, to afford me an opportunity of sketching the object, which is one enormous mass of solid rock, upward of a thousand feet in elevation. I can compare it to nothing more fitly than the keep of a castle of a tremendous size; for it very gently tapers upward from the base, and presents a surface marvelously resembling time-worn masonry. The front approaches the perpendicular, and so does much of the western side also. The color of this mighty rock is a dark, shining, speckled gray, relieved by dazzling masses of snow lying in the gigantic fissures, which seem to have been riven by some dread convulsion. The impression I felt as the boat glided beneath its shadow was one of thrilling awe; for its magnificent stern proportions—its colossal magnitude—its position as the lonely, unchanging sentinel of nature, which for countless ages has stood forth as the termination of the European continent, frowning defiance to the maddening fury of the mystic Arctic Queen—all combine to invest it with associations and attributes of overpowering majesty. My ideas of its sublimity were more than realized; and as I landed on its base, in the blaze of the midnight sun, I felt an emotion of proud joy, that my long-feasted hope of gazing upon it at such an hour, and under such circumstances, was literally fulfilled.

The only place where a landing can be effected is on the western side, about a mile and a half from the head of the Cape; and it is usual for those who ascend it to go many miles round from this starting-place to gain the summit, because a direct upward ascent is considered impracticable. But having much confidence in my climbing capabilities, I resolved to adventure the latter feat; and although burdened with my sea-cloak and other things, I instantly commenced the task, leaving the crew to slumber in the boat until my return. I found the whole of the western side, opposite the landing-place, clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation to the height of about a hundred yards. There were myriads of flowers, including exquisite white violets with hairy stems; purple, red, and white star-flowers; the beautiful large yellow cup-flower, growing on stems two feet high, and called by the Norwegians *knap-sullen-öie-blomster* (literally, button-sun-eye-flower); and many other varieties of species unknown to me. There were also several kinds of dwarf shrubs, including the juniper, then in green berry. Butterflies and insects flitted gayly from flower to flower. After resting on a ledge of rock to take breath, and look down on the glassy waters and the boat at my feet—now dwindled to a speck—I resumed my clambering; but to my extreme mortification, when I had ascended two-thirds of the way, at no small risk to my bones, I was mastered by overhanging masses of rock, all trickling with slimy moisture from the congealed snow above. Here I had a narrow escape from being killed by a fragment of loose rock giving way beneath me, and drawing down other pieces after it; but I clung tenaciously to a firm part, and the heavy stones bounded harmlessly over my head. I descended with difficulty; and after carefully surveying the face of the rocks, tried at a more favorable place, and even then I was above an hour in gaining the summit. I understand that I am the first adventurer who has scaled the Cape at that place; and I certainly was thankful when I could throw my weary frame down, and eat some frugal fare, slaking my thirst with a handful of snow from the solid patch by my side. Though I had been more than forty-eight hours without rest, bodily fatigue was little felt. I could behold from my airy elevation many miles of the surface of the island. The higher peaks and the sheltered hollows were clothed with snow, glittering in the midnight sun, and several dark lakes nestled amid the frowning rocks.

Resuming my progress, I passed over the surface of the Cape. It is covered with slaty *débris*, and, what struck me as very remarkable, quantities of a substance resembling coarse white marble, totally different from the Cape itself. The only vegetation on the summit is a species of moss, which bears most beautiful flowers, generally of a purple hue, blooming in hundreds and thousands together. These dumb witnessess of nature's benevolent handiwork filled

my soul with pleasing, grateful thoughts, and uplifted it to the Divine Being who maketh flowers to bloom and waters to gush in the most desolate regions of the earth. In the bed of a ravine, crossed in my way toward the end of the Cape, I found a rapid stream of the purest water, which proved deliciously refreshing. I wandered along; and, after skirting much of the western precipice, drew nigh the bourne of my pilgrimage. The Cape terminates in a shape approaching a semicircle, but the most northern part swells out in a clear appreciable point. About a hundred yards from the latter I came upon a circle of stones, piled nearly breast high, inclosing a space some dozen feet in diameter. This had evidently been erected by a party of visitors as a shelter from the winds. Not far distant, a block of black rock rises above the level, which is otherwise smooth as a bowling-green, and covered with minute fragments of rock. Within two or three yards of the extreme point is a small pole, sustained in the centre of a pile of stones. I found several initials and dates cut on this very perishable register, and added my own. I believe it was set up by the government expedition three or four years ago as a signal-post for their trigonometrical survey.

I can not adequately describe the tide of emotion which filled my soul as I walked up to the dizzy verge. I only know that, after standing a moment with folded arms, beating heart, and tear-dimmed eye, I knelt, and with lowly-bowed head, returned thanks to God for permitting me to thus realize one darling dream of my boyhood!

Despite the wind, which here blew violently, I sat down by the side of the pole, and wrapping my cloak around me, long contemplated the grand spectacle of nature in one of her sublimest aspects. I was truly alone. Not a living being was in sight: far beneath was the boundless expanse of ocean, with a sail or two on its bosom, at an immense distance; above was the canopy of heaven, flecked with snowy cloudlets; the sun was gleaming through a broad belt of blood-red horizon; the only sounds were the whistling of the wind, and the occasional plaintive scream of hovering sea-fowl. My pervading feeling was a calm though deep sense of intellectual enjoyment and triumph—very natural to an enthusiastic young wanderer upon achieving one of the long-cherished enterprises of his life.

With reluctant and wildly-devilish steps. I bade what is probably an eternal adieu to the wondrous Cape, and effected a comparatively easy descent to the place whence I had started. My men had dropped grapnel a considerable distance from the rock; and being unwilling to disturb their slumber, I spent some further time in exploring the western base. There is a very curious cavernous range of rock washed out by the terrific beating of wintry storms, so as to form a species of arcade. The sides are of immense thickness, but the sea has worn them

open at the top. The water here, as along the whole coast of Norway and Finmark, is marvelously transparent. Weeds and fish may be seen at a prodigious depth clearly as in a mirror.

On the return voyage, we ran into a creek near Sandbugt, and the crew went ashore to a Lap *gamme* (hut) to sleep; but as I had no desire to furnish a dainty fresh meal to the vermin with which every *gamme* swarms, I slept soundly on my reindeer skins in the boat, although it was now rainy and intensely cold. After the lapse of a few hours I joined them at the *gamme*, and bought a fine *pæsk* or tunic of reindeer skin from an old Lap; and learning that his herd of reins was in the vicinity, I had a long ramble in search of them, but without avail; for they had wandered far away, influenced by that remarkable instinct which impels reindeer to invariably run *against* the wind. I gathered some fine specimens of sponge in marshy hollows. In the course of our subsequent voyage, I made another pause of a few hours at Giesvohr, where I examined the works for curing the fish and extracting the oil, but declined taking any repose. Next morning, being favored with a powerful wind, our little craft fairly leaped over the waves; and I noted her dextrous management with the eye of an amateur receiving a valuable lesson. The old pilot kept the sheet of the lug-sail constantly ready to slip, and another hand stood by the greased halyard to let all go by the run; for there are frequent eddies and squalls of wind along this very dangerous coast, which would upset a boat in an instant, were not great tact and unremitting vigilance exercised. The sea ran exceedingly high, and we shipped water from stem to stern every time we settled in its trough, in such a way that the baling never ceased. Safely, however, did we run into Havösund once more at about eight o'clock.

Young Ulich welcomed my unexpectedly early return at the landing-place, and I was delighted to again become the eagerly-welcomed guest of his house. Happily, and only too quickly, did the time speed. I chatted in my sadly-broken Norwegian—the first to laugh at my own comical blunders; and the eldest young lady sweetly sang to me several of the most ancient and popular of her native ballads, accompanying them on her guitar—the fashionable instrument of music in the North, where many things which have fallen into desuetude with us universally flourish. As she could understand no other language, I in return did my best to chant the celebrated national Danish song, *Den tapprø Landsoldat*, the fame of which has penetrated to the far North. So popular is this song in Denmark, that its author and composer have both recently received an order of knighthood for it. In the library were translations of Maryat, and other English novelists; and they showed me a copy of—Cruikshank's *Bottle*! I thought that if that gifted artist could have thus beheld how his fame and a genuine copy of his greatest work has penetrated, and is

highly appreciated in the vicinity of the North Cape, he would have experienced a glow of enviable, and not undeserved satisfaction. The only teetotaller, by the way, whom I ever met with in Scandinavia, was one of the crew of the boat with me. He invariably declined the *brændi*, as I passed it round from time to time, and assured me he drank only water and milk.

The young ladies had about a score of pretty tame pigeons; and to my extreme regret a couple were killed, to give me an additional treat at a dinner served in a style which I should rather have expected to meet with in an English hotel than at a solitary house on an arctic island. They afterward conducted me to their—garden! Yes, a veritable garden, the fame of which has extended far and wide in Finmark; for there is nothing to compare to it for at least four hundred miles southward. It is of considerable size, inclosed by high wooden walls, painted black to attract the sun's rays, which are very fervid in the latter end of summer. Potatoes, peas, and other table vegetables, were in a thriving state, but only come to maturity unfavorable seasons. I had some radishes at dinner, and excellent they were. Glazed frames protected cucumber and other plants, and many very beautiful and delicate flowers bloomed in the open air. The young ladies gathered some of the finest specimens of these, including large blue forget-me-nots, and placed them within the leaves of my Bible. Highly do I treasure them, for they will ever vividly recall a host of pleasant and romantic associations.

Most pressing were they all to induce me to stay some days with them, and gladly indeed would I have complied had circumstances permitted; but I felt compelled to hasten back to Hammerfest. In the afternoon, therefore, I bade adieu to a family which had shown me a degree of engaging kindness greater than any I had experienced since I left my warmly-attached Danish friends.

The remainder of our return voyage was wet and tempestuous. We sailed and rowed all night, and reached Hammerfest at eight A.M. on July 5, much to the astonishment of the good folks there, who had not anticipated seeing us again in less than a week or ten days. The consul and many others assured me that my voyage had been performed with unprecedented speed, the whole time occupied being not quite three and a half days.

A CONVERSATION IN A KENTUCKY STAGE COACH.*

I CAN not refrain from giving a conversation which I heard as we came by the coach to Louisville. One of the speakers was a very agreeable and apparently well-informed gentleman, who seemed to have seen a great deal of

* From Lady Emeline Stuart Wortley's "Travels in the United States in 1849-50," in the press of Harper and Brothers.

the world. When he first entered the "stage," it would seem it was with the benignant intention of giving a sort of *converzazione* in the coach, in which, after a few preliminary interrogatories to the various passengers (as if to take the size and measure of their capacities), he sustained all the active part, not calling upon them for the slightest exercise of their conversational powers. He varied the entertainment occasionally, by soliloquizing and monopolyguizing; and ever and anon it appeared as if he addressed the human race generally, or was speaking for posterity in a very elevated tone indeed, and seemingly oblivious of that fraction of the contemporaneous generation who were then largely benefiting by his really most animated and amusing discourse—for he was thoroughly original and very shrewd and entertaining.

Where had he not been? What had he not seen? what not met, tried, suffered, sought, found, dared, done, won, lost, said? The last we could give the most implicit credence to, no matter how large the demand. Now he told us, or the ceiling of the coach, how he had been eighteen months in the prairies (which keep very open house for all visitors), shooting herds of buffaloes, and with his cloak for his only castle, and all his household furniture, and how he had been all this time without bed or bread: and he described the longing for the last, much in the way Mr. Ruxton does in his account of prairie excursions; and now—but I will not attempt to follow him in all his wondrous adventures.

Suffice it to say, Robinson Crusoe, placed in juxtaposition with him, was a mere fire-side stay-at-home sort of personage, one who had never left his own comfortable arm-chair, in comparison. In short, the adventures were marvelous and manifold, and all told in the same agreeable, lively, Scheherazade-like sort of a manner—so agreeable, indeed, that I am sure had Judge Lynch himself had any little account to settle with him, he would have postponed—à la Sultan of the Indies—any trifling beheading or strangling, or unpleasant little operation of the sort, to hear the end of the tale.

After these narratives and amusing lectures had been poured forth continuously for a length of time, it chanced that a quiet countryman-like person got into the coach, bundle and stick in hand. After a few questions to this rustic wayfarer, our eloquent orator left off his historic and other tales, and devoted himself to drawing out, and "squeezing the orange of the brains" of this apparently simple-minded and unlettered man. The discourse that ensued was a singular one—to take place, too, in the United States between Americans.

The new-comer was a Kentuckian by birth, who had not very long ago gone to settle in Indiana. He called himself a mechanic—these facts came out in answer to the queries put to him by our unwearied talker—but he had, as I have said, much more the appearance of a re-

spectable country farming man—and, indeed, I believe, mechanic means here, in a general sense, a laborer. He seemed a fine, honest-hearted, straight-forward, noble-spirited son of the plow; and his lofty, earnest, generous sentiments were spoken in somewhat unpolished but energetic and good language; and what particularly struck me was a really beautiful and almost child-like simplicity of mind and manner, that was combined with the most uncompromising firmness and unflinching adherence in argument, to what he conceived to be right.

His features were decidedly plain, but the countenance was very fine, chiefly characterized by great ingenuousness, commingled with gentleness and benevolence; and yet bearing evident traces of strength, determination, and energetic resolution. It was rather a complicated countenance, so to say, notwithstanding its great openness and expression of downright truth and goodness.

After opening the conversation with him, as you would an oyster, by the introduction of a pretty keen knife of inquisitorial questions, the chief speaker began to hold forth, capriciously enough, on the essentials and distinguishing attributes of a gentleman. He declared, emphatically, that one qualification alone was necessary, and that money only made a gentleman, according to the world, and, above all, in the United States (quite a mistake is this, I fully believe). "Let a man," said he, "be dressed here in every thing of the best, with splendid rings on his fingers, and plenty of money to spend at the ends of them, and he may go where he will, and be received as a gentleman; ay, though he may be a gambler, a rogue, or a swindler, and you, now, *you* may be a good honest mechanic; but *he* will at once get into the best society in these parts, which you would never dream even of attempting to accomplish—"

"But he would not be a gentleman," broke in the Kentuckian, indignantly. "No, sir; nor will I ever allow that money only makes the gentleman: it is the principle, sir, and the inner feeling, and the mind—and no fine clothes can ever make it; and no rough ones unmake it, that's a fact. And, sir, there's many a better gentleman following the plow in these parts than there is among the richer classes: I mean those poor men who're contented with their lot, and work hard and try no mean shifts and methods to get on an' up in the world; for there's little some 'ill stick at to get at money; and such means a true gentleman (what *I* call a gentleman) will avoid like pison, and scorn utterly."

"Now, that's all very well for you to talk so here just now; but you know yourself, I don't doubt, that *your own* object, as well as all the world's around you, is to make money. It is with that object that you work hard and save up: you do not work only to live, or make yourself more comfortable, but to get money: and money is the be-all and end-all of all and every

body; and that only commands consideration and respect."

"That *only*, sir, would never command *mine*, and—"

"Why, how you talk now! if you meet a fine dressed-out gentleman in one of these stages, you look on him as one directly—you don't ask him did he *make* or *take* his money—what's that to you?—there he is, and it is not for you to busy or bother yourself to find out all the private particulars of his history; and if you find him, as I say, well dressed in superfine, and he acts the gentleman to you, he may be the greatest rogue in existence, but he will be treated by you like a gentleman—yes, even by you."

"Yes, sir, that may be while I know nothing of him—while, as you say, he acts the gentleman to me; but let me *once find out* what he is, and I would never show him respect more—no! though he had all the gold of California."

"Ah, California! just look at *that* now—look at people by scores and thousands, leaving their families, and friends, and homes—and what for but for gold? people with a comfortable competence already; but it's fine talking. Why, what are *you* taking this very journey for?—why, I can answer for you—for gold, I doubt not; and every other action of your life is for that object: confess the real truth now."

"I will, sir—I am come here from Indiana, for though I'm a Kentucky man, I live in the Hoosier State. I'm come here to see a dear brother; and instead of *gaining* money I'm *spending* it in these stages to get to see him and 'old Kentuck' agin. So you see, sir, I love my brother—I do, more than money, poor man as I am; ay, and that I do, too."

"Well, I dare say you do; but come now, just tell me—haven't you a little bit of a *speculation*, now, here, that you're come after, as well as your brother—some trifle of a speculation afoot? You know you have now. You *must* have. Some horse, perhaps—"

It was quite delightful to see and hear the indignant burst of eager denial which this elicited from the ingenuous Kentuckian.

"No, sir! *no*, I have *not*—none whatever, indeed I have *not*:" his voice quivered with emotion; the earnest expression of his countenance was more than eloquent. If his interrogator had accused him of a serious crime he could hardly more anxiously and more earnestly have disclaimed it. To him, I thought the bare suspicion seemed like a coarse desecration of his real motives, a kind of undervaluing even of his "dear brother," to suppose he must have had a "little speculation on hand" to make it worth his while to go to see *him*.

He went on in an agitated, eager tone:

"And look ye here; I am *leaving off* my work and money-making for some days on purpose—only for that, and spending money at it, too!"

His somewhat case-hardened antagonist looked the least in the world discomfited, for that angry

denial was a magnificent burst, and uttered in a tone that actually seemed to give an additional jolt to the rough coach; and I might say it had really a splendid theatrical effect, but that I should hesitate to use that expression with reference to one of the most beautiful natural exhibitions of deep feeling and generous sentiment I ever witnessed.

"Where are you going to?" at last inquired the other, apparently about to commence a little cross-examination.

"About twenty miles beyond Munsfordville," replied Kentucky, in his simple direct manner, "to"—I forget the name.

"Why, you're come by the wrong stage, then," exclaimed the other, "you should have waited till to-morrow, and then taken the stage to —, and then you would have gone direct."

"Well, yes, sir; it's true enough, sir; but you see—in short, I couldn't *wait*—no, that I couldn't. I was so anxious, and I felt so like seeing my brother; and I was in such a mortal hurry to get to him."

"Hurry, man! why how will you see him any sooner by this? Why, you might as well have walked up and down Main-street till to-morrow; it would have advanced you just as much on your journey."

"You're right, sir, I know that; but I really *couldn't* wait: I wanted to feel I was going ahead, and getting *nearer* my brother at *any* rate; I got so impatient-like. No, sir; I couldn't have staid till the morning any how you could fix it."

"You'll have to walk for your folly, for you'll get no conveyance this way, I tell you."

"I'll have to walk the twenty miles to-night, I suppose," said Kentucky, with the most imperturbable smiling composure; "but never mind that! I shall be getting near my brother, then. Ha," he said, after a pause, "you see I *do* love my brother, sir, and I don't regard trouble for him. I'll have to walk the twenty miles to-night with my bundle, I dare say, and spending money at that, too, perhaps, for a bit of food; but I couldn't have *waited*—no! not another hour at Louisville—I felt so like getting *nearer* to my brother."

At the end of the argument about money-making being the all in all, one or two of us signified briefly that we thought Kentucky was right. You never saw any body so surprised. He had evidently entertained a deep conviction that all in the stage-coach were opposed to his opinions, and that he stood alone in his view on the matter. He replied he was glad any body thought as he did, and reiterated with strong emphasis to his opponent:

"I'm sure, sir, I'm right; it is the principle, and the manners, and the mind, and *not* money that makes a gentleman. No, no; money *can* never make half a one."

I shall feel a respect for "old Kentucky" forever after for his sake.

ANECDOTES OF JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.*

CURRAN'S START IN LIFE.

AFTER toiling for a very inadequate recompense at the sessions of Cork, and wearing, as he said himself, his teeth almost to their stumps, Curran proceeded to the metropolis, taking for his wife and young children a miserable lodging upon *Hay Hill*. Term after term, without either profit or professional reputation, he paced the hall of the Four Courts. Among those who had the discrimination to appreciate, and the heart to feel for him, luckily for Curran, was Mr. Arthur Wolfe, afterward the unfortunate but respected Lord Kilwarden. The first fee of any consequence which he received was through his recommendation; and his recital of the incident can not be without its interest to the young professional aspirant whom a temporary neglect may have sunk into dejection. "I then lived," said he, "upon Hay Hill; my wife and children were the chief furniture of my apartments; and as to my rent, it stood pretty much the same chance of liquidation with the national debt. Mrs. Curran, however, was a barrister's lady, and what she wanted in wealth she was well determined should be supplied by dignity. The landlady, on the other hand, had no idea of any gradation except that of pounds, shillings, and pence. I walked out one morning to avoid the perpetual altercations on the subject, with my mind, you may imagine, in no very enviable temperament. I fell into the gloom to which, from my infancy, I had been occasionally subject. I had a family for whom I had no dinner, and a landlady for whom I had no rent. I had gone abroad in despondence—I returned home almost in desperation. When I opened the door of my study, where *Lavater* alone could have found a library, the first object which presented itself was an immense folio of a brief, twenty golden guineas wrapped up beside it, and the name of *Old Bob Lyons* marked upon the back of it. I paid my landlady—bought a good dinner—gave Bob Lyons a share of it—and that dinner was the date of my prosperity." Such was his own exact account of his professional advancement.

SINGULAR ATTEMPT UPON CURRAN'S LIFE.

In one of Curran's professional excursions, a very singular circumstance had almost rendered this the termination of his biography. He was on a temporary visit to the neighboring town of Sligo, and was one morning standing at his bedroom window, which overlooked the street, occupied, as he told me, in arranging his port-manteau, when he was stunned by the report of a blunderbuss in the very chamber with him, and the panes above his head were all shivered into atoms. He looked suddenly around in the greatest consternation. The room was full of smoke, the blunderbuss on the floor just discharged, the door closed, and no human being

but himself discoverable in the apartment! If this had happened in his rural retreat, it could readily have been reconciled through the medium of some offended spirit of the village mythology; but, as it was, he was in a populous town, in a civilized family, among Christian doctrines, where the fairies had no power, and their gambols no currency; and, to crown all, a poor cobbler, into whose stall on the opposite side of the street the slugs had penetrated, hinted in no very equivocal terms that the whole affair was a conspiracy against his life. It was by no means a pleasant addition to the chances of assassination to be loudly declaimed against by a crazed mechanic as an assassin himself. Day after day passed away without any solution of the mystery; when one evening, as the servants of the family were conversing round the fire on so miraculous an escape, a little urchin, not ten years old, was heard so to wonder how *such an aim* was missed, that a universal suspicion was immediately excited. He was alternately flogged and coaxed into a confession, which disclosed as much precocious and malignant premeditation as perhaps ever marked the annals of juvenile depravity. This little miscreant had received a box on the ear from Mr. Curran for some alleged misconduct a few days before; the Moor's blow did not sink into a mind more furious for revenge, or more predisposed by nature for such deadly impressions. He was in the bedroom by mere chance when Mr. Curran entered; he immediately hid himself in the curtains till he observed him too busy with his port-manteau for observation; he then leveled at him the old blunderbuss, which lay charged in the corner, the stiffness of whose trigger, too strong for his infant fingers, alone prevented the aim which he confessed he had taken, and which had so nearly terminated the occupations of the cobbler. The door was ajar, and, mid the smoke and terror, he easily slipped out without discovery. I had the story verbatim a few months ago from Mr. Curran's lips, whose impressions on the subject it was no wonder that forty years had not obliterated.

CURRAN AS A CROSS-EXAMINER.

At cross-examination, the most difficult and by far the most hazardous part of a barrister's profession, Curran was quite inimitable. There was no plan which he did not detect, no web which he did not disentangle; and the unfortunate wretch, who commenced with all the confidence of preconcerted perjury, never failed to retreat before him in all the confusion of exposure. Indeed, it was almost impossible for the guilty to offer a successful resistance. He argued, he cajoled, he ridiculed, he mimicked, he played off the various artillery of his talent upon the witness; he would affect earnestness upon trifles, and levity upon subjects of the most serious import, until at length he succeeded in creating a security that was fatal, or a sullenness that produced all the consequences of prevarication. No matter how unfair the topic, he never failed to avail himself of it; acting upon

* From "Curran and his Contemporaries" by CHARLES PHILLIPS, just published by Harper and Brothers.

the principle that, in law as well as in war, every stratagem was admissible. If he was hard pressed, there was no peculiarity of person, no singularity of name, no eccentricity of profession at which he would not grasp, trying to confound the self-possession of the witness by the, no matter how excited, ridicule of the audience. To a witness of the name of *Halfpenny* he once began: "Halfpenny, I see you're a *rap*, and for that reason you shall be nailed to the counter." "Halfpenny is *sterling*," exclaimed the opposite counsel. "No, no," said he, "he's exactly like his own conscience—only *copper washed*." This phrase alluded to an expression previously used on the trial.

To *Lundy Foot*, the celebrated tobacconist, once hesitating on the table: "Lundy, Lundy—that's a poser—a *devil of a pinch*." This gentleman applied to Curran for a motto when he first established his carriage. "Give me one," my dear Curran," said he, "of a serious cast, because I am afraid the people will laugh at a tobacconist setting up a carriage, and, for the *scholarship's sake*, let it be in Latin." "I have just hit on it," said Curran; "it is only two words, and it will at once explain your profession, your elevation, and your contempt for their ridicule, and it has the advantage of being in two languages, Latin or English, just as the reader chooses. Put up '*Quid rides*' upon your carriage."

Inquiring his master's age from a horse-jockey's servant, he found it almost impossible to extract an answer. "Come, come, friend, has he not lost his teeth?" "Do you think," retorted the fellow, "that I know his age, as he does his horse's, by the *mark of mouth*?" The laugh was against Curran, but he instantly recovered: "You were very right not to try, friend, for you know your master's a *great bite*."

Having one day a violent argument with a country schoolmaster on some classical subject, the pedagogue, who had the worst of it, said, in a towering passion, that he would lose no more time, and must go back to his scholars. "Do, my dear doctor," said Curran, "but *don't indorse my sins upon their backs*."

Curran was told that a very stingy and slovenly barrister had started for the Continent with a shirt and a guinea: "He'll not change either till he comes back," said he.

It was well known that Curran entertained a dislike and a contempt for Downes. "Bushe," said he, "came up to me one day with a very knowing look, and said, 'Do you know, Curran, I have just left the pleasantest fellow I ever met?' 'Indeed! who is he?' 'The chief justice,' was the answer. My reply was compendious and witty. I looked into his eye, and said '*hum*.' It required all his oil to keep his countenance smooth."

A very stupid foreman once asked a judge how they were to ignore a bill. "Why, sir," said Curran, "when you mean to find a *true* one, just write *Ignoramus* for self and fellows on the back of it."

A gentleman just called to the bar took up a pauper case. It was remarked upon. "The man's right," said Curran; "a barber begins on a beggar, that when he arrives at the dignity he may know how to shave a duchess."

He was just rising to cross-examine a witness before a judge who could not comprehend any jest that was not written in *black letter*. Before he said a single word, the witness began to laugh. "What are you laughing at, friend—what are you laughing at? Let me tell you that a laugh without a joke is like—is like—" "Like what, Mr. Curran?" asked the judge, imagining he was nonplused. "Just exactly, my lord, like a *contingent remainder* without any particular *estate* to support it." I am afraid that none but my legal readers will understand the admirable felicity of the similitude, but it was quite to his lordship's fancy, and rivaled with him all "the wit that Rabelais ever scattered."

Examining a country squire who disputed a collier's bill: "Did he not give you the *coals*, friend?" "He did, sir, but—" "But what? On your oath, wasn't your payments *slack*?"

It was thus that, in some way or other, he contrived to throw the witnesses off their centre, and he took care they seldom should recover it. "My lard, my lard!" vociferated a peasant witness, writhing under this mental excruciation, "I can't answer yon little gentleman, *he's putting me in such a doldrum*." "A doldrum! Mr. Curran, what does he mean by a doldrum!" exclaimed Lord Avonmore. "Oh! my lord, it's a very common complaint with persons of this description: it's merely a *confusion of the head arising from the corruption of the heart*."

To the bench he was at times quite as unceremonious; and if he thought himself reflected on or interfered with, had instant recourse either to ridicule or invective. There is a celebrated reply in circulation of Mr. Dunning to a remark of Lord Mansfield, who curtly exclaimed at one of his legal positions, "O! if that be law, Mr. Dunning, I may *burn* my law-books!" "Better *read* them, my lord," was the sarcastic and appropriate rejoinder. In a different spirit, but with similar effect, was Mr. Curran's retort upon an Irish judge, quite as remarkable for his good-humor and raillery as for his legal researches. He was addressing a jury on one of the state trials in 1803, with his usual animation. The judge, whose political bias, if any judge can have one, was certainly supposed not to be favorable to the prisoner, *shook his head* in doubt or denial of one of the advocate's arguments. "I see, gentlemen," said Mr. Curran, "I see the motion of his lordship's head; common observers might imagine that implied a difference of opinion, but they would be mistaken: it is merely accidental. Believe me, gentlemen, if you remain here many days, you will, yourselves perceive that, when his lordship *shakes his head*, there's *nothing in it*!"

PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND HABITS OF GRATTAN.

Grattan was short in stature, and unprepossessing in appearance. His arms were disproportionately long. His walk was a stride. With a person swaying like a pendulum, and an abstracted air, he seemed always in thought, and each thought provoked an attendant gesticulation. Such was the outward and visible form of one whom the passenger would stop to stare at as a droll, and the philosopher to contemplate as a study. How strange it seems that a mind so replete with grace and symmetry, and power and splendor, should have been allotted such a dwelling for its residence. Yet so it was; and so also was it one of his highest attributes, that his genius, by its "excessive light," blinded the hearer to his physical imperfections. It was the victory of mind over matter. The man was forgotten in the orator. Mr. Grattan, whose father represented the city of Dublin in Parliament, and was also its recorder, was born in the year 1746. He entered the Middle Temple in 1767 and was called to the Irish bar in 1772. In the University of Dublin he was eminently distinguished, sharing its honors, in *then* amicable contention, with Fitzgibbon—not merely the antagonist, but the enemy, and the bitter one of an after day. We have a record, more authentic than usual, of his pursuits while at the Temple. The study of the law occupied but little of his attention. He never relished it, and soon abandoned the profession altogether. Of the theatre he was very fond—little wonder in the zenith of Garrick—and it was a taste he indulged in to the last. I well remember, somewhere about the year 1813, being in Crowstreet when he entered with Catalani leaning on his arm. The house was crowded, and he was hailed with acclamations. In vain he modestly consigned them to the lovely siren his companion. His name rang wildly through the theatre. I think I still hear the shouts when his person was recognized, and still behold his venerable figure bowing its awkward gratitude. No one knew better the true value of that bubble tribute. Another of his amusements, if indeed it was not something more, when he was at the Temple, seems to have been a frequent attendance in both houses of Parliament. He sketched the debates and the speakers by whom he was most attracted.

O'CONNELL'S DUEL.

Living, as he did, in constant turmoil, and careless, as he was, to whom he gave offense, O'Connell of course had a multitude of enemies. Of this, himself the cause, he had no right to complain; but he had a right to complain of the calumnies they circulated. Most rife of these was a charge of want of courage—in Ireland a rare and very detrimental accusation. O'Connell, during his latter years, declined dueling, and publicly avowed his determination. The reason given, and given in the House of Commons, was, that having "blood upon his hands, he had registered a vow in heaven."

To this there could have been no possible objection had he included in the registry a vow not to offend. The real charge to which he made himself amenable was his perseverance at once in insult and irresponsibility. The truth is, O'Connell's want of courage consisted in his fighting the duel in which the vow originated. The facts of the case are few and simple. In one of his many mob speeches he called the corporation of Dublin a "beggarly corporation." A gentleman named D'Esterre affected to feel this as a personal affront, he being one of that very numerous body, and accordingly fastened a quarrel on the offender. It is quite true that O'Connell endeavored to avoid the encounter. He did not do enough. He should have summoned D'Esterre before the tribunals of the country, after failing to appease him by a repeated declaration that he meant him no personal offense, and could not, he being a total stranger to him. However, in an evil hour, he countenanced a savage and anti-Christian custom—the unfortunate D'Esterre paid for his perverseness with his life, and the still more unfortunate O'Connell expiated his moral timidity with much mental anguish to the day of his death. The perpetration of a duel appears to me no proof whatever of personal courage; the refusal, in the then state of society, would have shown much more. However, on the occasion in question he showed a total absence of what is vulgarly called fear; indeed, his frigid determination was remarkable. Let those who read the following anecdote remember that he most reluctantly engaged in the combat; that he was then the father of seven children; and that it was an alternative of life or death with him, D'Esterre being reputed an unerring marksman. Being one of those who accompanied O'Connell, he beckoned me aside to a distant portion of the very large field, which had a slight covering of snow. "Phillips," said he, "this seems to me not a personal, but a political affair. I am obnoxious to a party, and they adopt a false pretense to cut me off. I shall not submit to it. They have reckoned without their host, I promise you. I am one of the best shots in Ireland at a mark, having, as a public man, considered it a duty to prepare, for my own protection, against such unprovoked aggression as the present. Now, remember what I say to you. I may be struck myself, and then skill is out of the question; but if I am not, my antagonist may have cause to regret his having forced me into this conflict." The parties were then very soon, placed on the ground, at, I think, twelve paces distance, *each* having a case of pistols, with directions to fire when they chose after a given signal. D'Esterre rather agitated himself by making a short speech, disclaiming all hostility to his Roman Catholic countrymen, and took his ground, somewhat theatrically crossing his pistols upon his bosom. They fired almost together, and instantly on the signal. D'Esterre fell, mortally wounded. There was the greatest self-possession displayed by both. It seemed to

me a duty to narrate these details in O'Connell's lifetime wherever I heard his courage questioned, and justice to his memory now prompts me to record them here.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.*

BOOK V.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

"I HOPE, Pisistratus," said my father, "that you do not intend to be dull!"

"Heaven forbid, sir! what could make you ask such a question? *Intend!* No! if I am dull it is from innocence."

"A very long Discourse upon Knowledge!" said my father; "very long. I should cut it out!"

I looked upon my father as a Byzantian sage might have looked on a Vandal. "Cut it out!"

"Stops the action, sir!" said my father, dogmatically.

"Action! But a novel is not a drama."

"No, it is a great deal longer—twenty times as long, I dare say," replied Mr. Caxton, with a sigh.

"Well, sir—well! I think my Discourse upon Knowledge has much to do with the subject—is vitally essential to the subject; does not stop the action—only explains and elucidates the action. And I am astonished, sir, that you, a scholar, and a cultivator of knowledge—"

"There—there!" cried my father, deprecatingly. "I yield—I yield. What better could I expect when I set up for a critic! What author ever lived that did not fly into a passion—even with his own father, if his father presumed to say—'Cut out!' *Pacem imploro!*"

MRS. CAXTON.—"My dear Austin, I am sure Pisistratus did not mean to offend you, and I have no doubt he will take your—"

PISISTRATUS (hastily).—"Advice for the future, certainly. I will quicken the action, and—"

"Go on with the Novel," whispered Roland, looking up from his eternal account-book. "We have lost £200 by our barley!"

Therewith I plunged my pen into the ink, and my thoughts into the "Fair Shadowland."

CHAPTER II.

"HALT!" cried a voice; and not a little surprised was Leonard when the stranger who had accosted him the preceding evening got into the chaise.

"Well," said Richard, "I am not the sort of man you expected, eh? Take time to recover yourself." And with these words Richard drew forth a book from his pocket, threw himself back, and began to read. Leonard stole many a glance at the acute, hardy, handsome face of his companion, and gradually recognized a family likeness to poor John, in whom, despite age and infirmity, the traces of no common share of physical beauty were still evident. And with that quick

link in ideas which mathematical aptitude bestows, the young student at once conjectured that he saw before him his uncle Richard. He had the discretion, however, to leave that gentleman free to choose his own time for introducing himself, and silently revolved the new thoughts produced by the novelty of his situation. Mr. Richard read with notable quickness—sometimes cutting the leaves of the book with his penknife, sometimes tearing them open with his forefinger, sometimes skipping whole pages altogether. Thus he galloped to the end of the volume—flung it aside—lighted his cigar, and began to talk.

He put many questions to Leonard relative to his rearing, and especially to the mode by which he had acquired his education; and Leonard, confirmed in the idea that he was replying to a kinsman, answered frankly.

Richard did not think it strange that Leonard should have acquired so much instruction with so little direct tuition. Richard Avenel himself had been tutor to himself. He had lived too long with our go-ahead brethren, who stride the world on the other side the Atlantic with the seven-leagued boots of the Giant-killer, not to have caught their glorious fever for reading. But it was for a reading wholly different from that which was familiar to Leonard. The books he read must be new; to read old books would have seemed to him going back in the world. He fancied that new books necessarily contained new ideas—a common mistake—and our lucky adventurer was the man of his day.

Tired with talking, he at length chucked the book he had run through to Leonard, and, taking out a pocket-book and pencil, amused himself with calculations on some detail of his business, after which he fell into an absorbed train of thought—part pecuniary, part ambitious.

Leonard found the book interesting; it was one of the numerous works, half-statistic, half-declamatory, relating to the condition of the working classes, which peculiarly distinguish our century, and ought to bind together rich and poor, by proving the grave attention which modern society bestows upon all that can affect the welfare of the last.

"Dull stuff—theory—claptrap," said Richard, rousing himself from his reverie at last: "it can't interest you."

"All books interest me, I think," said Leonard, "and this especially; for it relates to the working class, and I am one of them."

"You were yesterday, but you mayn't be to-morrow," answered Richard, good-humoredly, and patting him on the shoulder. "You see, my lad, that it is the middle class which ought to govern the country. What the book says about the ignorance of country magistrates is very good; but the man writes pretty considerable trash when he wants to regulate the number of hours a free-born boy should work at a factory—only ten hours a day—pooh! and so lose two to the nation! Labor is wealth: and if we could

* Continued from the May Number.

get men to work twenty-four hours a day, we should be just twice as rich. If the march of civilization is to proceed," continued Richard, loftily, "men, and boys, too, must not lie a-bed doing nothing *all night*, sir." Then with a complacent tone—"We shall get to the twenty-four hours at last; and, by gad, we must, or we sha'n't flog the Europeans as we do now."

On arriving at the inn at which Richard had first made acquaintance with Mr. Dale, the coach by which he had intended to perform the rest of the journey was found to be full. Richard continued to perform the journey in post-chaises, not without some grumbling at the expense, and incessant orders to the post-boys to make the best of the way. "Slow country this, in spite of all its brag," said he—"very slow. Time is money—they know that in the States; for why, they are all men of business there. Always slow in a country where a parcel of lazy, idle lords, and dukes, and baronets, seem to think 'time is pleasure.'"

Toward evening the chaise approached the confines of a very large town, and Richard began to grow fidgety. His easy cavalier air was abandoned. He withdrew his legs from the window, out of which they had been luxuriously dangling; pulled down his waistcoat; buckled more tightly his stock: it was clear that he was resuming the decorous dignity that belongs to state. He was like a monarch who, after traveling happy and incognito, returns to his capital, Leonard divined at once that they were nearing their journey's end.

Humble foot-passengers now looked at the chaise, and touched their hats. Richard returned the salutation with a nod—a nod less gracious than condescending. The chaise turned rapidly to the left, and stopped before a smart lodge, very new, very white, adorned with two Doric columns in stucco, and flanked by a large pair of gates. "Hollo!" cried the post-boy, and cracked his whip.

Two children were playing before the lodge, and some clothes were hanging out to dry on the shrubs and pales round the neat little building.

"Hang those brats! they are actually playing," growled Dick. "As I live, the jade has been washing again! Stop, boy." During this soliloquy, a good-looking young woman had rushed from the door—slapped the children as, catching sight of the chaise, they ran toward the house—opened the gates, and, dropping a courtesy to the ground, seemed to wish that she could drop into it altogether, so frightened and so trembling seemed she to shrink from the wrathful face which the master now put out of the window.

"Did I tell you, or did I not," said Dick, "that I would not have these horrid disreputable cubs of yours playing just before my lodge gates?"

"Please, sir—"

"Don't answer me. And did I tell you, or did I not, that the next time I saw you making

a drying-ground of my lilacs, you should go out, neck and crop—"

"Oh, please, sir—"

"You leave my lodge next Saturday: drive on, boy. The ingratitude and insolence of those common people are disgraceful to human nature," muttered Richard, with an accent of the bitterest misanthropy.

The chaise wheeled along the smoothest and freshest of gravel roads, and through fields of the finest land, in the highest state of cultivation. Rapid as was Leonard's survey, his rural eye detected the signs of a master in the art agronomical. Hitherto he had considered the Squire's model farm as the nearest approach to good husbandry he had seen: for Jackeymo's finer skill was developed rather on the minute scale of market-gardening than what can fairly be called husbandry. But the Squire's farm was degraded by many old-fashioned notions, and concessions to the whim of the eye, which would not be found in model farms nowadays—large tangled hedgerows, which, though they constitute one of the beauties most picturesque in old England, make sad deductions from produce; great trees, overshadowing the corn, and harboring the birds; little patches of rough sward left to waste; and angles of woodland running into fields, exposing them to rabbits, and blocking out the sun. These and suchlike blots on a gentleman farmer's agriculture, common-sense and Giacomo had made clear to the acute comprehension of Leonard. No such faults were perceptible in Richard Avenel's domain. The fields lay in broad divisions, the hedges were clipped and narrowed into their proper destination of mere boundaries. Not a blade of wheat withered under the cold shade of a tree: not a yard of land lay waste; not a weed was to be seen, not a thistle to waft its baleful seed through the air: some young plantations were placed, not where the artist would put them, but just where the farmer wanted a fence from the wind. Was there no beauty in this? Yes, there was beauty of its kind—beauty at once recognizable to the initiated—beauty of use and profit—beauty that could bear a monstrous high rent. And Leonard uttered a cry of admiration which thrilled through the heart of Richard Avenel.

"This *is* farming!" said the villager.

"Well, I guess it is," answered Richard, all his ill-humor vanishing. "You should have seen the land when I bought it. But we new men, as they call us—(damn their impertinence)—are the new blood of this country."

Richard Avenel never said any thing more true. Long may the new blood circulate through the veins of the mighty giantess; but let the grand heart be the same as it has beat for proud ages.

The chaise now passed through a pretty shrubbery, and the house came into gradual view—a house with a portico—all the offices carefully thrust out of sight.

The post-boy dismounted and rang the bell.

"I almost think they are going to keep me waiting," said Mr. Richard, well-nigh in the very words of Louis XIV.

But that fear was not realized—the door opened; a well-fed servant out of livery presented himself. There was no hearty welcoming smile on his face, but he opened the chaise-door with demure and taciturn respect.

"Where's George? why does not he come to the door?" asked Richard, descending from the chaise slowly, and leaning on the servant's outstretched arm with as much precaution as if he had had the gout.

Fortunately, George here came into sight, settling himself hastily into his livery coat.

"See to the things, both of you," said Richard, as he paid the post-boy.

Leonard stood on the gravel sweep, gazing at the square white house.

"Handsome elevation—classical, I take it—eh?" said Richard, joining him. "But you should see the offices."

He then, with familiar kindness, took Leonard by the arm, and drew him within. He showed him the hall, with a carved mahogany stand for hats; he showed him the drawing-room, and pointed out its beauties—though it was summer the drawing-room looked cold, as will look rooms newly furnished, with walls newly papered, in houses newly built. The furniture was handsome, and suited to the rank of a rich trader. There was no pretense about it, and therefore no vulgarity, which is more than can be said for the houses of many an honorable Mrs. Somebody in Mayfair, with rooms twelve feet square, chokeful of buhl, that would have had its proper place in the Tuileries. Then Richard showed him the library, with mahogany book-cases and plate glass, and the fashionable authors handsomely bound. Your new men are much better friends to living authors than your old families who live in the country, and at most subscribe to a book-club. Then Richard took him up-stairs, and led him through the bedrooms—all very clean and comfortable, and with every modern convenience; and, pausing in a very pretty single gentleman's chamber, said, "This is your den. And now, can you guess who I am?"

"No one but my Uncle Richard could be so kind," answered Leonard.

But the compliment did not flatter Richard. He was extremely disconcerted and disappointed. He had hoped that he should be taken for a lord at least, forgetful of all that he had said in disparagement of lords.

"Pish!" said he at last, biting his lip—"so you don't think that I look like a gentleman! Come, now, speak honestly."

Leonard wonderingly saw he had given pain, and with the good breeding which comes instinctively from good-nature, replied—"I judged you by your heart, sir, and your likeness to my grandfather—otherwise I should never have presumed to fancy we could be relations."

"Hum!" answered Richard. "You can just

wash your hands, and then come down to dinner; you will hear the gong in ten minutes. There's the bell; ring for what you want."

With that, he turned on his heel; and descending the stairs, gave a look into the dining-room, and admired the plated salver on the sideboard, and the king's pattern spoons and forks on the table. Then he walked to the looking-glass over the mantle-piece; and wishing to survey the whole effect of his form, mounted a chair. He was just getting into an attitude which he thought imposing, when the butler entered, and being London bred, had the discretion to try to escape unseen; but Richard caught sight of him in the looking-glass, and colored up to the temples.

"Jarvis," said he mildly, "Jarvis, put me in mind to have these inexpressibles altered."

CHAPTER III.

APPROPOS of the inexpressibles, Mr. Richard did not forget to provide his nephew with a much larger wardrobe than could have been thrust into Dr. Riccabocca's knapsack. There was a very good tailor in the town, and the clothes were very well made. And, but for an air more ingenuous, and a cheek that, despite study and night vigils, retained much of the sunburnt bloom of the rustic, Leonard Fairfield might now have almost passed, without disparaging comment, by the bow-window at White's. Richard burst into an immoderate fit of laughter when he first saw the watch which the poor Italian had bestowed upon Leonard; but, to atone for the laughter, he made him a present of a very pretty substitute, and bade him "lock up his turnip." Leonard was more hurt by the jeer at his old patron's gift than pleased by his uncle's. But Richard Avenel had no conception of sentiment. It was not for many days that Leonard could reconcile himself to his uncle's manner. Not that the peasant could pretend to judge of its mere conventional defects; but there is an ill breeding to which, whatever our rank and nurture, we are almost equally sensitive—the ill breeding that comes from want of consideration for others. Now, the Squire was as homely in his way as Richard Avenel, but the Squire's bluntness rarely hurt the feelings: and when it did so, the Squire perceived and hastened to repair his blunder. But Mr. Richard, whether kind or cross, was always wounding you in some little delicate fibre—not from malice, but from the absence of any little delicate fibres of his own. He was really, in many respects, a most excellent man and certainly a very valuable citizen. But his merits wanted the fine tints and fluent curves that constitute beauty of character. He was honest, but sharp in his practice, and with a keen eye to his interests. He was just, but as a matter of business. He made no allowances, and did not leave to his justice the large margin of tenderness and mercy. He was generous, but rather from an idea of what was

due to himself than with much thought of the pleasure he gave to others; and he even regarded generosity as capital put out to interest. He expected a great deal of gratitude in return, and, when he obliged a man, considered that he had bought a slave. Every needy voter knew where to come, if he wanted relief or a loan; but woe to him if he had ventured to express hesitation when Mr. Avenel told him how he must vote.

In this town Richard had settled after his return from America, in which country he had enriched himself—first, by spirit and industry—lastly, by bold speculation and good luck. He invested his fortune in business—became a partner in a large brewery—soon bought out his associates—and then took a principal share in a flourishing corn-mill. He prospered rapidly—bought a property of some two or three hundred acres, built a house, and resolved to enjoy himself, and make a figure. He had now become the leading man of the town, and the boast to Audley Egerton that he could return one of the members, perhaps both, was by no means an exaggerated estimate of his power. Nor was his proposition, according to his own views, so unprincipled as it appeared to the statesman. He had taken a great dislike to both the sitting members—a dislike natural to a sensible man of modern politics, who had something to lose. For Mr. Slappe, the active member—who was head-over-ears in debt—was one of the furious democrats rare before the Reform Bill—and whose opinions were held dangerous even by the mass of a Liberal constituency; while Mr. Sleekie, the gentleman member, who laid by £5000 every year from his dividends in the Funds, was one of those men whom Richard justly pronounced to be “humbugs”—men who curry favor with the extreme party by voting for measures sure not to be carried; while, if there were the least probability of coming to a decision that would lower the money-market, Mr. Sleekie was seized with a well-timed influenza. Those politicians are common enough now. Propose to march to the Millennium, and they are your men. Ask them to march a quarter of a mile, and they fall to feeling their pockets, and trembling for fear of the foot-pads. They are never so joyful as when there is no chance of a victory. Did they beat the Minister, they would be carried out of the house in a fit.

Richard Avenel—despising both these gentlemen, and not taking kindly to the Whigs since the great Whig leaders were Lords—looked with a friendly eye to the Government as it then existed, and especially to Audley Egerton, the enlightened representative of commerce. But in giving Audley and his colleagues the benefit of his influence, through conscience, he thought it all fair and right to have a *quid pro quo*, and, as he had so frankly confessed, it was his whim to rise up “Sir Richard.” For this worthy citizen abused the aristocracy much on the same principle as the fair Olivia depreciated Squire Thornhill—he had a sneaking affection for what

he abused. The society of Screwestown was, like most provincial capitals, composed of two classes—the commercial and the exclusive. These last dwelt chiefly apart, around the ruins of an old abbey; they affected its antiquity in their pedigrees, and had much of its ruin in their finances. Widows of rural thanes in the neighborhood—genteel spinsters—officers retired on half-pay—younger sons of rich squires, who had now become old bachelors—in short, a very respectable, proud, aristocratic set—who thought more of themselves than do all the Gowers and Howards, Courtenays and Seymours, put together. It had early been the ambition of Richard Avenel to be admitted into this sublime coterie, and, strange to say, he had partially succeeded. He was never more happy than when he was asked to their card-parties, and never more unhappy than when he was actually there. Various circumstances combined to raise Mr. Avenel into this elevated society. First, he was unmarried, still very handsome, and in that society there was a large proportion of unwedded females. Secondly, he was the only rich trader in Screwestown who kept a good cook, and professed to give dinners, and the half-pay captains and colonels swallowed the host for the sake of the venison. Thirdly, and principally, all these exclusives abhorred the two sitting members, and “*idem nolle idem velle de republica, ea firma amicitia est;*” that is, congeniality in politics pieces porcelain and crockery together better than the best diamond cement. The sturdy Richard Avenel—who valued himself on American independence—held these ladies and gentlemen in an awe that was truly Brahminical. Whether it was that in England, all notions, even of liberty, are mixed up historically, traditionally, socially, with that fine and subtle element of aristocracy which, like the press, is the air we breathe; or whether Richard imagined that he really became magnetically imbued with the virtues of these silver pennies and gold seven-shilling pieces, distinct from the vulgar coinage in popular use, it is hard to say. But the truth must be told—Richard Avenel was a notable tuft-hunter. He had a great longing to marry out of this society; but he had not yet seen any one sufficiently high-born and high-bred to satisfy his aspirations. In the mean while, he had convinced himself that his way would be smooth could he offer to make his ultimate choice “My Lady;” and he felt that it would be a proud hour in his life when he could walk before stiff Colonel Pompley to the sound of “Sir Richard.” Still, however disappointed at the ill-success of his bluff diplomacy with Mr. Egerton, and however yet cherishing the most vindictive resentment against that individual—he did not, as many would have done, throw up his political convictions out of personal spite. He resolved still to favor the ungrateful and undeserving Administration; and as Audley Egerton had acted on the representations of the mayor and deputies, and shaped his bill to meet their views,

so Avenel and the Government rose together in the popular estimation of the citizens of Screws-town.

But duly to appreciate the value of Richard Avenel, and in just counterpoise to all his foibles, one ought to have seen what he had effected for the town. Well might he boast of "new blood;" he had done as much for the town as he had for his fields. His energy, his quick comprehension of public utility, backed by his wealth, and bold, bullying, imperious character, had sped the work of civilization as if with the celerity and force of a steam-engine.

If the town were so well paved and so well lighted—if half-a-dozen squalid lanes had been transformed into a stately street—if half the town no longer depended on tanks for their water—if the poor-rates were reduced one-third—praise to the brisk new blood which Richard Avenel had infused into vestry and corporation. And his example itself was so contagious! "There was not a plate-glass window in the town when I came into it," said Richard Avenel; "and now look down the High-street!" He took the credit to himself, and justly; for, though his own business did not require windows of plate-glass, he had awakened the spirit of enterprise which adorns a whole city.

Mr. Avenel did not present Leonard to his friends for more than a fortnight. He allowed him to wear off his rust. He then gave a grand dinner, at which his nephew was formally introduced, and, to his great wrath and disappointment, never opened his lips. How could he, poor youth, when Miss Clarina Mowbray only talked upon high life, till proud Colonel Pompey went in state through the history of the siege of Seringapatam.

CHAPTER IV

WHILE Leonard accustoms himself gradually to the splendors that surround him, and often turns with a sigh to the remembrance of his mother's cottage and the sparkling fount in the Italian's flowery garden, we will make with thee, O reader, a rapid flight to the metropolis, and drop ourselves amidst the gay groups that loiter along the dusty ground, or loll over the roadside palings of Hyde Park. The season is still at its height; but the short day of fashionable London life, which commences two hours after noon, is in its decline. The crowd in Rotten-row begins to thin. Near the statue of Achilles, and apart from all other loungers, a gentleman, with one hand thrust into his waistcoat, and the other resting on his cane, gazed listlessly on the horsemen and carriages in the brilliant ring. He was still in the prime of life, at the age when man is usually the most social—when the acquaintances of youth have ripened into friendship, and a personage of some rank and fortune has become a well-known feature in the mobile face of society. But though, when his contemporaries were boys scarce at college,

this gentleman had blazed foremost among the princes of fashion, and though he had all the qualities of nature and circumstance which either retain fashion to the last, or exchange its false celebrity for a graver repute, he stood as a stranger in that throng of his countrymen. Beauties whirled by to the toilet—statesmen passed on to the senate—dandies took flight to the clubs; and neither nods, nor becks, nor wreathed smiles, said to the solitary spectator, "Follow us—thou art one of our set." Now and then, some middle-aged beau, nearing the post of the loiterer, turned round to look again; but the second glance seemed to dissipate the recognition of the first, and the beau silently continued his way.

"By the tombs of my fathers!" said the solitary to himself, "I know now what a dead man might feel if he came to life again, and took a peep at the living."

Time passed on—the evening shades descended fast. Our stranger in London had well-nigh the Park to himself. He seemed to breathe more freely as he saw that the space was so clear.

"There's oxygen in the atmosphere now," said he, half aloud; "and I can walk without breathing in the gaseous fumes of the multitude. O those chemists—what dolts they are! They tell us crowds taint the air, but they never guess why! Pah! it is not the lungs that poison the element—it is the reek of bad hearts. When a periwig-pated fellow breathes on me, I swallow a mouthful of care. *Allons!* my friend Nero; now for a stroll." He touched with his cane a large Newfoundland dog, who lay stretched near his feet; a dog and man went slow through the growing twilight, and over the brown dry turf. At length our solitary paused, and threw himself on a bench under a tree. "Half-past eight!" said he, looking at his watch—"one may smoke one's cigar without shocking the world."

He took out his cigar-case, struck a light, and in another moment, reclined at length on the bench, seemed absorbed in regarding the smoke, that scarce colored ere it vanished into air.

"It is the most barefaced lie in the world, my Nero," said he, addressing his dog—"this boasted liberty of man! Now, here am I, a freeborn Englishman, a citizen of the world, caring—I often say to myself—caring not a jot for Kaiser or Mob; and yet I no more dare smoke this cigar in the Park at half-past six, when all the world is abroad, than I dare pick my Lord Chancellor's pocket, or hit the Archbishop of Canterbury a thump on the nose. Yet no law in England forbids me my cigar, Nero! What is law at half-past eight, was not crime at six and a half! Britannia says, "Man, thou art free," and she lies like a commonplace woman. O Nero, Nero! you enviable dog!—you serve but from liking. No thought of the world costs you one wag of the tail. Your big heart and true instinct suffice you for reason and law.

You would want nothing to your felicity, if in these moments of ennui you would but smoke a cigar. Try it, Nero!—try it!” And, rising from his incumbent posture, he sought to force the end of the weed between the teeth of the dog.

While thus gravely engaged, two figures had approached the place. The one was a man who seemed weak and sickly. His threadbare coat was buttoned to the chin, but hung large on his shrunken breast. The other was a girl of about fourteen, on whose arm he leant heavily. Her cheek was wan, and there was a patient sad look on her face, which seemed so settled that you would think she could never have known the mirthfulness of childhood.

“Pray rest here, papa,” said the child softly; and she pointed to the bench, without taking heed of its pre-occupant, who now, indeed, confined to one corner of the seat, was almost hidden by the shadow of a tree.

The man sat down, with a feeble sigh; and then, observing the stranger, raised his hat, and said, in that tone of voice which betrays the usages of polished society, “Forgive me, if I intrude on you, sir.”

The stranger looked up from his dog, and seeing that the girl was standing, rose at once as if to make room for her on the bench.

But still the girl did not heed him. She hung over her father, and wiped his brow tenderly with a little kerchief which she took from her own neck for the purpose.

Nero, delighted to escape the cigar, had taken to some unwieldy curvets and gambols, to vent the excitement into which he had been thrown; and now returning, approached the bench with a low look of surprise, and sniffed at the intruders on his master's privacy.

“Come here, sir,” said the master. “You need not fear him,” he added, addressing himself to the girl.

But the girl, without turning round to him, cried in a voice rather of anguish than alarm, “He has fainted! Father! father!”

The stranger kicked aside his dog, which was in the way, and loosened the poor man's stiff military stock. While thus charitably engaged, the moon broke out, and the light fell full on the pale care-worn face of the unconscious sufferer.

“This face seems not unfamiliar to me, though sadly changed,” said the stranger to himself; and bending toward the girl, who had sunk on her knees and was chafing her father's hands, he asked, “My child, what is your father's name?”

The child continued her task, too absorbed to answer.

The stranger put his hand on her shoulder, and repeated the question.

“Digby,” answered the child, almost unconsciously; and as she spoke the man's senses began to return. In a few minutes more he had sufficiently recovered to falter forth his

thanks to the stranger. But the last took his hand, and said, in a voice at once tremulous and soothing, “Is it possible that I see once more an old brother in arms? Algernon Digby, I do not forget you; but it seems England has forgotten?”

A hectic flush spread over the soldier's face, and he looked away from the speaker as he answered—

“My name is Digby, it is true, sir; but I do not think we have met before. Come, Helen, I am well now—we will go home.”

“Try and play with that great dog, my child,” said the stranger—“I want to talk with your father.”

The child bowed her submissive head, and moved away; but she did not play with the dog.

“I must re-introduce myself, formally, I see,” quoth the stranger. “You were in the same regiment with myself, and my name is L'Estrange.”

“My lord,” said the soldier, rising, “forgive me that—”

“I don't think that it was the fashion to call me ‘my lord’ at the mess-table. Come, what has happened to you?—on half-pay?”

Mr. Digby shook his head mournfully.

“Digby, old fellow, can you lend me £100?” said Lord L'Estrange, clapping his *ci-devant* brother officer on the shoulder, and in a tone of voice that seemed like a boy's—so impudent was it, and devil-me-carish. “No! Well, that's lucky, for I can lend it to you.”

Mr. Digby burst into tears.

Lord L'Estrange did not seem to observe the emotion. “We were both sad extravagant fellows in our day,” said he, “and I dare say I borrowed of you pretty freely.”

“Me! Oh, Lord L'Estrange?”

“You have married since then, and reformed, I suppose. Tell me, old friend, all about it.”

Mr. Digby, who by this time had succeeded in restoring some calm to his shattered nerves, now rose, and said in brief sentences, but clear firm tones,

“My Lord, it is idle to talk of me—useless to help me. I am fast dying. But, my child there, my only child (he paused an instant, and went on rapidly). I have relations in a distant country, if I could but get to them—I think they would at least provide for her. This has been for weeks my hope, my dream, my prayer. I can not afford the journey except by your help. I have begged without shame for myself; shall I be ashamed, then, to beg for her?”

“Digby,” said L'Estrange, with some grave alteration of manner, “talk neither of dying, nor begging. You were nearer death when the balls whistled round you at Waterloo. If soldier meets soldier and says, ‘Friend, thy purse,’ it is not begging, but brotherhood. Ashamed! By the soul of Belisarius! if I needed money, I would stand at a crossing with my Waterloo medal over my breast, and say to each sleek citizen I

had helped to save from the sword of the Frenchman, 'It is your shame if I starve.' Now, lean upon me; I see you should be at home—which way?"

The poor soldier pointed his hand toward Oxford-street, and reluctantly accepted the proffered arm.

"And when you return from your relations, you will call on me? What!—hesitate? Come, promise."

"I will."

"On your honor."

"If I live, on my honor."

"I am staying at present at Knightsbridge, with my father; but you will always hear of my address at No. — Grosvenor-square, Mr. Egerton's. So you have a long journey before you?"

"Very long."

"Do not fatigue yourself—travel slowly. Ho, you foolish child!—I see you are jealous of me. Your father has another arm to spare you."

Thus talking, and getting but short answers, Lord L'Estrange continued to exhibit those whimsical peculiarities of character, which had obtained for him the repute of heartlessness in the world. Perhaps the reader may think the world was not in the right. But if ever the world does judge rightly of the character of a man who does not live for the world, nor talk for the world, nor feel with the world, it will be centuries after the soul of Harley L'Estrange has done with this planet.

CHAPTER V.

LORD L'ESTRANGE parted company with Mr. Digby at the entrance of Oxford-street. The father and child there took a cabriolet. Mr. Digby directed the driver to go down the Edgeware-road. He refused to tell L'Estrange his address, and this with such evident pain, from the sores of pride, that L'Estrange could not press the point. Reminding the soldier of his promise to call, Harley thrust a pocket-book into his hand, and walked off hastily toward Grosvenor-square.

He reached Audley Egerton's door just as that gentleman was getting out of his carriage; and the two friends entered the house together.

"Does the nation take a nap to-night?" asked L'Estrange. "Poor old lady! She hears so much of her affairs, that she may well boast of her constitution: it must be of iron."

"The House is still sitting," answered Audley seriously, and with small heed of his friend's witticism. "But it is not a Government motion, and the division will be late, so I came home; and if I had not found you here, I should have gone into the Park to look for you."

"Yes—one always knows where to find me at this hour, 9 o'clock P.M.—cigar—Hyde Park. There is not a man in England so regular in his habits."

Here the friends reached a drawing-room in

which the Member of Parliament seldom sat, for his private apartments were all on the ground floor.

"But it is the strangest whim of yours, Harley," said he.

"What?"

"To affect detestation of ground-floors."

"Affect! O sophisticated man, of the earth, earthy! Affect!—nothing less natural to the human soul than a ground-floor. We are quite far enough from heaven, mount as many stairs as we will, without groveling by preference."

"According to that symbolical view of the case," said Audley, "you should lodge in an attic."

"So I would, but that I abhor new slippers. As for hair-brushes, I am indifferent!"

"What have slippers and hair-brushes to do with attics?"

"Try! Make your bed in an attic, and the next morning you will have neither slippers nor hair-brushes!"

"What shall I have done with them?"

"Shied them at the cats!"

"What odd things you do say, Harley!"

"Odd! By Apollo and his nine spinsters! there is no human being who has so little imagination as a distinguished Member of Parliament. Answer me this, thou solemn right honorable—Hast thou climbed to the heights of august contemplation? Hast thou gazed on the stars with the rapt eye of song? Hast thou dreamed of a love known to the angels, or sought to seize in the Infinite the mystery of life?"

"Not I indeed, my poor Harley."

"Then no wonder, poor Audley, that you can not conjecture why he who makes his bed in an attic, disturbed by base catterwauls, shies his slippers at cats. Bring a chair into the balcony. Nero spoiled my cigar to-night. I am going to smoke now. You never smoke. You can look on the shrubs in the square."

Audley slightly shrugged his shoulders, but he followed his friend's counsel and example, and brought his chair into the balcony. Nero came too, but at sight and smell of the cigar prudently retreated, and took refuge under the table.

"Audley Egerton, I want something from Government."

"I am delighted to hear it."

"There was a cornet in my regiment, who would have done better not to have come into it. We were, for the most part of us, puppies and fops."

"You all fought well, however."

"Puppies and fops do fight well. Vanity and valor generally go together. Cæsar, who scratched his head with due care of his scanty curls, and, even in dying, thought of the folds in his toga; Walter Raleigh, who could not walk twenty yards, because of the gems in his shoes; Alcibiades, who lounged into the Agora with doves in his bosom, and an apple in his hand;

Marat, bedizened in gold-lace and furs; and Demetrius, the City-Taker, who made himself up like a French *Marquise*—were all pretty good fellows at fighting. A slovenly hero like Cromwell is a paradox in nature, and a marvel in history. But to return to my cornet. We were rich; he was poor. When the pot of clay swims down the stream with the brass-pots, it is sure of a smash. Men said Digby was stingy; I saw he was extravagant. But every one, I fear, would be rather thought stingy than poor. *Bref.*—I left the army, and saw him no more till to-night. There was never shabby poor gentleman on the stage more awfully shabby, more pathetically gentleman. But, look ye, this man has fought for England. It was no child's play at Waterloo, let me tell you, Mr. Egerton; and, but for such men, you would be at best a *sous-prefet*, and your Parliament a Provincial Assembly. You must do something for Digby. What shall it be?"

"Why, really, my dear Harley, this man was no great friend of yours—eh?"

"If he were, he would not want the Government to help him—he would not be ashamed of taking money from me."

"That is all very fine, Harley; but there are so many poor officers, and so little to give. It is the most difficult thing in the world that which you ask me. Indeed, I know nothing can be done; he has his half-pay."

"I think not; or, if he has it, no doubt it all goes on his debts. That's nothing to us: the man and his child are starving."

"But if it is his own fault—if he has been imprudent?"

"Ah—well, well; where the devil is Nero?"

"I am so sorry I can't oblige you. If it were any thing else—"

"There is something else. My valet—I can't turn him adrift—excellent fellow, but gets drunk now and then. Will you find him a place in the Stamp Office?"

"With pleasure."

"No, now I think of it—the man knows my ways: I must keep him. But my old wine-merchant—civil man, never dunned—is a bankrupt. I am under great obligations to him, and he has a very pretty daughter. Do you think you could thrust him into some small place in the colonies, or make him a king's messenger, or something of the sort?"

"If you very much wish it, no doubt I can."

"My dear Audley, I am but feeling my way: the fact is, I want something for myself."

"Ah, that indeed gives me pleasure!" cried Egerton, with animation.

"The mission to Florence will soon be vacant—I know it privately. The place would quite suit me. Pleasant city; the best figs in Italy—very little to do. You could sound Lord — on the subject."

"I will answer beforehand. Lord — would be enchanted to secure to the public service a

man so accomplished as yourself, and the son of a peer like Lord Lansmere."

Harley L'Estrange sprang to his feet, and flung his cigar in the face of a stately policeman, who was looking up at the balcony.

"Infamous and bloodless official!" cried Harley L'Estrange; "so you could provide for a pimpled-nosed lackey—for a wine-merchant who has been poisoning the king's subjects with white lead or sloe-juice—for an idle sybarite, who would complain of a crumpled rose-leaf; and nothing in all the vast patronage of England for a broken down soldier, whose dauntless breast was her rampart."

"Harley," said the Member of Parliament, with his calm, sensible smile, "this would be very good clap-trap at a small theatre; but there is nothing in which Parliament demands such rigid economy as the military branch of the public service; and no man for whom it is so hard to effect what we must plainly call a job, as a subaltern officer, who has done nothing more than his duty—and all military men do that. Still, as you take it so earnestly, I will use what interest I can at the War Office, and get him, perhaps, the mastership of a barrack."

"You had better; for, if you do not, I swear I will turn radical, and come down to your own city to oppose you, with Hunt and Cobbett to canvass for me."

"I should be very glad to see you come into parliament, even as a radical, and at my expense," said Audley, with great kindness. "But the air is growing cold, and you are not accustomed to our climate. Nay, if you are too poetic for catarrhs and rheums, I'm not—come in."

CHAPTER VI.

LORD L'ESTRANGE threw himself on a sofa, and leaned his cheek on his hand thoughtfully. Audley Egerton sat near him, with his arms folded, and gazed on his friend's face with a soft expression of aspect, which was very unusual to the firm outline of his handsome features. The two men were as dissimilar in person as the reader will have divined that they were in character. All about Egerton was so rigid, all about L'Estrange so easy. In every posture of Harley's there was the unconscious grace of a child. The very fashion of his garments showed his abhorrence of restraint. His clothes were wide and loose; his neckcloth, tied carelessly, left his throat half bare. You could see that he had lived much in warm and southern lands, and contracted a contempt for conventionalities; there was as little in his dress as in his talk of the formal precision of the north. He was three or four years younger than Audley, but he looked at least twelve years younger. In fact, he was one of those men to whom old age seems impossible—voice, look, figure, had all the charm of youth; and, perhaps it was from this gracious youthfulness—at all events, it was

characteristic of the kind of love he inspired—that neither his parents, nor the few friends admitted into his intimacy, ever called him, in their habitual intercourse, by the name of his title. He was not L'Estrange with them, he was Harley; and by that familiar baptismal I will usually designate him. He was not one of those men whom author or reader wish to view at a distance, and remember as “my Lord”—it was so rarely that he remembered it himself. For the rest, it had been said of him by a shrewd wit—“He is so natural that every one calls him affected.” Harley L'Estrange was not so critically handsome as Audley Egerton; to a commonplace observer he was, at best, rather good-looking than otherwise. But women said that he had “a beautiful countenance,” and they were not wrong. He wore his hair, which was of a fair chestnut, long, and in loose curls; and instead of the Englishman's whiskers, indulged in the foreigner's mustache. His complexion was delicate, though not effeminate; it was rather the delicacy of a student, than of a woman. But in his clear gray eye there was wonderful vigor of life. A skillful physiologist, looking only into that eye, would have recognized rare stamina of constitution—a nature so rich that, while easily disturbed, it would require all the effects of time, or all the fell combinations of passion and grief, to exhaust it. Even now, though so thoughtful, and even so sad, the rays of that eye were as concentrated and steadfast as the light of the diamond.

“You were only, then, in jest,” said Audley, after a long silence, “when you spoke of this mission to Florence. You have still no idea of entering into public life.”

“None.”

“I had hoped better things when I got your promise to pass one season in London. But, indeed, you have kept your promise to the ear to break it to the spirit. I could not presuppose that you would shun all society, and be as much of a hermit here as under the vines of Como.”

“I have sate in the Strangers' Gallery, and heard your great speakers; I have been in the pit of the Opera, and seen your fine ladies; I have walked your streets, I have lounged in your parks, and I say that I can't fall in love with a faded dowager, because she fills up her wrinkleless with rouge.”

“Of what dowager do you speak?” asked the matter-of-fact Audley.

“She has a great many titles. Some people call her fashion, you busy men, politics: it is all one—tricked out and artificial. I mean London life. No, I can't fall in love with her, fawning old harridan!”

“I wish you could fall in love with something.”

“I wish I could, with all my heart.”

“But you are so *blasé*.”

“On the contrary, I am so fresh. Look out of the window—what do you see?”

“Nothing!”

“Nothing—”

“Nothing but houses and dusty lilacs, my coachman dozing on his box, and two women in pattens crossing the kennel.”

“I see none of that where I lie on the sofa. I see but the stars. And I feel for them as I did when I was a schoolboy at Eton. It is you who are *blasé*, not I—enough of this. You do not forget my commission, with respect to the exile who has married into your brother's family?”

“No; but here you set me a task more difficult than that of saddling your cornet on the War Office.”

“I know it is difficult, for the counter influence is vigilant and strong; but on the other hand, the enemy is so damnable a traitor that one must have the Fates and the household gods on one's side.”

“Nevertheless,” said the practical Audley, bending over a book on the table, “I think that the best plan would be to attempt a compromise with the traitor.”

“To judge of others by myself,” answered Harley with spirit, “it were less bitter to put up with wrong than to palter with it for compensation. And such wrong! Compromise with the open foe—that may be done with honor; but with the perjured friend—that were to forgive the perjury!”

“You are too vindictive,” said Egerton; “there may be excuses for the friend, which palliate even—”

“Hush! Audley, hush! or I shall think the world has indeed corrupted you. Excuse for the friend who deceives, who betrays! No, such is the true outlaw of Humanity; and the Furies surround him even while he sleeps in the temple.”

The man of the world lifted his eye slowly on the animated face of one still natural enough for the passions. He then once more returned to his book, and said, after a pause, “It is time you should marry, Harley.”

“No,” answered L'Estrange, with a smile at this sudden turn in the conversation—“not time yet; for my chief objection to that change in life is, that all the women nowadays are too old for me, or I am too young for them; a few, indeed, are so infantine that one is ashamed to be their toy; but most are so knowing that one is a fool to be their dupe. The first, if they condescend to love you, love you as the biggest doll they have yet dandled, and for a doll's good qualities—your pretty blue eyes, and your exquisite millinery. The last, if they prudently accept you, do so on algebraical principles; you are but the X or the Y that represents a certain aggregate of goods matrimonial—pedigree, title, rent-roll, diamonds, pin-money, opera-box. They cast you up with the help of mamma, and you wake some morning to find that *plus wife minus affection equals—the Devil!*”

“Nonsense,” said Audley, with his quiet grave laugh. “I grant that it is often the misfortune of a man in your station to be married rather

for what he has, than for what he is; but you are tolerably penetrating, and not likely to be deceived in the character of the woman you court."

"Of the woman I *court*?—No! But of the woman I *marry*, very likely indeed. Woman is a changeable thing, as our Virgil informed us at school; but her change *par excellence* is from the fairy you woo to the brownie you wed. It is not that she has been a hypocrite, it is that she is a transmigration. You marry a girl for her accomplishments. She paints charmingly, or plays like St. Cecilia. Clap a ring on her finger, and she never draws again—except perhaps your caricature on the back of a letter, and never opens a piano after the honeymoon. You marry her for her sweet temper; and next year, her nerves are so shattered that you can't contradict her but you are whirled into a storm of hysterics. You marry her because she declares she hates balls and likes quiet; and ten to one but what she becomes a patroness at Almacks, or a lady in waiting."

"Yet most men marry, and most men survive the operation."

"If it were only necessary to live, that would be a consolatory and encouraging reflection. But to live with peace, to live with dignity, to live with freedom, to live in harmony with your thoughts, your habits, your aspirations—and this in the perpetual companionship of a person to whom you have given the power to wound your peace, to assail your dignity, to cripple your freedom, to jar on each thought and each habit, and bring you down to the meanest details of earth, when you invite her, poor soul, to soar to the spheres—that makes the to be, or not to be, which is the question."

"If I were you, Harley, I would do as I have heard the author of *Sandford and Merton* did—choose out a child and educate her yourself after your own heart."

"You have hit it," answered Harley, seriously. "That has long been my idea—a very vague one, I confess. But I fear I shall be an old man before I find even the child."

"Ah," he continued, yet more earnestly, while the whole character of his varying countenance changed again—"ah! if indeed I could discover what I seek—one who with the heart of a child has the mind of a woman; one who beholds in nature the variety, the charm, the never feverish, ever healthful excitement that others vainly seek in the bastard sentimentalities of a life false with artificial forms; one who can comprehend, as by intuition, the rich poetry with which creation is clothed—poetry so clear to the child when enraptured with the flower, or when wondering at the star! If on me such exquisite companionship were bestowed—why, then?"—he paused, sighed deeply, and, covering his face with his hand, resumed in faltering accents,

"But once—but once only, did such visions of the Beautiful made human rise before me—

amidst 'golden exhalations of the dawn.' It beggared my life in vanishing. You know only—you only—how—how—"

He bowed his head, and the tears forced themselves through his clenched fingers.

"So long ago!" said Audley, sharing his friend's emotion. "Years so long and so weary, yet still thus tenacious of a mere boyish memory."

"Away with it, then!" cried Harley, springing to his feet, and with a laugh of strange merriment. "Your carriage still waits; set me home before you go to the House."

Then laying his hand lightly on his friend's shoulder, he said, "Is it for you, Audley Egerton, to speak sneeringly of boyish memories? What else is it that binds us together? What else warms my heart when I meet you? What else draws your thoughts from blue-books and beer-bills, to waste them on a vagrant like me? Shake hands. Oh, friend of my boyhood! recollect the oars that we plied and the bats that we wielded in the old time, or the murmured talk on the moss-grown bank, as we sate together, building in the summer air castles mightier than Windsor. Ah! they are strong ties, those boyish memories, believe me! I remember as if it were yesterday my translation of that lovely passage in Persius, beginning—let me see—ah!—"

"Quum primum pavidus custos mihi purpura cessit," that passage on friendship which gushes out so lovingly from the stern heart of the satirist. And when old ——— complimented me on my verses, my eye sought yours, Verily, I now say as then,

"Nescio quod, certe est quod me tibi temperet astrum."*

Audley turned away his head as he returned the grasp of his friend's hand; and while Harley, with his light elastic footstep, descended the stairs, Egerton lingered behind, and there was no trace of the worldly man upon his countenance when he took his place in the carriage by his companion's side.

Two hours afterward, weary cries of "Question, question!" "Divide, divide!" sank into reluctant silence as Audley Egerton rose to conclude the debate—the man of men to speak late at night, and to impatient benches: a man who would be heard; whom a Bedlam broke loose would not have roared down; with a voice clear and sound as a bell, and a form as firmly set on the ground as a church-tower. And while, on the dullest of dull questions, Audley Egerton thus, not too lively himself, enforced attention, where was Harley L'Estrange? Standing alone by the river at Richmond, and murmuring low fantastic thoughts as he gazed on the moonlit tide.

When Audley left him at home, he had joined his parents, made them gay with his careless gayety, seen the old-fashioned folks retire to rest, and then—while they, perhaps, deemed

* "What was the star I know not, but certainly some star it was that attuned me unto thee."

him once more the hero of ball-rooms and the cynosure of clubs—he drove slowly through the soft summer night, amidst the perfumes of many a garden and many a gleaming chestnut grove, with no other aim before him than to reach the loveliest margin of England's loveliest river, at the hour the moon was fullest and the song of the nightingale most sweet. And so eccentric a humorist was this man, that I believe, as he there loitered—no one near to ery “How affected!” or “How romantic!”—he enjoyed himself more than if he had been exchanging the politest “how-d’ye-do’s” in the hottest of London drawing-rooms, or betting his hundreds on the odd trick with Lord De R—for his partner.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MARY KINGSFORD.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

TOWARD the close of the year 1836, I was hurriedly dispatched to Liverpool for the purpose of securing the person of one Charles James Marshall, a collecting clerk, who, it was suddenly discovered, had absconded with a considerable sum of money belonging to his employers. I was too late—Charles James Marshall having sailed in one of the American liners the day before my arrival in the northern commercial capital. This fact well ascertained, I immediately set out on my return to London. Winter had come upon us unusually early; the weather was bitterly cold; and a piercing wind caused the snow, which had been falling heavily for several hours, to gyrate in fierce, blinding eddies, and heaped it up here and there into large and dangerous drifts. The obstruction offered by the rapidly-congealing snow greatly delayed our progress between Liverpool and Birmingham; and at a few miles only distant from the latter city, the leading engine ran off the line. Fortunately, the rate at which we were traveling was a very slow one, and no accident of moment occurred. Having no luggage to care for, I walked on to Birmingham, where I found the parliamentary train just on the point of starting, and with some hesitation, on account of the severity of the weather, I took my seat in one of the then very much exposed and uncomfortable carriages. We traveled steadily and safely, though slowly along, and reached Rugby Station in the afternoon, where we were to remain, the guard told us, till a fast down-train had passed. All of us hurried as quickly as we could to the large room at this station, where blazing fires and other appliances soon thawed the half-frozen bodies, and loosened the tongues of the numerous and motley passengers. After recovering the use of my benumbed limbs and faculties, I had leisure to look around and survey the miscellaneous assemblage about me.

Two persons had traveled in the same compartment with me from Birmingham, whose exterior, as disclosed by the dim light of the railway carriage, created some surprise that such finely-attired, fashionable gentlemen should stoop to journey by the plebeian penny-a-mile train. I could now observe them in a clearer light, and

surprise at their apparent condescension vanished at once. To an eye less experienced than mine in the artifices and expedients familiar to a certain class of “swells,” they might perhaps have passed muster for what they assumed to be, especially amidst the varied crowd of a “parliamentary;” but their copper finery could not for a moment impose upon me. The watch-chains were, I saw, mosaic; the watches, so frequently displayed, gilt; eye-glasses the same; the coats, fur-collared and cuffed, were ill-fitting and second-hand; ditto of the varnished boots and renovated velvet waistcoats; while the luxuriant mustaches and whiskers, and flowing wigs, were unmistakably mere *pièces d’occasion*—assumed and diversified at pleasure. They were both apparently about fifty years of age; one of them perhaps one or two years less than that. I watched them narrowly, the more so from their making themselves ostentatiously attentive to a young woman—girl rather she seemed—of a remarkably graceful figure, but whose face I had not yet obtained a glimpse of. They made boisterous way for her to the fire, and were profuse and noisy in their offers of refreshment—all of which, I observed, were peremptorily declined. She was dressed in deep, unexpensive mourning; and from her timid gestures and averted head, whenever either of the fellows addressed her, was, it was evident, terrified as well as annoyed by their rude and insolent notice. I quietly drew near to the side of the fire-place at which she stood, and with some difficulty obtained a sight of her features. I was struck with extreme surprise—not so much at her singular beauty, as from an instantaneous conviction that she was known to me, or at least that I had seen her frequently before, but where or when I could not at all call to mind. Again I looked, and my first impression was confirmed. At this moment the elder of the two men I have partially described placed his hand, with a rude familiarity, upon the girl’s shoulder, proffering at the same time a glass of hot brandy-and-water for her acceptance. She turned sharply and indignantly away from the fellow; and looking round as if for protection, caught my eagerly-fixed gaze.

“Mr. Waters!” she impulsively ejaculated. “Oh, I am so glad!”

“Yes,” I answered, “that is certainly my name; but I scarcely remember—Stand back, fellow!” I angrily continued, as her tormentor, emboldened by the spirits he had drunk, pressed with a jeering grin upon his face, toward her, still tendering the brandy and water. “Stand back!” He replied by a curse and a threat. The next moment his flowing wig was whirling across the room, and he standing with his bullet-head bare but for a few locks of iron-gray, in an attitude of speechless rage and confusion, increased by the peals of laughter which greeted his ludicrous, unwigged aspect. He quickly put himself in a fighting attitude, and, backed by his companion, challenged me to battle. This was quite out of the question; and I was somewhat at a loss how to proceed, when the bell announcing the instant departure of the train rang out, my furious antagonist gathered up and

adjusted his wig, and we all sallied forth to take our places—the young woman holding fast by my arm, and in a low, nervous voice, begging me not to leave her. I watched the two fellows take their seats, and then led her to the hindmost carriage, which we had to ourselves as far as the next station.

"Are Mrs. Waters and Emily quite well?" said the young woman, coloring, and lowering her eyes beneath my earnest gaze, which she seemed for a moment to misinterpret.

"Quite—entirely so," I almost stammered. "You know us then?"

"Surely I do," she replied, reassured by my manner. "But you, it seems," she presently added, with a winning smile, "have quite forgotten little Mary Kingsford."

"Mary Kingsford!" I exclaimed, almost with a shout. "Why, so it is! But what a transformation a few years have effected!"

"Do you think so? Not *pretty* Mary Kingsford now, then, I suppose?" she added, with a light, pleasant laugh.

"You know what I mean, you vain puss you!" I replied, quite gleefully, for I was overjoyed at meeting with the gentle, well remembered playmate of my own eldest girl. We were old familiar friends—almost father and daughter—in an instant.

Little Mary Kingsford, I should state, was, when I left Yorkshire, one of the prettiest, most engaging children I had ever seen; and a petted favorite not only with us, but of every other family in the neighborhood. She was the only child of Philip and Mary Kingsford—a humble, worthy, and much respected couple. The father was gardener to Sir Pyott Dalzell, and her mother eked out his wages to a respectable maintenance by keeping a cheap children's school. The change which a few years had wrought in the beautiful child was quite sufficient to account for my imperfect recognition of her; but the instant her name was mentioned, I at once recognized the rare comeliness which had charmed us all in her childhood. The soft brown eyes were the same, though now revealing profounder depths, and emitting a more pensive expression; the hair, though deepened in color, was still golden; her complexion, lit up as it now was by a sweet blush, was brilliant as ever; while her child-person had become matured and developed into womanly symmetry and grace. The brilliancy of color vanished from her cheek as I glanced meaningly at her mourning dress.

"Yes," she murmured, in a sad, quivering voice—"yes, father is gone! It will be six months come next Thursday that he died! Mother is well," she continued more cheerfully, after a pause, "in health, but poorly off; and I—and I," she added, with a faint effort at a smile, "am going to London to seek my fortune!"

"To seek your fortune!"

"Yes; you know my cousin, Sophy Clarke? In one of her letters, she said she often saw you."

I nodded without speaking. I knew little of Sophia Clarke, except that she was the somewhat gay, coquettish shopwoman of a highly

respectable confectioner in the Strand, whom I shall call by the name of Morris.

"I am to be Sophy's fellow shop-assistant," continued Mary Kingsford; "not, of course, at first at such good wages as she gets. So lucky for me, is it not, since I must go to service? And so kind, too, of Sophy, to interest herself for me!"

"Well, it may be so. But surely I have heard—my wife at least has—that you and Richard Westlake were engaged?—Excuse me, Mary, I was not aware the subject was a painful or unpleasant one."

"Richard's father," she replied with some spirit, "has higher views for his son. It is all off between us now," she added; "and perhaps it is for the best that it should be so."

I could have rightly interpreted these words without the aid of the partially-expressed sigh which followed them. The perilous position of so attractive, so inexperienced, so guileless a young creature, amidst the temptations and vanities of London, so painfully impressed and pre-occupied me, that I scarcely uttered another word till the rapidly-diminishing rate of the train announced that we neared a station, after which it was probable we should have no further opportunity for private converse.

"Those men—those fellows at Rugby—where did you meet with them?" I inquired.

"About thirty or forty miles below Birmingham, where they entered the carriage in which I was seated. At Birmingham I managed to avoid them."

Little more passed between us till we reached London. Sophia Clarke received her cousin at the Euston station, and was profuse of felicitations and compliments upon her arrival and personal appearance. After receiving a promise from Mary Kingsford to call and take tea with my wife and her old playmate on the following Sunday, I handed the two young women into a cab in waiting, and they drove off. I had not moved away from the spot when a voice a few paces behind me, which I thought I recognized, called out, "Quick, coachee, or you'll lose sight of them!" As I turned quickly round, another cab drove smartly off, which I followed at a run. I found, on reaching Lower Seymour-street, that I was not mistaken as to the owner of the voice, nor of his purpose. The fellow I had unwigged at Rugby thrust his body half out of the cab window, and, pointing to the vehicle which contained the two girls, called out to the driver "to mind and make no mistake." The man nodded intelligence, and lashed his horse into a faster pace. Nothing that I might do could prevent the fellows from ascertaining Mary Kingsford's place of abode; and as that was all that, for the present at least, need be apprehended, I desisted from pursuit, and bent my steps homeward.

Mary Kingsford kept her appointment on the Sunday, and in reply to our questioning, said she liked her situation very well. Mr. and Mrs. Morris were exceedingly kind to her; so was Sophia. "Her cousin," she added in reply to a look which I could not repress, "was perhaps a little gay and

free of manner, but the best-hearted creature in the world." The two fellows who had followed them had, I found, already twice visited the shop; but their attentions appeared now to be exclusively directed toward Sophia Clarke, whose vanity they not a little gratified. The names they gave were Hartley and Simpson. So entirely guileless and unsophisticated was the gentle country maiden, that I saw she scarcely comprehended the hints and warnings which I threw out. At parting, however, she made me a serious promise that she would instantly apply to me should any difficulty or perplexity overtake her.

I often called in at the confectioner's, and was gratified to find that Mary's modest propriety of behavior, in a somewhat difficult position, had gained her the goodwill of her employers, who invariably spoke of her with kindness and respect. Nevertheless, the care and care of a London life, with its incessant employment and late hours, soon, I perceived, began to tell upon her health and spirits; and it was consequently with a strong emotion of pleasure I heard from my wife that she had seen a passage in a letter from Mary's mother, to the effect that the elder Westlake was betraying symptoms of yielding to the angry and passionate expostulations of his only son, relative to the enforced breaking off of his engagement with Mary Kingsford. The blush with which she presented the letter was, I was told, very eloquent.

One evening, on passing Morris's shop, I observed Hartley and Simpson there. They were swallowing custards and other confectionary with much gusto; and, from their new and costly habiliments, seemed to be in surprisingly good case. They were smirking and smiling at the cousins with rude confidence; and Sophia Clarke, I was grieved to see, repaid their insulting impertinence by her most elaborate smiles and graces. I passed on; and presently meeting with a brother-detective, who, it struck me, might know something of the two gentlemen, I turned back with him, and pointed them out. A glance sufficed him.

"Hartley and Simpson you say?" he remarked after we had walked away to some distance: "those are only two of their numerous *aliases*. I can not, however, say that I am as yet on very familiar terms with them; but as I am especially directed to cultivate their acquaintance, there is no doubt we shall be more intimate with each other before long. Gamblers, blacklegs, swindlers I already know them to be; and I would take odds they are not unfrequently something more, especially when fortune and the bones run cross with them." "They appear to be in high feather just now," I remarked.

"Yes: they are connected, I suspect, with the gang who cleaned out young Garlsdale last week in Jermyn-street. I'd lay a trifle," added my friend, as I turned to leave him, "that one or both of them will wear the Queen's livery, gray turned up with yellow, before many weeks are past. Good-by."

About a fortnight after this conversation, I and my wife paid a visit to Astley's, for the gratification of our youngsters, who had long been promised a sight of the equestrian marvels

exhibited at that celebrated amphitheatre. It was the latter end of February; and when we came out of the theatre, we found the weather had changed to dark and sleety, with a sharp, nipping wind. I had to call at Scotland-yard; my wife and children consequently proceeded home in a cab without me; and after assisting to quell a slight disturbance originating in a gin-palace close by, I went on my way over Westminster Bridge. The inclement weather had cleared the streets and thoroughfares in a surprisingly short time; so that, excepting myself, no foot-passenger was visible on the bridge till I had about half-crossed it, when a female figure, closely muffled up about the head, and sobbing bitterly, passed rapidly by on the opposite side. I turned and gazed after the retreating figure: it was a youthful, symmetrical one; and after a few moments' hesitation, I determined to follow at a distance, and as unobservedly as I could. On the woman sped, without pause or hesitation, till she reached Astley's, where I observed her stop suddenly, and toss her arms in the air with a gesture of desperation. I quickened my steps, which she observing, uttered a slight scream, and darted swiftly off again, moaning and sobbing as she ran. The slight momentary glimpse I had obtained of her features beneath the gas-lamp opposite Astley's, suggested a frightful apprehension, and I followed at my utmost speed. She turned at the first cross-street, and I should soon have overtaken her, but that in darting round the corner where she disappeared, I ran full butt against a stout, elderly gentleman, who was hurrying smartly along out of the weather. What with the suddenness of the shock and the slipperiness of the pavement, down we both reeled; and by the time we had regained our feet, and growled savagely at each other, the young woman, whoever she was, had disappeared, and more than half an hour's eager search after her proved fruitless. At last I bethought me of hiding at one corner of Westminster Bridge. I had watched impatiently for about twenty minutes, when I observed the object of my pursuit stealing timidly and furtively toward the bridge on the opposite side of the way. As she came nearly abreast of where I stood, I darted forward; she saw, without recognizing me, and uttering an exclamation of terror, flew down toward the river, where a number of pieces of balk and other timber were fastened together, forming a kind of loose raft. I followed with desperate haste, for I saw that it was indeed Mary Kingsford, and loudly called to her by name to stop. She did not appear to hear me, and in a few moments the unhappy girl had gained the end of the timber-raft. One instant she paused with clasped hands upon the brink, and in another had thrown herself into the dark and moaning river. On reaching the spot where she had disappeared, I could not at first see her, in consequence of the dark mourning dress she had on. Presently I caught sight of her, still upborne by her spread clothes, but already carried by the swift current beyond my reach. The only chance was to crawl along a piece of round timber which projected farther into the river

and by the end of which she must pass. This I effected with some difficulty; and laying myself out at full length, vainly endeavored, with outstretched, straining arms, to grasp her dress. There was nothing left for it but to plunge in after her. I will confess that I hesitated to do so. I was encumbered with a heavy dress, which there was no time to put off, and moreover, like most inland men, I was but an indifferent swimmer. My indecision quickly vanished. The wretched girl, though gradually sinking, had not yet uttered a cry, or appeared to struggle; but when the chilling waters reached her lips, she seemed to suddenly revive to a consciousness of the horror of her fate: she fought wildly with the engulfing tide, and shrieked piteously for help. Before one could count ten, I had grasped her by the arm, and lifted her head above the surface of the river. As I did so, I felt as if suddenly encased and weighed down by leaden garments, so quickly had my thick clothing and high boots sucked in the water. Vainly, thus burdened and impeded, did I endeavor to regain the raft; the strong tide bore us outward, and I glared round, in inexpressible dismay, for some means of extrication from the frightful peril in which I found myself involved. Happily, right in the direction the tide was drifting us, a large barge lay moored by a chain-cable. Eagerly I seized and twined one arm firmly round it, and thus partially secure, hallooed with renewed power for assistance. It soon came: a passer-by had witnessed the flight of the girl and my pursuit, and was already hastening with others to our assistance. A wherry was unmoored: guided by my voice, they soon reached us; and but a brief interval elapsed before we were safely housed in an adjoining tavern.

A change of dress, with which the landlord kindly supplied me, a blazing fire, and a couple of glasses of hot brandy and water, soon restored warmth and vigor to my chilled and partially-numbed limbs; but more than two hours elapsed before Mary, who had swallowed a good deal of water, was in a condition to be removed. I had just sent for a cab, when two police-officers, well known to me, entered the room with official briskness. Mary screamed, staggered toward me, and clinging to my arm, besought me with frantic earnestness to save her.

"What is the meaning of this?" I exclaimed, addressing one of the police-officers.

"Merely," said he, "that the young woman that's clinging so tight to you has been committing an audacious robbery—"

"No—no—no!" broke in the terrified girl.

"Oh! of course you'll say so," continued the officer. "All I know is, that the diamond brooch was found snugly hid away in her own box. But come, we have been after you for the last three hours; so you had better come along at once."

"Save me! save me!" sobbed poor Mary, as she tightened her grasp upon my arm and looked with beseeching agony in my face.

"Be comforted," I whispered; "you shall go home with me. Calm yourself, Miss Kingsford," I added in a louder tone: "I no more believe

you have stolen a diamond brooch than that I have." "Bless you! bless you!" she gasped in the intervals of her convulsive sobs.

"There is some wretched misapprehension in this business, I am quite sure," I continued; "but at all events I shall bail her—for this night at least."

"Bail her! That is hardly regular."

"No; but you will tell the superintendent that Mary Kingsford is in my custody, and that I answer for her appearance to-morrow."

The men hesitated, but I stood too well at head-quarters for them to do more than hesitate; and the cab I had ordered being just then announced, I passed with Mary out of the room as quickly as I could, for I feared her senses were again leaving her. The air revived her somewhat, and I lifted her into the cab, placing myself beside her. She appeared to listen in fearful doubt whether I should be allowed to take her with me; and it was not till the wheels had made a score of revolutions that her fears vanished; then throwing herself upon my neck in an ecstasy of gratitude, she burst into a flood of tears, and continued till we reached home sobbing on my bosom like a broken-hearted child. She had, I found, been there about ten o'clock to seek me, and being told that I was gone to Astley's, had started off to find me there.

Mary still slept, or at least she had not risen, when I left home the following morning to endeavor to get at the bottom of the strange accusation preferred against her. I first saw the superintendent, who, after hearing what I had to say, quite approved of all that I had done, and intrusted the case entirely to my care. I next saw Mr. and Mrs. Morris and Sophia Clarke, and then waited upon the prosecutor, a youngish gentleman of the name of Saville, lodging in Essex Street, Strand. One or two things I heard necessitated a visit to other officers of police, incidentally, as I found, mixed up with the affair. By the time all this was done, and an effectual watch had been placed upon Mr. Augustus Saville's movements, evening had fallen, and I wended my way homeward, both to obtain a little rest, and hear Mary Kingsford's version of the strange story.

The result of my inquiries may be thus briefly summed up. Ten days before, Sophia Clarke told her cousin that she had orders for Covent-Garden Theatre; and as it was not one of their busy nights, she thought they might obtain leave to go. Mary expressed her doubt of this, as both Mr. and Mrs. Morris, who were strict, and somewhat fanatical Dissenters, disapproved of play-going, especially for young women. Nevertheless Sophia asked, informed Mary that the required permission had been readily accorded, and off they went in high spirits; Mary especially, who had never been to a theatre in her life before. When there, they were joined by Hartley and Simpson, much to Mary's annoyance and vexation, especially as she saw that her cousin expected them. She had, in fact, accepted the orders from them. At the conclusion of the entertainments, they all four came out together, when suddenly there

arose a hustling and confusion, accompanied with loud outcries, and a violent swaying to and fro of the crowd. The disturbance was, however, soon quelled; and Mary and her cousin had reached the outer-door, when two police-officers seized Hartley and his friend, and insisted upon their going with them. A scuffle ensued; but other officers being at hand, the two men were secured, and carried off. The cousins, terribly frightened, called a coach, and were very glad to find themselves safe at home again. And now it came out that Mr. and Mrs. Morris had been told that they were going to spend the evening at *my* house, and had no idea they were going to the play! Vexed as Mary was at the deception, she was too kindly-tempered to refuse to keep her cousin's secret; especially knowing as she did that the discovery of the deceit Sophia had practiced would in all probability be followed by her immediate discharge. Hartley and his friend swaggered on the following afternoon into the shop, and whispered Sophia that their arrest by the police had arisen from a strange mistake, for which the most ample apologies had been offered and accepted. After this, matters went on as usual, except that Mary perceived a growing insolence and familiarity in Hartley's manner toward her. His language was frequently quite unintelligible, and once he asked her plainly "if she did not mean that he should go *share*s in the prize she had lately found?" Upon Mary replying that she did not comprehend him, his look became absolutely ferocious, and he exclaimed, "Oh, that's your game, is it? But don't try it on with me, my good girl, I advise you!" So violent did he become, that Mr. Morris was attracted by the noise, and ultimately bundled him, neck and heels, out of the shop. She had not seen either him or his companion since.

On the evening of the previous day, a gentleman whom she never remembered to have seen before, entered the shop, took a seat, and helped himself to a tart. She observed that after awhile he looked at her very earnestly, and, at length, approaching quite close, said, "You were at Covent-Garden Theatre last Tuesday evening week." Mary was struck, as she said, all of a heap, for both Mr. and Mrs. Morris were in the shop, and heard the question.

"Oh, no, no! you mistake," she said, hurriedly, and feeling at the same time her cheeks kindle into flame.

"Nay, but you were, though," rejoined the gentleman. And then, lowering his voice to a whisper, he said, "And let me advise you, if you would avoid exposure and condign punishment, to restore me the diamond brooch you robbed me of on that evening."

Mary screamed with terror, and a regular scene ensued. She was obliged to confess she had told a falsehood in denying she was at the theatre on the night in question, and Mr. Morris after that seemed inclined to believe any thing of her. The gentleman persisted in his charge; but at the same time vehemently iterating his assurance that all he wanted was his property; and it was ultimately decided that Mary's boxes, as well as

her person, should be searched. This was done; and, to her utter consternation, the brooch was found concealed, they said, in a black-silk reticule. Denials, asseverations, were vain. Mr. Saville identified the brooch, but once more offered to be content with its restoration. This Mr. Morris, a just, stern man, would not consent to, and he went out to summon a police-officer. Before he returned, Mary, by the advice of both her cousin and Mrs. Morris, had fled the house, and hurried, in a state of distraction, to find me, with what result the reader already knows.

"It is a wretched business," I observed to my wife, as soon as Mary Kingsford had retired to rest, at about nine o'clock in the evening. "Like you, I have no doubt of the poor girl's perfect innocence; but how to establish it by satisfactory evidence is another matter. I must take her to Bow-street the day after to-morrow."

"Good God, how dreadful! Can nothing be done? What does the prosecutor say the brooch is worth?"

"His uncle," he says, "gave a hundred and twenty guineas for it. But that signifies little; for were its worth only a hundred and twenty farthings, compromise is out of the question."

"I did not mean that. Can you show it me? I am a pretty good judge of the value of jewels."

"Yes, you can see it." I took it out of the desk in which I had locked it up, and placed it before her. It was a splendid emerald, encircled by large brilliants.

My wife twisted and turned it about, holding it in all sorts of lights, and at last said—"I do not believe that either the emerald or the brilliants are real—that the brooch is, in fact, worth twenty shillings intrinsically."

"Do you say so?" I exclaimed as I jumped up from my chair, for my wife's words gave color and consistence to a dim and faint suspicion which had crossed my mind. "Then this Saville is a manifest liar; and perhaps confederate with— But give me my hat; I will ascertain this point at once."

I hurried to a jeweler's shop, and found that my wife's opinion was correct; apart from the workmanship, which was very fine, the brooch was valueless. Conjectures, suspicions, hopes, fears, chased each other with bewildering rapidity through my brain; and in order to collect and arrange my thoughts, I stepped out of the whirl of the streets into Dolly's Chop-house, and decided, over a quiet glass of negus, upon my plan of operations.

The next morning there appeared at the top of the second column of the 'Times' an earnest appeal, worded with careful obscurity, so that only the person to whom it was addressed should easily understand it, to the individual who had lost or been robbed of a false stone and brilliants at the theatre, to communicate with a certain person—whose address I gave—without delay, in order to save the reputation, perhaps the life, of an innocent person.

I was at the address I had given by nine o'clock. Several hours passed without bringing any one, and I was beginning to despair, when

a gentleman of the name of Bagshawe was announced: I fairly leaped for joy, for this was beyond my hopes.

A gentleman presently entered, of about thirty years of age, of a distinguished, though somewhat dissipated aspect.

"This brooch is yours?" said I, exhibiting it without delay or preface.

"It is; and I am here to know what your singular advertisement means?"

I briefly explained the situation of affairs.

"The rascals!" he broke in almost before I had finished; "I will briefly explain it all. A fellow of the name of Hartley, at least that was the name he gave, robbed me, I was pretty sure, of this brooch. I pointed him out to the police, and he was taken into custody; but nothing being found upon him, he was discharged."

"Not entirely, Mr. Bagshawe, on that account. You refused, when arrived at the station-house, to state what you had been robbed of; and you, moreover, said, in presence of the culprit, that you were to embark with your regiment for India the next day. That regiment, I have ascertained, did embark, as you said it would."

"True; but I had leave of absence, and shall take the Overland route. The truth is, that during the walk to the station-house, I had leisure to reflect that if I made a formal charge, it would lead to awkward disclosures. This brooch is an imitation of one presented to me by a valued relative. Losses at play—since, for this unfortunate young woman's sake, I must out with it—obliged me to part with the original; and I wore this, in order to conceal the fact from my relative's knowledge."

"This will, sir," I replied, "prove, with a little management, quite sufficient for all purposes. You have no objection to accompany me to the superintendent?"

"Not in the least: only I wish the devil had the brooch as well as the fellow that stole it."

About half-past five o'clock on the same evening, the street door was quietly opened by the landlord of the house in which Mr. Saville lodged, and I walked into the front-room on the first floor, where I found the gentleman I sought languidly reclining on a sofa. He gathered himself smartly up at my appearance, and looked keenly in my face. He did not appear to like what he read there.

"I did not expect to see you to-day," he said at last.

"No, perhaps not: but I have news for you. Mr. Bagshawe, the owner of the hundred-and-twenty guinea brooch your deceased uncle gave you, did *not* sail for India, and—"

The wretched cur, before I could conclude, was on his knees begging for mercy with disgusting abjectness. I could have spurned the scoundrel where he crawled.

"Come, sir!" I cried, "let us have no sniveling or humbug: mercy is not in my power, as you ought to know. Strive to deserve it. We want Hartley and Simpson, and can not find them: you must aid us."

"Oh, yes; to be sure I will!" eagerly rejoined

the rascal. "I will go for them at once," he added, with a kind of hesitating assurance.

"Nonsense! *Send* for them, you mean. Do so, and I will wait their arrival."

His note was dispatched by a sure hand; and meanwhile I arranged the details of the expected meeting. I, and a friend, whom I momentarily expected, would ensconce ourselves behind a large screen in the room, while Mr. Augustus Saville would run playfully over the charming plot with his two friends, so that we might be able to fully appreciate its merits. Mr. Saville agreed. I rang the bell, an officer appeared, and we took our posts in readiness. We had scarcely done so, when the street-bell rang, and Saville announced the arrival of his confederates. There was a twinkle in the fellow's green eyes which I thought I understood. "Do not try that on, Mr. Augustus Saville," I quietly remarked; "we are but two here certainly, but there are half-a-dozen in waiting below."

No more was said, and in another minute the friends met. It was a boisterously-jolly meeting, as far as shaking hands and mutual felicitations on each other's good looks and health went. Saville was, I thought, the most obstreperously gay of all three.

"And yet now I look at you, Saville, closely," said Hartley, "you don't look quite the thing. Have you seen a ghost?"

"No; but this cursed brooch affair worries me."

"Nonsense!—humbug!—it's all right; we are all embarked in the same boat. It's a regular three handed game. I prigg'd it; Simmy here whipped it into pretty Mary's reticule, which she, I suppose, never looked into till the row came; and *you* claimed it—a regular merry-go-round, ain't it, eh? Ha! ha! ha!—ha!"

"Quite so, Mr. Hartley," said I, suddenly facing him, and at the same time stamping on the floor; "as you say, a delightful merry-go-round; and here, you perceive," I added, as the officers entered the room, "are more gentlemen to join in it."

I must not stain the paper with the curses, imprecations, blasphemies, which for a brief space resounded through the apartment. The rascals were safely and separately locked up a quarter of an hour afterward; and before a month had passed away, all three were transported. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that they believed the brooch to be genuine, and of great value.

Mary Kingsford did not need to return to her employ. Westlake the elder withdrew his veto upon his son's choice, and the wedding was celebrated in the following May with great rejoicing; Mary's old playmate officiating as bride-maid, and I as bride's-father. The still young couple have now a rather numerous family, and a home blessed with affection, peace, and competence. It was some time, however, before Mary recovered from the shock of her London adventure; and I am pretty sure that the disagreeable reminiscences inseparably connected in her mind with the metropolis will prevent at least *one* person from being present at the World's Great Fair.—*Chambers's Journal*.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

UNITED STATES.

REPORTS of the same general tendency, although somewhat vague and contradictory in details, indicate that plans are on foot to organize another expedition for a descent upon Cuba. New Orleans, Savannah, and various places on the coast of Florida, would appear to be the centres to which the parties tend. It is supposed that funds to a large amount have been furnished from Cuba. The design seems to be to proceed in separate parties to some point beyond the jurisdiction of the United States before effecting any formal organization. The President, under date of April 25, issued his proclamation, attributing the project mainly to foreigners, "who have dared to make our shores the scenes of guilty and hostile preparations against a friendly power." These expeditions, he says, can only be regarded as adventures for plunder and robbery, undertaken in violation alike of the law of nations and of this country; by the latter of which they are punishable by fine and imprisonment. He warns all citizens of the United States who connect themselves with such expeditions, that they thereby "forfeit all claims to the protection of this Government, or any interference on their behalf, no matter to what extremities they may be reduced in consequence of their illegal conduct;" and calls upon every civil and military officer of the Government to use his efforts for the arrest of all who thus offend against the laws of their country.

In New York, information was given to the United States Marshal that a vessel had been chartered by persons concerned in the proposed expedition, and was anchored in the Bay, provided with munitions of war, and waiting for the arrival of a large number of men. On searching the harbor, no vessel answering this description was found, but a steamboat lying at a pier on the North River fell under suspicion, and was seized by the United States authorities. This was the *Cleopatra*, a large boat, formerly employed on Long Island Sound, and now in such a decayed condition as to be nearly unfit for service, having been built upward of fourteen years. Nothing was found on board to indicate the purpose for which she was destined. The forward hold and boiler room were filled with coal, of which a large quantity also covered the forward deck. She had on board a great number of empty water casks, but no firearms or gunpowder were discovered. She was placed in charge of a guard of marines from the Navy Yard, and no communication was permitted with persons on shore. The final disposition of the steamer has not yet been determined, but orders have been given by the Government to deliver her cargo to any claimant who could show evidence of proprietorship.

Soon after the seizure of the *Cleopatra*, the collector of this port received notice that a vessel engaged for the transportation of emigrants from South Amboy to Sandy Hook, was lying at her wharf, in the former place, under suspicious circumstances. Officers were immediately dispatched to the spot; the vessel was seized and ordered to anchor at

Perth Amboy; and intelligence was obtained which resulted in the arrest of five persons, who were held to bail in the sum of \$3000 each to appear for examination. These were John L. O'Sullivan, formerly editor of the *Democratic Review*, Captain Lewis, formerly of the steamer *Creole*, Pedro Sanches, a Spanish resident of New York, Dr. D. H. Burnett, and Major Louis Schlesinger of the Hungarian patriots. The offense with which they were charged was the violation of the Neutrality Act of April 20, 1818, in preparing the means for a military expedition against Cuba.

In consequence of various rumors which prevailed in the City of Savannah, concerning the invasion of Cuba, the United States Marshal chartered a steamboat for an exploring trip to the South. He proceeded as far as Jacksonville, Florida, and returned after a cruise of three or four days. Throughout the whole line of his route, he was met with accounts of encampments of armed men, but they proved to be without foundation, and no discoveries, pointing to any overt acts, were made. It was the general belief, among all with whom he conversed, that a movement of importance had been projected against the island of Cuba, but that from causes which have not transpired, the organization had been broken up, and the men connected with it had entirely dispersed. Between Savannah and Jacksonville, public opinion was found to be decidedly favorable to the expedition, the great majority of the people sympathizing with the Cubans, and ready to aid them in a struggle for independence.

The session of the Legislature of New York came to a sudden and unexpected close on the 17th of April, two days after the conclusion of our last Monthly Record. It being apparent that the bill for the enlargement of the Erie Canal, which had already passed the House by a large majority, would likewise pass the Senate, twelve of the fifteen Democratic Senators resigned their seats. One other Senator announced his intention to resign if the proposed measure were pressed; in which case there would be only nineteen members remaining; the Constitution requiring three-fifths of the whole, or twenty Senators, to form a quorum. When the bill came up for a third reading, there were 17 votes in its favor, and 2 against it. No quorum being present, the bill was laid upon the table. The Senate thereupon voted to adjourn *sine die*; in which resolution the House concurred. On the same day the Democratic members of the Legislature, comprising fifteen Senators and forty Representatives, issued an address to the Democratic Republican Electors of the State, in justification of their procedure. They bring severe charges against their opponents of mal-administration of the financial affairs of the State; and denounce the proposed measure as a palpable violation of the express provisions of the Constitution, and as an expedient to secure to their opponents the political supremacy in the State. The Whig members also issued a long address to the People of the State of New York, in which they denounce the conduct of the resigning Senators as a willful violation of the Constitution which they had sworn to support,

and as an outrage upon the fundamental principle of a republican government—the right of the majority to rule. They defend the course of adjournment adopted by the majority, on the ground that two-fifths of the State was unrepresented in the Senate; that for various important purposes for which the assent of two-thirds of the members elected is requisite, there was virtually no Senate at all; that it was in the power of a single member of that body, by a threat of resignation, to dictate upon any legislative question; and that one member had threatened, unless the order of business fixed by the Senate should be laid aside, that he would vacate his seat, and thus render any legislation impossible. They proceed to argue at great length the constitutionality and expediency of the bill. The Governor has issued his proclamation, convoking an extra session of the Legislature on the 10th June, and appointing an election to be held on the 27th of May, to fill the vacancies occasioned by the resignations of the Senators. Contrary opinions as to the constitutionality of the bill in question have been furnished by the ablest counsel. Among others Mr. CHATFIELD, the Attorney General of the State, pronounces it to be unconstitutional; while Mr. WEBSTER argues in favor of the opposite opinion.

The steamer Pacific, which sailed from Liverpool April 10, accomplished the passage to New York in 9 days and 20 hours, being the shortest westerly passage ever made. The greatest distance run in a single day was 328, the least 302 miles. The shortest westerly passage previously made was by the same vessel, which was 10 days 4 hours. The shortest similar passage by a Cunarder was by the Asia, 10 days and 22 hours.

The number of passengers from foreign countries who arrived at the port of New York within the four months ending May 1, was above 60,000, being an increase of more than 30,000 over the arrivals of last year. During the month of April the arrivals were 27,779, of which 15,968 were from Ireland, 6372 from Germany, and 2679 from England.

The anniversaries of the principal religious and benevolent societies were celebrated as usual in New York in the early part of May. The occasion drew together a large attendance of persons from every section of the country. *The Seaman's Friend's Society* maintains chaplains in the Sandwich Islands, South America, California, the West Indies, France, and Sweden. At the Sailor's Home in New York, there have been, during the year, 2525 sailor boarders. A single bank has upon deposit, bearing interest, more than a million of dollars belonging to seamen. The receipts of the Society for the year were \$20,399 21; the expenditures \$20,446 27.—*The American and Foreign Christian Union* has for its object opposition to Romanism, by acting upon both Catholics and Protestants at home and abroad. It has during the past year employed at home, for greater or less portions of time, 78 missionaries, of whom the greater number are foreigners, preaching in seven different languages, and belonging to almost all the branches of the Protestant Church. It also employs 30 missionaries in foreign countries. The Society received during the year \$56,265 20, and expended \$55,169 12.—*The American Tract Society* has issued during the year 886,692 volumes, 7,837,692 publications; of its Almanacs have been circulated 310,000 copies; of the *American Messenger* 186,000, and of the *German Messenger* 18,000 copies are published monthly. It has employed 569 colporteurs, of whom 135 are students in colleges and

seminaries. The receipts of the Society exceed those of any other kindred institution in the country. For the past year they were \$310,728 32, of which \$200,720 33 were the proceeds of the sales of publications, the remainder being donations. The expenditures were, for publishing, \$179,984 48; for colportage, \$73,278 23; donations to foreign countries, \$20,000; miscellaneous expenses, \$37,356 59, in all, \$310,616 30.—*The American Home Missionary Society* has had in its service during the year 1065 ministers, who have performed an amount of labor equal to 853 years; these have been employed in twenty-six States and Territories: in New England, 311; in the Middle States, 224; in the Western States and Territories, 515; in the Southern States, 15. The resources of the Society for the year were \$166,493 94; the liabilities, \$163,457 18.—*The American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society* presented at its anniversary no statistics of its operations.—*The American Anti-Slavery Society* (known as the Garrison Society), whose meetings last year were violently interrupted, was unable to procure a place of meeting in this city. Its anniversary was accordingly held in Syracuse.—*The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions* have received for nine months of the current year \$186,500, being an increase above the receipts of last year, of \$17,384.—*The* ("Old School") *Presbyterian Board of Missions* have sent out during the past year 25 laborers. The operations of this Board are carried on mainly among the Indians and Jews of our country, in Western Africa, Northern India, Siam, China, and Catholic Europe. The Board has received and expended a trifle more than \$140,000 during the year.—*The American Bible Society* has issued during the year 592,432 Bibles and Testaments, making a total, since the formation of the Society, of 7,572,967 copies. In addition to new editions of the English Scriptures, they have issued the Testament in Swedish and English in parallel columns, and have in preparation a similar Testament in French and English. They have also prepared a Spanish Bible, conformed to the Hebrew and Greek originals. A translation executed by Rev. Mr. Payne, a missionary to Western Africa, of the books of Genesis and Acts into the Grebo language, has been published at the Society's house. The receipts of the Society for the year past have been \$276,882 52, which is somewhat less than those of the preceding year, when they were swelled by unusually large amounts given by way of legacy.—The anniversaries of those noble charities the *Institution for the Deaf and Dumb* and the *New York Institution for the Blind* were, as usual, of the utmost interest, and attracted large and delighted audiences. In the former of these are 247 pupils, of whom 163 are supported by the State, 30 by their friends or by other States, and 16 are maintained by the Institution. The Institution for the Blind contains 105 pupils, of whom 52 are males and 53 females; there are besides connected with it 39 other blind persons, in various capacities.—The meetings of several of the minor associations presented some interesting features. Among these we specify that of the New York Colonization Society, at which a letter was read from Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, describing the great benefits conferred by the colonization of Africa, in introducing civilization, and suppressing the slave-trade.—The total receipts of eleven of the principal religious societies of the country for the past year were \$1,237,875 17, exceeding those of the preceding year by about \$15,000.

The Erie Railroad is now completed, from the

Hudson River to Dunkirk, 470 miles from New York. A train having on board the Directors of the road, went over the whole distance on the 28th and 29th of April. At the commencement of the enterprise, the State loaned to the road its bonds to the amount of three millions of dollars. Subsequently, an act was passed relieving the Company from the lien imposed by these bonds, on condition that a single track was completed, and engines passed over it, from the Hudson to Lake Erie, before the middle of May. On the day, therefore, in which the first train passed over the road, the earnings of the Company were three millions of dollars. The formal celebration of the opening of the Road took place on the 14th of May, and was attended by the President of the United States and a portion of the Cabinet, as will be seen by a somewhat detailed account in another page of our Magazine.

In Massachusetts, the Hon. CHARLES SUMNER has at length been elected to the United States Senate, for the full term of six years. He has taken no prominent part in politics, but is widely known as a scholar and philanthropist.—Soon after the decision of an exciting Fugitive Slave case in Boston, a number of citizens who had invited Mr. Webster to address them on the political condition of the country, petitioned the Board of Aldermen for the use of Faneuil Hall on that occasion. A similar petition having been previously denied to the opponents of the Fugitive Slave Law, that of the friends of Mr. Webster was not granted. The Board subsequently reconsidered their action, and passed a vote concurring with the Common Council in raising a joint committee to invite an address from Mr. Webster, and tendering the use of the Hall for the purpose. The invitation was not accepted.—A violent storm commenced on the 15th of April, and raged for more than a week along the whole extent of the Atlantic coast. During the night of the 17th, the light-house on Minot's Ledge, near Cohasset, was swept away; two assistant keepers who were in the structure were lost.—The secret-ballot law has passed both branches of the Legislature. It provides that the ballots of voters shall be inclosed in envelopes previously to being deposited in the ballot boxes.

In Connecticut there was no choice by the people of State officers at the late election. Hon. THOMAS H. SEYMOUR, the Democratic candidate, has been re-elected as Governor by the Legislature. The Democratic candidates for Secretary and Comptroller, and the Whig candidates for Lieutenant-Governor and Treasurer, were elected by the Legislature. In his Message the Governor represents the finances of the State to be in a prosperous condition; recommends the passage of general corporation and banking laws; and of a law limiting the hours of labor, to contain a provision making it a misdemeanor to work children under fourteen years of age more than eight hours a day. He speaks in favor of the Compromise measures, which he says must be supported in good faith, or we can not hope to see this form of Government continue. "Whatever action then," he adds, "the Legislature may feel called upon to take, upon any of the questions to which reference has been made, I feel at liberty to indulge the hope that its course will be such as to place the State of Connecticut on patriotic and dignified ground in the presence of sister States and the nation, and the world."

A Convention of the Southern Rights Association assembled at Charleston, May 5. There were between three and four hundred members in attendance. Ex-Governor J. P. RICHARDSON acted as

President. In his address upon taking the chair, he said that the question was simply as to the time and manner of resistance. He spoke strongly of the want of affinity between the two sections of the country, and declared that no one should join together those whom God and nature have put asunder. A letter from Hon. LANGDON CHEVES was read, deprecating separate action on the part of South Carolina, which ought to wait awhile longer for the action of other States. An address and resolutions advocating the right and expediency of secession, were adopted. Mr. RHETT, one of the United States Senators from this State, has developed what he supposes to be the results of the policy of secession. Free trade would be proclaimed with all States south and west of the Potomac, and a duty of ten per cent. levied upon goods from the other States and from foreign countries. The result would be that goods would be twenty per cent. cheaper in Charleston than in New York. The trade of Georgia and North Carolina would be carried on with South Carolina; and it would not be in the power of the General Government to prevent it, by a line of custom-houses along the frontier. He declared the idea of a blockade of the ports of South Carolina to be ridiculous. Blockade was war, and Congress alone could declare war; and Congress must either let them go peaceably out of the Union or fight; and fight they would in defense of their rights, liberties, and institutions; and even if South Carolina should be subdued, the Union was not preserved; other Southern States would join in the contest. Should that State secede and remain for five years an independent State, a Southern Confederacy must be the result, or the South would have enforced the guarantees to which she is entitled. "I have been battling," he says, "in this cause for twenty-five years, and have now but a few more years to give to your service. As a citizen of South Carolina, I demand that she make me free. My counsel is, secede from the union of these United States. At every hazard, and to the last extremity secede. If I was about to draw my last breath, with that breath I would exhort you to secede."

In the Virginia Constitutional Convention some votes have been taken, which afford indications that the mixed basis proposition in a somewhat modified form, will prevail. The motion to strike out the proposition apportioning representation on the basis of the white population was carried by a vote of 65 to 56. Four Eastern men, among whom was Hon. HENRY A. WISE, voted with the West. One of the mixed basis propositions failed by a single vote.

From the mining region of Lake Superior, the latest intelligence is highly favorable; large quantities of copper are preparing for market.—The President has directed that the lands occupied by the Hungarian Exiles in Iowa shall not be offered for sale previous to the meeting of Congress, when a petition will be presented for the grant of them to the exiles.—A riot occurred lately at Milwaukee upon occasion of a lecture upon Catholicism by Mr. Leahy, who claims to have once been a Trappist monk. More than a score of persons were seriously injured, and considerable damage was done to the Methodist church in which the lecture was given. The principal Catholic laity and the clergy published a card in which they express their unqualified condemnation of the conduct of the rioters, and engage to make good the pecuniary injury inflicted.—The Central Railroad of Michigan has for some time been annoyed by a gang, which has

at length been brought to light. Their detection was effected by an agent of the Railroad, who in order to secure their confidence undertook to set fire to the dépôt; after, however, taking precautions to prevent any serious injury. Nearly fifty persons have been arrested and indicted; among whom are a judge, justices of the peace, constables, and professional men. The trial will come on in June.—The Legislature of Wisconsin have passed a bill for the protection of Seventh Day Baptists. It provides that any civil process issued against a person who habitually observes the seventh day as a day of rest, which is made returnable on that day, may be laid over until the Monday following, as though that were the return-day of the writ.—The small pox is raging with fearful violence among the Sioux Indians upon the Upper Missouri. It is also extending down the river, among the Sacs and Foxes. Several hundred are reported to have already died.

The Governor of Texas has issued an order for the arrest of the members of the Boundary Commission who took part in the recent summary executions of the desperadoes at Socorro. They are probably beyond the jurisdiction of Texas. Severe charges are in circulation against the officers at the head of the Commission; public opinion will, however, remain undecided until both sides are heard.—The population of New Mexico, according to the recent census, is 61,574, of whom 850 are Americans. Of the Mexican population above the age of twenty, only one in 103 is able to read.—A treaty has been concluded with the Apache Chief Chacon, who binds himself to keep the peace, under penalty of forfeiting his life.—An attempt is to be made to diminish the enormous expense of the military occupation of New Mexico. Colonel Sumner, the new commander, will take out with him seed, grains, stock, and farming utensils, and every effort will be made to develop the agricultural resources of the Territory. The head-quarters of the army will probably be removed from Santa Fé to Los Vegas.

From California the most striking feature of intelligence is the unexampled frequency of extrajudicial punishment for crime. The newspapers are filled with accounts of summary executions, not only for murder but for robbery and theft. Under the peculiar state of things occasioned by the great temptations to crime, and the utter want of all the ordinary apparatus of justice, during the earlier periods of the settlement of California, this was unavoidable. But instances of this sort, instead of becoming more unfrequent, seem to be rapidly increasing. A bill has passed the Legislature, and become a law, inflicting the punishment of death, at the discretion of the jury, upon the crime of grand larceny. This measure was insisted upon by the mining counties on the ground that, owing to the unexampled influx of desperadoes and criminals from all parts of the world, thefts and robberies had become so frequent, while prisons and places of detention were so few, that the only possible punishment was death; and the people had become so exasperated that the punishment would and must be inflicted, either by or against the law. The law imposing a tax upon foreign miners has been repealed, having been found to work most disastrously. It drove out of the country many thousands of the most industrious miners, especially Mexicans and Chilians, whose labors the State could ill spare. Indian hostilities have nearly ceased. A number of the tribes have signified a willingness to accept of fixed localities, and to

enter into a treaty. The Legislature having granted to the Governor authority to call out 500 men to repress Indian hostilities in the Mariposa region, he made a tour of inspection, and came to the conclusion that the force was unnecessary. The population of the State is estimated at 314,000, of whom about 100,000 are supposed to be engaged in mining; and the whole amount of gold produced in the course of last year is estimated at about one hundred millions of dollars, giving about three and one-third dollars a day to each individual. It is anticipated that the amount produced the ensuing year will not fall short of one hundred and fifty millions. The recent accounts of the lately discovered gold bluffs are encouraging, and promise a large amount of gold from that source. A mine of quicksilver, stated to be the richest in the world, has been discovered about twelve miles from San José. In the case of a slave brought into the State by his master, it has been decided that he can not be removed against his will. A vessel has arrived at San Francisco having on board seventeen Japanese, who were picked up at sea from a wreck. It is supposed that they will be conveyed to their native country in a government vessel. They are thought to be the first Japanese who have ever set foot upon the American continent. A rich coal mine is stated to have been discovered about eight miles from Benicia. The quantity of land under cultivation has greatly increased. Professor FORREST SHEPARD, of New Haven, has made some remarkable discoveries of thermal action. In one place, where there was nothing on the surface to excite attention, on digging down the heat increased so rapidly that at the depth of two feet he could not bear his hand in the earth, and the thermometer indicated a temperature of 130 degrees. At another place, after wandering for four days through dense thickets, he came upon a chasm a thousand feet deep, through which followed a stream, the banks of which, on the 8th of February, were covered with vegetation. Following up the stream, the earth grew so hot as to burn the feet through the boots. There was no appearance of lava, and the rocks were being dissolved by a powerful *catalytic* action. From innumerable orifices steam was forced to the height of two hundred feet. The number of spouting geysers and boiling springs, on a half mile square, exceeded two hundred. The Professor, in the course of a lecture on the mineral resources of California, delivered in the Senate Chamber at San José, said that he did not doubt that silver, lead, and iron abounded in California.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In MEXICO the finances are in a most deplorable condition. The revenue had fallen to about eight and a half millions of dollars, while the expenses exceed twelve millions. The indemnity paid by our government can afford only temporary relief in the face of so alarming a deficiency. The Minister of Finance has resigned his post, and has prepared a memoir on the condition of the department. The Government has made a formal complaint against that of the United States for failure in carrying out the provisions of the treaty in relation to the suppression of Indian depredations on the frontier; and assigns this failure as a ground for refusing to ratify the Tehuantepec treaty. The Commissioners of Public Works have been directed to ascertain the names, employment, and places of nativity of foreigners residing in the city. Several projects for a change of government are entertained. One party are desirous of returning to the dominion of

Spain; another is in favor of annexation to the United States; the return of Santa Anna is desired by another. The Northern States are still harassed by Indian depredations. The hostilities in Yucatan are supposed to be nearly at an end. The municipality of the capital have petitioned for the suppression of bull-fights throughout the state.

Hostilities are brooding between Brazil and the Argentine Republic; but it is hoped that war may be averted. The dissensions in the latter state are favorable to the recognition of the claims of Brazil. Government is endeavoring to suppress the slave-trade, and its efforts meet with some success.

In Peru the eligibility of Echenique for the Presidency is disputed, on the ground that he is not a native of that republic. An especial congress has been summoned to decide the question, but so violent is party spirit between his partisans and those of Vivanco, that apprehensions of a civil war are entertained.

CUBA is in a state of intense excitement in regard to the anticipated invasion. The flower of the Spanish army, to the number, as it is said, of 40,000 men, are concentrated on the island, which is encircled by the entire disposable naval forces of Spain. The steamer *Georgia*, on her late trip, had the misfortune to run aground at the mouth of the Mississippi, by which she suffered a considerable detention. It was reported and believed at Havana that she was lying off for the purpose of taking on board the marauding expedition. On the day of her arrival, a man was executed for having endeavored to procure pilots for Lopez. He had been previously subjected to torture, in order to extort a confession. This is the first public execution that has taken place for political offenses.

From HAYTI we have the particulars of a conspiracy against the Emperor Soulouque, in which a number of officers of the Government were implicated. Many arrests and some executions have taken place in consequence. The attempt of the American Commissioner and the French and English Consuls to settle the controversy between the Haytians and Dominicans, is supposed to have been unsuccessful. The Government has declined to pay the claims of certain American merchants to which our Government has repeatedly called its attention.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The event of the month has been the opening of the Great Exhibition. As if to concentrate attention upon it, all other affairs of interest have been withdrawn from the stage. No little surprise and indignation were aroused by the announcement made on the 15th of April, that the Queen would open the Exhibition in person, but that the holders of tickets and exhibitors would be excluded from the ceremony. Those who had purchased tickets for the express purpose of being present at the opening, were naturally indignant at losing the most interesting part of the show. The press was unanimous in condemnation of the contemplated exclusion. It was denounced as an unworthy insinuation that the person of the Queen would not be secure in public; and as giving countenance to certain absurd rumors of a projected insurrection. The opposition was so general that the offensive announcement was withdrawn, and a new programme substituted, in accordance with which holders of season tickets were allowed to be present. The rush for these was so great, that the Commissioners immediately raised the price another guinea. The Queen proved a greater attraction than Jenny Lind had ever been. We can only glance at the opening

ceremonies. Early in the morning the exhibitors took their places at their stands; and the spectators came trooping in. At half-past eleven the Commissioners, foreign and domestic, stationed themselves in front of a platform of state, under the arch of the transept. Upon the platform were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Ministers and great Officers of State, the Embassadors and Ministers from foreign Powers, in full dress. At high noon, the royal cortège entered the Crystal Palace, the choir upraising the national anthem of "God save the Queen." Then came addresses to the Queen from the Commissioners and the foreign Embassadors, to which the Queen read answers handed to her by the Secretary of State; then followed a prayer pronounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and an anthem; a marching in procession along the nave; a return to the platform, and the announcement by the Queen that the Exhibition was opened, proclaimed to the thousands without by a flourish of trumpets and a royal salute from the park.

Among the visitors to the Crystal Palace during the preparations, was the Duke of Wellington. Once as he entered the French department, the workmen uncovered two small silver statuettes of the duke himself and his great rival Napoleon. The bearded foreigners raised their hats to the conqueror of Waterloo, who, returning a military salute, passed on.

The proceedings of Parliament are not wholly destitute of interest. A motion was offered by Mr. Disraeli to the effect, that in the re-adjustment of taxation, due regard should be had to the distressed condition of the agricultural classes. This was looked upon as a covert attack upon the principle of free-trade and upon the Ministers. The Ministers had a majority of only 13 in a house of 513.—The income-tax has been renewed for the third time, by a vote of 278 to 230.—Mr. Locke King's bill for extending the franchise, upon the first reading of which, in February, the Ministers suffered the defeat which led to their resignation, came up for a second reading, April 2. It was lost by an overwhelming majority—299 to 83.—Lord John Russell introduced a motion that the House should resolve itself into a committee to consider the mode of administering the oath of abjuration to persons professing the Jewish religion. It was a simple question whether religious belief should disqualify men for the exercise of civil rights and political power. The proposed alteration consists merely in omitting from the oath, when tendered to Jews, the words, "on the true faith of a Christian." The motion was vehemently opposed by one or two ultra members. Sir Robert Inglis took occasion to remind the House that "the Jews regarded him whom we regarded as our Redeemer, as a crucified impostor." Mr. Newdegate thought that the Pope might well think it safe to adopt the course he had recently pursued, when he saw the British Government and one branch of the Legislature ready to put an end to the last remnant which distinguished it as a Christian assembly. The motion prevailed by a vote of 166 to 98. It will pass the Commons, but be lost in the House of Peers; and Baron Rothschild be as far as ever from his seat in Parliament.—Lord Ashley proposed a bill to encourage the establishment of lodging-houses for the laboring classes. It empowers the authorities of cities and towns to erect buildings for this purpose and to levy a small tax to defray the cost. When the sum expended shall have been met by the proceeds of the rents, the surplus rental, after defraying

expenses and the cost of repairs, is to be applied in aid of the poor-rates of the place. Startling statistics are presented, setting forth the condition of the laboring classes in this respect, and the consequent disease and immorality.—The subject of the management of the colonies excites no small interest. A most elaborate speech has been made on this subject in the House of Commons by Sir William Molesworth. He proposes that all the colonies, with the exception of those which possess a peculiar value as military stations, such as Gibraltar and St. Helena, and the penal colonies, should be made to pay the expense of their own government and protection; and that ample powers of self-government should be given them. The speech, which discussed all the details of the subject, was listened to with great attention. Lord John Russell, in reply, contended that difference in race would of itself prevent the colonies from profiting by free constitutions; and if the national troops were withdrawn, the colonies would fall into hands hostile to the mother country.

Lord Torrington, whose course as Governor of Ceylon, had been brought into question in the Commons, defended himself in the House of Peers in a labored speech. His conduct in declaring and enforcing rigid martial law, during a native insurrection, was defended by Earl Grey, who referred to the Duke of Wellington as having been obliged, under similar circumstances, to adopt measures of great severity. The "Iron Duke" sharply protested against being brought into comparison, and denied that he had ever been placed in similar circumstances; as he had never been suspected of acting as Lord Torrington was charged with having done. To govern by martial law was to do so by the sole authority of the military commander; but in such circumstances he had always acted on the principle, that the government should be conducted in accordance with the laws of the country itself.

The election of Member from Aylesbury, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of the late Lord Nugent, the biographer of Hampden, has been declared void, on account of bribery by Mr. Calvert, the successful candidate. A new election was ordered.

A dinner has been given to Lord Stanley by a large number of Members of Parliament, in the course of which he made a speech which derives some importance from the great probability that he will in a few months be placed at the head of the Government. The gist of the speech was the assertion of the principle of "moderate duties on foreign imports, at once to afford a certain check to the unlimited importation of foreign articles, and at the same time to obtain from foreigners, in imitation of all other nations, a contribution toward the revenue of the State, and enable us to take off other taxes." This points to a renewal of the corn-laws. He also criticised the conduct of Government in relation to the "Papal Aggression," ridiculing the bill proposed as a "little microscopic measure."

There is rather more trouble than usual in the Established Church. More secessions to Rome are announced, some of them being men of rank. One clergyman falls into an unseemly dispute at the font with the nurse and parents of an infant brought for baptism, as to whether the child's cap shall be removed. Neither will yield, and the ceremony is left unfinished. Another is suspended for addressing Cardinal Wiseman as "Your Eminence." Another will not read the burial service over the corpse of a dissenter. The vigilant Bishop of Exeter in a Pastoral Letter charges the Arch-

bishop of York with a multiplicity of heretical statements; and summons the clergy of his diocese to express or refuse their concurrence with him in a declaration of adherence to the article of the creed respecting baptism, which, he says, was virtually denied in the decision of the Gorham case; and more than hints at secession from the Established Church. The Archbishops and twenty-two of the Bishops have issued a letter to their clergy, exhorting them to peace and unity on the subject of ritual observances, deprecating all innovations, and recommending them in case of doubt to have resort to the decision of their bishop.

The general opinion is that the Kaffir war will be protracted and costly. The savages have committed the most frightful ravages in the colony. The Governor has issued a second proclamation, demanding a levy *en masse*. He declares that unless the well-affected and able-bodied men between the ages of 18 and 25, turn out as before called upon, the rebellion can not be checked, and if allowed to extend itself, will be the means of occasioning the most serious evils. Whenever an action can be brought about the Kaffirs are invariably worsted; but these actions are so little decisive, that the policy pursued by the United States in the case of the Seminoles in Florida, of ravaging their country, and destroying the crops, seems likely to be adopted. The colonists are debating the question whether they must defray the expenses of the war; they deny that they are liable, as they had no voice in the policy which occasioned the outbreak.

The Chartists have issued a new manifesto setting forth their doctrines and principles. They affirm that the soil is the inalienable inheritance of all mankind, and the monopoly of it repugnant to the laws of God and nature, and its nationalization the true source of national prosperity. They propose a scheme by which the state shall gradually assume possession of the soil, for the purpose of locating upon it the surplus population. Of taxation and the national debt they say: "Taxation on industry represses the production of wealth; on luxuries, encourages Government in fostering excess; on necessary commodities, acts injuriously on the people's health and comfort. All taxes, therefore, ought to be levied on land and accumulated property." "The National Debt having been incurred by a class government, for class purposes, can not be considered as legally contracted by the people. It is, moreover, absurd that future generations should be mortgaged to eternity for the follies or misfortunes of their ancestors, and the debt be thus repaid several times over. The National Debt, therefore, ought to be liquidated by the money now annually paid as interest, applied as repayment of the capital, until such payment is completed."

The papers are filled with notices of the great increase of emigration, especially to America. The emigrants are uniformly of a better class than those who have hitherto decided to leave their country. From Ireland especially, emigration is almost an epidemic, in the case of those who have any thing to lose.

A singular instance of legal nicety occurred in a recent trial of a man charged with threatening to burn the house and ricks of a neighbor. He wrote, "Perhaps you may have read of Samson and the Philistines. If no foxes are to be bought there may be something instead." In defence it was urged that in the passage from the Book of Judges referred to, it is said that Samson "burnt up the shocks and also the standing corn;" but no allusion was made to houses or stacks. The prisoner could only

have intended to do what Samson did. Now it was no offense under the statute to set fire to standing corn; and so an acquittal was demanded. The judge decided that the plea was valid, and directed the jury to bring in a verdict of acquittal. They being less perspicacious than the judge, hesitated for a while, but finally complied.

FRANCE.

Affairs continue to present a critical aspect. It is difficult to see how Bonaparte can be removed from the Presidency; and still more difficult to see how he can be continued. The Constitution forbids his re-election until after an interval of four years from the expiration of his term. A revision of the Constitution can be legally effected only by a Constituant Assembly called by three-fourths of the present Legislative Assembly; and a bill summoning a Constituant Assembly can only pass after three readings, with three months intervening between the readings; and then does not go into effect until two months after the last reading. Eleven months is therefore the shortest period in which the alteration can be effected, supposing not a day were lost in deliberation. In eleven months the election must take place. Meanwhile a new Ministry has been formed to take the place of the avowedly provisional one which has carried on the government for some months. It is composed as follows: Foreign Affairs, M. Baroche; Justice, M. Rouher; Finances, M. Fould; Interior, M. Léon Faucher; Commerce and Agriculture, M. Buffet; Marine, M. Chasseloup-Laubat; Public Instruction, M. de Crousseilles; War, General Randon; Public Works, M. Magne. The last two were members of the Transition Ministry just displaced. MM. Baroche, Rouher, Fould, and Buffet, belonged to the Ministry which was broken up by the Assembly during the Changarnier difficulties. M. Léon Faucher was Minister of the Interior for a short time, in 1849, but resigned in consequence of a vote of censure from the Assembly. The other two are new men. What measures this Ministry proposes nobody is able to say. M. Léon Faucher, who has the reputation of firmness and ability and who seems to be the master spirit of the Ministry, presented the official programme to the Assembly. It only stated that the new cabinet would defend order, would endeavor to unite the fractions of the majority, and hoped to be able to calm the public mind, restore confidence, and promote commerce and manufactures. M. de Saint Beuve, proposed a vote of want of confidence in the Ministry, which was lost by 327 to 275, showing a ministerial majority of 52. A reconciliation between the President and General Changarnier is thought to be probable.

Leading political men are endeavoring to secure the control of a newspaper to advocate their views. M. Guizot assumes the direction of the *Assemblée Nationale*, in which he advocates the cause of Bourbon and Orleans; the fusion of whose interests is by no means abandoned. Lamartine has added to his multifarious avocations the editorship in chief of *La Pays*, in which he urges a strict adherence to the Constitution. Cavaignac has attached himself to *La Siècle*, to uphold Republicanism. The *Constitutionnel*, the acknowledged organ of the Bonapartists, suggests that lists should be opened in the several departments for consulting the wishes of the citizens as to an immediate revision of the Constitution; each citizen to attach to his signature a simple *yes* or *no*; and the lists to be verified by the municipal authorities.

The five departments of which Lyons is the centre, are the most unquiet of any in the country. The malcontents are organized into secret societies, and take occasion of the funerals of any of their confederates to parade in great numbers. On some occasions from 10,000 to 20,000 have been present. The military commandant has forbidden the assemblage of more than 300 persons at any funeral. This has called forth a general expression of indignation from the Republican press.

The students of the University of Paris have made some demonstrations of sympathy in favor of M. Michelet. One of their meetings was dispersed by the police, and a number of the students were arrested and thrown into prison. The printer and publisher of the report of a banquet of the French refugees in London have been sentenced to a fine of 1000 francs each, and imprisonment for three and six months. The editor of the *Courrier de la Somme* has been tried for publishing an article, expressing a wish that France, by a signal act of her sovereign will, "should efface from her brow the lowest stigma, the name of Republic;" and predicting that the time would come when the inhabitants would offer up thanks to God upon the grave of the Republic. He was acquitted.—A Society has been formed in Paris, under the patronage of the Archbishop, for the purpose of supplying the poor with bread below the cost price.—A public dinner has been given by the Polish refugees to Dembinski and Chryzanowski, who have recently arrived, the former from Turkey, the latter from Italy. Toasts were drunk to the Slavic fraternity and to the memory of Bem. Warm gratitude was expressed to the Sultan Abdul Medjid, to whose firmness it was owing that Dembinski was not then immured in a dungeon.—At the celebration of Holy Week various sacred relics were exposed to view in the Cathedral of Notre Dame; among them, if tradition is to be believed, are several fragments of the true cross, portions of the crown of thorns, and portions of the nails used at the crucifixion.—An engagement took place on the 10th of April at Oued-Sahel, in Algeria, between the French troops and a body of natives; a number of the latter were killed, and the remainder put to flight. The victors set fire to and destroyed the village of Selloum. The French had eleven men killed, and thirty-seven wounded.—The Marquis of Londonderry, who once made a similar attempt in favor of Louis Napoleon when a prisoner at Ham, has addressed a letter to the President to induce him to use his influence for the liberation of Abd-el-Kader, or at least to grant him a personal audience. The ex-prisoner of Ham replies that the captivity of the Arab chief weighs upon his heart, and that he is studying the means to effect his liberation. He would be most happy to see the Emir, but could only do so to announce good news; and can not therefore accede to the request for an interview until that period arrives.

GERMANY.

It seems to be settled, if we may speak with confidence of any thing in the present state of German politics, that the old Frankfort Diet is to be resuscitated. All that has been attempted during the last three years, is to be set aside. The Frankfort Parliaments, Erfurt Congresses, and Dresden Conferences have shown that people and princes are alike incapable of accomplishing any thing; and so they fall back upon the system formed five-and-thirty years ago by the Holy Alliance. Prussia, who not six months ago brought half a million soldiers

into the field rather than concede to the recognition of the Diet, is now the first to demand its restoration. Austria, who was in arms to enforce the decrees of the Diet, at first coyly hesitated; but by the latest intelligence, does not seem inclined to oppose it. It still remains doubtful whether she will persist in the claim for the incorporation of her Slavick and Italian possessions into the German Confederation, in spite of the remonstrances of England and France, who maintain that as the German Confederation was established, and its limits defined by the Powers of Europe, for the express purpose of settling the balance of power, the extending of the limits of the Confederation is properly a European question. Austria, that seemed two years ago on the point of dissolution, has gained new vigor, and presents a front apparently stronger than ever. The Democratic journals of Europe, however, maintain that all the appearance of prosperity is unreal; that discontent is growing deeper and deeper throughout her vast and heterogeneous population; that her immense armies are maintained at a cost far beyond the means of the Empire to defray; and that national and individual bankruptcy is impending over her. The minor German States have no choice but to follow the lead of the two great powers, and from them we have accounts of petty quarrels between princes and people, but they are hardly worth the trouble of chronicling. The German refugees, in imitation of Mazzini and the Italians, have issued notes by way of raising a loan; the name of Kinkel heads the committee.

SOUTHERN EUROPE.

IN PORTUGAL an insurrection has broken out, the result of which is still undecided. The Marquis of Saldanha took up arms for the overthrow of the ministry of the Count of Thomar. His attempt met at first with so little success, that the marquis was on the point of abandoning it, and taking refuge in England. Subsequently, however, the garrison of Oporto declared in his favor, and he was recalled. The inhabitants of Oporto likewise declared for the insurgents.

FROM SPAIN we hear of Ministerial crises and changes, dissolution of Cortes, and political movements of various kinds, all growing out of the impossibility of making the revenues of the Kingdom meet the expenditures. A royal decree has been issued appointing commissioners to examine and report on the railroads of France, Germany, Belgium, and England, with a view to the introduction of similar works in the Peninsula.

IN ITALY the States of the Church have been relieved from one great annoyance by the death of *Il Passatore*, the leader of a band half brigands half revolutionists, who was surprised and shot by the soldiery. The list of prohibited books has received a few recent additions, among which are D'Harmouville's Dictionary of Dates, Whately's Logic, and Seymour's Pilgrimage to Rome. On the 29th of March, the young Emperor of Austria reached Venice, on a tour through his dominions, when he immediately gave orders, at the instance of Radetsky, it is said, for the restoration of the freedom of the port of that city. The 23d of March, the anniversary of the battle of Novara, so fatal to the dreams of Italian Unity, has been solemnized in various parts of Italy under the very eyes of the Austrians, by chanting the *De Profundis* and other funeral ceremonies. Some students have suffered punishment for taking part in the solemnities.

THE EAST.

IN TURKEY a series of insurrectionary move-

ments has taken place in the wild districts along the Russian and Austrian frontiers. The latest intelligence indicates the subjection of the insurgents. Austria is suspected of complicity in the outbreak, which has no tendency to render the Porte more contented with the task of acting as jailer to the remainder of the Hungarian exiles. Austria and Russia seem determined to push their imperial justice to the utmost, and insist that the refugees shall be detained two years longer; within which time it is supposed that death must intervene, to spare any further discussion. The Sultan is inclined to refuse their demand, and throw himself upon the protection of France and England. Severe shocks of an earthquake occurred in various parts of the empire, from April 28, to March 7. At Macri, in Anatolia, the upper part of the castle was thrown down, overwhelming the offices of the Austrian Lloyd Steam Navigation Company. The fortifications and houses likewise suffered great damage. Fissures were opened in the streets from which poured forth bituminous gases; springs were stopped up, and new ones opened. A number of towns are mentioned as having been destroyed. Livessy, containing some 1500 houses, was utterly overthrown, not a dwelling being left standing, and 600 of the inhabitants were buried under the ruins.

FROM EGYPT we learn that a railroad across the Isthmus of Suez is to be commenced forthwith, apparently to be constructed mainly by English capital and engineers. A revolt had broken out in the district of Senaar. Troops were to be dispatched from Cairo to the scene of insurrection; but the efforts of the Pacha were seriously shackled by the exhausted condition of the country, and the apprehended difficulties with the Porte.

IN INDIA, the frontiers of the Company's possessions are infested with the incursions of the hill robbers, who commit their depredations almost within gun-shot of the British camps. It is difficult to devise effectual means of dealing with these plunderers. Regular military operations are altogether useless, for the robbers will not risk a contest, except in rare cases. It has been proposed to make the head man of each village responsible for all outrages committed within its limits. A number of railroads are in course of construction in different parts of the country. A plot has been frustrated in Nepaul for the destruction of Jung Bahadoor, the Nepaulese Ambassador, who excited so much attention in England a few months ago; he acted with most un-Asiatic decision and promptitude in the suppression of the conspiracy. The Ambassador has refused admittance into Nepaul of a scientific expedition, having discovered that the entrance of English travelers and explorers is often followed in India by the appearance of troops.

Disturbances have recommenced in CHINA. The insurgents were assembled at late dates at a distance of about sixty miles from Canton, with the avowed object of overthrowing the present dynasty. The *Friend of China* says, "His Imperial Majesty's continued possession of the throne, is quite a matter of uncertainty."

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, PERSONAL MOVEMENTS, ETC.

The PRESIDENT of the United States accompanied by Secretaries WEBSTER, and GRAHAM, Attorney-General CRITTENDEN, and Postmaster-General HALL, are at the time when we are obliged to close our Record for the Month, upon a tour to the North. The main object of this journey is to

take part in the ceremonies which celebrated the successful completion of the New York and Erie Railroad—the second of those great links which bind the interior with the seaboard, the great Lakes and the West with the Atlantic and the East. They left Washington on the morning of May 12; the affairs of Government being temporarily committed to the charge of the Secretaries of the Interior, of the Treasury, and of War. At various places on the route they were welcomed with appropriate ceremonies, and reached Philadelphia in the afternoon of the same day. Here Mr. Fillmore briefly addressed the crowd from the piazza of his hotel; and Mr. Webster, yielding to repeated calls, made a speech in which he spoke of the influences that surrounded him in the State where the Declaration of Independence was pronounced, and the Constitution framed. The Union which was then formed, he said, would last until it had spread from the Pole to the Equator; and notwithstanding the dangers through which it had passed, it was now safe. On the morning of the 13th, the President and Cabinet set out for New York. At Amboy, they were received by the President and Directors of the Erie Railroad Company, in whose name CHARLES M. LEUPP, Esq., delivered an appropriate address welcoming the Chief Magistrate of the nation, to an examination of the great work which would so largely develop the resources of the country, and continue to bind still more closely distant portions of the Union. Mr. Fillmore, in reply, spoke of the work on the completion of which he hoped soon to congratulate his native State, as one of the most important enterprises in the world. Passing up the magnificent harbor, the President and suite were received at Castle Garden as the guests of the City, by the authorities of New York; the Mayor in his address alluding to the fact that this was the first moment that the President had trod the soil of his native State as the Chief Magistrate of the nation. From Castle Garden a procession was formed, passing up Broadway and down the Bowery to the City Hall, amid the warmest demonstrations of welcome. The nature of the occasion deprived the celebration of all partisan character; the General Committees of the two great political parties occupied prominent parts of the procession. At one time there were not less than a hundred thousand spectators between the Battery and the Park. On the 14th, in company with 480 invited guests, among whom were Senator Fish, Ex-Governor Marcy, and a large number of the members of the Legislature, the President and suite left the City by a special train. All along the route, the utmost enthusiasm was displayed. At Elmira, where the train arrived at 7 P.M., the night was spent; and the following day they proceeded to Dunkirk, the terminus of the road, where extraordinary preparations had been made to celebrate the event which must result in building a large and flourishing town upon that spot.

At the annual meeting of the *St. George's Society*, the British Ambassador, Mr. BULWER was the principal speaker. In the course of one of his speeches he alluded to a forgery published in the *American Celt*, a paper published at Boston, purporting to be a copy of an intercepted dispatch from him to his Government. He used certain expressions which a portion of the residents of this City, of Celtic origin, construed into an insult to themselves and their race; whereupon they held a public meeting, and prepared a request to be transmitted to the President, asking him to procure the recall of the offending minister.

WM. L. MACKENZIE, who took a very prominent

part in the Canadian rebellion of 1837, and subsequently resided for some years as an exile in this city, has been elected a member of the Canadian Parliament, beating the candidate supported by Government.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science held during the past month a very interesting meeting at Cincinnati. Among the papers read was one upon the "Azoic System of Lake Superior," by Messrs. FOSTER and WHITNEY, United States Geologists. This system derives its name from the entire absence in its structure of organic remains, and comprises the most ancient of the strata constituting the crust of the globe. Professor AGASSIZ characterized these investigations as conclusive evidence that we had reached the commencement of animal life, and had a starting-point from which to proceed. The only event of higher interest would be the discovery of the skeleton of the first man. Col. WHITTLESEY presented two skulls found in a bed of marl in Ohio. They are characterized by great deficiency in the development of the intellectual organs. The age of the skulls is calculated, from indications surrounding them, at two thousand years; thus establishing the fact of the peopling of America at a period much earlier than that usually assigned. Professor PEIRCE read a paper on "the Constitution of Saturn's Rings," in which he argued that these were not solid but liquid; and that no irregularities, or combination of irregularities, consistent with an actual ring, would permit a solid ring to be permanently maintained by the primary planet; and that a fluid ring could not be retained by the direct action of its primary. Saturn's rings are maintained by the constant disturbing force of its satellites; and no planet can have a ring unless, like Saturn, it have a sufficient number of properly arranged satellites. One of the most interesting papers read was the report of the committee upon Professor MITCHEL's system of observing Declinations and Right Ascensions. The statements of the distinguished Western Astronomer, made last year at New Haven, were received with considerable doubt by the members of the Association. Among the foremost of the doubters was Professor Pierce, who, at the solicitation of Mr. Mitchel, was appointed Chairman of the Investigating Committee. This Committee, composed of the leading names in astronomical science, after examining his methods and apparatus, made a partial report, in which the highest and most unqualified approbation is bestowed upon the entire system adopted by Professor Mitchel. This triumph was honorable alike to the Professor and his late opponents; and the victor bore his honors with the modesty appropriate to a lover of science for its own sake. Professor AGASSIZ read a paper upon the coral reefs of Florida, embodying the results of recent investigations made by him, under the auspices of the United States Coast Survey.

Professor MORSE has received from the Prussian Government the "Prussian Gold Medal of Scientific Merit," as a testimonial for his improvements in the Magnetic Telegraph. According to the report of the Prussian commissioner charged with the construction of telegraphic lines, Morse's telegraph has been found most efficient for great distances.

JENNY LIND has returned to New York after a Southern and Western tour of unexampled success. So meekly has she borne her honors, that even Envy would not wish them less. Castle Garden, the scene of her earliest Transatlantic triumphs, is thronged at each successive concert by appreciative audiences.

The Gallery of the ART-UNION is now open. Sub-

scribers for the ensuing year will receive a large engraving from WOODVILLE's picture of *Mexican News*, and the second part of the *Gallery of American Art*, comprising engravings after CROPSEY's *Harvesting*, KENSETT's *Mount Washington*, WOODVILLE's *Old Seventy-six and Young Forty-eight*, RANNEY's *Marion Crossing the Pedee*, and MOUNT's *Bargaining for a Horse*. The *Bulletin* of the Union, to which members are also entitled, in addition to much valuable information on matters relating to art, will contain original etchings and wood-cuts. The number for April is embellished with a cut from Cropsey's *Temple of the Sibyl*, drawn on wood by C. E. DÖPLER, to whom we are indebted for the drawings illustrative of the *Novelty Works* in our last Number. It also contains one of Darley's spirited outlines, illustrative of a scene from Cooper's *Prairie*.

LEUTZE has nearly completed his second picture of *Washington Crossing the Delaware*, the original of which was destroyed by fire last January. It has been purchased by Goupil and Vibert, of Paris, for about \$6000. It will be exhibited in Europe and the United States, and will also be engraved by François, who has so admirably rendered some of the works of Delaroche. The picture in its unfinished state has been warmly praised by German critics.

We transfer from the *Art-Union Bulletin* a notice of the *Game of Chess*, a picture of great merit, recently painted by Woodville in Paris. It has been purchased by the Union, and is now in its Gallery. "This is an exquisitely finished cabinet-piece, which in technical qualities is probably superior to any thing he has done excepting the *Old Captain*. It represents the interior of the sitting-room of a noble mansion in the days of the Tudors. On the right rises the immense fire-place, with its frontispiece of variegated marbles, supported by statues and richly carved in the style of the Renaissance. On the right of this, in the immediate fore-ground, is a lectern, upon which rests a book and a lady's kerchief. Standing with his back to the fire, before the chimney, is a portly gentleman—probably the father of the family about going forth for a ride, as he has his cap on his head, wears high boots of buff leather, with spurs, and an outer-coat of velvet trimmed with fur. He stands with his hands behind him in an easy attitude, overlooking a game of chess which a visitor is playing with the daughter of the house. The visitor is on the left of the picture, and sits with his back to the spectator; and in front is a table which supports the chess-board. On the other side is the young lady, whose eyes are fixed upon the game, while the cavalier is lifting a piece with his hand and looking toward the father as if for approbation of his move. The mother, and a page, complete the group. This is a tranquil, pleasant picture, in which the characters of the personages are very nicely indicated. It places the spectator in the very midst of the domestic life of the times it portrays. It is, however, in the distribution of light and shadow, and the wonderful fidelity of its imitations, that the work is most remarkable. The effect of the light upon the carved marble is done with wonderful skill, and the representation of violet, fur, satin, and metals, worthy of a Micris or a Metzu."

POWERS, writing from Florence, thus describes the statue of California, upon which he is engaged: "I am now making a statue of 'La Dorado,' or California, an Indian figure surrounded with pearls and precious stones. A kirtle surrounds her waist, and falls with a feather fringe down to just above

the knees. The kirtle is ornamented with Indian embroidery, with tracings of gold, and her sandals are tied with golden strings. At her side stands an inverted cornucopia, from which is issuing at her feet lumps and grains of native gold, to which she points with her left hand, which holds the divining rod. With her right hand she conceals behind her a cluster of thorns. She stands in an undecided posture—making it doubtful whether she intends to advance or retire—while her expression is mystical. The gold about her figure must be represented, of course, by the color as well as the form. She is to be the Genius of California."

Mr. WHITNEY, the projector of the railroad to the Pacific is now in London to urge upon Government to undertake the construction of the road through the British possessions.

Mr. GILBERT, Member of Congress from California, himself a printer, has presented to the Typographical Society of New York a double number of the *Alta California* newspaper, printed upon white satin in letters of gold.

The *Philadelphia Art Union* has contracted for an original painting by Rothermel, which is to be engraved for distribution to its subscribers the present year. It has likewise provided a portfolio of sketches from which subjects for commissions may be selected. The plan of this Association differs from that of the Art Union of this city, in that it distributes prizes, not pictures, allowing those who draw the prizes to select their own subjects.

CHILLY MCINTOSH, head war-chief of the Choctaw nation, has been ordained as a clergyman, and is now preaching in connection with the Baptist Board.

Sir CHARLES LYELL has delivered a Lecture before the Royal Institution on Impressions of Rain drops in Ancient and Modern Strata. These impressions were first observed in 1828, by Dr. Buckland. A close analogy was discovered between the impressions on the rocks, and those made by showers of rain upon soft mud. In conclusion, the lecturer remarked on the important inferences deducible from the discovery of rain-prints in rocks of remote antiquity. They confirm the ideas entertained of the humid climate of the carboniferous period, the forests of which we know were continuous over areas several miles in diameter. The average dimensions of the drops indicate showers of ordinary force, and show that the atmosphere corresponded in density, as well as in the varying temperature of its different currents, with that which now invests the globe. The triassic hail (indicated by indentations deeper than those made by rain-drops) implies that some regions of the atmosphere were at this period intensely cold; and, coupled with footprints, worm-tracks, and casts of cracks formed by the drying of mud, which were often found upon the same slabs, these impressions of rain clearly point to the existence of sea-beaches where tides rose and fell, and therefore lead us to presume the joint influence of the moon and the sun. Hence we are led on to infer that at this ancient era, the earth with its attendant satellite was revolving as now around the sun, as the centre of our system, which probably belonged then as now to one of those countless clusters of stars with which space is filled.

JOHN CHAPMAN, Manager of the Peninsular Railway Company in India, has published a pamphlet on the supply of cotton which India may be made to furnish, in which he undertakes to show, that cotton of a quality which can be used for three

fourths of the manufactures of England, such as is worth there from three to five pence a pound, can be produced in any required quantity for from one and one-fourth to one and three-fourths of a penny per pound. He says it is the difficulty of transportation which prevents the extensive culture of cotton in India.

M. EOELMEN, the director of the National Porcelain Manufactory of Sèvres, has succeeded in producing crystalized minerals, resembling very closely those produced by nature—chiefly precious and rare stones employed by jewelers. To obtain this result, he has dissolved, in boric acid, alum, zinc, magnesia, oxydes of iron, and chrome, and then subjecting the solution to evaporation during three days, has obtained crystals of a mineral substance, equaling in hardness, and in beauty, and clearness of color, the natural stones. With chrome M. Eoelmen has made most brilliant rubies, from two to three millimetres in length, and about as thick as a grain of corn. If rubies can be artificially made, secrets which the old alchymists pursued can not be far off.

OBITUARIES.

PHILIP HONE for many years an eminent merchant and prominent citizen of New York, died May 8, in the 71st year of his age. Having at an unusually early period accumulated what he regarded as a competent fortune, he withdrew from the distinguished mercantile house of which he was one of the founders, and devoted his time and means to intellectual pursuits, dignified and generous hospitality, and the promotion of all enterprises designed to benefit and honor the city, of which he was proud to be a citizen. Possessed of a warm and social disposition, a ready wit, great intelligence, and no ordinary acquirements he gathered around him a fine library and beautiful works of art, without ever withdrawing his interest from public affairs. In 1825-6 he was chosen mayor of New York, and discharged the duties of that post with a decision, energy, and promptitude which have rarely been equaled. But his most useful services to the community were in connection with various associations formed for the public good. He was president of the first Bank for Savings, and one of the original Board of Trustees, of which there are now only three surviving members; and one of the earliest and most efficient friends of the Mercantile Library Association. A marble bust of him, which adorns the library of that noble institution, sculptured at the request of the members, testifies to their appreciation of his character and services. Some few years since his fortune was considerably impaired by pecuniary reverses, which befell a near relative; and, although Mr. Hone was not legally responsible for his obligations, his high sense of mercantile honor impelled him to discharge them in full. At the accession of General Taylor, Mr. Hone was appointed Naval Officer of the port of New York, which office he held at the time when, beloved, prized, and honored by all who knew him, having honorably maintained through life the character of an high-minded American merchant, he sank to rest calmly and in full possession of his faculties.

Commodore JAMES BARRON, Senior Officer in the United States Navy, died at Norfolk, Virginia, April 21, at the age of 83 years. He commenced his naval career under the auspices of his father, who commanded the naval forces of the Common-

wealth of Virginia during the Revolutionary War. In 1798 young Barron entered the navy of the United States, with the rank of lieutenant, and served in the brief war with France. In the year following he received his commission of captain, and was ordered to the Mediterranean. In 1807, going out as commander of the Mediterranean squadron, he was on board the frigate Chesapeake, when she was treacherously attacked, in a time of profound peace, in our own waters, by a British vessel of superior force. He was acquitted by a court martial, from all blame in the affair. His subsequent services were rendered on shore, mostly at Philadelphia and Norfolk. He early acquired the reputation of one of the most accomplished and efficient officers in the service. He originated the first code of signals introduced into the American navy.

DAVID DAGGETT, LL.D., late Chief Justice of Connecticut, died April 12, aged 86 years. He was born in Attleboro, Mass., on the last day of the year, 1764. After graduating at Yale College, he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1786. In 1791 he was elected to the House of Representatives of the State, of which he was chosen Speaker in 1794, at the early age of 29. He continued a member of one of the Legislative Houses almost constantly till 1813, when he was elected to the Senate of the United States. In 1824 he was chosen Kent Professor of Law in Yale College, which post he continued to occupy until the infirmities of age compelled him to resign. In 1826 he was appointed Associate Judge of the Superior Court of the State by a Legislature, a majority of whom were opposed to him in politics. Six years after he was made Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. This office he held until December, 1834, when having reached the age of 70 years, he vacated it in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution. Thus for forty years, from the close of his 26th to the completion of his 70th year, was Mr. Daggett almost continually engaged in public service.

Hon. WILLIAM STEELE died at Big Flats, Steuben County, N. Y., on the 4th of April. He was born at New York in 1762, and was actively engaged during the closing years of the Revolution. In 1780 he was on board the gun-ship Aurora, which was captured by the British brig Iris, bearing the news of the surrender of Charleston to the British. On this occasion he was severely wounded, and detained a prisoner of war for some months. In 1785 he was appointed clerk in the Treasury Board. In 1794 he commanded a troop of horse which took part in the suppression of the Pennsylvania Insurrection. He resided in New Jersey till 1819, when he removed to the western part of the State of New York.

Gen. HUGH BRADY, one of the oldest officers in the army of the United States, was killed at Detroit by a fall from his carriage, at the age of 80 years. He was born in Northumberland County, Penn., and entered the army in 1792, as an ensign. In 1812 he was appointed Colonel of the 22d Infantry. At battle of Chippewa his regiment was almost annihilated and he himself severely wounded. He received the rank of brevet Brigadier-General in 1822. During the disturbances in Canada he did much to preserve the peace of the frontier. A few years ago his native State presented him with a splendid sword, as an acknowledgment of his character and services.

Literary Notices.

The Philosophy of Mathematics (published by Harper and Brothers), is a translation by Professor W. H. GILLESPIE, of Union College, of that portion of COMTE's "Course of Positive Philosophy" which treats of the theory of the higher Mathematics. The treatise, in the original, forms about two-thirds of the first volume of his great work, the whole of which extends to six large octavo volumes, of six or seven hundred pages each. The magnitude of this work is alone sufficient to account for the slow progress which it has made among American mathematical students, to many of whom it is probably known only by name. In the present form, it is made accessible to every reader. Its publication will constitute a new epoch in the mathematical culture of this country, as the original has done in the development of European science. The opinion of its merits, expressed by the translator, is by no means extravagant. "Clearness and depth, comprehensiveness and precision have never, perhaps, been so remarkably united as in Auguste Comte. He views his subject from an elevation which gives to each part of the complex whole its true position and value, while his telescopic glance loses none of the needful details, and not only itself pierces to the heart of the matter, but converts its opaqueness into such transparent crystal, that other eyes are enabled to see as deeply into it as his own." The opinion of the translator is supported by the emphatic testimonials of several competent English authorities. Mill, in his "Logic," calls the work of M. Comte, "by far the greatest yet produced on the Philosophy of the Sciences," and adds, "of this admirable work, one of the most admirable portions is that in which he may truly be said to have created the Philosophy of the higher Mathematics." Morell, in his "Speculative Philosophy of Europe," remarks that, "the classification given of the sciences at large, and their regular order of development is unquestionably a master-piece of scientific thinking, as simple as it is comprehensive." Lewes, in his "Biographical History of Philosophy," speaks of Comte as "the Bacon of the Nineteenth Century," and adds, "I unhesitatingly record my conviction that this is the greatest work of our age."

With his remarkable profoundness and lucidity of thought, M. Comte does not combine a mastery of language in equal proportion. His style is never flowing, and often harsh and complicated. It is difficult to render his peculiar phraseology in an adequate translation. Prof. Gillespie has evidently performed his task with conscientious diligence, and has succeeded as well as the nature of the case permits, in doing justice to his author. He has conferred an important benefit on the cause of science by the reproduction of this great master-piece of philosophical discussion, and will, no doubt, receive a grateful appreciation from his scientific countrymen.

Charles Scribner has published an original *Life of Algernon Sidney*, by G. VAN SANTVOORD, including copious sketches of several of the distinguished republicans who were his fellow-laborers in the cause of political freedom. Among the biographical portraits introduced by the author, are those of Cromwell, Milton, Sir Henry Vane, Bradshaw, Marten, Scot, and others. They are drawn with

considerable spirit, and evident historical fidelity. The character of Sidney is described in terms of warm appreciation, though the partialities of the author have not clouded the fairness of his judgment. Devoted with enthusiastic admiration to the memory of the English martyrs for freedom, in the investigation of their history, he has not neglected the sound principles of critical research. His volume bears internal marks of authenticity: its opinions are expressed with discretion and gravity; its tone partakes of the dignity of its subject; and its style, though not sparkling with the adornments of rhetoric, is sincere and forcible, and presents occasional specimens of chaste beauty.

The first American edition of *The Journal and Letters of the Rev. Henry Martyn*, edited by Rev. S. WILBERFORCE, has been published by M. W. Dodd, containing a variety of interesting matter, which now appears for the first time in this country. The original English edition is reduced by the omission of certain portions, which seemed to be of less value to the general reader, but no change has been made in the passages retained, which are a faithful transcript of the language which fell from the pen of the author. They were written in moments of intimate self-communion, or in the freedom of familiar correspondence, revealing the hidden experience of the heart, with the most child-like simplicity; while every expression betrays the intensity of humiliation and the yearnings after holiness, which were so deeply inwrought into the character of the distinguished missionary. With an acute and cultivated intellect, which enabled him to bear away the highest University honors, Henry Martyn combined a fervor of devotion, an unworldly forgetfulness of self, and a passion for the spiritual welfare of his fellow-men, which in another age would not have failed to win him the canonization of a saint. The transparent confessions of such a man, describing the struggles and triumphs of the interior life, must be welcomed by every religious reader. Nor are they less valuable as an illustration of the workings of human nature, when under the influence of the strong emotions engendered by the austere and sublime faith with which the subject identified his conceptions of Christianity. The American editor appropriately commends the work to young men in our colleges and seminaries of learning, with the remark that "Martyn was a scholar of varied and profound attainments, but he counted it his highest honor to lay his laurels at his Saviour's feet, and could all the young men in our colleges go forth in his spirit, the strongholds of error and sin would be speedily shaken."

The Water Witch forms the last volume of J. FENIMORE COOPER'S Collective Works, in Geo. P. Putnam's tasteful and convenient edition. The opinion of the author on the comparative merits of this novel is briefly stated in the Preface. "The book has proved a comparative failure. The facts of this country are all so recent and so familiar, that every innovation on them, by means of the imagination is coldly received, if it be not absolutely frowned upon. Nevertheless this is probably the most imaginative book ever written by the author. Its fault is in blending too much of the real with the purely ideal. Half-way measures will not do in matters of this sort; and it is always

safer to preserve the identity of a book by a fixed and determinate character, than to make the effort to steer between the true and the false." In another passage, Mr. Cooper gives utterance to the fears which haunt his imagination, in regard to the innovating tendencies of the present day. "As for the Patroons of Kinderhook, the genus seems about to expire among us. Not only are we to have no more patroons, but the decree has gone forth from the virtuous and infallible voters that there are to be no more estates.

'All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass.'

The collected wisdom of the State has decided that it is true policy to prevent the affluent from converting their money into land. The curse of mediocrity weighs upon us, and its blunders can be repaired only through the hard lessons of experience." Mr. Cooper alludes to the great number of typographical errors which are found in the former editions of this work. It was written in Italy and first printed in Germany. The American compositor, conceiving that he had a right to correct the blunders of a foreigner, took the law into his own hands, and exercised a sovereign power over the author's orthography. He has endeavored to do himself justice in this particular, and accordingly claims a greater degree of improvement for the *Water Witch* in the present edition, than for any other work which has passed through his hands.

The serial publication of *London Labor*, by HENRY MAYHEW, from the press of Harper and Brothers, has reached its fifth number, and thus far, we discover no diminution of interest in its contents. Mr. Mayhew has plunged into the thick of what he appropriately styles the nomadic life of London, and brings up its startling revelations to the light of day, without the slightest disguise or embellishment. His work contains the stuff for many novels of real life, which, in the hands of a master, would rival the creations of Dickens or Thackeray. Some of the most interesting scenes, which he describes, are related in the words of the parties concerned, with whom the author appears to have had a perfectly good understanding. As a contribution to the history of social development in the nineteenth century, we regard this work as one of the most important of the day.

The Fruit Garden, by P. BARRY (published by Charles Scribner), is a practical treatise on the cultivation of fruit-trees, with over one hundred and fifty illustrations, representing the different parts of trees, all practical operations, designs for plantations, and other important points in this branch of arboriculture. The extent and variety of information which it presents, with the clearness of its practical directions, and its adaptation to American cultivation, will make it a standard work of reference with intelligent fruit-growers.

The Female Jesuit (published by M. W. Dodd), is the title of a narrative, purporting to be the history of a religious impostor, who, after a complicated career of intrigue and duplicity in England, was at length detected in her plots, although no light is thrown on their origin and purposes. The work is issued with the conviction on the part of the English editors, that she was the agent of some great system in the Catholic interest, that may have been brought into action far more widely than Protestants are aware. In the absence of positive proof, they hesitate to charge her deception on the Jesuits, but they are evidently of opinion that the suspicion is warranted by the facts in the case. The volume, it must be confessed, has too much the air of a ro-

mance to command implicit reliance. We should have greater confidence in it as a history, if it did not show such a studious concealment of responsible names, with the omission of other circumstances that are essential to authentic investigation.

The Wife's Sister; or, The Forbidden Marriage is the title of a novel by Mrs. HUBBACK, niece of Miss Austen (published by Harper and Brothers), written with more than common graphic power, and unfolding a plot of great intensity of passion. It was written previously to the great agitation on the question of the Law of Marriage in England, and was published without reference to that much debated subject, although it presents a vivid illustration of the possible effects of the enactment alluded to, both in its social and personal bearings. Apart from these considerations, however, it is a story of remarkable interest, and is well worth perusal by all who have an appetite for a good novel.

A new volume of *Poems*, by Mrs. E. H. EVANS, has been published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co., with an Introduction by her brother, the distinguished pulpit orator, Rev. T. H. Stockton. The volume consists principally of effusions marked by a strong religious spirit, and a vein of modest and tender domestic sentiment. Many of them indicate a true poetic imagination, but without sufficient affluence or aptness of diction to do it justice in expression.

Dealings with the Inquisition, by Dr. GIACINTO ACHILLI (published by Harper and Brothers), is a work that has attracted great attention in England, on account of its relation to the Roman Catholic controversy, and for the same reason, will find many readers in this country. Falling under the suspicion of heresy, the author was subjected to the power of the Inquisition, which, though kept in the back-ground, appears, from his statements, to have lost none of its vitality with the lapse of ages. His book is full of curious disclosures, which are apparently sustained by competent authority.

Geo. P. Putnam has issued *A Treatise on Political Economy*, by GEORGE OPDYKE, in which the author undertakes to present a system in perfect harmony with the other portions of our political edifice—a system grounded on the broad principles of justice and equality, and in all its doctrines and legislative applications solely designed to illustrate and enforce those principles. Maintaining the policy of freedom in its broadest sense—freedom of industry, freedom of trade, and freedom of political institutions, the volume has been especially prompted by the desire of the author to disseminate his peculiar views on the subject of Money. He claims to have discovered a plan for furnishing a paper currency, which, although irredeemable, and therefore free from the cost of production, he believes will perform the offices of money much better than either bank-notes or coin. He sustains his theories with considerable force of argument, and in a lucid and compact style; but he has not succeeded in freeing them from difficulties, which must embarrass their reception by cautious thinkers on the complicated science to which his work is devoted.

Harper's New York and Erie Railroad Guide, by WILLIAM MACLEOD, is a seasonable publication, which will form an indispensable appendage to the preparations of the pleasure-hunter, who is about to view, for the first time, the magnificent scenery on this great public avenue. It contains nearly a hundred and fifty engravings, from original sketches made expressly for the work, and executed in the usual admirable style of Lossing and

Barritt. The letter-press descriptions are written in a lively and pleasing style, and furnish a great amount of geographical and local information, with regard to the interior of the Empire State. Every traveler on this route, which is destined to be the favorite choice of the lover of the grand and imposing in American scenery, no less than of the hurried business-man with whom time is money, will find the enjoyment of his tour greatly enhanced by the cheerful and instructive companionship of this agreeable volume.

Lindsay and Blakiston have published a second series of *Characteristics of Literature*, by HENRY T. TUCKERMAN, containing essays on Manzoni, Steele, Humboldt, Madame de Sévigné, Horne Tooke, Wilson, Talfourd, Beckford, Hazlitt, Everett, and Godwin. They are written in the style of polished elegance and graceful facility which has given the author such a high reputation with most cultivated readers. Free from extravagance of conception or diction, pervaded with a tone of natural and manly feeling, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the best literary productions, they claim a favorable reception from the public on the ground of their purity of taste, their refinement of expression, and their genial and appreciative principles of criticism. The essays on Humboldt and Horne Tooke, in particular, are, in a high degree, original and suggestive, and present a very favorable specimen of a kind of discussion in which the author excels.

The Gold-Worshippers (published by Harper and Brothers), is the title of a brilliant satirical novel illustrating the mania for speculation, and the extravagance of fashionable life, which have recently exhibited such remarkable developments in the highest English society. The characters are drawn with amusing life-likeness, and must have been copied from well-known originals. A more spirited and sparkling commentary on the times has not been issued by the London press.

Robert Carter and Brothers have issued a new volume by Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY, entitled *Letters to my Pupils*, comprising a selection from her correspondence with the young ladies of her different classes, during their course of instruction at her private seminary in Connecticut. They are filled with valuable counsels, marked with the good sense, affectionate feeling, and practical tendency which are conspicuous features of the author's mind. In addition to the letters, the volume contains some pleasing reminiscences of Mrs. Sigourney's experience as a teacher, with sketches of the character and personal history of several of her more distinguished pupils, now deceased. The work will be found to offer a variety of attractive and useful matter for family reading.

Maurice Tiernay, by CHARLES LEVER, has been issued by Harper and Brothers in their Library of Select Novels. The readers of this Magazine will no doubt welcome in a permanent shape this favorite story, which has formed such an agreeable feature in our pages.

Charles Scribner has published a new volume by N. P. WILLIS, with the characteristic title of *Hurry-Graphs*, containing sketches of scenery, celebrities, and society, taken from life. It is marked with the nice, microscopic observation of character and manners which, in the department of natural science, would make the fortune of an entomologist, and which, as employed by the author, has given him an unrivaled reputation as the delineator of the minutest phases of society. The verbal felicity of his expositions is no less remark-

able than the subtlety of his insight, and so gracefully does he trample on the received usages of language, that the most obstinate adherent to the dictionary can not grudge him the words, which he combines in such bright and fanciful forms in his unlicensed kaleidoscope. In the present volume, which is filled with all sorts of enticements, we prefer the descriptions of nature to the sketches of character. Even the dusty road-side grows delightful under the touches of Willis's blossom-dropping pen, and when we come to the mountain and lake, it is like reveling in all the fragrant odors of Paradise. Here the author feels genially at home, and abandons himself to the natural, joyous, unreflective impulses of the scene; while, in his portraits of character, which are usually more elaborate, he betrays the consciousness of an obligation to say something, which, if not original, shall at least astonish the reader with its appearance of novelty. His judgments, however, are often strikingly acute, and show his ready perception of individual life, no less than of the motley aspects of society. In this work they are singularly free from any tincture of bitterness, the result of a catholic appreciation of character, rather than of any milky sweetness of temperament.

Eastbury is the title of a recent English novel (published by Harper and Brothers), which even the opponents of fictitious literature must commend for its elevated moral tendency, and its pure religious spirit. It is free from the exaggerated views of life, and the morbid, inflated sentiment which form the staple of so many fashionable novels. With its reserved and quiet tone, it may at first disappoint the reader accustomed to a higher stimulus, but its cool domestic pictures, its fine illustrations of character, and its truthfulness and beauty of feeling will win the admiration of the most intelligent judges.

One of the most beautiful books of the season has been issued by J. S. Redfield, entitled *Episodes of Insect Life*, with copious engravings illustrative of the department of natural history to which it is devoted. The anonymous author is a passionate lover of nature, and describes the results of personal observation in glowing and picturesque language. Since the elaborate work of Kirby and Spence, nothing has proceeded from the English press more eminently adapted to inspire a taste for entomological researches, or treating the curious phenomena of insect economy with more animation and beauty of style. The fruits of accurate investigation are embellished with the charm of a lively fancy, making a volume no less delightful than instructive.

Lippincott, Grambo, and Co. have commenced a new serial publication, entitled *Arthur's Library for the Household*, consisting of original tales and sketches by T. S. ARTHUR. The two volumes already published contain *Woman's Trials* and *Married Life*. They will speedily be followed by other volumes, to the number of twelve, printed in uniform style, and with great typographical neatness. The chaste and elevated tone of Mr. Arthur's writings, with his uncommon skill in describing the scenes of real life, has deservedly made him a favorite with a large class of readers, and will, we have no doubt, guarantee a wide success to the present publication.

A cheap edition of ARTHUR'S *Works* is now passing through the press of T. B. Peterson, Phil., and commands an extensive circulation. The last volume issued is *The Banker's Wife*, a tale illustrative of American society, and conveying an admirable moral.

A Leaf from Punch.

TIRED OF THE WORLD.



Grandmamma.—"WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY PET?"

Child.—"WHY, GRANDMA, AFTER GIVING THE SUBJECT EVERY CONSIDERATION, I HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT—THE WORLD IS HOLLOW, AND MY DOLL IS STUFFED WITH SAWDUST, SO—I—SHOULD—LIKE—IF YOU PLEASE, TO BE A NUN?"

PLEASURE TRIP OF MESSRS. ROBINSON AND JONES.



IT IS COLD ON DECK, AND THEY THINK IT WOULD BE BETTER TO LIE DOWN BELOW. ROBINSON AND JONES ARE HERE REPRESENTED AT THE MOMENT OF ENTERING THE CABIN. IT IS INCONVENIENTLY FULL ALREADY, AND EVERY BODY IS SNORING.

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ROBINSON BEFORE AND AFTER A SEA VOYAGE.

ROBINSON RETURNS TO THE DECK, AND, IN DESPAIR, SEATS HIMSELF UPON WHAT HE CONSIDERS A PILE OF CABLE, COATS, CANVAS, LUGGAGE, &c. HOW IS HE TO KNOW THAT IT IS A LADY AND GENTLEMAN?

A PERFECT WRETCH.



Wife.—“WHY, DEAR ME, WILLIAM; HOW TIME FLIES! I DECLARE WE HAVE BEEN MARRIED TEN YEARS TO-DAY.”
 Wretch.—“HAVE WE, LOVE? I AM SURE I THOUGHT IT HAD BEEN A GREAT DEAL LONGER.”

Fashions for Early Summer.



FIG. 1.—VISITING AND CARRIAGE COSTUMES.

THE early days of June often exhibit the coyness of her sister, May; and while the leaves are broadly expanding, and the buds are every where bursting into blossom, in full exuberance, cool breezes from the North, or chilling vapors from the East, sometimes remind those who are riding or walking, of the breath of Winter. It is not safe permanently to employ the thin dress fabrics of glowing summer before the middle of the month. Silks form the most suitable material for out-of-door costume, and mantelets are more in vogue than the gossamer-like shawls of July.

MANTELETS.—Those composed of *glacé* silks are greatly in favor, being of moderate size, loose, and rather short; they have, nevertheless, a novel appearance, the variety in their style depending greatly upon their trimmings. The waist and shoulders are gracefully marked. The principal trimmings consist of frillings, or flounces, cut *falbalas* and *passanteries arachnées*. These decorations are intended principally for morning or demi-toilets, those of a more full-dress description being trimmed with a very deep fall of black lace, or two or three frillings equally deep and ample.

DRESSES.—Plain bodies, slightly stiffened, are much in fashion. Those intended for pelisses are of the waistcoat form, cut in the Amazonian shape, somewhat like that seen in Figure 2 of our first illustration. Among other elegant styles, is a *robe à la myon* of gray taffeta, having the corsage formed of narrow plaits, in style resembling that in Figure 1 of the above illustration. It forms a kind of fan back; in front, the folds are made deep upon the top, and descend in a straight line toward the lower part of the waist.

FIGURE 1 in our first illustration represents an elegant style of VISITING DRESS. It is of light blue silk; the skirt trimmed with three rather narrow flounces, waved at the edge, and caught up in a point up the centre of the front, where they are each confined with a small *nœud* of ribbon, the same color of the dress. The high, close-fitting corsage is entirely formed of narrow folds placed close together; the opening up the front being concealed by a fluting of ribbon, gradually narrowing toward the lower part of the waist. Long plain sleeves, ornamented round the top with a puffing of silk, forming an epaulette. The sleeves are open up the front of the arm as far as the bend, and caught across at regular intervals, so as to admit of the under full white sleeves showing through and forming puffings. Bonnet of white silk or satin: the exterior decorated with two white ostrich feathers, and the interior with a wreath of white rose-buds.

FIGURE 2 in our first picture, represents a beautiful CARRIAGE COSTUME. Plain high dress of violet silk; the body fitting tight has a small jacket trimmed round with a narrow *rûche*. The body opens in the front and has a fulling of white lace to give the appearance of the frill of the habit shirt. The sleeves are not very wide, and are three-quarters length. They have cuffs cut in points, turned back, and edges with a narrow *rûche*. The skirt is long and full, trimmed with rosettes of rib-



FIG. 2.—EVENING DRESS.

bon, from which hang two small tassels. *Mantilla* of rich silk, trimmed with broad black lace, lined with white silk. Bonnet of *paille de riz*, decorated with splendid drooping flowers on the right, of a primrose color.

FIGURE 2 represents an EVENING COSTUME. Dress of pink *crêpe*: the corsage low; the waist pointed, and of a moderate length. The cape pointed in the front, falls deep on the shoulders, entirely covering the plain short sleeves. The cape and the front of the skirt, are trimmed with white *tulle* and roses. The skirt is long and full, the trimming, *en tablière*, corresponds with the cape. Jupe of rich white silk is worn underneath. Shoes of pink satin.



FIG. 3.—HEAD-DRESS.

FIGURE 3 shows a neat style of head-dress for a MORNING COSTUME, which is composed of folds of ribbon, partly covering a braid of hair on one side. The dress is high, edged with a lace collar, with a ribbon hanging in loops in front. The sleeves in morning costumes are generally very wide from the elbow, three-quarters length, and trimmed to correspond. The skirt is long and full, bias on each side, the front breadth turned back: trimmed with *guimpe*.

BONNETS are generally of white silk, formed in various designs, decorated with different sorts of violets and lilacs of the most opposite shades. They are very gay, yet very simple. They are generally somewhat small, having the front rather open at the sides, allowing the hair to be arranged in full bands, with becoming and fanciful ears in the interior. Figure 4 represents a bonnet of white satin, covered with two rows of white lace, divided with a double row of fancy light green ribbon, and decorated with white daisies in the interior. Bonnets composed of *crêpe* and *paille*, are decorated with bunches of flowers composed of the wild violet, with grass and delicate herbs. A very elegant style of bonnet is composed partly of blonde and fullings of light green *velours épinglé*, ornamented in a fanciful manner with marabouts.



FIG. 4.—BONNET

CAPS are extremely pretty and light in appearance. Some formed of inlet, relieved with drawings, through which is passed a narrow satin ribbon, and decorated with *coques*, placed sidewise, are very pretty. A very charming style of morning caps are those formed of muslin, surmounted with four small *torsades* of lilac silk drooping over the forehead, and encircling the ears. Upon each side is placed a very large *nœud* of silk, and at the back two *rachons* of embroidered muslin, headed with *torsades* of ribbon. Another style forms upon the summit of the head, advancing a little in front, "*à la Marie Stuart*," having three papillons of Brussels point lace, divided with pink ribbons. On the sides tufts of lace, and black and pink ribbons in corkscrews, hanging low

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ADAMS, SHERMAN, LIVINGSTON, JEFFERSON, FRANKLIN.

THE COMMITTEE APPOINTED TO PREPARE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

OUR NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

ON the morning of a brilliant day in October, 1760, the heir apparent to the British throne and his groom of the stole, were riding on horseback near Kew Palace, on the banks of the Thames. The *heir* was George, son of the deceased Frederick, Prince of Wales; the *groom* was John Stuart, Earl of Bute, an impoverished descendant of an ancient Scottish chieftain. The prince was young, virtuous, and amiable; the earl was in the prime of mature manhood, pedantic, gay, courtly in bearing, and winning in deportment. He came as an adventurer to the court of George the Second, for he possessed nothing but an earldom, a handsome person, and great assurance; he lived in affluence in the royal household of Frederick, because he played Lothario well not only in the amateur theatre, but in the drawing-room of the princess, and soon became her petted favorite.

The Prince of Wales died, and rumor with her
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half-lying tongue often whispered in the public ear the suspicion that the earl and the dowager princess were unmindful of the requirements of virtue. Public credulity believed the scandal, and the public mind became troubled because the pupilage of the future sovereign was under the guidance of the shallow earl. He was a tutor more expert in the knowledge of stage-plays, the paraphernalia of the acted drama, and the laws of fashion and etiquette necessary for the beau and the courtier, than in comprehension of the most simple principles of jurisprudence, the duties of a statesman, or the solid acquirements necessary for a reigning prince or his chief adviser. It was evident that the groom of the stole would be the prime minister of the realm when George should possess the throne of his grandfather, and this expectation made virtuous men and true patriots unhappy.

The prince and his inseparable companion had just reined up at the portal of the garden of the dowager, at Kew, when a solemn peal



EARL OF BUTE.

told out from the bells of London. While they were listening, a messenger came in haste to the prince and announced the sudden death of the old king. He was soon followed by William Pitt, the greatest commoner in England, the idol of the people, and, as prime minister, the actual ruler of the affairs of the empire. Pitt confirmed the sad tidings, and made preliminary arrangements for proclaiming the accession of George the Third.

The earl and his pupil remained that day and night at Kew, in company with Doddington and a few other friends, and the next morning rode up to St. James's, in London, to meet the great officers of state. At that interview, Pitt presented the young king with an address to be pronounced at a meeting of the Privy Council. The minister was informed that one had already been prepared. This announcement opened to the sagacious mind of Pitt a broad and gloomy view of the future. He perceived that Bute was to be the ruling spirit in the new cabinet; that he whom he despised for his weakness and illiberality, his pedantic assumption of superior scholarship, and his merited unpopularity with the people, was to be the bosom friend and adviser of the king. Pitt well knew his unfitness, and deplored the consequences. Unwilling to be held in the least responsible for errors which were certain to abound in the administration of affairs, he soon withdrew to his mansion at Hayes, and watched, with all the interest and anxiety of a statesman and patriot, the gradual weaving of the web of difficulty in which the impotent men who surrounded the king, were soon ensnared.

By virtue of his office as groom of the stole, Bute was sworn in a Privy Councillor, and, by degrees he obtained the control of the cabinet. For nearly ten years his unwise advice and de-

fective statesmanship, in the cabinet and in the parlor, led George the Third into many and grave errors, which finally resulted in the loss of the fairest portion of his American possessions. Had Pitt been allowed to guide the public policy and direct the honest but stubborn mind of the king at the beginning of his long reign of half a century, these United States might have remained a part of the British Empire fifty years longer. But that great man, whose genius as a statesman, eloquence and wisdom as a legislator, and whose thorough knowledge of human nature and the past history of the world, made him peerless, and whose administration of government during almost the entire progress of *The Seven Years' War*, had carried England to a height of prosperity and influence which she had never before approached, was superseded by a fop; his eminent worth was overlooked; his services were apparently forgotten, and he was allowed to retire from office and leave the young sovereign and his government in the hands of weak, crafty, and selfish men. The people venerated Pitt; they despised the very name of Stuart. They deprecated the influence of the king's mother as being unfavorable to popular freedom. A placard which appeared upon the Royal Exchange, bearing, in large letters, the significant expression of "No petticoat government—no Scotch minister—no Lord George Sackville," prefigured those popular tumults which soon afterward disturbed the metropolis and extended to the American colonies. That placard was the harbinger of that great DECLARATION, the adoption of which by a representative Congress of the Anglo-American people fifteen years afterward, is the occasion of our National Anniversary.

From the accession of Charles the Second, just one hundred years before George the Third ascended the throne, the English colonies in America struggled manfully for prosperity against the unjust and illiberal commercial policy of Great Britain. With a strange obtuseness of perception in regard to the elements of national prosperity, which the truths of modern political economy now clearly illustrate to the common mind, the British government sought to fill its coffers from the products of colonial industry, by imposing upon their commerce such severe restrictions that its expansion was almost prohibited. The wisdom and prudent counsels of men like Robert Walpole were of no avail; and, down to the accession of George the Third, the industrial pursuits of the colonists, under the regulations of the Board of Trade, were subjected to restraints and impositions which amounted to actual oppression. The Americans often petitioned for justice, but in vain. Continental wars continually drained the imperial treasury, and the inventive genius of British statesmen continually planned new schemes for the creation of a revenue adequate to meet the enormous expenditures of government. Despite the Navigation Act and kindred measures, sometimes enforced with rigor, and

sometimes with laxity, the American Colonies grew rich and powerful. Despite the injustice of the mother country, they were eminently loyal. During the long war between France and England which was waged in the wilds of America, and which called into fierce action the savage tribes of the forests, the colonies contributed men and money with a lavish prodigality to sustain the honor of Great Britain, and the Gallic power on our continent was crushed, chiefly by provincial strength. The fidelity, the generosity, the prowess, and the loyalty of the Americans commanded the admiration of England, and should have excited her grateful desires to reciprocate and requite the service. On the contrary, the exhibition of the wealth and strength of the colonies during that war, excited her jealousy, led to greater exactions, and were made a pretense for more flagrant acts of injustice. She seemed to regard the Americans as industrious bees, working in a hive in her own apiary, in duty bound to lay up stores of honey for her especial use, and entitled to only the poor requital of a little treacle.

Relying upon the steady loyalty of the colonists, and their pecuniary ability, the advisers of the king looked to them for unceasing and substantial aid in replenishing the exhausted exchequer. Hitherto many of the commercial regulations had been evaded; now a rigid enforcement of the revenue laws was commenced. By the advice of Bute the king determined to "reform the American charters." Secret agents were sent to traverse the colonies for the purpose of ascertaining the temper of the people, of conciliating men of wealth and influence, and of obtaining such information as might be useful to ministers in preparing a plan for drawing a portion of the surplus wealth of the Americans into the imperial treasury. The first reform measure was the issuing of *Writs of Assistance* to revenue officers. These were warrants to custom-house officials, giving them and their deputies a general power to enter houses and stores where it might be suspected that contraband goods were concealed. This was a violation of one of the dearest principles of Magna Charta which recognizes the house of every Briton as his castle. The idea of such latitude being given to "the meanest deputy of a deputy's deputy" created general indignation and alarm. It might cover the grossest abuses, and no man's privacy would be free from the intrusions of these ministerial hirelings. The colonies saw in this the budding germ of despotism, and resolved to oppose its growth. The voice of James Otis the younger, a ripe scholar of six-and-thirty, and then the Advocate General of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, first denounced the scheme and declared the great political postulate which became the basis of all subsequent resistance to kingly domination, that "TAXATION, WITHOUT REPRESENTATION, IS TYRANNY." Like the deep and startling tones of an alarm-bell, echoing from hill to hill, his bold



eloquence aroused the hearts of thinking men from the Penobscot to the St. Mary; and his published arguments, like an electric shock, thrilled every nerve in the Atlantic provinces. "Otis was a flame of fire," said John Adams, in describing the scene in the Massachusetts Assembly, when the orator uttered his denunciations. "With a promptitude of classical allusion and a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events and dates, a profusion of legal authority, a prophetic glance of his eyes into futurity and a rapid torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried away all before him. The seeds of patriots and heroes were then and there sown. Every man of an immensely crowded audience appeared to me to go away, as I did, ready to take up arms against *Writs of Assistance*. Then and there was the first scene of the first act of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain. Then and there the child, Independence, was born. In fifteen years, that is, in 1776, he grew up to manhood, and declared himself free."

Poor Otis! The bludgeon of a ministerial myrmidon paralyzed his brilliant intellect, and he was not allowed to participate in the scenes of the Revolution which ensued. Just as the white banner of peace began to wave over his country, after a struggle of twenty years to which he gave the first impulse, an electric bolt from the clouds mercifully released his wearied spirit from its earthly thrall.

The people were now fairly aroused. "Give us a just representation in the national council," they said, "and we will cheerfully submit to the expressed will of the majority." Great Britain was too proud to listen to conditions from her children; too blind to perceive the expediency of fair concession. She haughtily refused the reciprocity asked, and menaced the recusants. In the war just closed, the colonists had discovered their inherent strength, and they were

not easily frightened by the mother's frown. Upon the postulate of Otis they planted the standard of resistance and boldly kept it floating on the breeze until the War of the Revolution broke out.

Heedless of the portentous warnings already given, the British ministry conceived another scheme for taxing the Americans. The famous Stamp Act was elaborated in council, discussed in parliament, and made a law by sanction of the king's signature in the spring of 1765. That act imposed certain duties upon every species of legal writing. It declared invalid and null every promissory note, deed, mortgage, bond, marriage license, business agreement, and every contract which was not written upon paper, vellum, or parchment impressed with the stamp of the imperial government. For these, fixed rates were stipulated. In this measure the Americans perceived another head of the Hydra, Despotism. The *Writs of Assistance* touched the interests of commercial men; the Stamp Act touched the interests of the whole people. The principle involved was the same in each; the practical effect of the latter was universally felt. Fierce was the tempest of indignation which followed the annunciation of its enactment, and throughout the colonies the hearts of the people beat as with one pulsation. Sectional differences were forgotten. The bold notes of defiance uttered in New England and New York were caught up and echoed with manifold vehemence in Virginia. Patrick Henry, the idle

trymen with the brilliancy of his eloquence. He had been but a few days a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, when intelligence of the passage of the Stamp Act reached the Old Dominion. Upon a scrap of paper torn from the fly-leaf of an old copy of "Coke upon Littleton," he wrote those famous resolutions which formed the first positive gauntlet of defiance cast at the feet of the British monarch. The introduction of those resolutions startled the apathetic, alarmed the timid, surprised the boldest. With voice and mien almost superhuman in cadence and aspect, Henry defended them. In descanting upon the tyranny of the odious Act, he shook that assembly with alarm, and as he exclaimed in clear bell-tones of deepest meaning, "Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third—" cries of "Treason! Treason!" came from every part of the House. Henry faltered not for an instant; but rising to a loftier altitude, and fixing on the Speaker an eye of the most determined fire, he finished the sentence with vehement emphasis—"George the Third—may profit by their example. If that be treason, make the most of it." The resolutions were adopted, and from that day Massachusetts and Virginia were the head and heart of the American Revolution.

We will not tarry to notice the various measures subsequently adopted by the British Government to tax the Americans without their consent, and the scenes of excitement which everywhere prevailed in the colonies. The taxes im-

posed were light, some of them almost nominal; the colonists complained only of the principle involved in the avowal of government, that it possessed the right to impose taxes without the consent of the governed. This was the issue, and both parties were unyielding. For ten years the people complained of wrongs, petitioned for redress, and suffered insults. They were forbearing, because they were fond of the name of Englishmen. The mother country was blind, not voluntarily wicked. The British ministry did not deliberately counsel the king to oppress his subjects, for he would have spurned such advice with indignation; yet the measures which they proposed, and which the king sanctioned, accomplished the ends of positive tyranny and oppression. Forbearance, at length, became no longer a virtue, and, turning their backs upon Great Britain, the Americans prepared for inevitable war. They understood the maxim of revolutionists, that "in union there is strength." A spontaneous desire for a continental council was every where manifested. Its proposition by the Massachusetts Assembly was warmly responded to. The people met in



P. Henry

boy of Hanover, had just burst from the chrysalis of obscurity, and was enchanting his coun- primary assemblies, appointed representatives, and on the 5th of September, 1774, forty-three

delegates from twelve colonies assembled in convention, in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia. Others soon came, and the first Continental Congress began its labors.

When the preliminary organization of Congress was completed, and the delegates were assembled on the morning of the 7th, there was great solemnity. After the Rev. Mr. Duché had prayed in behalf of the assembly for Divine guidance, no one seemed willing to open the business of Congress. There was perfect silence for a few minutes, when a plain man, dressed in "minister's gray," arose and called the delegates to action. The plain man was a stranger to almost every one present. "Who is he?" went from lip to lip. "Patrick Henry," was the soft reply of Pendleton, his colleague. The master spirit of the storm in Virginia ten years before, now gave the first impulse to independent continental legislation. Day after day the interests of the colonies were calmly discussed; the rights of the people declared; the principles and blessings of civil freedom extolled, and a determination to maintain and enjoy them, at all hazards, boldly avowed. The king and parliament were petitioned; the people of England and America were feelingly addressed, and yet, during the session, from the 5th of September to the 26th of October, not a word was uttered respecting political independence. *Reconciliation* was the theme; and that body of noble patriots, the noblest ever assembled, returned to their constituents indulging the hope that there would be no occasion for the assembling of another Congress.

When the proceedings of this first general council reached the king, he was greatly offended, and, instead of accepting the loyal propositions for insuring mutual good-will, and listening to the just petitions of his subjects, he recommended coercive measures. Parliament provided for sending more troops to America to enforce submission to the new and oppressive laws. The town of Boston, the hot-bed of the rebellion, was made a garrison, and subjected to martial law. Blood soon flowed at Lexington and Concord, and two months later the sanguinary battle of Bunker Hill was fought. In the mean while another congress had assembled at Philadelphia on the 10th of May; and Ethan Allen and his compatriots had captured the strong fortresses of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, on Lake Champlain. The whole country was in a blaze. The furrow and the workshop were deserted, and New England sent her thousands of hardy yeomen to wall up the British troops in Boston—to chain the tiger, and prevent his depredating elsewhere. A Continental Army was organized, and the supreme command given to George Washington, the hero of the *Great Meadows* and of the *Monongahela*. With Titan strength the patriots piled huge fortifications around Boston, and for nine months they kept their unnatural enemy a prisoner upon that little peninsula. Then they drove him in haste out upon the broad Atlantic, and gave

peace to the desolated city. And yet the patriots talked not of political independence. Righteous concession would have secured reconciliation. The dismembering blow had not yet fallen. Great Britain was blind and stubborn still.

Perplexed by dissensions in parliament, and the manifest growth of sympathy for the Americans in his metropolis, the king was desirous of making honorable concessions. Foolish ministers and ignorant and knavish politicians prated of British *honor*, and advised the adoption of rigorous measures for throwing back the swelling tide of rebellion in America. It was an easy thing to advise, but difficult to plan, and hard to execute the schemes proposed. The army of the empire was too much scattered at distant points to furnish efficient detachments for the American service. It would have been dangerous to send out levies raised from the home districts, because the leaven of republicanism was there at work. Material for an invading force was therefore sought in foreign markets. Petty German princes happened to have a good supply on hand, and toward the close of 1775, one of the darkest crimes recorded upon the pages of English history, was consummated. Seventeen thousand Germans, known here as Hessians, were hired by the British ministry, and sent to plunder our seas, ravage our coasts, burn our towns, and destroy the lives of our people. The king pronounced his subjects in America to be *rebels*, and virtually abdicated government here, by declaring them out of his protection, and waging war against them. His representatives, the royal governors, were expelled from our shores, or driven to the protection of British arms. All hope for reconciliation faded; petitions and remonstrances ceased; the sword was drawn and the scabbard thrown away. The children of Great Britain, who had ever regarded her with reverence and filial affection, and who never dreamed of leaving the paternal roof until the unholy chastisements of a parent's hand alienated their love, were expelled from the threshold, and were compelled to seek shelter behind the bulwark of a righteous rebellion. Now their thoughts turned to the establishment of themselves as an independent nation.

The precise time when aspirations for political independence first became a prevailing sentiment among the people of the colonies, can not be determined. No doubt the thought had been born in many minds, and the desire cherished in many hearts, years before they received tangible shape in explicit declarations. James Warren, Samuel Adams, Dr. Franklin, Richard Henry Lee, Patrick Henry, Timothy Dwight, Thomas Paine, and others seem to have been early impressed with the idea, that a total separation from Great Britain was the only cure for existing evils. But it was only a few months before the subject was brought before Congress, that it became a topic for public discussion.

In 1773 Patrick Henry said, in conversation,

"I doubt whether we shall be able, *alone*, to cope with so powerful a nation as Great Britain; but," he said, rising from his chair with animation, "where is France? where is Spain? where is Holland? the natural enemies of Great Britain. Where will they be all this while? Do you suppose they will stand by, idle and indifferent spectators of the contest? Will Louis XVI. be asleep all this time? Believe me, *no*! When Louis XVI. shall be satisfied by our serious opposition, and our *Declaration of Independence*, that all prospect of a reconciliation is gone, then, and not till then, will he furnish us with arms, ammunition, and clothing; and not with them only, but he will send his fleets and armies to fight our battles for us. He will form a treaty with us, offensive and defensive, against our unnatural mother. Spain and Holland will join the confederation. *Our independence will be established, and we shall take our stand among the nations of the earth!*" Never did seer or prophet more clearly lift the veil of the future, and yet few sympathized with him. Doctor Franklin talked of total political emancipation in 1774, and Timothy Dwight recommended it early in 1775, and yet Jay, Madison, Richard Penn, and others positively assert, that until after the meeting of the second Continental Congress, there was no serious thought of independence entertained. In reply to an intimation from a friend in 1774, that Massachusetts was seeking independence, Washington wrote, "Give me leave to add, and I think I can announce it as a fact, that it is not the wish or interest of that government, or any other upon this continent, separately or collectively, to set up for independence." But when fleets and armies came to coerce submission to injustice and wrong; when King, Lords, and Commons became totally "deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity," the colonies were obliged to "acquiesce in the necessity" which compelled them to dissolve the political bands that united them to the parent state.

At the beginning of 1776, Thomas Paine sent forth his remarkable pamphlet, called *Common Sense*. Its vigorous paragraphs dealt hard blows upon the British ministry, and its plain truths carried conviction to the hearts of thousands throughout our land that rebellion was justifiable. In it he boldly proposed a speedy declaration of independence. "It matters very little now," he said, "what the King of England either says or does; he hath wickedly broken through every moral and human obligation, trampled nature and conscience beneath his feet; and by a steady and constitutional spirit of insolence and cruelty, procured for himself a universal hatred. It is now the interest of America to provide for herself. She hath already a large and young family, whom it is more her duty to take care of, than to be granting away her property to support a power which is become a reproach to the names of men and Christians. . . . It may be asked, Which is the easiest and most practicable plan, *reconciliation*

or *independence*? I answer generally, That *independence* being a single, simple line, contained within ourselves, and *reconciliation* a matter exceedingly perplexed and complicated, and in which a treacherous, capricious court is to interfere, gives the answer without a doubt. . . . Instead of gazing at each other with suspicious or doubtful curiosity, let each of us hold out to his neighbor the hearty hand of friendship, and unite in drawing a line, which, like an act of oblivion, shall bury in forgetfulness every former dissension. Let the names of Whig and Tory be extinct; and let none other be heard among us, than those of a good citizen; an open and resolute friend; and a virtuous supporter of the rights of mankind, and of the free and independent states of America."

"Common Sense" was printed and scattered by thousands over the land. In the army it was read by the captains at the head of their companies, and at public gatherings its strong but just language was greeted with loud acclaim. Neighbor read it to neighbor, and within three months after its appearance a desire for absolute independence of Great Britain glowed in almost every patriot bosom, and found expression at public meetings, in the pulpit, and in social circles.

The Colonial Assemblies soon began to move in the matter. North Carolina was the first to take the bold, progressive step toward independence. By a vote of a convention held on the 22d of April, 1776, the representatives of that State in the Continental Congress were authorized "to concur with those in the other colonies, in declaring independence." Eleven months earlier than this, a meeting at Charlotte, in Mecklenburg County, forswore allegiance to the British crown.

On the 10th of April, the General Assembly of Massachusetts requested the people of that colony, at the approaching election of new representatives, to give them instructions on the subject of independence. Pursuant to this request, the people of Boston, in town meeting assembled on the 23d, instructed their representatives to use their best endeavors to have their delegates at Philadelphia "advised, that in case Congress should think it necessary for the safety of the united colonies, to declare themselves independent of Great Britain, the inhabitants of that colony, with their lives and the *remnants* of their fortunes, would most cheerfully support them in the measure."

The Convention of Virginia passed a similar resolution on the 17th of May, and then proceeded to the establishment of a regular independent government for the colony. In its instructions the Virginia Convention directed its representatives to *propose* a declaration of independence. The General Assembly of Rhode Island adopted a similar resolution the same month, and also directed the usual oath of allegiance, thereafter, to be given to the State of Rhode Island, instead of to the King of Great Britain.

On the 8th of June the New York delegates

in Congress asked for special instructions on the subject, but the Provincial Assembly, deeming itself incompetent to instruct in so grave a matter without the previous sanction of the people, merely recommended the inhabitants to signify their sentiments at the election just at hand. The New York delegates were never instructed on the subject, and those who signed the Declaration did so upon their own responsibility. But when a copy of the Declaration reached the Provincial Assembly of New York, then in session at White Plains, that body passed a resolution of approval, and directed their delegates to act in future, as the public good might require.

The Assembly of Connecticut, on the 14th of June, instructed their delegates "to give the assent of the colony to such Declaration, when they should judge it expedient." On the 15th the New Hampshire Provincial Congress issued similar instructions; and on the 21st the new delegates from New Jersey were directed to act in the matter according to the dictates of their own judgments.

In the Pennsylvania Assembly, several months previously, the subject of independence had been hinted at. The Conservatives were alarmed, and procured the adoption of instructions to their delegates, adverse to such a measure. In June these restrictions were removed, and they were neither instructed nor officially permitted to concur with the other colonies in a declaration of independence. But a convention of the people, held in Philadelphia on the 24th of June, expressed their willingness and desire to

act in concert with those of the other colonies, and requested the representatives of that province to vote affirmatively.

The Convention of Maryland, by a resolution adopted at about the close of May, positively forbade their delegates voting for independence; but through the influence of Carroll, Chase, Paca, and others, the prohibition was recalled on the 28th of June, and they were empowered to give a vote for Maryland concurrent with the other provinces. Delaware, South Carolina, and Georgia refrained from action on the subject, except such as occurred at small district meetings, and their delegates were left free to vote as they pleased. So rapid was the change in public opinion after the British troops were driven out of Boston, that within the space of sixty-five days, the representatives of ten of the thirteen colonies were specially instructed by their constituents to sever the political tie which bound them to Great Britain.

The Continental Congress, now in permanent session, was assembled in the State House in Philadelphia, a spacious building yet standing—a relic of rarest interest to the American, because of the glorious associations which hallow it.

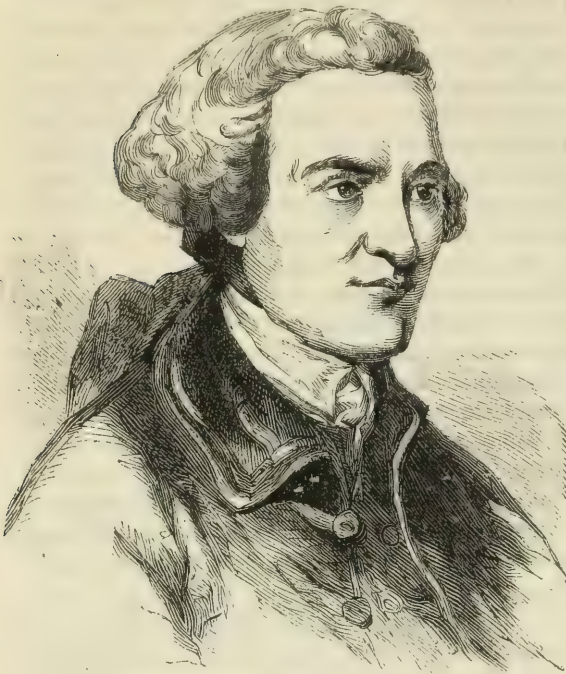
"This is the sacred fane wherein assembled
The fearless champions on the side of Right;
Men at whose Declaration empires trembled,
Moved by the Truth's clear and eternal light.

"This is the hallowed spot where first, unfurling,
Fair Freedom spread her blazing scroll of light;
Here, from Oppression's throne the tyrant hurling,
She stood supreme in majesty and might."



THE STATE HOUSE, OR INDEPENDENCE HALL, AS IT APPEARED IN 1776.

Stimulated by affirmative action in the various colonies, the desire for independence became a living principle in the hall of the Continental Congress, and that principle found utterance, albeit with timorous voice. John Hancock, an opulent merchant of Boston, and



JOHN HANCOCK

from the commencement of difficulties in 1765, a bold, uncompromising, zealous, and self-sacrificing patriot, was seated in the presidential chair, to which he had been called a year previously, when Peyton Randolph, the first incumbent, was summoned to the bedside of his dying wife in Virginia. The equally bold and uncompromising Adamses were his colleagues, from Massachusetts Bay. On his right sat Franklin of Pennsylvania, Sherman of Connecticut, Rut-



ROBERT MORRIS.

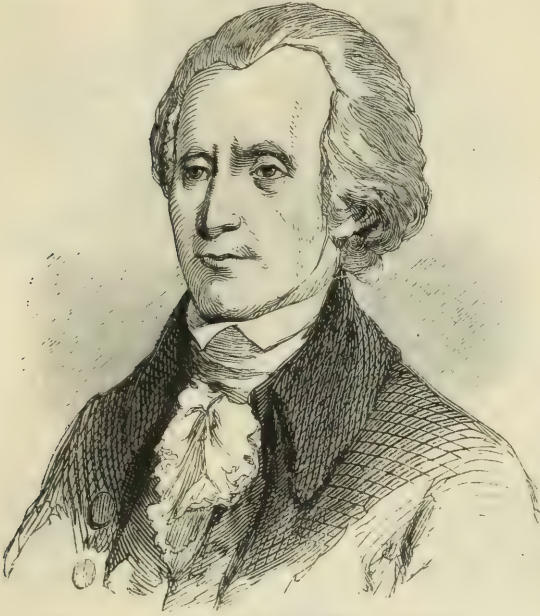
ledge of South Carolina, and young Jefferson of Virginia. On his left was the eloquent Dicken-

son of Pennsylvania, and his colleague, Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution, whose capital and credit, controlled by untiring energy and love of country, sustained the cause of freedom in the darkest hours of its struggles with tyranny. Near him was the lovely and refined Arthur Middleton of South Carolina, with a heart full of philanthropy, and a mind at ease while he saw his immense fortune melting away before the fire of revolution. In front was Richard Henry Lee, the Cicero of that august assembly, and by his side sat the venerable John Witherspoon of Princeton College, the equally impressive and earnest preacher of the gospel of Christ and the gospel of civil liberty. Near the President's chair sat the attenuated, white-haired secretary, Charles Thomson, who for fifteen years held the pen of the old Congress, and arranged, with masterly hand, its daily business. On every side were men, less conspicuous but equally zealous, bearing upon their shoulders a responsibility unparalleled in the history of the world in importance, whether considered in the aspect of immediate effects or prospective results.

On the 10th of May, the initial step toward independence was taken by Congress, when it was resolved, "that it be recommended to the several assemblies and conventions of the United Colonies, where no government, sufficient to the exigencies of their affairs, hath hitherto been established, to adopt such a government as shall, in the opinions of the representatives of the people, best conduce to the happiness and safety of their constituents in particular, and America in general." A preamble to this resolution was prepared by a committee, consisting of John Adams, Edward Rutledge, and Richard Henry Lee, in which the principles of independent sovereignty were clearly set forth. It was declared "irreconcilable to reason and a good conscience for the colonists to take the oaths required for the support of the government under the crown of Great Britain." It was also declared necessary, that all royal rule should be suppressed, and all "the powers of government exerted under the authority of the people of the colonies, for the preservation of internal peace, virtue, and good order, as well as for the defense of their lives, liberties, and properties, against the hostile invasions, and civil depredations of their enemies." This language was certainly very bold, but not sufficiently positive and comprehensive, as a basis of energetic action, in favor of independence. The hearts of a majority in Congress now yearned with an irrepressible zeal for the consummation of an event which they knew to be inevitable; yet there seemed to be no one courageous enough in that assembly to step forth and take the momentous responsibility of lifting the knife that should dismember the British Empire. The royal government would mark that man as an arch-rebel, and all its energies would be brought to bear to quench his spirit, or to hang him on a gibbet.*

* At that time a son of Mr. Lee was at school at St. Bees, in England. One day, as he was standing near one

We have seen that Virginia instructed her representatives in Congress to *propose* independence: she had a delegate equal to the task. In the midst of the doubt, and dread, and hesitation, which for twenty days had brooded over the National Assembly, Richard Henry Lee arose,



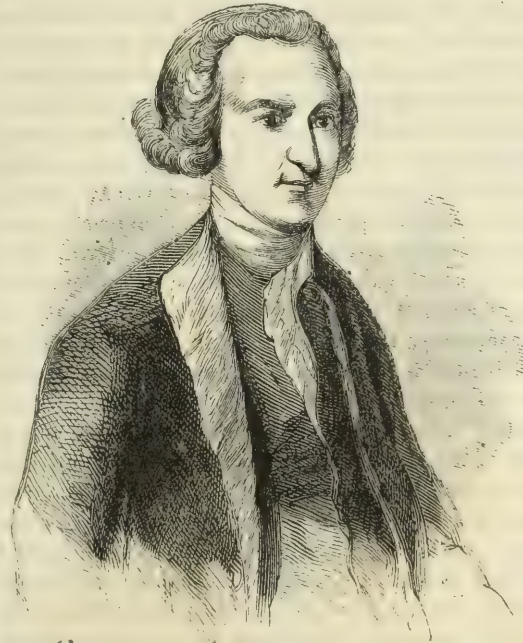
RICHARD HENRY LEE.

and with his clear, musical voice read aloud the resolution, "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; and that all political connection between us and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be totally dissolved." John Adams immediately arose and seconded the resolution. To shield them from the royal ire, Congress directed the secretary to omit the names of its mover and seconder in the journals. The record says, "Certain resolutions respecting independence being moved and seconded, *Resolved*, That the consideration of them be deferred until tomorrow morning; and that the members be enjoined to attend punctually at ten o'clock, in order to take the same into their consideration."

The resolution was not taken up for consideration, until three days afterward, when it was resolved to "postpone its further consideration until the first day of July next; and in the mean while, that no time be lost, in case Congress agree thereto, that a committee be appointed to prepare a declaration to that effect." That committee was appointed on the eleventh of June, and consisted of Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, John Adams of Massachusetts, Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania, Roger Sherman of Connecticut, and Robert R. Livingston of

New York. Mr. Lee would doubtless have been appointed the chairman of the committee, had not intelligence of the serious illness of his wife compelled him, the evening previous to its formation, to ask leave of absence. At the hour when the committee was formed, Mr. Lee was in Wilmington, on his way to Virginia. Mr. Jefferson, the youngest member of the committee, was chosen by his colleagues to write the Declaration, 'because of his known expertness with the pen; and in an upper chamber of the house of Mrs. Clymer, on the southwest corner of Seventh and High-streets, in Philadelphia, that ardent patriot drew up the great indictment against George the Third, for adjudication by a tribunal of the nations.

On the first of July, pursuant to agreement, Mr. Lee's resolution was taken up in the committee of the whole house, Benjamin Harrison of Virginia (father of the late President Harrison), in the chair. Jefferson's draft of a declaration of independence, bearing a few verbal alterations by Franklin and Adams, was reported at the same time, and for three consecutive days its paragraphs were debated, altered, and agreed to, one after another. No written record has transmitted to us the able arguments put forth on that occasion, and the world has lost all except a few reminiscences preserved by those who listened to, and participated in the debates. While all hearts were favorable to the measure, all minds were not convinced that the proper time had arrived for "passing the Rubicon." Among the opponents of the resolution was John Dickenson of Pennsylvania,



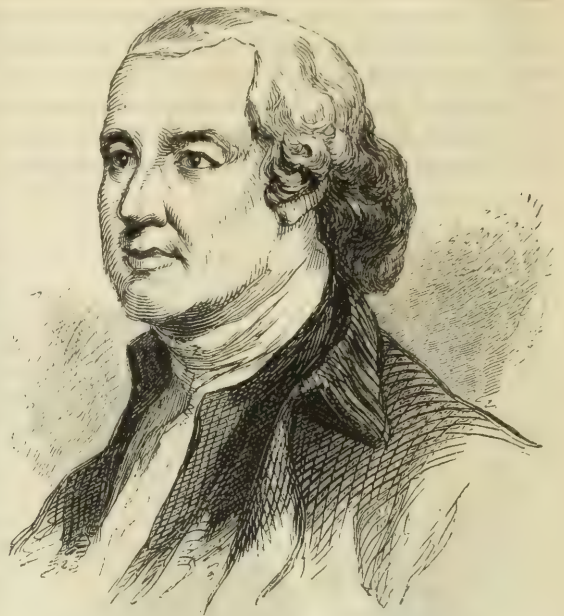
John Dickenson

whose powerful arguments in a series of *Letters of a Pennsylvania Farmer*, published eight years before, had contributed greatly toward arousing the colonies to resistance. He did not regard

of the professors of the academy, who was conversing with a gentleman of the neighboring country, he heard the question asked, "What boy is this?" To which the professor replied, "He is the son of Richard Henry Lee, of America." The gentleman, upon hearing this, put his hand upon the boy's head, and remarked, "We shall yet see your father's head upon Tower Hill." The boy promptly answered, "You may have it when you can get it." That boy was the late Ludwell Lee, Esq., of Virginia.

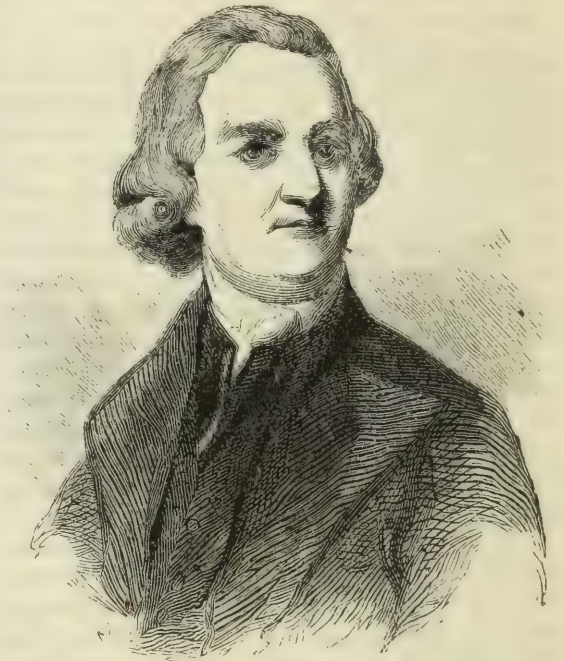
the measure as impolitic at *all times*, but as premature and impracticable at *that time*. He urged the want of money, munitions of war, of a well-organized and disciplined army; the seeming apathy of several colonies, manifested by their tardiness in declaring their wishes on the subject; the puissance of Great Britain by sea and land, and the yet unknown course of foreign governments during the contest which would follow. Richard Henry Lee, on the other hand, had supported his resolution with all his fervid eloquence, in Congress and out of it, from the day when he presented it. He prefaced his motion with a speech, which his compatriots spoke of in terms of highest eulogium. He reviewed with voluminous comprehensiveness the rights of the colonists, and the violation of those rights by the mother country. He stated their resources, descanted upon the advantages of union daily drawing closer and closer as external danger pressed upon them, and their capacity for defense. He appealed to the patriotism of his compeers, portrayed the beauties of liberty with her train of blessings of law, science, literature, arts, prosperity and glory; and concluded with these beautiful thoughts: "Why, then, sir, do we longer delay? Why still deliberate? Let this happy day give birth to an American Republic! Let her arise, not to devastate and conquer, but to re-establish the reign of peace and law. The eyes of Europe are fixed upon us; she demands of us a living example of freedom, that may exhibit a contrast, in the felicity of the citizen, to the ever-increasing tyranny which desolates her polluted shores. She invites us to prepare an asylum, where the unhappy may find solace, and the persecuted repose. She entreats us to cultivate a propitious soil, where that generous plant, which first sprung and grew in England, but is now withered by the blasts of Scottish tyranny [alluding to Bute, Lord Mansfield, and other Scotch advocates of the right of Great Britain to tax America], may revive and flourish, sheltering under its salubrious and interminable shade, all the unfortunate of the human race. If we are not this day wanting in our duty to our country, the names of the American legislators of '76 will be placed by posterity at the side of those of Theseus, of Lycurgus, of Romulus, of Numa, of the three Williams of Nassau, and of all those whose memory has been, and forever will be dear to virtuous men and good citizens."

Edward Rutledge of South Carolina, the youngest member of Congress, being only twenty-five, was one of Mr. Lee's chief supporters, by his persevering industry, his charming conversation, and his impressive eloquence in debate. He was loved as a son by that stern and unyielding Puritan, Samuel Adams, then at the vigorous old age of fifty-four. He, too, with a voice that was never heard with inattention, supported the resolution; and indignantly rebuking what he was pleased to call a "temporizing spirit" among those who timidly



EDWARD RUTLEDGE

opposed it, he exclaimed, "I should advise persisting in our struggle for liberty and independence, though it were revealed from Heaven that nine hundred and ninety-nine were to per-



SAMUEL ADAMS.

ish, and only one of a thousand were to survive, and retain his liberty! One such freeman must possess more virtue, and enjoy more happiness, than a thousand slaves; and let him propagate his like, and transmit to them, what he hath so nobly preserved." Such lofty sentiments possessed great potency at that perilous hour, when the stoutest heart was tremulous with emotion.

Dr. Witherspoon, of the same ripe age as Mr. Adams, who had left the seat of learning at Princeton and the quiet pathways of a Christian shepherd, and took a seat in the national council, also urged, with all the power and pathos of his eloquence, delivered in broad



JOHN WITHERSPOON.

Scotch accents, and marked by broad Scotch common sense, the immediate adoption of the resolution. While John Dickenson was eloquently pleading with his compeers, to postpone further action on the subject, and said "the people are not ripe for a declaration of independence," Doctor Witherspoon interrupted him and exclaimed, "Not ripe, sir! In my judgment we are not only ripe, but rotting. Almost every colony has dropped from its parent stem, and your own province, sir, needs no more sunshine to mature it!"

Although it was evident from the first, that a majority of the colonies would vote for the resolution, its friends were fearful that *unanimous* assent could not be obtained, inasmuch as the Assemblies of Pennsylvania and Maryland had refused to sanction the measure, and New York, South Carolina and Georgia were silent. The delegates from Maryland were unanimously in favor of it, while those from Pennsylvania were divided. When, on the first of July, a vote was taken in Committee of the whole House, all the colonies assented, except Pennsylvania and Delaware; four of the seven delegates of the former voting against it, and the two delegates from Delaware, who were present, were divided. Thomas M'Kean favored it, and George Read (who afterward signed it), opposed it. Mr. M'Kean burning with a desire to have his State speak in favor of the great measure, immediately sent an express after his colleague, Cæsar Rodney, the other Delaware delegate, then eighty miles away. Rodney was in the saddle within ten minutes after the arrival of the messenger, and reached Philadelphia on the morning of the fourth of July, just before the final vote was taken. Thus Delaware was secured. Robert Morris and John Dickenson of Pennsylvania were absent; the former was favorable, the latter opposed to the measure. Of the other five who were present, Doctor Franklin, James Wilson, and John Mor-

ton were in favor of it; Thomas Willing, and Charles Humphreys were opposed to it; so the State of Pennsylvania was also secured. At a little past meridian, on the FOURTH OF JULY 1776, a unanimous vote of the thirteen colonies was given in favor of declaring themselves FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES. A number of verbal alterations had been made in Mr. Jefferson's draft, and one whole paragraph, which severely denounced Slavery was stricken out, because it periled the unanimity of the vote. In the journal of Congress for that day, is this simple record:

"Agreeably to the order of the day, the Congress resolved itself into a committee of the whole, to take into their further consideration, the Declaration; and after some time, the President resumed the chair, and Mr. Harrison reported, that the Committee have agreed to a Declaration, which they desired him to report. The Declaration being read, was agreed to as follows:

"A DECLARATION OF THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED.

"When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and

usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world :

"He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

"He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

"He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature—a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

"He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the repository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

"He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

"He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise—the state remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without and convulsions within.

"He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states—for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners, refusing to pass others to encourage migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

"He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

"He has made judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices and the amount and payment of their salaries.

"He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harrass our people and eat out their substance.

"He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures.

"He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to the civil power.

"He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws—giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation.

"For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us;

"For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states;

"For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world;

"For imposing taxes on us without our consent;

"For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury;

"For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offenses :

"For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies;

"For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the *forms* of our governments;

"For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

"He has abdicated government here by declaring us out of his protection and waging war against us.

"He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

"He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

"He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

"He has excited domestic insurrections among us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

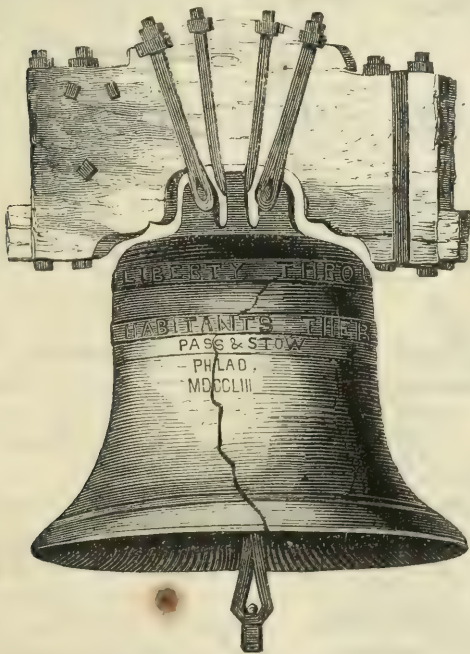
"In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms. Our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

"Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts, by their legislature, to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends.

"We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World for the rectitude of our intentions,

do, in the name, and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor."

It was almost two o'clock in the afternoon when the final decision was announced by Secretary Thomson, to the assembled Congress in Independence Hall. It was a moment of solemn interest; and when the secretary sat down, a deep silence pervaded that august assembly. Tradition says that it was first broken by Dr. Franklin, who remarked, "Gentlemen, we must now all hang together, or we shall surely hang separately." Thousands of anxious citizens had gathered in the streets of Philadelphia, for it was known that the final vote would be taken on that day. From the hour when Congress convened in the morning, the old bellman had been in the steeple. He had placed a boy at the door below, to give him notice when the announcement should be made. As



LIBERTY BELL.

hour succeeded hour, the graybeard shook his head, and said, "They will never do it! they will never do it!" Suddenly a loud shout came up from below, and there stood the little blue-eyed boy clapping his hands, and shouting, "Ring! Ring!" Grasping the iron tongue of the old bell, backward and forward he hurled it a hundred times, its loud voice proclaiming

"Liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."* The excited multitude in the streets responded with loud acclamations, and with cannon peals, bonfires, and illuminations, the patriots held a glorious carnival that night in the quiet city of Penn.

The Declaration of Independence was signed by John Hancock, the President of Congress, only, on the day of its adoption, and thus it went forth to the world. Congress ordered it to be entered at length upon the journals; it was also ordered to be engrossed upon parchment for the delegates to sign it. This last act was performed on the second day of August ensuing, by the fifty-four delegates then present. Thomas M'Kean, of Delaware, and Dr. Thornton, of New Hampshire, subsequently signed it, making the whole number FIFTY-SIX. Upon the next two pages are their names, copied from the original parchment, which is carefully preserved in a glass case, in the rooms of the National Institute, Washington City. It is our pride and righteous boast, and it should be the pride and boast of mankind, that not one of those patriots who signed that manifesto ever fell from the high moral elevation which he then held: of all that band, not one, by word or act, tarnished his fair fame.

The great Declaration was every where applauded; and, in the camp, in cities, villages, churches, and popular assemblies, it was greeted with every demonstration of joy. Washington received it at head-quarters, in New York, on the ninth of July, and caused it to be read aloud at six o'clock that evening at the head of each brigade. It was heard with attention, and welcomed with loud huzzas by the troops. The people echoed the acclaim, and on the same evening they pulled down the leaden statue of the king, which was erected in the Bowling-Green, at the foot of Broadway, in 1770, broke it in pieces, and consigned the materials to the bullet-moulds.

At noon, on the seventeenth of July, Colonel Crafts read the Declaration to a vast assemblage

* The history of this bell, now hanging in the steeple of the State House, in Philadelphia, is interesting. In 1753, a bell for that edifice was imported from England. On the first trial ringing, after its arrival, it was cracked. It was recast by Pass and Stow, of Philadelphia, in 1753, under the direction of Isaac Norris, the then Speaker of the Colonial Assembly. Upon fillets around its crown, cast there twenty-three years before the Continental Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence, are the words of Holy Writ, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." How prophetic! Beneath that very bell the representatives of the thirteen colonies "proclaimed liberty throughout all the land," and its iron tongue echoed the annunciation! For more than two hours its glorious melody floated clear and musical as the voice of an angel above the discordant chorus of booming cannon, rolling drums, and the mingled acclamations of an excited multitude. It, too, was fractured, and for long years its voice has been silent. When I stood in the belfry and sketched this portrait of the old herald, the spirit of the Past, with all its retinue, seemed to be there, for association summoned to the audience chamber of imagination, from the lofty hills and green valleys of the Republic, that band of patriots who stood sponsors at its baptism in 1776.

John Hancock
 Sam^l Adams Elih. Livingston
 Rob^t Treat Paenle W^m Lloyd
 John Adams Fran.^s Lewis
 Elbridge Gerry
 Josiah Bartlett Rich^d Stockton
 Sam^l Huntington
 Ste^p Hopkins John Hart
 Abra Clark Lewis Morris
 John Morton
 Matthew Thornton
 Roger Sherman John Penn
 W^m Whipple Jas Witherpoole
 William Ellery W^m Hooper
 Oliver Wolcott Rob^t Morris
 Ben^j Franklin W^m Williams
 Wm Paca
 Tra^s Hopkinson Tho^s Stone
 Charles Carroll of Carrollton

Th Jefferson Geo. Taylor
 Edward Rutledge Joseph Hewes
 Jas Smith Geo Ross
 Geo Flymer Tho M. Keay
 Bullon Gwinnett Geo Read
 James Wilson Thomas Lynch Jun^r
 Samuel Chase George Wythe
 Benjamin Rush Lyman Hall.
 Richard Henry Lee
 Arthur Middleton Tho Nelson
 Casar Rodney Carter Braxton
 Mary Harrison Geo Walton.
 Francis Lightfoot Lee
 Tho Weyward Jun^r.

gathered in and around Faneuil Hall, in Boston, and when the last paragraph fell from his lips, a loud huzza shook the old "Cradle of Liberty." It was echoed by the crowd without, and soon the batteries on Fort Hill, Dorchester, Nantasket, Long Island, the Castle, and the neighboring heights of Charlestown, Cambridge, and Roxbury boomed forth their cannon acclamations in thirteen rounds. A banquet followed, and bonfires and illuminations made glad the city of the Puritans.

On the eighth, John Nixon read it from the Walnut-street front of the State House, in Philadelphia, to a great concourse of people gathered from the city and the surrounding

country. When the reading was finished, the king's arms over the seat of Justice in the courtroom, was torn down and burnt in the street; and at evening bonfires were lighted, the city was illuminated, and it was not until a thunder-storm at midnight compelled the people to retire, that the sounds of gladness were hushed. Newport, Providence, Hartford, Baltimore, Annapolis, Williamsburg, Charleston, Savannah, and other towns near the seaboard, made similar demonstrations, and loyalty to the king, hitherto open-mouthed, was silent and abashed.

From every inhabited hill and valley, town and hamlet of the old thirteen States, arose the melodies of Freedom, awakened by this great

act of the people's proxies; and thousands of hearts in Europe, beating strongly with hopes for the future, were deeply impressed and comforted. Bold men caught the symphony, and prolonged its glad harmony, even beyond the Alps and the Apennines, until it wooed sleeping slaves from their slumbers in the shadows of despotism forth into the clear light, panoplied in the armor of absolute right and justice. France was aroused, and turning in its bed of submission like the giant beneath old Ætna, to look for light and liberty, an earthquake shock ensued which shook thrones, crumbled feudal altars whereon equality was daily sacrificed, and so rent the vail of the temple of despotism, that the people saw plainly the fetters and instruments of unholy rule, huge and terrible, within the inner court. They pulled down royalty, overturned distinctions, and gave the first impulse to the civil and social revolutions which have since spread from that focus, to purify the political atmosphere of Europe. Back to our glorious manifesto the struggling nations look; and when they wish to arraign their tyrants, that indictment is their text and guide. Its specific charges against the ruler of Great Britain, of course have no relevancy in other cases, but the great truths set forth in the Declaration are immutable. Always appropriate as a basis of governmental theory and practice, at all times and in all places, they can not fail to receive the hearty concurrence of the wise and good in all lands, and under all circumstances. They were early appreciated by the philosophers and statesmen of Europe, and that appreciation augments with the flight of years.

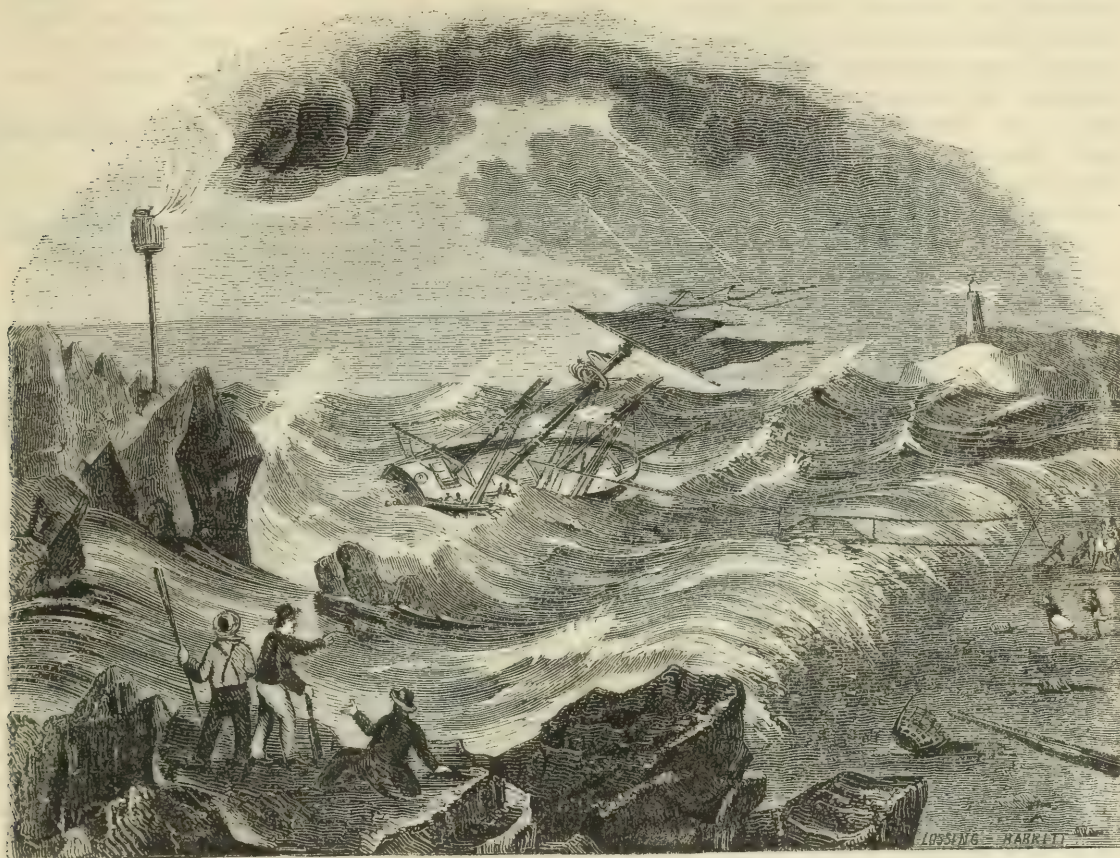
"With what grandeur, with what enthusiasm, should I not speak of those generous men who erected this grand edifice by their patience, their wisdom, and their courage!" wrote the Abbé Raynal, in 1781, when descanting upon our Declaration. "Hancock, Franklin, and the two Adamses, were the greatest actors in this affecting scene: but they were not the only ones. Posterity shall know them all. Their honored names shall be transmitted to it by a happier pen than mine. Brass and marble shall show them to remotest ages. In beholding them shall the friend of freedom feel his heart palpitate with joy; feel his eyes float in delicious tears. Under the bust of one of them has been written: HE WRESTED THUNDER FROM HEAVEN, AND THE SCEPTRE FROM TYRANTS.* Of the last words of this eulogy shall all of them partake. Heroic country, my advanced age permits me not to visit thee. Never shall I see myself among the respectable personages of thy Areopagus; never shall I be present at the deliberations of thy Congress. I shall die without seeing the retreat of toleration, of manners, of laws, of virtue, and of freedom. My ashes shall not be covered by a free and holy earth: but I shall

have desired it; and my last breath shall bear to heaven an ejaculation for thy prosperity."

"I ask," exclaimed Mirabeau, in the tribune of the National Assembly of France, "if the powers who have formed alliances with the States have dared to read that manifesto, or to interrogate their consciences after the perusal? I ask whether there be at this day one government in Europe—the Helvetic and Batavian confederations, and the British isles excepted, which, judged after the principles of the Declaration of Congress on the fourth of July 1776, is not divested of its rights?" And Napoleon, afterward alluding to the same scene, said, "The finger of God was there!"

The fourth of July, marked by an event so momentous, is properly our great NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY. For three-quarters of a century it has been commemorated by orations, firing of cannon, ringing of bells, military parades, fireworks, squibs, and bonfires; and, alas! too often the day has been desecrated by bacchanalian revels. The deep feelings which stirred the spirits of those who participated in the scenes of the Revolution, on the recurrence of the anniversary, warm not the hearts of their children. With them the Declaration of Independence was a great, and ever-present reality; with us it is only a glorious abstract idea. We are in the midst of the fruition of their faith and earnest aspirations; and, surrounded by the noon-tide radiance of the blessings which have resulted from that act, we can not appreciate the glory of the morning star of our destiny as a nation. Let us henceforth aim to be less superficial in our views of the National Anniversary. Let orators cease grandiloquent displays of bombastic rhetoric, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," and discourse with the sober earnestness of true philosophy upon the antecedents—the remote springs—of that event, every where visible in the history of the world; and by expatiating upon the *principles* set forth in our manifesto, and their salutary effect upon the well-being of mankind, give practical force to their vitality. Huzzas are not arguments for thinking men; and now, when thought is every where busy in the formation of omnipotent opinion, the American should cast off the garb of national pride, and with the cosmopolitan spirit of a true missionary of Freedom, point to the eternal bond of UNION which binds our sovereign States together, and explain the character of its strength and vigor. Placed by the side of the PRINCIPLES involved in our struggle for Independence, the men and their councils, battles, sieges, and victories, wane into comparative insignificance. They are but the nerves and muscles, the sinews and the blood of the being we apotheosize—the mere aids of the mighty brain, the seat of the controlling spirit of the whole. Let us always revere those essential aids, and cherish them in our heart of hearts, but *worship* only the puissant SPIRIT on our NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY.

* This is in allusion to the line which Turgot wrote under the bust of Franklin: *Eripuit calo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.*



THE LIFE-CAR.

SOME ACCOUNT OF FRANCIS'S LIFE-BOATS AND LIFE-CARS.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

THE engraving at the head of this article represents the operation of transporting the officers and crew of a wrecked vessel to the shore, by means of one of the Life-Cars invented by Mr. Joseph Francis for this purpose. A considerable appropriation was made recently by Congress, to establish stations along the coast of New Jersey and Long Island—as well as on other parts of the Atlantic seaboard—at which all the apparatus necessary for the service of these cars, and of boats, in cases where boats can be used, may be kept. These stations are maintained by the government, with the aid and co-operation of the Humane Society—a benevolent association the object of which is to provide means for rescuing and saving persons in danger of drowning—and also of the New York Board of Underwriters, a body, which, as its name imports, represents the principal Marine Insurance Companies—associations having a strong pecuniary interest in the saving of cargoes of merchandize, and other property, endangered in a shipwreck. These three parties, the Government, the Humane Society, and the Board of Underwriters, combine their efforts to establish and sustain these stations; though we can not here stop to explain the details of the arrangement by which this co-operation is effected, as we must proceed to consider the more immediate subject of this article, which is the apparatus and the machinery itself, by which

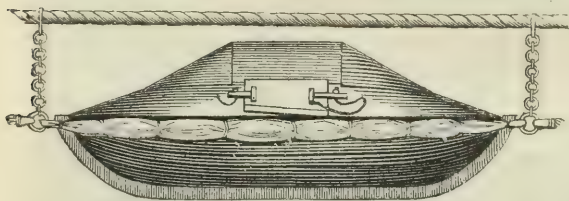
the lives and property are saved. In respect to the stations, however, we will say that it awakens very strong and very peculiar emotions in the mind, to visit one of them on some lonely and desolate coast, remote from human dwellings, and to observe the arrangements and preparations that have been made in them, all quietly awaiting the dreadful emergency which is to call them into action. The traveler stands for example on the southern shore of the island of Nantucket, and after looking off over the boundless ocean which stretches in that direction without limit or shore for thousands of miles, and upon the surf rolling in incessantly on the beach, whose smooth expanse is dotted here and there with the skeleton remains of ships that were lost in former storms, and are now half buried in the sand, he sees, at length, a hut, standing upon the shore just above the reach of the water—the only human structure to be seen. He enters the hut. The surf boat is there, resting upon its rollers, all ready to be launched, and with its oars and all its furniture and appliances complete, and ready for the sea. The fireplace is there, with the wood laid, and matches ready for the kindling. Supplies of food and clothing are also at hand—and a compass: and on a placard, conspicuously posted, are the words,

SHIPWRECKED MARINERS REACHING THIS HUT, IN FOG OR SNOW, WILL FIND THE TOWN OF NANTUCKET TWO MILES DISTANT, DUE WEST.

It is impossible to contemplate such a spec-

tacle as this, without a feeling of strong emotion—and a new and deeper interest in the superior excellency and nobleness of efforts made by man for saving life, and diminishing suffering, in comparison with the deeds of havoc and destruction which have been so much gloried in, in ages that are past. The Life-Boat rests in its retreat, not like a ferocious beast of prey, crouching in its covert to seize and destroy its hapless victims, but like an angel of mercy, reposing upon her wings, and watching for danger, that she may spring forth, on the first warning, to *rescue* and *save*.

The Life-*Car* is a sort of boat, formed of copper or iron, and closed over, above, by a convex deck with a sort of door or hatchway through it, by which the passengers to be con-



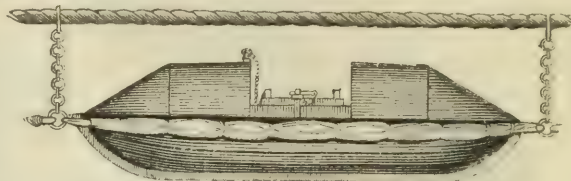
veyed in it to the shore, are admitted. The car will hold from four to five persons. When these passengers are put in, the door, or rather *cover*, is shut down and bolted to its place; and the car is then drawn to the land, suspended by rings from a hawser which has previously been stretched from the ship to the shore.

To be shut up in this manner in so dark and



gloomy a receptacle, for the purpose of being drawn, perhaps at midnight, through a surf of such terrific violence that no boat can live in it, can not be a very agreeable alternative; but the emergencies in which the use of the life-car is called for, are such as do not admit of hesitation or delay. There is no light within the car, and there are no openings for the admission of air.* It is subject, too, in its passage to the shore, to the most frightful shocks and concussions from the force of the breakers. The car, as first made, too, was of such a form as required the passengers within it to lie at length, in a recumbent position, which rendered them almost utterly helpless. The form is, however, now changed—the parts toward the ends, where the heads of the passengers would come, when placed

in a sitting posture within, being made higher than the middle; and the opening or door is placed in the depressed part, in the centre. This arrangement is found to be much better



than the former one, as it greatly facilitates the putting in of the passengers, who always require a greater or less degree of aid, and are often entirely insensible and helpless from the effects of fear, or of exposure to cold and hunger. Besides, by this arrangement those who have any strength remaining can take much more convenient and safer positions within the car, in

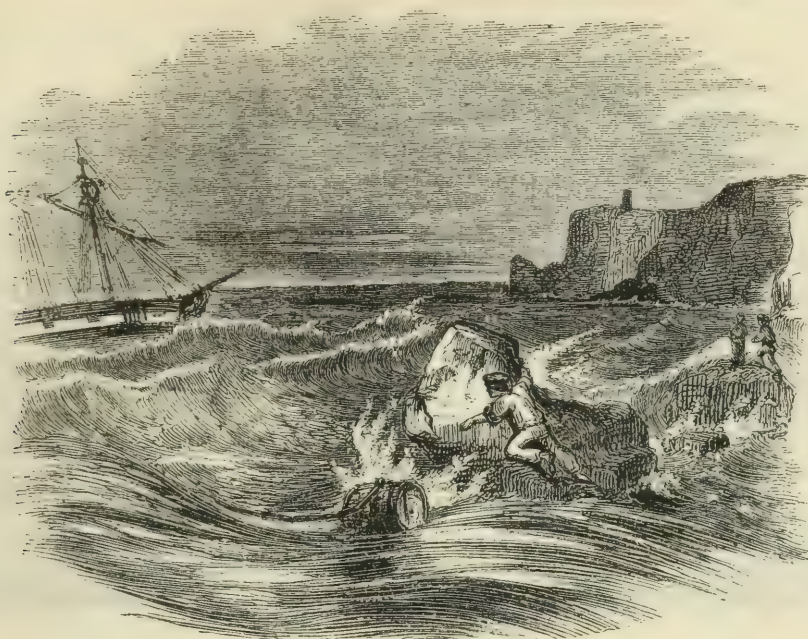


their progress to the shore, than was possible under the old construction.

The car, as will be seen by the foregoing drawings, is suspended from the hawser by means of short chains attached to the ends of it. These chains terminate in rings above, which rings ride upon the hawser, thus allowing the car to traverse to and fro, from the vessel to the shore. The car is drawn along, in making these passages, by means of lines attached to the two ends of it, one of which passes to the ship and the other to the shore. By means of these lines the empty car is first drawn out to the wreck by the passengers and crew, and then, when loaded, it is drawn back to the land by the people assembled there, as represented in the engraving at the head of this article.

Perhaps the most important and difficult part of the operation of saving the passengers and crew in such cases, is the getting the hawser out in the first instance, so as to form a connection between the ship and the land. In fact, whenever a ship is stranded upon a coast, and people are assembled on the beach to assist the sufferers, the first thing to be done, is always to "get a line ashore." On the success of the attempts made to accomplish this, all the hopes of the sufferers depend. Various methods are resorted to, by the people on board the ship, in order to attain this end, where there are no means at hand on the shore, for effecting it. Perhaps the most common mode is to attach a small line to a cask, or to some other light and bulky substance which the surf can easily throw up upon the shore. The cask, or float, whatever it may be, when attached to the line, is thrown into the water, and after being rolled and tossed, hither and thither, by the tumultuous waves, now advancing, now receding, and now sweeping

* None such are in fact required, for the car itself contains air enough for the use of its passengers for a quarter of an hour, and there is rarely occupied more than a period of two or three minutes to pass it through the surf to the shore.



THE CASK.

madly around in endless gyrations, it at length reaches a point where some adventurous wrecker on the beach can seize it, and pull it up upon the land. The line is then drawn in, and a hawser being attached to the outer end of it, by the crew of the ship, the end of the hawser itself is then drawn to the shore.

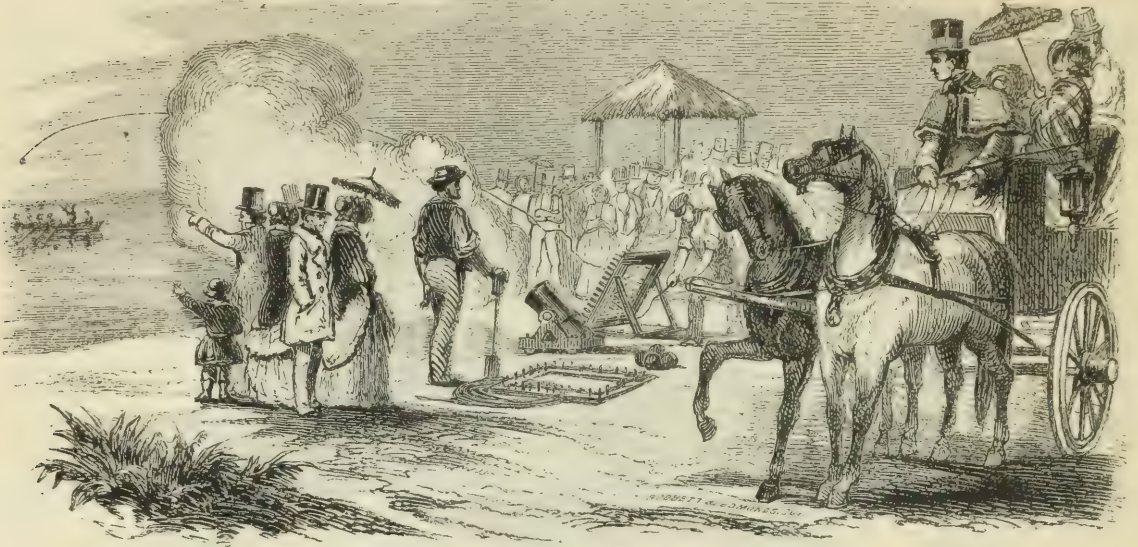
This method, however, of making a communication with the shore from a distressed vessel, simple and sure as it may seem in description, proves generally extremely difficult and uncertain in actual practice. Sometimes, and that, too, not unfrequently when the billows are rolling in with most terrific violence upon the shore, the sea will carry nothing whatever to the land. The surges seem to pass under, and so to get beyond whatever objects lie floating upon the water, so that when a cask is thrown over to them, they play beneath it, leaving it where it was, or even drive it out to sea by not carrying it as far forward on their advance, as they bring it back by their recession. Even the lifeless body of the exhausted mariner, who when his strength was gone and he could cling no longer to the rigging, fell into the sea, is not drawn to the beach, but after surging to and fro for a short period about the vessel, it slowly disappears from view among the foam and the breakers toward the offing. In such cases it is useless to attempt to get a line on shore from the ship by means of any aid from the sea. The cask intrusted with the commission of bearing it, is beaten back against the vessel, or is drifted uselessly along the shore, rolling in and out upon the surges, but never approaching near enough to the beach to enable even the most daring adventurer to reach it.

In case of these life-cars, therefore, arrangements are made for sending the hawser out from the shore to the ship. The apparatus by which this is accomplished consists, first, of a piece of

ordnance called a mortar, made large enough to throw a shot of about six inches in diameter; secondly, the shot itself, which has a small iron staple set in it; thirdly, a long line, one end of which is to be attached to the staple in the shot, when the shot is thrown; and, fourthly, a *rack* of a peculiar construction to serve as a reel for winding the line upon. This rack consists of a small square frame, having rows of pegs inserted along the ends and sides of it. The line is wound upon these pegs in such a manner, that as the shot is projected through the air, drawing the line with it, the pegs deliver the line as fast as it is required by the progress of the shot, and that with the least possible friction. Thus the advance of the shot is unimpeded. The mortar from which the shot is fired, is aimed in such a manner as to throw the missile over and beyond the ship, and thus when it falls into the water, the line attached to it comes down across the deck of the ship, and is seized by the passengers and crew.

Sometimes, in consequence of the darkness of the night, the violence of the wind, and perhaps of the agitations and confusion of the scene, the first and even the second trial may not be successful in throwing the line across the wreck. The object is, however, generally attained on the second or third attempt, and then the end of the hawser is drawn out to the wreck by means of the small line which the shot had carried; and being made fast and "drawn taut," the bridge is complete on which the car is to traverse to and fro.

The visitors at Long Branch, a celebrated watering place on the New Jersey coast, near New York, had an opportunity to witness a trial of this apparatus at the station there, during the last summer: a trial made, not in a case of storm and shipwreck, but on a pleasant summer afternoon, and for the purpose of testing



FIRING THE SHOT.

the apparatus, and for practice in the use of it. A large company assembled on the bank to witness the experiments. A boat was stationed on the calm surface of the sea, half a mile from the shore, to represent the wreck. The ball was thrown, the line fell across the boat, the car was drawn out, and then certain amateur performers, representing wrecked and perishing men, were put into the car and drawn safely through the gentle evening surf to the shore.

A case occurred a little more than a year ago on the Jersey shore not very far from Long Branch, in which this apparatus was used in serious earnest. It was in the middle of January and during a severe snow storm. The ship *Ayrshire*, with about two hundred passengers, had been driven upon the shore by the storm, and lay there stranded, the sea beating over her, and a surf so heavy rolling in, as made it impossible for any boat to reach her. It happened that one of the stations which we have described was near. The people on the shore assembled and brought out the apparatus. They fired the shot, taking aim so well that the line fell directly across the wreck. It was caught by the crew on board and the hawser was hauled off. The car was then attached, and in a short time, every one of the two hundred passengers, men, women, children, and even infants in their mothers' arms, were brought safely through the foaming surges, and landed at the station. The car which performed this service was considered as thenceforth fully entitled to an honorable discharge from active duty, and it now rests, in retirement and repose, though unconscious of its honors, in the Metallic Life-Boat Factory of Mr. Francis, at the Novelty Iron Works.

In many cases of distress and disaster befalling ships on the coast, it is not necessary to use the car, the state of the sea being such that it is possible to go out in a boat, to furnish the necessary succor. The boats, however, which

are destined to this service must be of a peculiar construction, for no ordinary boat can live a moment in the surf which rolls in, in storms, upon shelving or rocky shores. A great many different modes have been adopted for the construction of surf-boats, each liable to its own peculiar objections. The principle on which Mr. Francis relies in his life and surf boats, is to give them an extreme lightness and buoyancy, so as to keep them always upon the *top* of the sea. Formerly it was expected that a boat in such a service, must necessarily take in great quantities of water, and the object of all the contrivances for securing its safety, was to expel the water after it was admitted. In the plan now adopted the design is to exclude the water altogether, by making the structure so light and forming it on such a model that it shall always rise above the wave, and thus glide safely over it. This result is obtained partly by means of the model of the boat, and partly by the lightness of the material of which it is composed. The reader may perhaps be surprised to hear, after this, that the material is *iron*.

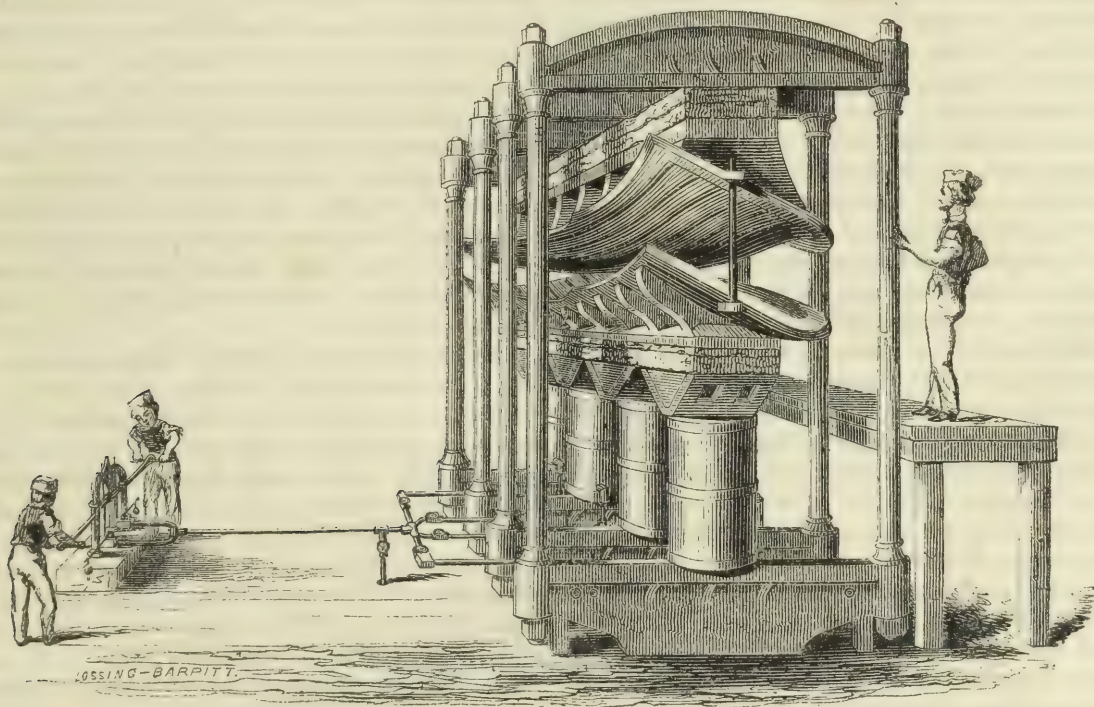
Iron—or copper, which in this respect possesses the same properties as iron—though *absolutely* heavier than wood, is, in fact, much lighter as a material for the construction of receptacles of all kinds, on account of its great strength and tenacity, which allows of its being used in plates so thin that the quantity of the material employed is diminished much more than the specific gravity is increased by using the metal. There has been, however, hitherto a great practical difficulty in the way of using iron for such a purpose, namely that of giving to these metal plates a sufficient stiffness. A sheet of tin, for example, though stronger than a board, that is, requiring a greater force to break or rupture it, is still very *flexible*, while the board is stiff. In other words, in the case of a thin plate of metal, the parts yield readily

to any *slight* force, so far as to bend under the pressure, but it requires a very great force to separate them entirely; whereas in the case of wood, the slight force is at first resisted, but on a moderate increase of it, the structure breaks down altogether. The great thing to be desired therefore in a material for the construction of boats is to secure the stiffness of wood in conjunction with the thinness and tenacity of iron. This object is attained in the manufacture of Mr. Francis's boats by *plaiting* or *corrugating* the sheets of metal of which the sides of the boat are to be made. A familiar illustration of the principle on which this stiffening is effected is furnished by the common table waiter, which is made, usually, of a thin plate of tinned iron, stiffened by being turned up at the edges all around—the upturned part serving also at the same time the purpose of forming a margin.

The plaitings or corrugations of the metal in these iron boats pass along the sheets, in lines, instead of being, as in the case of the waiter, confined to the margin. The lines which they

form can be seen in the drawing of the surf-boat, given on a subsequent page. The idea of thus corrugating or plaiting the metal was a very simple one; the main difficulty in the invention came, after getting the idea, in devising the ways and means by which such a corrugation could be made. It is a curious circumstance in the history of modern inventions that it often requires much more ingenuity and effort to contrive a way to *make* the article when invented, than it did to invent the article itself. It was, for instance, much easier, doubtless, to invent pins, than to invent the machinery for *making* pins.

The machine for making the corrugations in the sides of these metallic boats consists of a hydraulic press and a set of enormous dies. These dies are grooved to fit each other, and shut together; and the plate of iron which is to be corrugated being placed between them, is pressed into the requisite form, with all the force of the hydraulic piston—the greatest force, altogether, that is ever employed in the service of man.



THE HYDRAULIC PRESS.

The machinery referred to will be easily understood by the above engraving. On the left are the pumps, worked, as represented in the engraving, by two men, though four or more are often required. By alternately raising and depressing the break or handle, they work two small but very solid pistons which play within cylinders of corresponding bore, in the manner of any common forcing pump.

By means of these pistons the water is driven, in small quantities but with prodigious force, along through the horizontal tube seen passing across, in the middle of the picture, from the forcing-pump to the great cylinders on the right hand. Here the water presses upward upon the under surfaces of pistons working within the

great cylinders, with a force proportioned to the ratio of the area of those pistons compared with that of one of the pistons in the pump. Now the piston in the force-pump is about one inch in diameter. Those in the great cylinders are about twelve inches in diameter, and as there are four of the great cylinders the ratio is as 1 to 576.* This is a great multiplication, and it is found that the force which the men can exert upon the piston within the small cylinder, by the aid of the long lever with which they work it, is so great, that when multiplied by 576, as it is by being expanded over the

* Areas being as the squares of homologous lines, the ratio would be, mathematically expressed, $1^2 : 4 \times 12^2 = 1 : 4 \times 144 = 1 : 576$.

surface of the large pistons, an upward pressure results of about eight hundred tons. This is a force ten times as great in *intensity* as that exerted by steam in the most powerful sea-going engines. It would be sufficient to lift a block of granite five or six feet square at the base, and as high as the Bunker Hill Monument.

Superior, however, as this force is, in one point of view, to that of steam, it is very inferior to it in other respects. It is great, so to speak, in *intensity*, but it is very small in *extent* and *amount*. It is capable indeed of lifting a very great weight, but it can raise it only an exceedingly little way. Were the force of such an engine to be brought into action beneath such a block of granite as we have described, the enormous burden would rise, but it would rise by a motion almost inconceivably slow, and after going up perhaps as high as the thickness of a sheet of paper, the force would be spent, and no further effect would be produced without a new exertion of the motive power. In other words, the whole amount of the force of a hydraulic engine, vastly concentrated as it is, and irresistible, within the narrow limits within which it works, is but the force of four or five men after all; while the power of the engines of a Collins' steamer is equal to that of four or five thousand men. The steam-engine can do an *abundance* of great work; while, on the other hand, what the hydraulic press can do is very little in *amount*, and only great in view of its extremely concentrated intensity.

Hydraulic presses are consequently very often used, in such cases and for such purposes as require a great force within very narrow limits. The indentations made by the type in printing the pages of this magazine, are taken out, and the sheet rendered smooth again, by hydraulic presses exerting a force of *twelve* hundred tons. This would make it necessary for us to carry up our imaginary block of granite *a hundred feet higher* than the Bunker Hill Monument to get a load for them.*

In Mr. Francis's presses, the dies between which the sheets of iron or copper are pressed, are directly above the four cylinders which we have described, as will be seen by referring once more to the drawing. The upper die is fixed—being firmly attached to the top of the frame, and held securely down by the rows of iron pillars on the two sides, and by the massive iron caps, called platens, which may be seen passing across at the top, from pillar to pillar. These caps are held by large iron nuts which are screwed down over the ends of the pillars above. The lower die is movable. It is attached by massive iron work to the ends of the

piston-rods, and of course it rises when the pistons are driven upward by the pressure of the water. The plate of metal, when the dies approach each other, is bent and drawn into the intended shape by the force of the pressure, receiving not only the corrugations which are designed to stiffen it, but also the general shaping necessary, in respect to swell and curvature, to give it the proper form for the side, or the portion of a side, of a boat.

It is obviously necessary that these dies should fit each other in a very accurate manner, so as to compress the iron equally in every part. To make them fit thus exactly, massive as they are in magnitude, and irregular in form, is a work of immense labor. They are first cast as nearly as possible to the form intended, but as such castings always warp more or less in cooling, there is a great deal of fitting afterward required, to make them come rightly together. This could easily be done by machinery if the surfaces were square, or cylindrical, or of any other mathematical form to which the working of machinery could be adapted. But the curved and winding surfaces which form the hull of a boat or vessel, smooth and flowing as they are, and controlled, too, by established and well-known laws, bid defiance to all the attempts of mere mechanical motion to follow them. The superfluous iron, therefore, of these dies, must all be cut away by chisels driven by a hammer held in the hand; and so great is the labor required to fit and smooth and polish them, that a pair of them costs several thousand dollars before they are completed and ready to fulfill their function.

The superiority of metallic boats, whether of copper or iron, made in the manner above described, over those of any other construction, is growing every year more and more apparent. They are more light and more easily managed, they require far less repair from year to year, and are very much longer lived. When iron is used for this purpose, a preparation is employed that is called *galvanized* iron. This manufacture consists of plates of iron of the requisite thickness, coated on each side, first with tin, and then with zinc; the tin being used simply as a solder, to unite the other metals. The plate presents, therefore, to the water, only a surface of *zinc*, which resists all action, so that the boats thus made are subject to no species of decay. They can be injured or destroyed only by violence, and even violence acts at a very great disadvantage in attacking them. The stroke of a shot, or a concussion of any kind that would split or shiver a wooden boat so as to damage it past repair, would only indent, or at most perforate, an iron one. And a perforation even, when made, is very easily repaired, even by the navigators themselves, under circumstances however unfavorable. With a smooth and heavy stone placed upon the outside for an anvil, and another used on the inside as a hammer, the protrusion is easily beaten down, the opening is closed, the continuity of

* There are nine of these presses in the printing-rooms of Harper and Brothers, all constantly employed in smoothing sheets of paper after the printing. The sheets of paper to be pressed are placed between sheets of very smooth and thin, but *hard* pasteboard, until a pile is made several feet high, and containing sometimes two thousand sheets of paper, and then the hydraulic pressure is applied. These presses cost, each, from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars.

surface is restored, and the damaged boat becomes, excepting, perhaps, in the imagination of the navigator, as good once more as ever.

Metallic boats of this character were employed by the party under Lieut. Lynch, in making, some years ago, their celebrated voyage down the river Jordan to the Dead Sea. The navigation of this stream was difficult and perilous in the highest degree. The boats were subject to the severest possible tests and trials. They were impelled against rocks, they were dragged over shoals, they were swept down cataracts and cascades. There was one *wooden* boat in the little squadron; but this was soon so strained and battered that it could no longer be kept afloat, and it was abandoned. The metallic boats, however, lived through the whole, and finally floated in peace on the heavy waters of the Dead Sea, in nearly as good a condition as when they first came from Mr. Francis's dies.

The seams of a metallic boat will never open by exposure to the sun and rain, when lying long upon the deck of a ship, or hauled up upon a shore. Nor will such boats burn. If a ship takes fire at sea, the boats, if of iron, can never be injured by the conflagration. Nor can they be sunk. For they are provided with air chambers in various parts, each separate from the others, so that if the boat were bruised and jammed by violent concussions, up to her utmost capacity of receiving injury, the shapeless mass would still float upon the sea, and hold up with unconquerable buoyancy as many as could cling to her.*

A curious instance occurred during the late war with Mexico which illustrates the almost indestructible character of these metallic boats.

The reader is probably aware that the city of Vera Cruz is situated upon a low and sandy coast, and that the only port which exists there is formed by a small island which lies at a little distance from the shore, and a mole or pier built out from it into the water. The island is almost wholly covered by the celebrated fortress of St. Juan de Ulloa. Ships obtain something like shelter under the lee of this island and mole, riding sometimes at anchor behind the mole, and sometimes moored to iron rings set in the castle walls. At one time while the American forces were in possession of the city, an officer of the army had occasion to use a boat for some purpose of transportation from the island to the shore. He applied to the naval authorities in order to procure one. He was informed that there was no boat on the station that could be

spared for such a purpose. In this dilemma the officer accidentally learned that there was an old copper life-boat, lying in the water near the castle landing, dismantled, sunk, and useless. The officer resolved, as a last resort, to examine this wreck, in hopes to find that it might possibly be raised and repaired.

He found that the boat was lying in the water and half filled with rocks, sand, and masses of old iron, which had been thrown into her to sink and destroy her. Among the masses of iron there was a heavy bar which had been used apparently in the attempt to punch holes in the boat by those who had undertaken to sink her. These attempts had been generally fruitless, the blows having only made indentations in the copper, on account of the yielding nature of the metal. In one place, however, in the bottom of the boat, the work had been done effectually; for five large holes were discovered there, at a place where the bottom of the boat rested upon the rocks so as to furnish such points of resistance below as prevented the copper from yielding to the blows.

The officer set his men at work to attempt to repair this damage. They first took out the sand and stones and iron with which the boat was encumbered, and then raising her, they dragged her up out of the water to the landing. Here the men lifted her up upon her side, and began to beat back the indentations which had been made in the metal, by holding a heavy sledge hammer on the inside, to serve as an anvil, and then striking with a hand-hammer upon the protuberances on the outside. In the same manner they beat back the burrs or protrusions formed where the holes had been punched through the bottom of the boat, and they found, much to their satisfaction, that when the metal was thus brought back into its place the holes were closed again, and the boat became whole and tight as before.

When this work was done the men put the boat back again in her proper position, replaced and fastened the seats, and then launched her into the water. They found her stanch and tight, and seemingly as good as new. The whole work of repairing her did not occupy more than one hour—much less time, the officer thought, than had been spent in the attempt to destroy her.

The boat thus restored was immediately put to service and she performed the work required of her, admirably well. She was often out on the open sea in very rough weather, but always rode over the billows in safety, and in the end proved to be the strongest, swiftest, and safest boat in the gulf squadron.

The *surf*-boats, made in this way, will ride safely in any sea—and though sometimes after protracted storms, the surges roll in upon shelving or rocky shores with such terrific violence that it is impossible to get the boats off from the land, yet once off, they are safe, however wild the commotion. In fact there is a certain charm in the graceful and life-like buoyancy

* The principle on which these life-boats are made is found equally advantageous in its application to boats intended for other purposes. For a gentleman's pleasure-grounds, for example, how great the convenience of having a boat which is always stanch and tight—which no exposure to the sun can make leaky, which no wet can rot, and no neglect impair. And so in all other cases where boats are required for situations or used where they will be exposed to hard usage of any kind, whether from natural causes or the neglect or inattention of those in charge of them, this material seems far superior to any other.



THE SURF-BOAT.

with which they ride over the billows, and in the confidence and sense of security which they inspire in the hearts of those whom they bear, as they go bounding over the crests of the waves, that it awakens in minds of a certain class, a high exhilaration and pleasure, to go out in them upon stormy and tempestuous seas. To illustrate the nature of the scenes through which such adventurers sometimes pass, we will close this article with a narrative of a particular excursion made not long since by one of these boats—a narrative now for the first time reduced to writing.

One dark and stormy night Mr. Richard C. Holmes, the collector at the port of Cape May, a port situated on an exposed and dangerous part of the coast, near the entrance to the Chesapeake, was awakened from his sleep by the violence of the storm, and listening, he thought that he could hear at intervals the distant booming of a gun, which he supposed to be a signal of distress. He arose and hastened to the shore. The night was dark, and nothing could be seen but the report of the gun was distinctly to be heard, at brief intervals, coming apparently from a great distance in the offing.

He aroused from the neighboring houses a sufficient number of other persons to man his surf-boat, embarked on board, taking a compass for a guide, and put to sea.

It was very dark and the weather was very thick, so that nothing could be seen; but the crew of the boat pulled steadily on, guided only by the compass, and by the low and distant booming of the gun. They rowed in the direction of the sound, listening as they pulled; but the noise made by the winds and the waves, and by the dashing of the water upon the boat and upon the oars, was so loud and incessant, and the progress which they made against the heavy "send" of the surges was so slow, that it was for a long time doubtful whether they were advancing or not. After an hour or two, however, the sound of the gun seemed to come nearer, and at length they could see, faintly, the flash

beaming out for an instant just before the report, in the midst of the driving rain and flying spray which filled the dark air before them.

Encouraged by this, the oarsmen pulled at their oars with new energy, and soon came in sight of the hull of the distressed vessel, which began now to rise before them, a black and misshapen mass, scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding darkness and gloom. As they came nearer, they found that the vessel was a ship—that she had been beaten down upon her side by the sea, and was almost overwhelmed with the surges which were breaking over her. Every place upon the deck which afforded any possibility of shelter was crowded with men and women, all clinging to such supports as were within their reach, and vainly endeavoring to screen themselves from the dashing of the spray. The boat was to the leeward of the vessel, but so great was the commotion of the sea, that it was not safe to approach even near enough to communicate with the people on board. After coming up among the heaving and tumbling surges as near as they dared to venture, the crew of the surf boat found that all attempts to make their voices heard were unavailing, as their loudest shouts were wholly overpowered by the roaring of the sea, and the howling of the winds in the rigging.

Mr. Holmes accordingly gave up the attempt, and fell back again, intending to go round to the windward side of the ship, in hopes to be able to communicate with the crew from that quarter. He could hear *them* while he was to leeward of them, but they could not hear him; and his object in wishing to communicate with them was to give them directions in respect to what they were to do, in order to enable him to get on board.

In the mean time daylight began to appear. The position of the ship could be seen more distinctly. She lay upon a shoal, held partly by her anchor, which the crew had let go before she struck. Thus confined she had been knocked down by the seas, and now lay thumping vio-

lently at every rising and falling of the surge, and in danger every moment of going to pieces. She was covered with human beings, who were seen clinging to her in every part—each separate group forming a separate and frightful spectacle of distress and terror.

Mr. Holmes succeeded in bringing the surf-boat so near to the ship on the windward side as to hail the crew, and he directed them to let down a line from the end of the main yard, to leeward. The main yard is a spar which lies horizontally at the head of the main mast, and as the vessel was careened over to leeward, the end of the yard on that side would of course be depressed, and a line from it would hang down over the water, entirely clear of the vessel. The crew heard this order and let down the line. Mr. Holmes then ordered the surf-boat to be pulled away from the ship again, intending to drop to leeward once more, and there to get on board of it by means of the line. In doing this, however, the boat was assailed by the winds and waves with greater fury than ever, as if

they now first began to understand that it had come to rescue their victims from their power. The boat was swept so far away by this onset, that it was an hour before the oarsmen could get her back so as to approach the line. It seemed then extremely dangerous to approach it, as the end of it was flying hither and thither, whipping the surges which boiled beneath it, or whirling and curling in the air, as it was swung to and fro by the impulse of the wind, or by the swaying of the yard-arm from which it was suspended.

The boat however approached the line. Mr. Holmes, when he saw it within reach, sprang forward to the bows, and after a moment's contest between an instinctive shrinking from the gigantic lash which was brandished so furiously over his head, and his efforts to reach it, he at length succeeded in seizing it. He grasped it by both hands with all his force, and the next instant the boat was swept away from beneath him by the retreating billows, and he was left safely dangling in the air.



CLIMBING THE ROPE.

We say *safely*, for, whenever any one of these indomitable sea-kings, no matter in what circumstances of difficulty or danger, gets a rope that is well secured at its point of suspension, fairly within his iron gripe, we may at once dismiss all concern about his personal safety. In this case the intrepid adventurer, when he found that the boat had surged away from beneath him, and left him suspended in the air over the raging and foaming billows, felt that all danger was over. To mount the rope, hand over hand, till he gained the yard-arm, to clamber up the yard to the mast, and then to descend to the deck by the shrouds, required only an *ordinary* exercise of nautical strength and courage. All this was done in a moment, and Mr. Holmes stood upon the deck, speechless, and entirely overcome by the appalling spectacle of terror and distress that met his view.

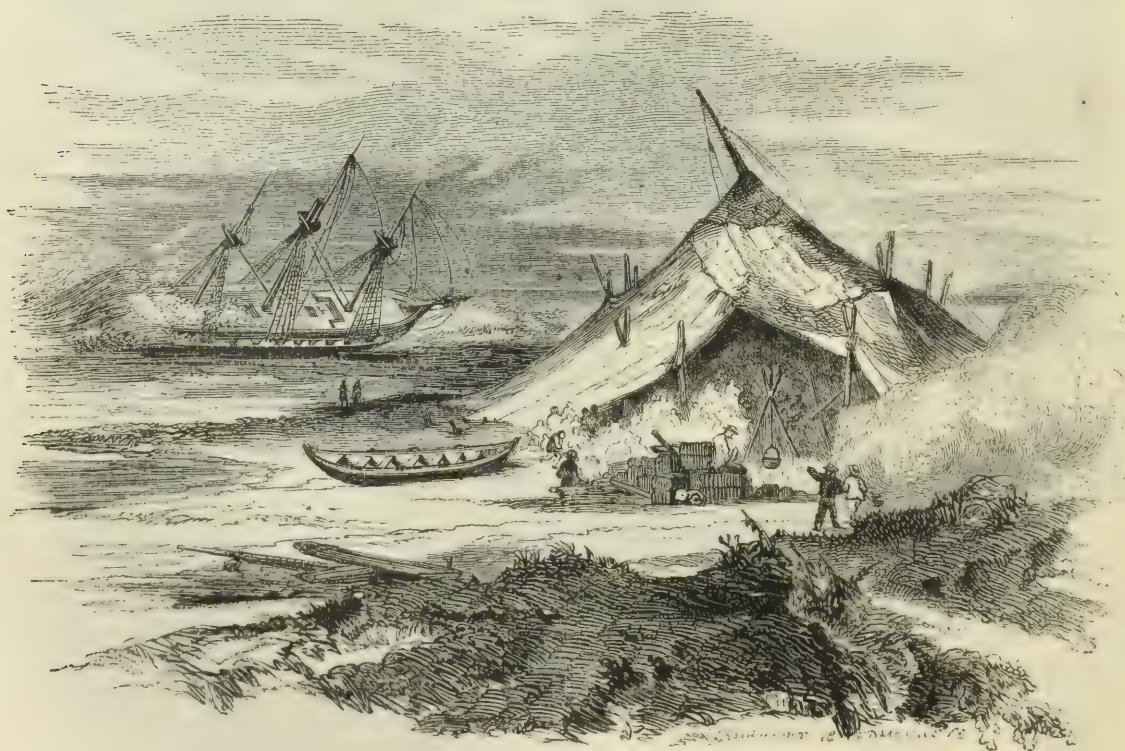
The crew gathered around the stranger, whom they looked upon at once as their deliverer, and listened to hear what he had to say. He informed them that the ship was grounded on a narrow reef or bar running parallel with the coast, and that there was deeper water between them and the shore. He counseled them to cut loose from the anchor, in which case he presumed that the shocks of the seas would drive the ship over the bar, and that then she would drift rapidly in upon the shore; where, when she should strike upon the beach, they could probably find means to get the passengers to the land.

This plan was decided upon. The cable was cut away by means of such instruments as came to hand. The ship was beaten over the bar, awakening, as she was dashed along, new shrieks from the terrified passengers, at the violence of

the concussions. Once in deep water she moved on more smoothly, but was still driven at a fearful rate directly toward the land. The surf-boat accompanied her, hovering as near to her all the way as was consistent with safety. During their progress the boat was watched by the passengers on board the ship, with anxious eyes, as in her were centred all their hopes of escape from destruction.

The conformation of this part of the coast, as in many other places along the shores of the United States, presents a range of low, sandy islands, lying at a little distance from the land, and separated from it by a channel of sheltered water. These islands are long and narrow, and separated from each other by inlets or openings here and there, formed apparently by the breaking through of the sea. The crew of our ship would have been glad to have seen some possibility of their entering through one of these inlets. The ship could not, however, be guided, but must go wherever the winds and waves chose to impel her. This was to the outer shore of one of the long, narrow islands, where at length she struck again, and was again overwhelmed with breakers and spray.

After much difficulty the seamen succeeded, with the help of the surf-boat, in getting a line from the ship to the shore, by means of which one party on the land and another on board the vessel could draw the surf-boat to and fro. In this way the passengers and crew were all safely landed. When the lives were thus all safe, sails and spars were brought on shore, and then, under Mr. Holmes's directions, a great tent was constructed on the sand, which, though rude in form, was sufficient in size to shelter all the company. When all were assembled the num-



THE TENT.

ber of passengers saved was found to be *one hundred and twenty-one*. They were German emigrants of the better class, and they gathered around their intrepid deliverer, when all was over, with such overwhelming manifestations of their admiration and gratitude, as wholly unmanned him. They had saved money, and jewels, and such other valuables as could be carried about the person, to a large amount; and they brought every thing to him, pressing him most earnestly, and with many tears, to take it all, for having saved them from such imminent and certain destruction. He was deeply moved by these expressions of gratitude, but he would receive no reward.

When the tent was completed and the whole company were comfortably established under the shelter of it, the boat was passed to and fro again through the surf, to bring provisions on shore. A party of seamen remained on board for this purpose—loading the boat at the ship, and drawing it out again when unloaded on the shore. The company that were assembled under the tent dried their clothes by fires built for the purpose there, and then made a rude breakfast from the provisions brought for them from the ship: and when thus in some degree rested and refreshed, they were all conveyed safely in boats to the main land.

MAURICE TIERNAY,
THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.*

CHAPTER XXXII.
"THE ATHOL TENDER."

AS I cast my eyes over these pages, and see how small a portion of my life they embrace, I feel like one who, having a long journey before him, perceives that some more speedy means of travel must be adopted, if he ever hope to reach his destination. With the instinctive prosiness of age, I have lingered over the scenes of boyhood, a period which, strange to say, is fresher in my memory than many of the events of few years back; and were I to continue my narrative as I have begun it, it would take more time on my part, and more patience on that of my readers, than are likely to be conceded to either of us. Were I to apologize to my readers for any abruptness in my transitions, or any want of continuity in my story, I should, perhaps, inadvertently seem to imply a degree of interest in my fate which they have never felt; and, on the other hand, I would not for a moment be thought to treat slightly the very smallest degree of favor they may feel disposed to show me. With these difficulties on either hand, I see nothing for it but to limit myself for the future to such incidents and passages of my career as most impressed themselves on myself, and to confine my record to the events in which I personally took a share.

Santron and I sailed from New York on the 9th of February, and arrived in Liverpool on the 14th of March. We landed in as humble a guise as need be. One small box contained all

our effects, and a little leathern purse, with something less than three dollars, all our available wealth. The immense movement and stir of the busy town, the crash and bustle of trade, the roll of wagons, the cranking clatter of cranes and windlasses, the incessant flux and reflux of population, all eager and intent on business, were strange spectacles to our eyes as we loitered, houseless and friendless, through the streets, staring in wonderment at the wealth and prosperity of that land we were taught to believe was tottering to bankruptcy.

Santron affected to be pleased with all, talked of the "beau pillage" it would afford one day or other; but in reality this appearance of riches and prosperity seemed to depress and discourage him. Both French and American writers had agreed in depicting the pauperism and discontent of England, and yet where were the signs of it? Not a house was untenanted, every street was thronged, every market filled; the equipages of the wealthy vied with the loaded wagons in number; and if there were not the external evidences of happiness and enjoyment the gayer population of other countries display, there was an air of well-being and comfort such as no other land could exhibit.

Another very singular trait made a deep impression on us. Here were these islanders with a narrow strait only separating them from a land bristling with bayonets. The very roar of the artillery at exercise might be almost heard across the gulf, and yet not a soldier was to be seen about! There were neither forts nor bastions. The harbor, so replete with wealth, lay open and unprotected, not even a gun-boat or a guardship to defend it! There was an insolence in this security that Santron could not get over, and he muttered a prayer that the day might not be distant that should make them repent it.

He was piqued with every thing. While on board ship we had agreed together to pass ourselves for Canadians, to avoid all inquiries of the authorities! Heaven help us! The authorities never thought of us. We were free to go or stay as we pleased. Neither police nor passport officers questioned us. We might have been Hoche and Massena for aught they either knew or cared. Not a "mouchard" tracked us; none even looked after us as we went. To me this was all very agreeable and reassuring; to my companion it was contumely and insult. All the ingenious fiction he had devised of our birth, parentage, and pursuits, was a fine romance unedited, and he was left to sneer at the self-sufficiency that would not take alarm at the advent of two ragged youths on the quay of Liverpool.

"If they but knew who we were, Maurice," he kept continually muttering as we went along. "If these fellows only knew whom they had in their town, what a rumpus it would create! How the shops would close! What barricading of doors and windows we should see! What bursts of terror and patriotism! Par St. Denis, I have a mind to throw up my cap in the air

* Continued from the June Number.

and cry, 'Vive la Republique,' just to witness the scene that would follow!"

With all these boastings, it was not very difficult to restrain my friend's ardor, and to induce him to defer his invasion of England to a more fitting occasion, so that at last he was fain to content himself with a sneering commentary on all around him; and in this amiable spirit we descended into a very dirty cellar to eat our first dinner on shore.

The place was filled with sailors, who, far from indulging in the well-known careless gaiety of their class, seemed morose and sulky, talking together in low murmurs, and showing, unmistakably, signs of discontent and dissatisfaction. The reason was soon apparent: the press-gangs were out to take men off to reinforce the blockading force before Genoa, a service of all others the most distasteful to a seaman. If Santron at first was ready to flatter himself into the notion that very little persuasion would make these fellows take part against England, as he listened longer he saw the grievous error of the opinion, no epithet of insult or contempt being spared by them when talking of France and Frenchmen. Whatever national animosity prevailed at that period, sailors enjoyed a high pre-eminence in feeling. I have heard that the spirit was encouraged by those in command, and that narratives of French perfidy, treachery, and even cowardice, were the popular traditions of the sea-service. We certainly could not controvert the old adage as to "listeners," for every observation and every anecdote conveyed a sneer or an insult on our country. There could be no reproach in listening to these, unresented, but Santron assumed a most indignant air, and more than once affected to be overcome by a spirit of recrimination. What turn his actions might have taken in this wise I can not even guess, for suddenly a rush of fellows took place up the ladder, and in less than a minute the whole cellar was cleared, leaving none but the hostess and an old lame waiter along with ourselves in the place.

"You've got a protection, I suppose, sirs," said the woman, approaching us; "but still I'll advise you not to trust to it over-much; they're in great want of men just now; and they care little for law or justice once they have them on the high seas."

"We have no protection," said I; "we are strangers here, and know no one."

"There they come, sir; that's the tramp!" cried the woman; "there's nothing for it now but to stay quiet and hope you'll not be noticed. Take those knives up, will ye?" said she, flinging a napkin toward me, and speaking in an altered voice, for already two figures were darkening the entrance, and peering down into the depth below; while, turning to Santron, she motioned him to remove the dishes from the table—a service in which, to do him justice, he exhibited a zeal more flattering to his tact than his spirit of resistance.

"Tripped their anchors already, Mother Mar-

tin?" said a large-whiskered man, with a black belt round his waist; while, passing round the tables, he crammed into his mouth several fragments of the late feast.

"You wouldn't have 'em wait for you, Captain John," said she, laughing."

"It's just what I would, then," replied he. "The Admiralty has put thirty shillings more on the bounty, and where will these fellows get the like of that? It isn't a West India-service neither, nor a coastin' cruise off Newfoundland, but all as one as a pleasure-trip up the Mediterranean, and nothing to fight but Frenchmen: Eh, younker, that tickles *your* fancy!" cried he to Santron, who, in spite of himself, made some gesture of impatience. "Handy chaps, those, Mother Martin, where did you chance on 'em?"

"They're sons of a Canada skipper in the river yonder," said she, calmly.

"They arn't over-like to be brothers," said he, with the grin of one too well accustomed to knavery to trust any thing opposed to his own observation. "I suppose them's things happens in Canada as elsewhere," said he, laughing, and hoping the jest might turn her flank. Meanwhile the press-leader never took his eyes off me, as I arranged plates and folded napkins with all the skill which my early education in Boivin's restaurant had taught me.

"He is a smart one," said he, half-musingly. "I say, boy, would you like to go as cook's aid on board a king's ship? I know of one as would just suit you."

"I'd rather not, sir; I'd not like to leave my father," said I, backing up Mrs. Martin's narrative.

"Nor that brother there; wouldn't he like it?"

I shook my head negatively.

"Suppose I have a talk with the skipper about it?" said he, looking at me steadily for some seconds. "Suppose I was to tell him what a good berth you'd have, eh?"

"Oh, if he wished it, I'd make no objection," said I, assuming all the calmness I could.

"That chap ain't *your* brother—and he's no sailor neither. Show me your hands, youngster," cried he to Santron, who at once complied with the order, and the press captain bent over and scanned them narrowly. As he thus stood with his back to me, the woman shook her head significantly, and pointed to the ladder. If ever a glance conveyed a whole story of terror hers did. I looked at my companion as though to say, "Can I desert him?" and the expression of her features seemed to imply utter despair. This pantomime did not occupy half a minute. And now, with noiseless step, I gained the ladder, and crept cautiously up it. My fears were how to escape those who waited outside; but as I ascended I could see that they were loitering about in groups, inattentive to all that was going on below. The shame at deserting my comrade so nearly overcame me, that, when almost at the top, I was about to turn back again. I even looked round to see him, but, as I did so, I saw the press leader draw a pair of

handcuffs from his pocket, and throw them on the table. The instincts of safety were too strong, and, with a spring, I gained the street, and, slipping noiselessly along the wall, escaped the "look-out." Without a thought of where I was going to, or what to do, I ran at the very top of my speed directly onward, my only impulse being to get away from the spot. Could I reach the open country I thought it would be my best chance. As I fled, however, no signs of a suburb appeared; the streets, on the contrary, grew narrower and more intricate; huge warehouses, seven or eight stories high, loomed at either side of me; and at last, on turning an angle, a fresh sea-breeze met me, and showed that I was near the harbor. I avow that the sight of shipping, the tall and taper spars that streaked the sky of night, the clank of chain cables, and the heavy surging sound of the looming hulls, were any thing but encouraging, longing as I did for the rustling leaves of some green lane: but still all was quiet and tranquil; a few flickering lights twinkled here and there from a cabin window, but every thing seemed sunk in repose.

The quay was thickly studded with hogsheads and bales of merchandise, so that I could easily have found a safe resting-place for the night, but a sense of danger banished all wish for sleep, and I wandered out, restless and uncertain, framing a hundred plans, and abandoning them when formed.

So long as I kept company with Santron, I never thought of returning to "Uncle Pat;" my reckless spendthrift companion had too often avowed the pleasure he would feel in quartering himself on my kind friend, dissipating his hard-earned gains, and squandering the fruits of all his toil. Deterred by such a prospect, I resolved rather never to revisit him, than in such company. Now, however, I was again alone, and all my hopes and wishes turned toward him. A few hours' sail might again bring me beneath his roof, and once more should I find myself at home. The thought was calming to all my excitement; I forgot every danger I had passed through; I lost all memory of every vicissitude I had escaped, and had only the little low parlor in the "Black Pits" before my mind's eye; the wild, unweeded garden, and the sandy, sunny beach before the door. It was as though all that nigh a year had compassed had never occurred, and that my life at Crown Point, and my return to England were only a dream. Sleep overcame me as I thus lay pondering, and when I awoke the sun was glittering in the bright waves of the Mersey, a fresh breeze was flaunting and fluttering the half-loosened sails, and the joyous sounds of seamen's voices were mingling with the clank of capstans, and the measured stroke of oars.

It was full ten minutes after I awoke before I could remember how I came there, and what had befallen me. Poor Santron, where is he now? was my first thought, and it came with all the bitterness of self-reproach.

Could I have parted company with him under

other circumstances it would not have grieved me deeply. His mocking, sarcastic spirit, the tone of depreciation which he used toward every thing and every body, had gone far to sour me with the world, and day by day I felt within me the evil influences of his teachings. How different were they from poor Gottfried's lessons, and the humble habits of those who lived beneath them! Yet I was sorry, deeply sorry, that our separation should have been thus, and almost wished I had staid to share his fate, whatever it might be.

While thus swayed by different impulses, now thinking of my old home at Crown Point, now of "Uncle Pat's" thatched cabin, and again of Santron, I strolled down to the wharf, and found myself in a considerable crowd of people, who were all eagerly pressing forward to witness the embarkation of several boats-full of pressed seamen, who, strongly guarded and ironed, were being conveyed to the Athol tender, a large three-master, about a mile off, down the river. To judge from the cut faces and bandaged heads and arms, the capture had not been effected without resistance. Many of the poor fellows appeared rather suited to an hospital than the duties of active service; and several lay with bloodless faces and white lips, the handcuffed wrists seeming a very mockery of a condition so destitute of all chance of resistance.

The sympathies of the bystanders were very varied regarding them. Some were full of tender pity and compassion; some denounced the system as a cruel and oppressive tyranny; others deplored it as an unhappy necessity; and a few well-to-do-looking old citizens, in drab shorts and wide-brimmed hats, grew marvelously indignant at the recreant poltroonery of "the scoundrels who were not proud to fight their country's battles."

As I was wondering within myself how it happened that men thus coerced could ever be depended on in moments of peril and difficulty, and by what magic the mere exercise of discipline was able to merge the feelings of the man in the sailor, the crowd was rudely driven back by policemen, and a cry of "make way," "fall back there," given. In the sudden retiring of the mass, I found myself standing on the very edge of the line along which a new body of impressed men were about to pass. Guarded front, flank, and rear, by a strong party of marines, the poor fellows came along slowly enough. Many were badly wounded, and walked lamely; some were bleeding profusely from cuts on the face and temples, and one, at the very tail of the procession, was actually carried in a blanket by four sailors. A low murmur ran through the crowd at the spectacle, which gradually swelled louder and fuller, till it burst forth into a deep groan of indignation, and a cry of Shame! shame! Too much used to such ebullitions of public feeling, or too proud to care for them, the officer in command of the party never seemed to hear the angry cries and shouts around him; and I was even more struck by *his* cool self-

possession than by *their* enthusiasm. For a moment or two I was convinced that a rescue would be attempted. I had no conception that so much excitement could evaporate innocuously, and was preparing myself to take part in the struggle, when the line halted as the leading files gained the stairs, and, to my wonderment, the crowd became hushed and still. Then one burst of excited pity over, not a thought occurred to any to offer resistance to the law, or dare to oppose the constituted authorities. How unlike Frenchmen! thought I; nor am I certain whether I deemed the disparity to their credit!

"Give him a glass of water!" I heard the officer say, as he leaned over the litter, and the crowd at once opened to permit some one to fetch it. Before I believed it were possible to have procured it, a tumbler of water was passed from hand to hand till it reached mine, and, stepping forward, I bent down to give it to the sick man. The end of a coarse sheet was thrown over his face, and as it was removed, I almost fell over him, for it was Santron. His face was covered with a cold sweat, which lay in great drops all over it, and his lips were slightly frothed. As he looked up I could see that he was just rallying from a fainting fit, and could mark in the change that came over his glassy eyes that he had recognized me. He made a faint effort at a smile, and, in a voice barely a whisper, said, "I knew thou'd not leave me, Maurice."

"You are his countryman?" said the officer, addressing me in French.

"Yes, sir," was my reply

"You are both Canadians, then?"

"Frenchmen, sir, and officers in the service. We only landed from an American ship yesterday, and were trying to make our way to France."

"I'm sorry for you," said he, compassionately; "nor do I know how to help you. Come on board the tender, however, and we'll see if they'll not give you a passage with your friend to the Nore. I'll speak to my commanding officer for you."

This scene all passed in a very few minutes, and before I well knew how or why, I found myself on board of a ship's long-boat, sweeping along over the Mersey, with Santron's head in my lap, and his cold, clammy fingers grasped in mine. He was either unaware of my presence or too weak to recognize me, for he gave no sign of knowing me; and during our brief passage down the river, and when lifted up the ship's side, seemed totally insensible to every thing.

The scene of uproar, noise, and confusion on board the *Athol* is far above my ability to convey. A shipwreck, a fire, a mutiny, all combined, could scarcely have collected greater elements of discord. Two large detachments of marines, many of whom, fresh from furlough, were too drunk for duty, and either lying asleep along the deck, or riotously interfering with every body; a company of sappers *en route* to

Woolwich, who would obey none but their own officer, and he was still ashore; detachments of able-bodied seamen from the *Jupiter*, full of grog and prize-money; four hundred and seventy impressed men, cursing, blaspheming, and imprecating every species of calamity on their captors; added to which, a crowd of Jews, bum-boat women, and slop-sellers of all kinds, with the crews of two ballast-lighters, fighting for additional pay, being the chief actors in a scene whose discord I never saw equaled. Drunkenness, suffering, hopeless misery, and even insubordination, all lent their voices to a tumult, amid which the words of command seemed lost, and all effort at discipline vain.

How we were ever to go to sea in this state I could not even imagine; the ship's crew seemed inextricably mingled with the rioters, many of whom were just sufficiently sober to be eternally meddling with the ship's tackle; belying what ought to be "free," and loosening what should have been "fast;" getting their fingers jammed in blocks, and their limbs crushed by spars, till the cries of agony rose high above every other confusion. Turning with disgust from a spectacle so discordant and disgraceful, I descended the ladders which led, by many a successive flight, into the dark, low-ceilinged chamber called the "sick bay," and where poor Santron was lying in, what I almost envied, insensibility to the scene around him. A severe blow from the hilt of a cutlass had given him a concussion of the brain, and, save in the momentary excitement which a sudden question might cause, left him totally unconscious. His head had been already shaved before I descended, and I found the assistant-surgeon, an Irishman, Mr. Peter Colhayne, experimenting a new mode of cupping as I entered. By some mischance of the machinery, the lancets of the cupping instrument had remained permanently fixed, refusing to obey the spring, and standing all straight outside the surface. In this dilemma, Peter's ingenuity saw nothing for it but to press them down vigorously into the scalp, and then saw them backward the whole length of the head, a performance, the originality of which, in all probability, was derived from the operation of a harrow in agriculture. He had just completed a third track when I came in, and by great remonstrance and no small flattery induced him to desist. "We have glasses," said he, "but they were all broke in the cock-pit; but a tin porringer is just as good." And so saying, he lighted a little pledget of tow, previously steeped in turpentine, and, popping it into the tin vessel, clapped it on the head. This was meant to exhaust the air within, and thus draw the blood to the surface, a scientific process he was good enough to explain most minutely for my benefit, and the good results of which he most confidently vouched for.

"They've a hundred new contrivances," said Mr. Colhayne, "for doing that simple thing ye see there. They've pumps, and screws, and hydraulic devilments, as much complicated as a

watch that's always getting out of order and going wrong; but with that ye'll see what good 'twill do him; he'll be as lively as a lark in ten minutes."

The prophecy was destined to a perfect fulfillment, for poor Santron, who lay motionless and unconscious up to that moment, suddenly gave signs of life by moving his features, and jerking his limbs to this side and that. The doctor's self-satisfaction took the very proudest form. He expatiated on the grandeur of medical science, the wonderful advancement it was making, and the astonishing progress the curative art had made, even within his own time. I must own that I should have lent a more implicit credence to this pæan if I had not waited for the removal of the cupping vessel, which, instead of blood, contained merely the charred ashes of the burnt tow, while the scalp beneath it presented a blackened, seared aspect, like burned leather. Such was literally the effect of the operation, but as from that period the patient began steadily to improve, I must leave to more scientific inquirers the task of explaining through what agency, and on what principles.

Santron's condition, although no longer dangerous, presented little hope of speedy recovery. His faculties were clouded and obscured, and the mere effort at recognition seemed to occasion him great subsequent disturbance. Colhayne, who, whatever may have been his scientific deficiencies, was good-nature and kindness itself, saw nothing for him but removal to Haslar, and we now only waited for the ship's arrival at the Nore to obtain the order for his transmission.

If the Athol was a scene of the wildest confusion and uproar when we tripped our anchor, we had not been six hours at sea when all was a picture of order and propriety. The decks were cleared of every one not actually engaged in the ship's working, or specially permitted to remain; ropes were coiled; boats hauled up; sails trimmed; hatches down; sentinels paced the deck in appointed places, and all was discipline and regularity. From the decorous silence that prevailed, none could have supposed so many hundred living beings were aboard, still less, that they were the same disorderly mob who sailed from the Mersey a few short hours before. From the surprise which all this caused me, I was speedily aroused by an order more immediately interesting, being summoned on the poop-deck to attend the general muster. Up they came from holes and hatchways, a vast host, no longer brawling and insubordinate, but quiet, submissive, and civil. Such as were wounded had been placed under the doctor's care, and all those now present were orderly and service-like. With a very few exceptions, they were all sailors, a few having already served in a king's ship. The first lieutenant, who inspected us, was a grim, gray-headed man past the prime of life, with features hardened by disappointment and long service, but who still retained an ex-

pression of kindness and good-nature. His duty he dispatched with all the speed of long habit; read the name; looked at the bearer of it; asked a few routine questions; and then cried, "stand by," even ere the answers were finished. When he came to me he said:

"Abraham Hackett. Is that your name, lad?"

"No, sir. I'm called Maurice Tiernay."

"Tiernay, Tiernay," said he a couple of times over. "No such name here."

"Where's Tiernay's name, Cottle?" asked he of a subordinate behind him.

The fellow looked down the list—then at me—then at the list again—and then back to me, puzzled excessively by the difficulty, but not seeing how to explain it.

"Perhaps I can set the matter right, sir," said I. "I came aboard along with a wounded countryman of mine—the young Frenchman who is now in the sick bay."

"Ay, to be sure; I remember all about it now," said the lieutenant. "You call yourselves French officers?"

"And such are we, sir."

"Then how the devil came ye here? Mother Martin's cellar is, to say the least of it, an unlikely spot to select as a restaurant."

"The story is a somewhat long one, sir."

"Then I haven't time for it, lad," he broke in. "We've rather too much on hands just now for that. If you've got your papers, or any thing to prove what you assert, I'll land you when I come into the Downs, and you'll, of course, be treated as your rank in the service requires. If you have not, I must only take the responsibility on myself to regard you as an impressed man. Very hard, I know, but can't help it. Stand by."

These few words were uttered with a most impetuous speed; and as all reply to them was impossible, I saw my case decided and my fate decreed, even before I knew they were under litigation.

As we marched forward to go below, I overheard an officer say to another:

"Hay will get into a scrape about those French fellows; they may turn out to be officers, after all."

"What matter?" cried the other. One is dying; and the other Hay means to draft on board the 'Téméraire.' Depend upon it, we'll never hear more of either of them."

This was far from pleasant tidings; and yet I knew not any remedy for the mishap. I had never seen the officer who spoke to me ashore, since we came on board. I knew of none to intercede for me; and as I sat down on the bench beside poor Santron's cot, I felt my heart lower than it had ever been before. I was never enamored of the sea service; and certainly the way to overcome my dislike was not by engaging against my own country; and yet this, in all likelihood, was now to be my fate. These were my last waking thoughts the first night I passed on board the Athol.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A BOLD STROKE FOR FAME AND FORTUNE.

To be awakened suddenly from a sound sleep; hurried, half-dressed, up a gangway; and, ere your faculties have acquired free play, be passed over a ship's side, on a dark and stormy night, into a boat wildly tossed here and there, with spray showering over you, and a chorus of loud voices about you! is an event not easily forgotten. Such a scene still dwells in my memory, every incident of it as clear and distinct as though it had occurred only yesterday. In this way was I "passed," with twelve others, on board his majesty's frigate, *Téméraire*, a vessel which, in the sea service, represented what a well-known regiment did on shore, and bore the reputation of being a "condemned ship;" this depreciating epithet having no relation to the qualities of the vessel herself, which was a singularly beautiful French model, but only to that of the crew and officers; it being the policy of the day to isolate the blackguards of both services, confining them to particular crafts and corps, making, as it were, a kind of *index expurgatorius*, where all the rascality was available at a moment's notice.

It would be neither agreeable to my reader nor myself, if I should dwell on this theme, nor linger on a description where cruelty, crime, heartless tyranny, and reckless insubordination made up all the elements. A vessel that floated the seas only as a vast penitentiary—the "cats," the "yard-arm," and the "gangway," comprising its scheme of discipline—would scarcely be an agreeable subject: and, in reality, my memory retains of the life aboard little else than scenes of suffering and sorrow. Captain Gesbrook had the name of being able to reduce any, the most insubordinate, to discipline. The veriest rascals of the fleet, the consummate scoundrels, one of whom was deemed pollution to an ordinary crew, were said to come from his hands models of seamanship and good conduct; and it must be owned, that if the character was deserved, it was not obtained without some sacrifice. Many died under punishment; many carried away with them diseases under which they lingered on to death; and not a few preferred suicide to the terrible existence on board. And although a *Téméraire*—as a man who had served in her was always afterward called—was now and then shown as an example of sailorlike smartness and activity, very few knew how dearly that one success had been purchased, nor by what terrible examples of agony and woe that solitary conversion was obtained.

To me the short time I spent on board of her is a dreadful dream. We were bound for the Mediterranean, to touch at Malta and Gibraltar, and then join the blockading squadron before Genoa. What might have been my fate, to what excess passionate indignation might have carried me, revolted as I was by tyranny and injustice, I know not, when an accident, happily for me, rescued me from all temptation. We lost our mizen-mast, in a storm, in the Bay of Biscay,

and a dreadful blow on the head, from the spanker-boom, felled me to the deck, with a fracture of the skull.

From that moment I knew of nothing till the time when I lay in my cot, beside a port-hole of the main deck, gazing at the bright blue waters that flashed and rippled beside me, or straining my strength to rest on my elbow, when I caught sight of the glorious city of Genoa, with its grand mountain background, about three miles from where I lay. Whether from a due deference to the imposing strength of the vast fortress, or that the line of duty described our action, I can not say, but the British squadron almost exclusively confined its operations to the act of blockade. Extending far across the bay, the English ensign was seen floating from many a taper mast, while boats, of every shape and size, plied incessantly from ship to ship, their course marked out at night by the meteor-like light that glittered in them; not, indeed, that the eye often turned in that direction, all the absorbing interest of the scene lying in-shore. Genoa was, at that time, surrounded by an immense Austrian force, under the command of General Melas, who, occupying all the valleys and deep passes of the Apennines, were imperceptible during the day; but no sooner had night closed in, than a tremendous cannonade began, the balls describing great semicircles in the air, ere they fell, to scatter death and ruin on the devoted city. The spectacle was grand beyond description, for while the distance at which we lay dulled and subdued the sound of the artillery to a hollow booming like far-off thunder, the whole sky was streaked by the course of the shot, and, at intervals, lighted up by the splendor of a great fire, as the red shot fell into and ignited some large building or other.

As, night after night, the cannonade increased in power and intensity, and the terrible effects showed themselves in the flames which burst out from different quarters of the city, I used to long for morning, to see if the tri-color still floated on the walls, and when my eye caught the well-known ensign, I could have wept with joy as I beheld it.

High up, too, on the cliffs of the rugged Apennines, from many a craggy eminence, where perhaps a solitary gun was stationed, I could see the glorious flag of France, the emblem of liberty and glory, too!

In the day the scene was one of calm and tranquil beauty. It would have seemed impossible to connect it with war and battle. The glorious city, rising in terraces of palaces, lay reflected in the mirror-like waters of the bay, blue as the deep sky above them. The orange trees, loaded with golden fruit, shed their perfume over marble fountains, amid gardens of every varied hue; bands of military music were heard from the public promenades; all the signs of joy and festivity which betoken a happy and pleasure-seeking population. But at night the "red artillery" again flashed forth, and the wild cries of strife and battle rose through the beleaguered

city. The English spies reported that a famine and a dreadful fever were raging within the walls, and that all Massena's efforts were needed to repress an open mutiny of the garrison; but the mere aspect of the "proud city" seemed to refute the assertion. The gay caroling of church bells vied with the lively strains of martial music, and the imposing pomp of military array, which could be seen from the walls, bespoke a joyous confidence, the very reverse of this depression.

From the "tops," and high up in the rigging, the movements in-shore could be descried, and frequently, when an officer came down to visit a comrade, I could hear of the progress of the siege, and learn, I need not say with what delight, that the Austrians had made little or no way in the reduction of the place, and that every stronghold and bastion was still held by Frenchmen.

At first, as I listened, the names of new places and new generals confused me; but by daily familiarity with the topic, I began to perceive that the Austrians had interposed a portion of their force between Massena's division and that of Suchet, cutting off the latter from Genoa; and compelling him to fall back toward Chivari and Borghetto, along the coast of the gulf. This was the first success of any importance obtained; and it was soon followed by others of equal significance. Soult being driven from ridge to ridge of the Apennines, till he was forced back within the second line of defenses.

The English officers were loud in condemning Austrian slowness; the inaptitude they exhibited to profit by a success, and the over-caution which made them, even in victory, so careful of their own safety. From what I overheard, it seemed plain that Genoa was untenable by any troops but French, or opposed to any other adversaries than their present ones.

The bad tidings—such I deemed them—came quicker and heavier. Now, Soult was driven from Monte Notte. Now, the great advance post of Monte Faccio was stormed and carried. Now, the double eagle was floating from San Tecla, a fort within cannon shot of Genoa. A vast semicircle of bivouac fires stretched from the Apennines to the sea, and their reflected glare from the sky lit up the battlements and ramparts of the city.

"Even yet, if Massena would make a dash at them," said a young English lieutenant, "the white-coats would fall back."

"My life on't he'd cut his way through, if he knew they were only two to one!"

And this sentiment met no dissentient. All agreed that French heroism was still equal to the overthrow of a force double its own.

It was evident that all hope of reinforcement from France was vain. Before they could have begun their march southward, the question must be decided one way or other.

"There's little doing to-night," said an officer, as he descended the ladder to the sick bay. "Melas is waiting for some heavy mortars that are coming up; and then there will be a long

code of instructions from the Aulic Council, and a whole treatise on gunnery to be read; before he can use them. Trust me, if Massena knew his man, he'd be up and at him!"

Much discussion followed the speech, but all more or less agreed in its sentiment. Weak as were the French, lowered by fever and by famine, they were still an over-match for their adversaries. What a glorious avowal from the lips of an enemy was this! The words did more for my recovery than all the cares and skill of physic. Oh, if my countrymen but knew! if Massena could but hear it! was my next thought; and I turned my eyes to the ramparts, whose line was marked out by the bivouac fires, through the darkness. How short the distance seemed! and yet it was a whole world of separation. Had it been a great plain in a mountain tract, the attempt might almost have appeared practicable; at least, I had often seen fellows who would have tried it. Such were the ready roads, the royal paths to promotion; and he who trod them saved miles of weary journey. I fell asleep, still thinking on these things; but they haunted my dreams. A voice seemed ever to whisper in my ear—"If Massena but knew, he would attack them! One bold dash, and the Austrians would fall back." At one instant, I thought myself brought before a court-martial of English officers, for attempting to carry these tidings, and proudly avowing the endeavor, I fancied I was braving the accusation. At another, I was wandering through the streets of Genoa, gazing on the terrible scenes of famine I had heard of. And lastly, I was marching with a night party to attack the enemy. The stealthy footfall of the column appeared suddenly to cease; we were discovered; the Austrian cavalry were upon us! I started and awoke, and found myself in the dim, half-lighted chamber, with pain and suffering around me, and where, even in this midnight hour, the restless tortures of disease were yet wakeful.

"The silence is more oppressive to me than the roll of artillery," said one, a sick midshipman, to his comrade. "I grew accustomed to the clatter of the guns, and slept all the better for it."

"You'll scarcely hear much more of that music," replied his friend. "The French must capitulate to-morrow or next day."

"Not if Massena would make a dash at them," thought I; and with difficulty could I refrain from uttering the words aloud.

They continued to talk to each other in low whispers, and lulled by the drowsy tones I fell asleep once more, again to dream of my comrades and their fortunes. A heavy bang like a cannon-shot awoke me; but whether this were real or not I never knew; most probably, however, it was the mere creation of my brain, for all were now in deep slumber around me, and even the marine on duty had seated himself on the ladder, and with his musket between his legs, seemed dozing away peacefully. I looked out through the little window beside my berth. A

light breeze was faintly rippling the dark water beneath me. It was the beginning of a "Levanter," and scarcely ruffled the surface as it swept along.

"Oh, if it would but bear the tidings I am full of!" thought I. But why not dare the attempt myself? While in America I had learned to become a good swimmer. Under Indian teaching, I had often passed hours in the water; and though now debilitated by long sickness, I felt that the cause would supply me with the strength I needed. From the instant that I conceived the thought, till I found myself descending the ship's side, was scarcely a minute. Stripping off my woolen shirt, and with nothing but my loose trowsers, I crept through the little window, and lowering myself gently by the rattlin of my hammock, descended slowly and noiselessly into the sea. I hung on thus for a couple of seconds, half fearing the attempt, and irresolute of purpose. Should strength fail, or even a cramp seize me, I must be lost, and none would ever know in what an enterprise I had perished. It would be set down as a mere attempt at escape. This notion almost staggered my resolution, but only for a second or so; and, with a short prayer, I slowly let slip the rope, and struck out to swim.

The immense efforts required to get clear of the ship's side discouraged me dreadfully, nor probably without the aid of the "Levanter" should I have succeeded in doing so, the suction of the water along the sides was so powerful. At last, however, I gained the open space, and found myself stretching away toward shore rapidly. The night was so dark that I had nothing to guide me save the lights on the ramparts; but in this lay my safety. Swimming is, after all, but a slow means of progression. After what I judged to be an hour in the water, as I turned my head to look back, I almost fancied that the great bowsprit of the *Téméraire* was over me, and that the figure who leaned over the taffrail was steadily gazing on me. How little way had I made, and what a vast reach of water lay between me and the shore! I tried to animate my courage by thinking of the cause, how my comrades would greet me, the honor in which they would hold me for the exploit, and such like; but the terror of failure damped this ardor, and hope sank every moment lower and lower.

For some time I resolved within myself not to look back; the discouragement was too great; but the impulse to do so became all the greater, and the only means of resisting was by counting the strokes, and determining not to turn my head before I had made a thousand. The monotony of this last, and the ceaseless effort to advance, threw me into a kind of dreamy state, wherein mere mechanical effort remained. A few vague impressions are all that remain to me of what followed. I remember the sound of the morning guns from the fleet; I remember, too, the hoisting of the French standard at daybreak on the fort of the

Mole: I have some recollection of a bastion crowded with people, and hearing shouts and cheers, like voices of welcome and encouragement; and then a whole fleet of small boats issuing from the harbor, as if by one impulse; and then there comes a bright blaze of light over one incident, for I saw myself, dripping and almost dead, lifted on the shoulders of strong men, and carried along a wide street filled with people. I was in Genoa!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"GENOA IN THE SIEGE."

UP a straight street, so steep and so narrow that it seemed a stair, with hundreds of men crowding around me, I was borne along. Now, they were sailors who carried me; now, white-bearded grenadiers, with their bronzed bold faces; now, they were the wild-looking Faquini of the Mole, with long-tasseled red caps, and gaudy sashes round their waists. Windows were opened on either side as we went, and eager faces protruded to stare at me; and then there were shouts and cries of triumphant joy bursting forth at every moment, amidst which I could hear the ever-recurring words—"Escaped from the English fleet."

By what means, or when, I had exchanged my dripping trowsers of coarse sailcloth for the striped gear of our republican mode—how one had given me his jacket, another a cap, and a third a shirt—I knew not; but there I was, carried along in triumph, half fainting from exhaustion, and almost maddened by excitement. That I must have told something of my history—heaven knows how incoherently and unconnectedly—is plain enough, for I could hear them repeating one to the other—"Had served with Moreau's corps in the Black Forest;" "A hussar of the Ninth;" "One of Humbert's fellows;" and so on.

As we turned into a species of "Place," a discussion arose as to whither they should convey me. Some were for the "Cavalry Barracks," that I might be once more with those who resembled my old comrades. Others, more considerate, were for the hospital; but a staff officer decided the question by stating that the general was at that very moment receiving the report in the church of the *Anunziata*, and that he ought to see me at once.

"Let the poor fellow have some refreshment," cried one—"Here, take this, it's coffee." "No, no, the 'petit goutte' 's better—try that flask." "He shall have my chocolate," said an old major from the door of a café; and thus they pressed and solicited me with a generosity that I had yet to learn how dear it cost.

"He ought to be dressed;" "He should be in uniform;" "Is better as he is;" "The general will not speak to him thus;" "He will;" "He must."

Such, and such like, kept buzzing around me, as with reeling brain and confused vision they bore me up the great steps, and carried me into

a gorgeous church, the most splendidly ornamented building I had ever beheld. Except, however, in the decorations of the ceiling, and the images of saints which figured in niches high up, every trace of a religious edifice had disappeared. The pulpit had gone—the chairs and seats for the choir, the confessionals, the shrines, altars—all had been uprooted, and a large table, at which some twenty officers were seated writing, now occupied the elevated platform of the high altar, while here and there stood groups of officers, with their reports from their various corps or parties in out-stations. Many of these drew near to me as I entered, and now the buzz of voices in question and rejoinder swelled into a loud noise, and while some were recounting my feat with all the seeming accuracy of eye-witnesses, others were as resolutely protesting it all to be impossible. Suddenly the tumult was hushed, the crowd fell back, and as the clanking muskets proclaimed a “salute,” a whispered murmur announced the “General.”

I could just see the waving plumes of his staff, as they passed up, and then, as they were disappearing in the distance, they stopped, and one hastily returned to the entrance of the church.

“Where is this fellow; let me see him,” cried he, hurriedly, brushing his way through the crowd. Let him stand down; set him on his legs.”

“He is too weak, capitaine,” said a soldier.

“Place him in a chair, then,” said the aide-camp, for such he was. “You have made your escape from the English fleet, my man,” continued he, addressing me.

“I am an officer, and your comrade,” replied I, proudly; for, with all my debility, the tone of his address stung me to the quick.

“In what service, pray?” asked he, with a sneering look at my motley costume.

“Your general shall hear where I have served, and how, whenever he is pleased to ask me,” was my answer.

“Ay, parbleu,” cried three or four sous-officiers in a breath, “the general shall see him himself.”

And with a jerk they hoisted me once more on their shoulders, and with a run—the regular storming tramp of the line—they advanced up the aisle of the church, and never halted till within a few feet of where the staff were gathered around the general. A few words—they sounded like a reprimand—followed; a severe voice bade the soldiers “fall back,” and I found myself standing alone before a tall and very strongly built man, with a large, red-brown beard; he wore a gray upper coat over his uniform, and carried a riding whip in his hand.

“Get him a seat. Let him have a glass of wine,” cried he, quickly, as he saw the tottering efforts I was making to keep my legs. “Are you better now?” asked he, in a voice which, rough as it was, sounded kindly.

Seeing me so far restored, he desired me to recount my late adventure, which I did in the

fewest words, and the most concise fashion I could. Although never interrupting, I could mark that particular portions of my narrative made much impression on him, and he could not repress a gesture of impatience when I told him that I was impressed as a seaman to fight against the flag of my own country.

“Of course, then,” cried he, “you were driven to the alternative of this attempt.”

“Not so, general,” said I, interrupting; “I had grown to be very indifferent about my own fortunes. I had become half fatalist as to myself. It was on very different grounds, indeed, that I dared this danger. It was to tell you, for, if I mistake not, I am addressing General Massena, tidings of deep importance.”

I said these words slowly and deliberately, and giving them all the impressiveness I was able.

“Come this way, friend,” said he, and, assisting me to arise, he led me a short distance off, and desired me to sit down on the steps in front of the altar railing. “Now, you may speak freely. I am the General Massena, and I have only to say, that if you really have intelligence of any value for me, you shall be liberally rewarded; but if you have not, and if the pretense be merely an effort to impose on one whose cares and anxieties are already hard to bear, it would be better that you had perished on sea than tried to attempt it.”

There was a stern severity in the way he said this, which for a moment or two actually overpowered me. It was quite clear that he looked for some positive fact—some direct piece of information on which he might implicitly rely; and here was I now with nothing save the gossip of some English lieutenants—the idle talk of inexperienced young officers. I was silent. From the bottom of my heart I wished that I had never reached the shore, to stand in a position of such humiliation as this.

“So, then, my caution was not unneeded,” said the general, as he bent his heavy brows upon me. “Now, sir, there is but one *amende* you can make for this; tell me, frankly, have others sent you on this errand, or is the scheme entirely of your own devising? Is this an English plot, or is there a Bourbon element in it?”

“Neither one nor the other,” said I, boldly; for indignation at last gave me courage. “I hazarded my life to tell you what I overheard among the officers of the fleet yonder; you may hold their judgment cheap; *you* may not think their counsels worth the pains of listening to; but *I* could form no opinion of this, and only thought, If these tidings could reach him he might profit by them.”

“And what are they?” asked he, bluntly.

“They said that your force was wasting away by famine and disease; that your supplies could not hold out above a fortnight; that your granaries were empty, and your hospitals filled.”

“They scarcely wanted the gift of second sight to see this,” said he, bitterly. “A gar-

risson in close siege for four months may be suspected of as much.

"Yes; but they said that as Soult's force fell back upon the city your position would be rendered worse."

"Fell back from where?" asked he, with a searching look at me.

"As I understood, from the Apennines," replied I, growing more confident as I saw that he became more attentive. "If I understood them aright, Soult held a position called the 'Monte Faccio.' Is there such a name?"

"Go on," said he, with a nod of assent.

"That this could not long be tenable without gaining the highest fortified point of the mountain. The 'Monte Creto,' they named it."

"The attempt on which has failed!" said Massena, as if carried away by the subject; "and Soult himself is a prisoner! Go on."

"They added, that now but one hope remained for this army."

"And what was that, sir," said he, fiercely.

"What suggestion of cunning strategy did these sea wolves intimate?"

"To cut your way through the blockade, and join Suchet's corps, attacking the Austrians at the Monte Ratte, and by the sea road gaining the heights of Bochetta."

"Do these heroic spirits know the strength of that same Austrian corps?—did they tell you that it numbered fifty-four thousand bayonets?"

"They called them below forty thousand; and that now that Bonaparte was on his way through the Alps, perhaps by this, over the Mount Cenis—"

"What! did they say this? Is Bonaparte so near us?" cried he, placing a hand on either shoulder, as he stared me in the face.

"Yes; there is no doubt of that. The dispatch to Lord Keith brought the news a week ago, and there is no secret made about it in the fleet."

"Over Mount Cenis!" repeated he to himself. "Already in Italy!"

"Holding straight for Milan, Lord Keith thinks," added I.

"No, sir, straight for the Tuilleries," cried Massena, sternly: and then, correcting himself suddenly, he burst into a forced laugh. I must confess that the speech puzzled me sorely at the time, but I lived to learn its meaning, and many a time have I wondered at the shrewd foresight which even then read the ambitious character of the future emperor.

"Of this fact, then, you are quite certain?—Bonaparte is on his march hither?"

"I have heard it spoken of every day for the last week," replied I; "and it was in consequence of this that the English officers used to remark, if Massena but knew it he'd make a dash at them, and clear his way through at once."

"They said this, did they?" said he, in a low voice, and as if pondering over it.

"Yes; one and all agreed in thinking there could not be a doubt of the result."

"Where have you served, sir?" asked he suddenly turning on me, and with a look that showed he was resolved to test the character of the witness.

"With Moreau, sir, on the Rhine and the Schwarzwald; in Ireland with Humbert."

"Your regiment?"

"The Ninth Hussars."

"The 'Tapageurs,'" said he, laughing. "I know them, and glad I am not to have their company here at this moment; you were a lieutenant?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, supposing that, on the faith of what you have told me, I was to follow the wise counsel of these gentlemen, would you like the alternative of gaining your promotion in the event of success, or being shot by a peloton if we fail?"

"They seem sharp terms, sir," said I, smiling, "when it is remembered, that no individual efforts of mine can either promote one result or the other."

"Ay, but they can, sir," cried he, quickly. "If *you* should turn out to be an Austro-English spy; if these tidings be of a character to lead my troops into danger; if, in reliance on *you*, I should be led to compromise the honor and safety of a French army—*your* life, were it worth ten thousand times over your own value of it, would be a sorry recompense. Is this intelligible?"

"Far more intelligible than flattering," said I, laughing; for I saw that the best mode to treat him was by an imitation of his own frank and careless humor. "I have already risked that life you hold so cheaply, to convey this information, but I am still ready to accept the conditions you offer me, if, in the event of success, my name appear in the dispatch."

He again stared at me with his dark and piercing eyes; but I stood the glance with a calm conscience, and he seemed so to read it, for he said:

"Be it so. I will, meanwhile, test your prudence. Let nothing of this interview transpire; not a word of it among the officers and comrades you shall make acquaintance with. You shall serve on my own staff; go now, and recruit your strength for a couple of days, and then report yourself at head-quarters when ready for duty. Latrobe, look to the Lieutenant Tiernay; see that he wants for nothing, and let him have a horse and a uniform as soon as may be."

Captain Latrobe, the future General of Division, was then a young, gay officer of about five-and-twenty, very good looking, and full of life and spirits, a buoyancy which the terrible uncertainties of the siege could not repress.

"Our general talks nobly, Tiernay," said he, as he gave me his arm to assist me; "but you'll stare when I tell you that 'wanting for nothing' means, having four ounces of black bread, and ditto of blue cheese *per diem*; and

as to a horse, if I possessed such an animal, I'd have given a dinner-party yesterday and eaten him. You look surprised, but when you see a little more of us here, you'll begin to think that prison rations in the fleet yonder were luxuries compared to what *we* have. No matter: you shall take share of my superabundance, and if I have little else to offer, I'll show you a view from my window, finer than any thing you ever looked on in your life, and with a sea-breeze that would be glorious if it didn't make one hungry."

While he thus rattled on, we reached the street, and there calling a couple of soldiers forward, he directed them to carry me along to his quarters, which lay in the upper town, on an elevated plateau that overlooked the city and the bay together.

From the narrow lanes, flanked with tall, gloomy houses, and steep, ill-paved streets, exhibiting poverty and privation of every kind, we suddenly emerged into an open space of grass, at one side of which a handsome iron-railing stood, with a richly ornamented gate, gorgeously gilded. Within this was a garden and a fish-pond, surrounded with statues, and further on, a long, low villa, whose windows reached to the ground, and were shaded by a deep awning of striped blue and white canvas. Camelias, orange-trees, cactuses, and magnolias, abounded every where; tulips and hyacinths seemed to grow wild; and there was in the half-neglected look of the spot something of savage luxuriance that heightened the effect immensely.

"This is my Paradise, Tiernay, only wanting an Eve to be perfect," said Latrobe, as he set me down beneath a spreading lime-tree. "Yonder are your English friends; there they stretch away for miles beyond that point. That's the Monte Creto, you may have heard of; and there's the Bochetta. In that valley, to the left, the Austrian outposts are stationed; and from those two heights closer to the shore, they are gracious enough to salute us every evening after sunset, and even prolong the attention sometimes the whole night through. Turn your eyes in this direction, and you'll see the 'cornice' road, that leads to La Belle France, but of which we see as much from this spot as we are ever like to do. So much for the geography of our position, and now to look after your breakfast. You have, of course, heard that we do not revel in superfluities. Never was the boasted excellence of our national cookery more severely tested, for we have successively descended from cows and sheep to goats, horses, donkeys, dogs, occasionally experimenting on hides and shoe leather, till we ended by regarding a rat as a rarity, and deeming a mouse a delicacy of the season. As for vegetables, there would not have been a flowering plant in all Genoa, if tulip and ranunculus roots had not been bitter as aloes. These seem very inhospitable confessions, but I make them the more freely since I am about to treat you 'en Jourmet.' Come in now, and acknowledge that

juniper-bark isn't bad coffee, and that commissary bread is not to be thought of 'lightly.'"

In this fashion did my comrade invite me to a meal, which, even with this preface, was far more miserable and scanty than I looked for.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MORBID IMPULSES.

"PLEASE, sir, it's seven o'clock, and here's your hot wa'ar." I half awoke, reflected moodily on the unhappy destiny of early risers; and finally, after many turns and grunts, having decided upon defying all engagements and duties, I fell asleep once more. In an instant I was seated in the pit of Her Majesty's Theatre, gazing upon the curtain, and, in common with a large and brilliant audience, anxiously awaiting its arising, and the appearance of Duprez. The curtain does rise; the orchestra are active; Duprez has bowed her thanks to an applauding concourse; and the opera is half concluded: when, just as the theatre is hushed into death-like silence for the great aria which is to test Duprez's capacity and power, a mad impulse seizes hold of me. I have an intense desire to yell. I feel as if my life and my eternal happiness depend upon my emulating a wild Indian, or a London 'coster' boy. I look round on the audience; I see their solemn faces; I note the swelling bosom of the cantatrice, the rapt anxiety of the leader, and the dread silence of the whole assembly, and I speculate on the surprise and confusion a loud war-whoop yell would create; and though I foresee an ignominious expulsion, perhaps broken limbs and disgraceful exposure in the public prints, I can not resist the strange impulse; and throwing myself back in my stall, I raise a wild cry, such as a circus clown gives when he vaults into the arena, and ties himself up into a knot by way of introduction. I had not under-calculated the confusion, but I had under-calculated the indignation. In an instant all eyes are upon me—from the little piccolo-player in the corner of the orchestra, to the diamonded duchess in the private box; cries of "Shame! turn him out!" salute me on all sides; my neighbors seize me by the collar, and call for the police; and in five minutes, ashamed, bruised, and wretched, I am ejected into the Haymarket, and on my way to Bow-street.

"Please, sir, it's nine o'clock now; and Mr. Biggs has been, sir; and he couldn't wait, sir; and he'll come again at two."

I sit up in bed, rub my eyes, and awake to consciousness of two facts—namely, that I have not kept a very particular engagement, and that I have had a strange dream. I soon forgot the former, but the latter remains with me for a long time very vividly. It *was* a dream, I know; but still it *was* so true to what might have occurred, that I half fancy I shall recognize myself among the police intelligence in my daily paper; and when I have read the "Times" throughout, and find it was indeed a dream, the subject still haunts me, and I sit for a long time musing upon those singular morbid desires

and impulses which all men more or less experience.

What are they? Do they belong strictly to the domain of physics or of metaphysics? How nearly are they allied to insanity? May there not be a species of spiritual intoxication created by immaterial alcohol, producing, through the medium of the mind, the same bodily absurdities as your fluid alcohol produces through the directer agency of the body itself? How far can they be urged as extenuating or even defending misdemeanors and crimes? To guide me in my speculations, I run over a few cases that I can call to mind at once.

There is a general fact, that no sooner have you mounted to a great eminence, than a mysterious impulse urges you to cast yourself over into space, and perish. Nearly all people feel this; nearly all conquer it in this particular; but some do not: and there may be a great doubt as to whether all who have perished from the tops of the monuments have been truly suicides. Then, again, with water: when you see the clear river sleeping beneath—when you see the green waves dancing round the prow—when you hear and see the roaring fury of a cataract—do you not as surely feel a desire to leap into it, and be absorbed in oblivion? What is that impulse but a perpetual calenture?—or may not the theory of calentures be all false, and the results they are reported to cause be in reality the results of morbid impulses? I have sat on the deck of a steamer, and looked upon the waters as they chafed under the perpetual scourging of the paddles; and I have been compelled to bind myself to the vessel by a rope, to prevent a victory to the morbid impulses that have come upon me. Are not Ulysses and the Sirens merely a poetic statement of this common feeling?

But one of the most singular instances of morbid impulses in connection with material things, exists in the case of a young man who not very long ago visited a large iron manufactory. He stood opposite a huge hammer, and watched with great interest its perfectly regular strokes. At first it was beating immense lumps of crimson metal into thin, black sheets; but the supply becoming exhausted, at last it only descended on the polished anvil. Still the young man gazed intently on its motion; then he followed its strokes with a corresponding motion of his head; then his left arm moved to the same tune; and finally, he deliberately placed his fist upon the anvil, and in a second it was smitten to a jelly. The only explanation he could afford was that he felt an impulse to do it; that he knew he should be disabled; that he saw all the consequences in a misty kind of manner; but that he still felt a power within, above sense and reason—a morbid impulse, in fact, to which he succumbed, and by which he lost a good right hand. This incident suggests many things, besides proving the peculiar nature and power of morbid impulses: such things, for instance, as a law of sympathy on a scale hith-

erto undreamt of, as well as a musical tune pervading all things.

But the action of morbid impulses and desires is far from being confined to things material. Witness the occurrence of my dream, which, though a dream, was true in spirit. More speeches, writings, and actions of humanity have their result in morbid impulse than we have an idea of. Their territory stretches from the broadest farce to the deepest tragedy. I remember spending an evening at Mrs. Cantaloupe's, and being seized with an impulse to say a very insolent thing. Mrs. Cantaloupe is the daughter of a small pork butcher, who, having married the scapegrace younger son of a rich man, by a sudden sweeping away of elder brethren, found herself at the head of a mansion in Belgravia, and of an ancient family. This lady's pride of place, and contempt for all beneath her, exceeds any thing I have ever yet seen or heard of; and, one evening, when she was canvassing the claims of a few *parvenu* families in her usual *tranchant* and haughty manner, an impulse urged me to cry, at the top of my voice: "Madam, your father was a little pork-butcher—you know he was!"

In vain I tried to forget the fact; in vain I held my hands over my mouth to prevent my shouting out these words. The more I struggled against it, the more powerful was the impulse; and I only escaped it by rushing headlong from the room and from the house. When I gained my own chambers, I was so thankful that I had avoided this gross impertinence that I could not sleep.

This strange thralldom to a morbid prompting not unfrequently has its outlet in crimes of the deepest dye. When Lord Byron was sailing from Greece to Constantinople, he was observed to stand over the sleeping body of an Albanian, with a poniard in his hand; and, after a little time, to turn away muttering, "I should like to know how a man feels who has committed a murder!" There can be no doubt that Lord Byron, urged by a morbid impulse, was on the very eve of knowing what he desired; and not a few crimes have their origin in a similar manner. The facts exist; the evidence is here in superabundance; but what to do with it? Can a *theory* be made out? I sit and reflect.

There are two contending parties in our constitution—mind and matter, spirit and body—which in their conflicts produce nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to. The body is the chief assailant, and generally gains the victory. Look how our writers are influenced by bile, by spleen, by indigestion; how families are ruined by a bodily ailment sapping the mental energy of their heads. But the spirit takes its revenge in a guerilla war, which is incessantly kept up by these morbid impulses—an ambuscade of them is ever lurking to betray the too-confident body. Let the body be unguarded for an instant, and the spirit shoots forth its morbid impulse; and if the body be not very alert, over it goes into the sea, into the house-tops, or into the streets

and jails. In most wars the country where the fighting takes place suffers most: in this case man is the battle-ground; and he must and will suffer so long as mind and matter, spirit and body, do not co-operate amicably—so long as they fight together, and are foes. Fortunately, the remedy can be seen. If the body do not aggress, the spirit will not seek revenge. If you keep the body from irritating, and perturbing, and stultifying the mind through its bile, its spleen, its indigestion, its brain, the mind will most certainly never injure, stultify, or kill the body by its mischievous guerilla tactics, by its little, active, imp-like agents—morbid impulses. We thus find that there is a deep truth in utilitarianism, after all—the rose-color romancings of chameleon writers. To make a man a clear-judging member of society, doing wise actions in the present moment, and saying wise and beautiful things for all time, a great indispensable is—to see that the house that his spirit has received to dwell in be worthy the wants and capabilities of its noble occupant. Hence—Rat-tat-ta-tat!

"Please, sir, Mr. Biggs!"

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THO^s MORE.*

LIBELLUS A MARGARETA MORE,
QUINDECIM ANNOS NATA, CHELSELE INCEPTVS.

"Nulla dies sine linea."

ENTERING, o' the suddain, into Mercy's chamber, I founde her all be-wept and waped, poring over an old kirtle of mother's she had bidden her re-line with buckram. Coulede not make out whether she were sick of her task, had had words with mother, or had some secret inquietation of her owne; but, as she is a girl of few words, I found I had best leave her alone after a caress and kind saying or two. We alle have our troubles.

. . . . Trulie may I say soe. Here have they ta'en a fever of some low sorte in my house of refuge, and mother, fearing it may be y^e sickness, will not have me goe neare it, lest I s^d bring it home. Mercy, howbeit, hath besought her soe earnestlie to let her goe and nurse y^e sick, that mother hath granted her prayer, on condition she returneth not till y^e fever bates, . . . thus setting her life at lower value than our owne. Deare Mercy! I woulde fayn be her mate.

We are alle mightie glad that Rupert Allington hath at lengthe zealouslie embraced y^e studdy of the law. 'Twas much to be feared at y^e first there was noe application in him, and though we all pitied him when father first broughte him home, a pillaged, portionlesse client, with none other to espouse his rightes, yet 'twas a pitie soone allied with contempt when we founde how emptie he was, caring for nought but archerie and skittles and the popinjaye out o' the house, and dicing and tables within, which father w^d on noe excuse permitt. Soe he had to

conform, ruefullie enow, and hung piteouslie on hand for awhile. I mind me of Bess's saying about Christmasse, "Heaven send us open weather while Allington is here; I don't believe he is one that will bear shutting up." Howbeit, he seemed to incline towards Daisy, who is handsome enow, and cannot be hindered of two hundred pounds, and so he kept within bounds, and when father got him his cause he was mightilie thankfulle, and would have left us out of hand, but father persuaded him to let his estate recover itself, and turn y^e mean time to profit, and, in short, so wrought on him, that he hath now become a student in right earnest.

Soe we are going to lose not only Mr. Clement, but Mr. Gunnel! How sorrie we alle are! It seemeth he hath long been debating for and agaynst y^e church, and at length finds his mind so stronglie set towards it, as he can keep out of it noe longer. Well! we shall lose a good master, and y^e church will gayn a good servant. Drew will supplie his place, that is, according to his beste, but our worthy Welshman careth soe little for young people, and is so abstract from y^e world about him, that we shall oft feel our loss. Father hath promised Gonellus his interest with y^e Cardinall.

I fell into disgrace for holding speech with Mercy over y^e pales, but she is confident there is noe danger; the sick are doing well, and none of y^e whole have fallen sick. She sayth Gammer Gurney is as tender of her as if she were her daughter, and will let her doe noe vile or paynfull office, soe as she hath little to doe but read and pray for y^e poor souls, and feed 'em with savourie messes, and they are alle so harmonious and full of cheer, as to be like birds in a nest. Mercy deserves theire blessings more than I. Were I a free agent, she s^d not be alone now, and I hope ne'er to be withheld therefrom agayn.

Busied with my flowers y^e chief o' the forenoon, I was fayn to rest in the pavilion, when, entering therein, whom shoulde I stumble upon but William, layd at length on y^e floor, with his arms under his head, and his book on y^e ground. I was withdrawing brisklie enow, when he called out, "Don't goe away, since you *are* here," in a tone soe rough, soe unlike his usual key, as that I paused in a maze, and then saw that his eyes were red. He sprung to his feet and sayd, "Meg, come and talk to me," and, taking my hand in his, stepped quicklie forthe without another word sayd, till we reached the elm-tree walk. I marvelled to see him soe moven, and expected to hear somewhat that shoulde displease me, scarce knowing what; however, I might have guest at it from then till now, without ever nearing y^e truth. His first words were, "I wish Erasmus had ne'er crost y^e threshold; he has made me very unhappie;" then, seeing me stare, "Be not his council just now, dear Meg, but bind up, if thou canst, the wounds he has made. . . . There be some wounds, th^u

* Continued from the June Number.

knowest, though but of a cut finger or the like, that we can not well bind up for ourselves."

I made answer, "I am a young and unskilled leech."

He replied, "But you have a quick wit, and patience, and kindnesse, and, for a woman, are not scant of learning."

"Nay," I sayd, "but Mr. Gunnel—"

"Gunnel would be the last to help me," interrupts Will, "nor can I speak to your father. He is alwaies too busie now . . . besides—"

"Father Francis," I put in.

"Father Francis?" repeats Will, with a shake o' the head and a ruefull smile, "dost thou think, Meg, he coulde answer me if I put to him Pilate's question, 'What is truth?'"

"We know alreadie," quoth I.

Sayth Will, "What do we know?"

I paused, then made answer reverentlie, "That Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life."

"Yes," he exclaymed, clapping his hands together in a strange sort of passion; "that we doe know, blessed be God, and other foundation can or ought no man to lay than that is layd, which is Jesus Christ. But, Meg, is this the principle of our church?"

"Yea, verily," I steadfastlie replied.

"Then, how has it beene overlayd," he hurriedlie went on, "with men's inventions! St. Paul speaks of a sacrifice once offered; we holde the host to be a continuall sacrifice. Holy writ telleth us where a tree falls it must lie; we are taughte that our prayers may free souls from purgatorie. The word sayth, 'by faith ye are saved;' the church sayth we may be saved by our works. It is written 'The idols he shall utterly abolish;' we worship figures of gold and silver. . ."

"Hold, hold," I sayd, "I dare not listen to this. . . you are wrong, you know you are wrong."

"How and where," he sayth; "onlie tell me. I long to be put righte."

"Our images are but symbols of our saints," I made answer; "tis onlie ye ignorant and unlearned that worship ye mere wood and stone."

"But why worship saints at alle?" persisted Will; "where's the warrant for it?"

I sayd, "Heaven has warranted it by sundrie and speciall miracles at divers times and places. I may say to you, Will, as Socrates to Agathon, 'You may easilie argue agaynst me, but you cannot argue agaynst the truth.'"

"Oh, put me not off with Plato," he impatientlie replied, "refer me but to holie writ."

"How can I," quoth I, "when you have ta'en away my Testament ere I had half gone through it? 'Tis this book, I fear me, poor Will, hath unsettled thee. Our church, indeed, sayth the unlearned wrest it to their destruction."

"And yet the apostle sayth," rejoined Will, "that it containys alle things necessarie to our salvation."

"Doubtlesse it doth, if we knew but where to find them," I replied.

"And how find, unlesse we seeke?" he pursued, "and how know which road to take, when we find the scripture and the church at issue?"

"Get some wiser head to advise us," I rejoined.

"But an' if the obstacle remains the same?"

"I cannot suppose that," I somewhat impatientlie returned, "God's word and God's church must agree; 'tis only we that make them at issue."

"Ah, Meg, that is just such an answer as Father Francis mighte give—it solves noe difficultie. If, to alle human reason, they pull opposite ways, by which shall we abide? I know; I am certain. '*Tu, Domine Jesu, es justitia mea!*'"

He looked soe rapt, with claspt hands and uprased eyes, as that I coulde not but look on him and hear him with solemnity. At length I sayd, "If you know and are certayn, you have noe longer anie doubts for me to lay, and with your will, we will holde this discourse noe longer, for however moving and however considerable its subject matter may be, it approaches forbidden ground too nearlie for me to feel it safe, and I question whether it savoureth not of heresie. However, Will, I most heartilie pitie you, and will pray for you."

"Do, Meg, do," he replied, "and say nought to anie one of this matter."

"Indeede I shall not, for I think 'twoulde bring you if not me into trouble, but, since thou hast soughte my counsel, Will, receive it now and take it. . ."

He sayth, "What is it?"

"To read less, pray more, fast, and use such discipline as our church recommends, and I question not this temptation will depart. Make a fayr triall."

And soe, away from him, though he woulde fain have sayd more, and I have kept mine owne worde of praying for him full earnestlie, for it pitieth me to see him in such case.

Poor Will, I never see him look grave now, nor heare him sighe, without thinking I know the cause of his secret discontentation. He hath, I believe, followed my council to ye letter, for though ye men's quarter of ye house is soe far aparte from ours, it hath come rounde to me through Barbara, who hath it from her brother, that Mr. Roper hath of late lien on ye ground, and used a knotted cord. As 'tis one of ye acts of mercy to relieve others, when we can, from satanic doubts and inquietations, I have been at some payns to make an abstracte of such passages from ye fathers, and such narratives of noted and undeniable miracles as cannot, I think, but carry conviction with them, and I hope they may minister to his soul's comfort.

Tuesday.

Supped with my Lord Sands. Mother played mumchance with my lady, but father, who saith he woulde rather feast a hundred poor men than eat at one rich man's table, came not in till

late, on plea of businesse. My lord tolde him the king had visitted him not long ago, and was soe well content with his manor as to wish it were his owne, for the singular fine ayr and pleasant growth of wood. In fine, wound up y^e evening with musick. My lady hath a pair of fine toned clavichords, and a mandoline that stands five feet high; the largest in England, except that of the Lady Mary Dudley. The sound, indeed, is powerfull, but methinketh the instrument ungaynlie for a woman. Lord Sands sang us a new ballad, "The King's Hunt's up," which father affected hugelie. I lacked spirit to sue my lord for y^e words, he being soe free-spoken as alwaies to dash me; howbeit, I mind they ran somewhat thus. . . .

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
And it is well-nigh daye.
Harry our King has gone hunting
To bring his deere to baye.
The east is bright with morning lighte,
And darkness it is fled,
And the merrie horn wakes up y^e morn
To leave his idle bed.
Beholde y^e skies with golden dyes,
Are . . ."

—The rest hath escaped me, albeit I know there was some burden of hey-tantera, where my lord did stamp and snap his fingers. He is a merry heart.

Now that Gunnell is gone, I take to heart that I profited not more by his teaching. Saying to Mercy, overnight, that methought she missed not our good master, she made answer, "Oh yes, I doe; how can I choose but miss him, who taught me to be, to doe, and to suffer?" And this with a light laugh, yet she lookt not merrie.

. . . Writing y^e above, I was interrupted by shrill cries either of woman or boy, as of one in acute payn, and ran forthe of my chamber to learne y^e cause. I met Bess coming hastilie out of y^e garden, looking somewhat pale, and cried, "What is it?" She made answer, "Father is having Dick Halliwell beaten for some evill communication with Jack. 'Tis seldom or never he proceedeth to such extremities, soe the offence must needs have beene something pernicious; and, e'en as 'tis, father is standing by to see he is not smitten overmuch; ne'erthelesse, Giles lays the stripes on with a will."

It turned me sick. I have somewhat of my mother in me, who was a tender and delicate woman, that woulde weepe to see a bird killed by a cat. I hate corporall punishments, and yet they've Scripture warrant. Father seldom hath recourse to 'em; and yet we feare as well as love him more than we doe mother, who, when she firste came among us, afore father had softened her down a little, used to hit righte and left. I mind me of her saying one day to her own daughter Daisy, "Your tucker is too low," and giving her a slap, mighte have beene hearde in Chelsea Reach. And there was the stamp of a greate red hand on Daisy's white shoulder all y^e forenoon, but the worst of it was, that Daisy tooke it with perfect immoveabilitie,

nor lookt in the leaste ashamed, which Scripture sayth a daughter shoulde doe, if her parent but spit in her face, i.e. sett on her some publick mark of contumely. Soe far from this, I even noted a silent look of scorn, which payned me, for of all the denunciations in Holy Writ, there is none more awfull to my mind than that which sayth, "The eye that mocketh at father or mother," not alone the tongue, but e'en the eye, —"the young ravens of the valley shall pick it out."

Sayth Lord Rutland to my father, in his acute sneering way, "Ah, ah, Sir Thomas, *Honores mutant mores*."

"Not so, in faith, my lord," returns father, "but have a care lest we translate the proverb, and say, *Honours change Manners*."

It served him right, and the jest is worth preserving, because 'twas not premeditate, as my lord's very likely was, but retorted at once and in self-defence. I don't believe honours have changed the Mores. As father told mother, there's the same face under the hood. 'Tis comique, too, the fulfilment of Erasmus his prophecy. Plato's year has not come rounde, but they have got father to court, and the king seems minded never to let him goe. For us, we have the same untamed spiritts and unconstrayned course of life as ever, neither lett nor hindered in our daylie studdies, though we dress somewhat braver, and see more companie. Mother's head was a little turned, at first, by the change and enlargment of the householde . . . the acquisition of clerk of the kitchen, surveyor of the dresser, yeoman of the pastrie, etc., but as father laughingly tolde her, the increase of her cares soon steddie her witts, for she found she had twenty unthrifits to look after insteade of half-a-dozen. And the same with himself. His responsibilities are so increast, that he grutches at every hour the court steals from his family, and vows, now and then, he will leave off joking that the king may the sooner wearie of him. But this is onlie in jest, for he feels it is a power given him over lighter minds, which he may exert to usefull and high purpose. Onlie it keepeth him from needing Damocles his sword; he trusts not in the favour of princes nor in the voyce of the people, and keeps his soul as a weaned child. 'Tis much for us now to get an hour's leisure with him, and makes us feel what our olde privileges were when we knew 'em not. Still, I'm pleased without being over elated, at his having risen to his proper level.

The king tooke us by surprise this morning: mother had scarce time to slip on her scarlett gown and coif, ere he was in y^e house. His grace was mighty pleasant to all, and, at going, saluted all round, which Bessy took humourously, Daisy immoveable, Mercy humbly, I distastefullie, and mother delightedlie. She calls him a fine man; he is indeede big enough, and like to become too big; with long slits of eyes that gaze freelie on all, as who shoulde say

"Who dare let or hinder us?" His brow betokens sense and frankness, his eyebrows are supercilious, and his cheeks puffy. A rolling, straddling gait, and abrupt speech.

'Tother evening, as father and I were, unwontedly, strolling together down the lane, there accosts us a shabby poor fellow, with something unsettled in his eye. . . .

"Master, sir knight, and may it please your judgeship, my name is Patteson."

"Very likely," says father, "and my name is More, but what is that to the purpose?"

"And that is *more* to the purpose, you might have said," returned the other.

"Why, soe I mighte," says father, "but how shoulde I have proved it?"

"You who are a lawyer shoulde know best about that," rejoined the poor knave; "'tis too hard for poor Patteson."

"Well, but who are you?" says father, "and what do you want of me?"

"Don't you mind me?" says Patteson; "I played Hold-your-tongue, last Christmasse revel was five years, and they called me a smart chap then, but last Martinmasse I fell from y^e church steeple, and shook my brain-pan, I think, for its contents have seemed addled ever since; soe what I want now is to be made a fool."

"Then you are not one now?" says father.

"If I were," says Patteson, "I shoulde not have come to *you*."

"Why, like cleaves to like, you know they say," says father.

"Aye," says 'tother, "but I've reason and feeling enow, too, to know you are no fool, though I thoughte you might want one. Great people like 'em at their tables, I've hearde say, though I am sure I can't guesse why, for it makes me sad to see fools laughed at; ne'ertheless, as I get laughed at already, methinketh I may as well get paid for the job if I can, being unable, now, to doe a stroke of work in hot weather. And I'm the onlie son of my mother, and she is a widow. But perhaps I'm not bad enough."

"I know not that, poor knave," says father, touched with quick pity, "and, for those that laugh at fools, my opinion, Patteson, is, that they are the greater fools who laugh. To tell you the truth, I had had noe mind to take a fool into mine establishment, having always had a fancy to be prime fooler in it myselfe; however, you incline me to change my purpose, for, as I said anon, like cleaves to like, soe I'll tell you what we will doe—divide the businesse and goe halves—I continuing the fooling, and thou receiving the salary; that is, if I find, on inquiry, thou art given to noe vice, including that of scurrillitie."

"May it like your goodness," says poor Patteson, "I've been the subject, oft, of scurrillitie, and affect it too little to offend that way myself. I ever keep a civil tongue in my head, 'specially among young ladies."

"That minds me," says father, "of a butler who sayd he always was sober, especially when

he had cold water to drink. Can you read and write?"

"Well, and what if I cannot?" returns Patteson, "there ne'er was but one, I ever heard of, that knew letters, never having learnt, and well he might, for he made them that made them."

"Meg, there is sense in this poor fellow," says father, "we will have him home and be kind to him."

And, sure enow, we have done so and been so ever since.

A glance at the anteceding pages of this libellus me-sheweth poor Will Roper at y^e season his love-fitt for me was at its height. He troubleth me with it no longer, nor with his religious disquietations. Hard study of the law hath filled his head with other matters, and made him infinitely more rationally, and by consequents, more agreeable. 'Twas one of those preferences young people sometimes manifest, themselves know neither why nor wherefore, and are shamed, afterwards, to be reminded of. I'm sure I shall ne'er remind him. There was nothing in me to fix a rational or passionate regard. I have neither Bess's witt nor white teeth, nor Daisy's dark eyes, nor Mercy's dimple. A plain-favoured girl, with changefulle spiritts—that's alle.

Patteson's latest jest was taking precedence of father yesterday, with the saying, "Give place, brother; you are but jester to King Harry, and I'm jester to Sir Thomas More; I'll leave you to decide which is y^e greater man of the two."

"Why, gossip," cries father, "his grace woulde make two of me."

"Not a bit of it," returns Patteson, "he's big enow for two such as you are, I grant ye, but the king can't make two of you. No! lords and commons may make a king, but a king can't make a Sir Thomas More."

"Yes, he can," rejoins father, "he can make me Lord Chancellor, and then he will make me more than I am already; *ergo* he will make Sir Thomas More."

"But what I mean is," persists the fool, "that the king can't make such another as you are, any more than all the king's horses and all the king's men can put Humty-dumty together again, which is an ancient riddle, and full of marrow. And soe he'll find, if ever he lifts thy head off from thy shoulders, which God forbid."

Father delighteth in sparring with Patteson far more than in jesting with y^e king, whom he alwaies looks on as a lion that may, any minute, fall on him and rend him. Whereas, with 'tother, he ungirds his mind. Their banter commonly exceeds not plesantrie, but Patteson is ne'er without an answer, and although, maybe, each amuses himselfe now and then with thinking, "I'll put him up with such a question," yet, once begun, the skein runs off the reel without a knot, and shews the excellent nature of both, soe free are they alike from mal-

ice and over-license. Sometimes their cuts are neater than common listeners apprehend. I've seen Rupert and Will, in fencing, make their swords flash in the sun at every parry and thrust; agayn, owing to some change in mine owne position, or the decline of y^e sun, the scintillations have escaped me, though I've known their rays must have been emitted in some quarter alle the same.

Patteson, with one of Argus's cast feathers in his hand, is at this moment beneath my lattice, astride on a stone balustrade, while Bessy, whom he much affects, is sitting on the steps, feeding her peacocks. Sayth Patteson, "Canst tell me, mistress, why peacocks have soe manie eyes in their tails, and yet can onlie see with two in their heads?"

"Because those two make them so vain alreadie, fool," says Bess, "that were they always beholding their own glory, they would be intolerable."

"And besides that," says Patteson, "the less we see or heare, either, of what passes behind our backs, the better for us, since knaves will make mouths at us then, for as glorious as we may be. Canst tell me, mistress, why the peacock was the last bird that went into the ark?"

"First tell me, fool," returns Bess, "how thou knowest that it was soe?"

"Nay, a fool may ask a question w^d puzzle a wiseard to answer," rejoyns Patteson; "I mighte ask you, for example, where they got their fresh kitchen-stuff in the ark, or whether the birds ate other than grains, or the wild beasts other than flesh. It needs must have been a granary."

"We ne'er shew ourselves such fools," says Bess, "as in seeking to know more than is written. They had enough, if none to spare, and we scarce can tell how little is enough for bare sustenance in a state of perfect inaction. If the creatures were kept low, they were all y^e less fierce."

"Well answered, mistress," says Patteson; "but tell me, why do you wear two crosses?"

"Nay, fool," returns Bess, "I wear but one."

"Oh, but I say you wear two," says Patteson, "one at your girdle, and one that nobody sees. We alle wear the unseen one, you know. Some have theirs of gold, alle carven and shaped, soe as you hardlie tell it for a cross . . . like my lord cardinall, for instance . . . but it is one, for alle that. And others, of iron, that eateth into their hearts . . . methinketh Master Roper's must be one of 'em. For me, I'm content with one of wood, like that our deare Lord bore; what was goode enow for him is goode enow for me, and I've noe temptation to shew it, as it isn't fine, nor yet to chafe at it for being rougher than my neighbour's, nor yet to make myself a second because it is not hard enow. Doe you take me, mistress?"

"I take you for what you are," says Bess, "a poor fool."

"Nay, niece," says Patteson, "my brother your father hath made me rich."

"I mean," says Bess, "you have more wisdom than witt, and a real fool has neither, therefore you are only a make-believe fool."

"Well, there are many make-believe sages," says Patteson; "for mine owne part, I never aim to be thoughte a Hiccius Doccius."

"A hic est doctus, fool, you mean," interrupts Bess.

"Perhaps I do," rejoins Patteson, "since other folks soe oft know better what we mean than we know ourselves. Alle I woulde say is, I ne'er set up for a conjuror. One can see as far into a millstone as other people without being that. For example, when a man is overta'en with qualms of conscience for having married his brother's widow, when she is noe longer soe young and fair as she was a score of years ago, we know what that's a sign of. And when an Ipswich butcher's son takes on him the state of my lord pope, we know what that's a sign of. Nay, if a young gentlewoman become dainty at her sizes, and sluttish in her apparel, we . . . as I live, here comes John Heron with a fish in's mouth."

Poor Bess involuntarilie turned her head quicklie towards y^e watergate, on which Patteson, laughing as he lay on his back, points upward with his peacock's feather, and cries, "Overhead, mistress! see, there he goes. Sure, you lookt not to see Master Heron making towards us between y^e posts and flower-pots, eating a dried ling?" laughing as wildly as though he were verily a natural.

Bess, without a word, shook the crumbs from her lap, and was turning into the house, when he witholds her a minute in a perfectly altered fashion, saying, "There be some works, mistress, our confessors tell us be works of supererogation . . . is not that y^e word? I learn a long one now and then . . . such as be setting food before a full man, or singing to a deaf one, or buying for one's pigs a silver trough, or, for the matter of that, casting pearls before a dunghill cock, or fishing for a heron, which is well able to fish for itself, and is an ill-natured bird after all, that pecks the hand of his mistress, and, for all her kindness to him, will not think of Bessy More."

How apt alle are to abuse unlimited license? Yet 'twas good counsel.

PHANTOMS AND REALITIES.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

PART THE THIRD—NIGHT.

I.

THE whole color of my life was changed in a single night. Years of excitement could not have wrought such a miracle upon me. The next day, I seemed to have passed out of my former self into a new individual and a new state of existence. I was no longer alone! I was no longer drifting about, aimless and dreamy. There was work for me to do, and the interest I had in it was vivid and engrossing.

* Continued from the June Number.

What had become of the dwarf? Not a trace of him was to be found. I examined the grass, and fancied I could detect two or three dark spots; but there had been heavy showers in the night, and as the mould had been thrown up here and there, discoloring the verdure, I could not determine whether these spots were blood-marks, as I feared, or the mere beating of rain and mire. But I did not trouble myself any further. Our persecutor was gone. That was all we cared to be assured of; and our next step was to escape from a place in which it was no longer safe for us to remain.

That mournful voice was still in my ears; but the consciousness of danger, the sense of triumph, the selfishness of happiness, out-clamored it! Destined as it was to return in after-years in tones that always seemed more piteous and more laden with pain and bitterness as that miserable night receded further and further back into the darkness of the past, it came upon me the next morning with something of a feeling of asperity and antagonism. There was yet the risk that the dwarf might re-appear, and as every thing concerning his rights and his probable mode of proceeding was vague and uncertain, we were much more occupied in thinking of our own security, than of his sufferings or wrongs. Indeed, under the influence of the feelings that actuated us then, we were strongly impressed with the conviction that the wrongs were all on our side, and that whatever he might have suffered, was nothing more than a measure of just punishment for having inflicted them.

People who do a wrong seldom have any difficulty in finding out excuses and justifications for it. We certainly had abundant ground to complain of the conduct of poor Mephistophiles. We were not aware that in those moments of irritation and revenge we exaggerated his faults, and palliated our own. We could see every thing he had done that was harsh, or disagreeable, or unjust; we could see nothing we had done ourselves that was not forced upon us in self-defense, and capable of vindication. We had acted all throughout, upon a necessity he had woven round us like a net. We were, in fact, the victims, and he was the cool, crafty, heartless tempter and persecutor. We did all we could to forget the brief gleam of humanity he had betrayed the evening before. What was that, weighed against years of oppression and cruelty? And even if we were inclined to admit that it showed his character in rather a better light, it came too late to be entitled to any consideration from us. If he had been capable of such manly feelings, why did he not exhibit them sooner? But the truth was, we affected not to believe in the genuineness of his emotions. He was such an habitual mimic, that he could assume any mood that suited the occasion, and nobody could tell whether he was in earnest or not, which warranted us in supposing that the whole of that wild burst of passionate reproaches, apparently welling up out of baffled and imploring love, might have

been put on like any other piece of cunning gesticulation.

I was quite willing to believe that the deep and harrowing emotion he exhibited was mere acting, or at least a passing spasm of wounded vanity, or even of love in its dying throes. It was comfortable to suppose that he had endeavored to impose upon me to the last, to gull and outrage me. I wanted some such apology to myself for hating him, with that heart-rending cry rising up out of the earth, and ascending in accents of unutterable grief to heaven! It was needful that I should hate and despise him during the first few hours of that violent transition which was to alter the whole face of things, and project me into a new life, in which occupation and intercourse were to be displaced by lonely wanderings and the isolation of the heart. It was needful that I should have some strong sophism to bridge over the gulf that was henceforth to yawn between me and mankind; and I felt that this detestation of the dwarf was a link that still connected me with the world I had forsaken.

I had not courage enough to attempt to do any justice to him. I did not dare to imagine what his agonies must have been, if, indeed, he still lived. I was plumed with conquest: he was crushed. I could only fancy him crawling, bleeding, and straining himself along the earth, to creep away and hide himself, and leave me to my happiness. But to relieve this image of its appealing claims upon my pity or remorse, to arm myself against a possibility of relenting, I associated this figure of the wretch groveling out of sight with all that was venomous and treacherous in the nature of reptiles. I refused to consider him human. Had I dared to look into his heart—now that the wretch's last hope was extinct—to gaze upon the misery which filled it to overflowing, if, indeed, he were not dead, and his heart broken, how could I have held my head erect, and looked into Astræa's face with eyes that rained joy, and pride, and exultation into hers?

Some sorts of happiness are essentially cruel and selfish. Such was hers—such was mine. We knew it; yet, although our natures were not originally hard or narrow, we would not suffer ourselves to be generous even in our thoughts toward him we had wronged. We were afraid to trust our feelings in that direction.

Few questions passed between us that morning. We knew by instinct what was before us, and what it was necessary for each of us to do. We had a mutual terror that he was dead, but we did not give it utterance; there was no need. We knew that the same fear was in both our minds, and we tried to avoid it. We imagined that we ought to be very cheerful, and banish all gloomy and distressing subjects. It was a kind of hymeneal day with us! There were wild altars in our thoughts, hung with garlands, and lighted up by sunshine; and to these we brought our vows and offerings, and all the mirth and gayety, without much speech, we

could summon into our looks. There was a visible effort in all this at both sides; but notwithstanding the ghastly hand, smeared with blood, that seemed every now and then to come out of the darkness of the night, and hold us back, our jubilee rode out the day valiantly.

Astræa did not go to the windows. This was not from an apprehension of any thing she should see, but from a nervous aversion of the light, which strangely affected her that morning. She kept her rooms darkened, and busied herself over her preparations for departure. We hardly exchanged a single word on the subject; yet both felt how imperative it was to fly from that house. And flight it was; not mere traveling for ease or pleasure. How rapidly we got through our task-work, and what vivacity there was in our eyes and fingers! It was the eagerness to get away, as if all our joys lay before us, and at a distance from that place, which gave such activity to our motions. At a hasty glance it might be supposed we were merrily occupied, there was so much alacrity in the bustle we made; but the bent and silent heads offered a strange contradiction to the busy hands.

At last the moment came when we were to take our departure. A thrill of terror shot through our veins, as a close post-chaise, sweeping through the trees, stopped suddenly at the door, where we stood in the shadow of the portico, with our cases and boxes waiting for its arrival. The good people of the house, somewhat alarmed, and hardly knowing what construction to put upon this sudden movement, which they connected vaguely with the mysteries of the night before, were dotted about the gravel-walk and under the trees; two very old people and two or three grandchildren, looking up helplessly at us, with a bewildering wonder in their open mouths, which, under any other circumstances, might have amused us; but we were not in a mood to appreciate points of humor. Terror, shapeless and oppressive, shook us both to the core as I handed Astræa into the post-chaise, and, hastily following her, closed the door—leaving the windows open, that we might breathe freely, and see every object distinctly around us, and in advance of us.

There was a desperate exultation in that moment, too!—a riotous sense of fierce happiness! I was carrying away Astræa from the whole world! Astræa was giving up the whole world for me! My heart beat loudly, and poured its palpitating blood into my throbbing temples. The postillion cracked his whip, and the panting horses started off with a plunge, as if they would tear up the earth. We turned to each other—our faces were lighted up with a flash of rapture—I clasped her hands in mine, and showered a hundred burning kisses upon them; and when we cleared the little valley, and felt the fresh breeze of the cool uplands upon our cheeks, we thought that, from the days of the first innocence in the garden of Eden to that hour, no two people ever loved each other so passionately, or were ever so profoundly happy!

II.

The first hour of accomplished love is, perhaps, the only passage in a man's life with which he is perfectly satisfied. It is the only reality that does not disappoint the dream of expectation. There is no region of speculation beyond it—its horizon bounds his world—its present engulfs his past and his future. In all other circumstances, it is true that—

Man never is, but always to be, blest;

but here the aphorism is falsified. In this brief hour, the lover is so thoroughly "blest" as to have but one desire left—that it should last forever! Clouds, surcharged with tears that will not flow, gather into our eyes as we look back upon these memories.

What we both wanted was oblivion. We were anxious to forget every thing, except the perilous delight we had borne, like a burning brand, out of that dark struggle. We had the oblivion we desired—for a time. All other considerations were absorbed in ourselves. The scenes and the people with whom we had been mixed up, and the incidents that had driven us out from among them, entered no more into our conversation than if they had never existed. We felt that we had given up the old life, and had begun a new one, and that an effort was necessary to strengthen ourselves against any suggestions of pity or remorse that might point toward the waste and ashes we had left behind us. We felt, too, that those efforts hardened us; but people who harden themselves for each other's sake against the rest of the world, have a great faith in their own sensibility while the process of hardening is going on. They even believe that the more callous they become, and the more completely they isolate their sympathies, the more tenderness they are capable of developing to each other. It is like people who bar up their doors and windows to enjoy themselves by themselves, forgetting that all genial and healthy elements and influences—light, sunshine, air—are diffusive and universal.

I took precautions to avoid the danger of being tracked. I knew not what I had to dread—what shapes of revenge or retribution might follow me; but whether law or vengeance, it was equally necessary, at least while blood on both sides was hot, to cut off all pursuit. Dismissing the post-chaise outside Dover, we walked into the town, having sent our luggage forward by a different conveyance. I urged upon Astræa the necessity of avoiding public places at present—that we should not be seen on the drive or the esplanade—that, in short, we ought to keep as much as possible in obscurity. The color mounted into her cheeks as I spoke to her, and heavy rolling clouds seemed to close over her face. It was early to open the book of fate for omens of the future! She had never thought of this before. The actual details and humiliations of the Pariah's life had never presented themselves to her; and this unexpected suggestion of the ban that shut us out from the open daylight of the world around us, fell heavily

upon her. It was the first blush of shame! But shaking off her rich tresses, which in the heat and flurry had fallen down over her shoulders, she looked up at me, and laughed—a brave laugh, that chilled me to the heart.

Passing out of Dover in a carriage which we hired at the further end of the town, we made our way in the haze of the evening toward a scattered village on the coast near Walmer Castle. Here we established ourselves, quite secure from interruption, and with ample opportunity, in the way of leisure, to reflect upon our situation, and strike out permanent plans for the future.

Leisure it was, most rare and ethereal! We had nothing on earth to do but to walk out, and walk in again, and look at each other all day long. The interminable stretches of strand we paced, hour after hour; the old wooden huts on the beach, white as silver, that the sea used to beat against every day, leaving little crests of foam in the hollows between them, to glisten there for a moment, till the sand sucked them up; the row of marine cottages, with pea-green shutters, and small gardens in front, boxed up with tarred railings, and cut in the centre by a single walk, strewn all over with the dust and fragments of shells; the single bathing-machine that served the whole village, and seemed even too much for it, and that looked as if it had never moved out of the one spot, with its rusty wheels half buried in the drift of gravel and seaweed—all such little unchangeable items of that marvelous leisure are strongly impressed upon me. It would have been very dreary if we had not had something in ourselves to fall back upon; and as long as that lasted, we bore up against the flatness and sameness of our lives. The sea, of all things, grows heavy and wearing to people whose constitutions are not capable of drinking in health and elasticity from its exhilarating breezes. There is nothing so monotonous as the wailing and lashing sea, especially in the night time, when darkness covers it, and its presence is announced only by that eternal surging and moaning of the waters which strike upon the invalided fancy like the cries of suffering spirits. The seaboard population on the coast of Brittany have an ocean superstition which exactly answers to this interpretation of the peculiar melancholy of the waves, souging and pining along the beach at night.

We liked this solitude at first. It left us entirely to ourselves, which was precisely the ideal life we had yearned for. The same objects every day in our walks—the same objects every moment to look out upon from our windows—the same faces, few or none, on the desolate sands—the very same sky, with hardly any variation, although the slightest fluctuation in the points of the wind, or the current of the clouds, produced a sensation! It suited us at first, for we had no space in our thoughts for external objects, and the total absence of all excitement threw us more in upon ourselves. But even then it was sad. Such days of idleness—such

idle dalliance—such a happy negation of all action and effort! How long was this to last? or rather, how long could such a life last for two people who felt within themselves aspirations for movement and results of some kind?

Although we hid ourselves in this retirement for several months, I did not consider it necessary to adopt the further security of changing my name. I yielded to the prudence of avoiding a collision with the dwarf, if he still lived; but I shrank from the meanness of denying myself to any demand that might be made upon us, should my retreat be discovered. All links between us and London were broken. For three months, Astræa had had no communication with any body. Her friends and relations might have supposed that she was dead, which she wished them to think. She knew that she was dead to the world, and that she should never re-enter it; and she only looked forward to the moment when she might put her house in order, and sit down for the rest of her life in tranquility and obscurity. In the beginning, this was a gladdening prospect to her; her high spirits and bounding enthusiasm sped onward into the future, and filled it with images of love in a state of beatitude; but as time advanced, and the dreary sea fell dismally on her ears, and the long walks on the beach had lost their freshness, and there was nothing to be read in each others' faces, which had not been read there ten thousand times over—except, perhaps, an increasing look of care and anxiety—this prospect of settling down, alone, away from human intercourse, without any object to live for, without motives to exertion—without aims, purpose, occupation—with a brand upon us that seemed stamped upon our foreheads, so that we dared not venture into the haunts of our fellow-men, lest they should shun us or expel us from among them—this prospect, as time advanced, grew darker and darker, and Astræa, still buoyant and energetic, and strong in her resolves, relinquished slowly the charming pictures she had drawn in her imagination, and came down to the most prosaic views of our position, tinged from day to day with tints that grew more and more sombre. The bright colors of the poetry had all faded.

With the agent of my property in the north I was in constant correspondence. To him alone I confided my address, and through him received all letters and communications that were left for me in London or elsewhere. Strange to say, that for three months no intelligence reached us concerning the dwarf; nor had I any means of procuring information, unless I intrusted my agent with my secret, which I considered unsafe. I was unwilling to originate any inquiry on the subject. It was for him to seek me, not for me to follow him. He could have had no difficulty in reaching me by a letter, and his silence seemed to imply either that he had abandoned all further thoughts of revenge, or, which was more likely, that he was dead.

As the days shortened into winter, and the howling winds came early in the evenings, and drove us home a dreary hour or two before dinner, to get through the interval as well as we could by the fireside, our reserve on personal matters gradually wore off, and it became a relief to us to talk freely upon the topics which we had hitherto been reluctant to approach. These wintry conversations, leading to nothing, yet wonderfully animated by bitterness of spirit, showed the change that Astræa's character was undergoing. She was more easily chafed by contradiction than she used to be, and dwelt more upon words, and small points, and trifles which formerly she would have hurried over with indifference; conversation degenerated, I could hardly tell how, into discussion; and notwithstanding the ascendancy and elevation of her language and her manner, I could see that there was less real strength behind, and that beneath the calmness which still sat loftily upon her, there was much secret and repressed agitation. Sometimes she presented to me the idea of a woman who was sustaining an habitual expression of command and self-possession by the mere energy of her will, and who, when that failed her, would break down at once, and be shattered, like a vase, in the fall.

The winter was deepening round us, and drifting gales ran shudderingly along the bleak strand, and rising over the waters, lashed them into fury, till they broke upon the ears like distant thunder. Sometimes there was an epic grandeur in these scenes, when a rush of black clouds, descending upon the sea, blotted out its mighty palpitations, burying it, and the masses that floated on its surface, under one vast pall, which hung there like a curtain, till the lightning rent it open and disclosed an horizon of fire. But these occasional changes, although they imparted a little variety to the out-of-door scene, only helped to make our in-door life more *triste*, by shutting us up half the day in the house.

The seasons are all-important to two people who are living apart from the world. It is surprising how much depends upon their fluctuations—how the temper, the health, the desire of life and capacity of enjoyment, are affected by the aspect of the morning, the turn of the day at noon, the intermittent shower, the shifting of the wind, the cold, the heat. When people are occupied, these things have little influence upon them, and very often none at all. But to the listless and idle—especially when they are constrained into idleness against their inclinations—the slightest incident that breaks the dull monotony of the day is magnified into an event.

What were we to do in these short, dismal days, and long, shivering nights? Books? Newspapers? We had both, and tired of them. The power of abstraction necessary for the enjoyment of books was no longer at our command. We could not abstract ourselves from our own thoughts to enter into the political controversies of history, or the fictitious sorrows of

the novel or romance. The newspaper had some attraction at first. We looked out for the names of people we knew. Births, marriages, and deaths, which, I believe, I had never read in my life before, were now explored with breathless curiosity. But week by week, and month by month, our curiosity diminished; and as we became more and more divorced from society, and our personal interest in it fell away, the newspaper lost its charm. It lay sometimes untouched upon the table. Astræa relinquished it first; and although I dawdled over it every day out of sheer inanition, it only yielded me a sort of excuse for silence. Astræa saw that I used it as a refuge against a *tête-à-tête* after breakfast, and had the good sense to provide herself with other occupations, so that she should not seem to be deserted for the newspaper!

This was all very well in the morning. But when the rapid darkness fell, and evening and night came, how was time to be filled? It was not always pleasant to sit listening to the savage roar of the waters across the high road in front of our windows, or to watch the flickering of the lights, or the ripple of the curtain, as the wind, forcing its way into the house in spite of all precautions, exhibited a special curiosity to investigate every cranny of our small apartment. We had no resource but to talk. Reading, as a habit, under such circumstances, with a fear and doubt upon our minds, which had latterly grown terribly alarming, from the interval of time that had elapsed without one word to clear up the mystery that haunted us, would have driven us mad. We were compelled to turn to each other, and talk in those dismal winter nights; and as the one subject was insensibly acquiring a monopoly of our thoughts, we could not help constantly reverting to it. At last we brooded so much over it, that, whatever subject we began upon, we were sure to drop into and end with that.

It was natural we should be much occupied with a matter which concerned us so deeply. Five months had now passed away since the night we last saw the dwarf, and we had a right to suppose that, if he still lived, his vengeance was not idle. Yet we had never heard of him, although, had he taken any steps to trace us, they must have reached me through the channel by which all other communications were conveyed to me. Had he abandoned the revenge he had threatened us with, or were all animosities between us discharged in the grave? My belief was, that he was dead—judging partly from his wound, and the dreadful excitement he had undergone, which was not unlikely to prove fatal to a frame so liable to snap from any violent action. Astræa thought otherwise: she was convinced that he still lived, and that he was cherishing some subtle scheme to destroy us. She said that she knew him better than I did, and over and over again cautioned me to be upon my guard. I urged the necessity of endeavoring to obtain the requisite information,

to set our doubts at rest, and proposed to go to London privately for the purpose. But Astræa strongly resisted that proceeding. She did not care to obtain any information. How would it help us? *Suppose he was dead?*

The course she took upon this subject gave me some uneasiness. I echoed in my own heart the question she so frequently started, but which I could never answer. *Suppose he was dead?* I could only suppose it; I could not follow the speculation any further. Astræa may have conjectured that all was mist and storm in my mind beyond that point, and was therefore indifferent about clearing up our present position. She thought it better to leave things as they were, than to open new sources of embarrassment—perhaps of sorrow and bitterness!

This was the main topic between us. We talked over it perpetually, and used to sit up long past midnight, weaving foolish webs of things that might never be, and unweaving things that had been, for the sake of fancying how differently we might have woven them had we had the threads from the first in our own hands! One night—a gusty, dry, cold night—while we were thus engaged, as usual, in a kind of waking dream over the fire, a sudden knock at the door startled the whole house. It was a very small house, or cottage, and the sound ran all up the little stairs, and seemed to enter bodily every one of the little rooms. It was a peremptory and nervous knock. The circumstance was extraordinary in itself, particularly at that hour; and before the owner of the house, who occupied the rooms below, could make up his mind to open the door, he thought it necessary to take my opinion and counsel on the subject.

"If it be for you, sir, what am I to say?" cried the man, looking a little pale and terrified.

"For me? That is very unlikely—very. But if it should be—"

"At home, of course," said Astræa. "If it be any body for us, show them up."

We listened anxiously, as the landlord went down stairs. Astræa was quite collected, and sat opposite the door of our apartment, so that whoever entered should see her at once. Presently the bolts were withdrawn, and the chain dropped—for in these small houses they adopted precautions in the winter season, when the poor, like the birds, were starved out, and are occasionally compelled to commit depredations for food. A stranger entered the hall. We heard the tramp of his boots, and could distinguish clearly that there was but one person. There was a flutter for a moment below, and then the stranger, following the landlord, ascended the stairs. The door opened, and a man, warmly muffled up, entered the room. We both rose. He looked at us for a moment—spoke to me by my name—but I recognized neither his features nor his voice. One fact, however, was obvious—he was not our Mephistophiles.

III.

"You have forgotten me," said the stranger. "I am not surprised at it. Many years have elapsed, and great changes have happened since we parted."

I scrutinized him carefully. His voice awakened some dim associations, but nothing distinctly; and I could not recall where or when I had seen him before. At length, just as I had almost given it up, it burst upon me all at once.

"Forrester!" I exclaimed.

"You find me altered: but it is only in appearance. We all alter in time. I hope you will not think I have intruded unwarrantably upon you. The truth is—but"—and he turned hesitatingly toward Astræa, who was still standing, looking on, and wondering at the scene before her.

I finished the sentence for him by introducing him to her in a hurried way. It was the first time such a ceremony had taken place. I did not know how it was to be done exactly, and felt at a loss how to designate her. To escape the difficulty, I simply presented him, but did not repeat her name. The circumstance was trifling in itself, and proceeded, on my part, from delicacy, rather than any evasion of responsibility; but I thought Astræa, as she made a very formal courtesy to the stranger, looked hurt and angry. Slight things were beginning to jar upon her nerves; and it was not until I noticed the effect of this trivial action upon her, that I had the least suspicion she would have even noticed it.

Forrester was much altered. His face had grown thinner, and was bronzed all over; his figure had spread out, and become gaunt; and his voice had fallen into a low, husky tone, in which I could trace hardly a single reminiscence of those modulations in which he used to relate ghost stories, and other strange narratives, with such wonderful *gusto* and effect. The sight of him—seated there in a great cushioned chair by the fire-side that winter's night, talking in his deep voice, brought back a flood of memories. A youth of mental sorcery and disordered passion—things inexplicable in themselves, and marvelous in their issues—returned upon me, bringing with them the awe and superstition of the old creed. It was like a piece of enchantment. I was living in that world of spirits over again; and as I observed Forrester stretch out his long, sharp fingers over the table, I could not help thinking that he was come on a mission from a potentate, whom people generally name with more terror than respect. Of course, I shook off these absurd fancies; and after a few general revelations on both sides, during which he told me that he had spent all the intervening years in wandering, chiefly in the East, and that he had found his way back to England only within the last two months, I inquired how he had discovered our retreat.

"I was anxious to see you again," he replied, "and having found and lost several traces of you in London, I went into the north, believing

that there, at least, I should obtain some satisfactory tidings. Your agent knew me, and was, perhaps, more confidential with me than he would have been with others." He paused, as if he was not quite sure whether he ought to enter into particulars before Astræa. My only apprehension was, that he was about to make some allusion to former circumstances in which we had been mutually interested, and intimating to him by a sign, which he evidently understood, my desire to avoid all those matters, I requested him to continue his narrative.

"Pray go on," said I, assuming an appearance of the utmost candor; "we have no secrets from each other."

"He seemed to think that something had happened which rendered it necessary for you to keep out of London," Forrester resumed. "This first attracted my attention, and, being an idle man, I thought my services might be of some use to you. I had great difficulty in prevailing on him to give me your address, nor would he consent to give it until I had made some inquiries in certain quarters in town, which he indicated to me. He had strong suspicions that there was danger in those quarters; and the only inducement I could bribe him with was that I should ascertain whether his suspicions were well founded, in order that I might apprise you of the result. He would have done all this himself, but he was afraid you might think it a liberty."

"Well, my steward is certainly a shrewd fellow; but I can not imagine what inquiries he could have set you upon."

Forrester looked at me very earnestly. He had small gray eyes, and when he was moved by any strong feeling, the light that came into them conveyed it with most singular effect. At this moment, in his eyes and in his voice, there was an unmistakable expression of grief and compassion as he pronounced the name of the dwarf.

I confess I was startled at the sound. The mystery that had always hung over Forrester was darker than ever. He was utterly unlike all other men. Whatever subject or business he took an interest in, seemed to grow into solemn importance under his hands, and to acquire an unaccountable fascination from his connection with it. His attenuated figure, the habit of loneliness which imparted such severe and inflexible gravity to his features, his very dress, loose, careless, and slouching, all helped to give a peculiar force to his words. Had the Wandering Jew suddenly appeared before us, and mentioned the name of the dwarf, I could not have been more astonished. My steward was ignorant of my acquaintance with him, and Forrester had left England before it began. By what means, then, could Forrester have obtained a clew to him? It really looked like a stroke of diablerie.

"You knew him, then?" inquired Astræa, quite as much surprised as I was myself.

"I have known him many years," he returned.

"How very strange!" I observed. "This gentleman," I continued, turning to Astræa, "is a very old friend of mine. Long before I knew you, we were much together; at one time inseparable. Yet I never heard him speak of—did you know him *then*?" I inquired of Forrester.

"Yes, intimately. I was in his confidence. There is nothing surprising in that."

"Oh, no; only it *does* seem odd, that, in London, where there are so many hundreds of thousands of human beings, people should find so many common acquaintances in the crowd."

"We can generally trace the wonder to very natural causes, if we will only take the trouble to look into it. You made his acquaintance through a friend of mine—in fact, through me!"

It was so; and I had forgotten all about it. Forrester's knowledge of the dwarf was, therefore, antecedent to my own; and, curiously enough, it was my acquaintance with him that led to my introduction to the family. How very strangely these things seemed to come about, and to bring me back to the time when Forrester held my destiny in his power!—an age of exciting experiences, equal in emotion and reaction to a whole life-time, had passed in the interval, and here he was now returned suddenly, and sitting at my hearth, with the threads of my fate again in his hands!

I was all impatience to know whether the dwarf still lived, but was afraid to ask the question, or, rather, to betray my anxiety about it. Astræa, as usual, was more courageous.

"You have seen him, then? It was to him, I presume, the steward directed your inquiries?"

"Exactly so; but I must beg an indemnity for the man's zeal, if you think he did wrong in confiding his fears to me."

"These old servants," I replied, "will do things their own way. Pray go on. You saw him?"

"Yes, I saw him."

"How long since?"

"I left him only last night."

At these words, I took the liberty of indulging myself with a very long breath, which I certainly had not ventured upon since the beginning of this nervous conversation; and even Astræa, *malgré* her grand air of indifference, looked a little more at her ease.

"I will tell you every thing exactly as it happened. I came here to tell it to you, hoping I might be the means of rendering some service—at both sides. If I should say any thing painful to either, you must forgive me. My intention is not to inflict fresh wounds, but to heal old ones."

We assured him that we accepted his kindness as it was meant; and he then went on.

"Harley (that was the name of the steward) suspected that you had had a quarrel in that quarter; and in the course of some inquiries he had made, he discovered that your antagonist, as he supposed, had been shot, and his fears, following up this discovery, led him to appre-

hend nothing less than a criminal prosecution. Finding that I was personally acquainted with the gentleman, he entreated me to ascertain exactly how the case stood. I knew nothing more. Harley threw out some vague conjectures as to the cause of this supposed quarrel; but they were so very vague, that I thought it best to dismiss them from my mind altogether, and to obtain the information I sought from the principal himself. You must remember that I have not yet heard your version of the affair; and that I am now about to give you his.

"It is about a month since I first saw him. He was in a small room leading from his bed-chamber, and was apparently suffering great pain. An extraordinary change had taken place in him since I had formerly known him. His person was emaciated almost to a skeleton, showing his angular and ungainly form at a distressing disadvantage. His face had withered away to a narrow point under the large bones of his head, which looked larger than ever, with his great shock hair starting out from it on all sides. The skin of his face had become crimped and yellow; but the most remarkable change of all was, that his hair, a dark auburn when I knew him, was quite silvery, not exactly white or gray, but gleaming all over. This gave him almost an unearthly appearance.

"The weather was cold, and pinched him; and after the first few words of recognition were over, he told me that the changes of the season affected him severely. A bullet was lodged somewhere in his shoulder, and the easterly winds always inflicted excruciating agonies upon him in consequence. This led to an inquiry as to how it happened, which brought out the whole narrative."

Forrester here entered into all the details, which were accurate enough in the main, only that they were drawn from the dwarf's point of sight, and colored by his own vehemence and malice. We constantly stopped Forrester, to set him right on particular points; and long before he had wound up the story, we found ourselves embroiled in assertions and rejoinders, which must have greatly bewildered him. Without wasting time over matters with which the reader is already acquainted, I will confine myself to the only new facts Forrester had to relate to us.

On the night when we had the rencontre with the little demon, the ball, as I apprehended, had struck him in the scuffle, and entering the fleshy part of the arm, had settled in the back. Crawling off in considerable pain, when he found that his appeal to Astræa was useless, and bleeding the whole way, he regained a carriage which was waiting for him at a little distance, and drove back to London. His intention was to return the next day; but loss of blood, agony of mind, prostration of strength, and physical pain rendered the journey impossible. For several days his life hung on a thread, and two or three months elapsed before he was able to move about the house. An awful change had passed

over him in the mean while! It cost even Astræa some struggle to hide the shock which Forrester's description of his sufferings inflicted on her. Poor Astræa! she had need to shut her heart against pity, and to crush all tenderness out of her nature. This was her work—and mine! What would have become of her if she had allowed herself to look back upon it, and think, and feel? No, no; she dared not look there with a woman's eyes or a woman's heart. It would have killed her, had she felt it, and given way to it. And so she sat and listened, and looked cold and angry by turns, as if his miseries were an impertinence and a wrong to her; trying to take refuge against remorse in a great bravery of hate and contempt!

He related the whole history to Forrester, who had been in his confidence about the marriage from the beginning. We had no suspicion of the inordinate love, suppressed, chafed, galled and tortured into madness, he had borne to Astræa all through those years of malediction, during which he had exhausted every form of threat and appeal to enforce his rights. He had hoped on wildly to the last. He had watched the progress of my attachment to her, and had encouraged it under a frantic delusion, that the final detection of it would place her at his mercy. His mind had been so wrought upon by this terrible passion, and the plots and schemes he was forever weaving to win or ensnare her, that much of his conduct which had appeared to me monstrous and absurd, became susceptible of a sufficiently obvious solution.

He assigned as a reason for not having adopted legal means to compel the fulfillment of the contract, his fear of driving Astræa to extremities. He had always apprehended that the moment he adopted any step of that kind, she would make her escape from him; and his policy was to keep on terms with her, at all events, and by a system of small, perpetual persecution, to subjugate her at last.

And now that she was gone, and that she had put the world between them, what course did he intend to pursue? Implacable vengeance against me—peace and pardon for her! This unintelligible being, whose person was not more hideous than his mind, had yet in the depths of his nature one drop of sweetness that redeemed and made him human. This love had survived all hatreds and revenges; and now that hope was over, that its object never could soothe his agonies or reward his devotion, that even the sufferings he was undergoing on her account only rendered him more repulsive in her eyes, nothing but tenderness and forgiveness toward her remained, with the bitterest regrets and self-accusations for the wrongs he had done her and the issues to which he had forced her. How such a flower of noble and delicate feeling could have sprung up in such a soil was, indeed, inexplicable. But it is wonderful how a great sorrow purifies and strengthens the soul!

But for me? There was no clemency for me. The concentrated venom of his nature was re-

served for a man who had robbed him of the miserable right of persecuting Astræa. Had I simply made her unhappy by awakening a passion in her heart, and then abandoning her upon the discovery of her situation (which was exactly what he appeared to have calculated upon), he would have forgiven me; he might have even been grateful to me for having humiliated her, and cast her helpless at his feet. But the crime I had committed in loving her too well to forsake her, admitted of no palliation. He could extract nothing out of it but vengeance. The sleepless hostility with which the Indian follows the trail of his foe, is not more vindictive and persevering than the feelings of hatred with which he coiled himself up for the spring which he was nursing all his strength to make upon me. He had not yet been able to get out of the house—but he was coming! No inducements, no arguments, founded on mercy or justice, could move him to sue for a dissolution of the marriage. He was determined to hold that horror over our heads, so that the vulture should tear our hearts, and shriek “despair!” in our ears forever and ever. He had the power in his own hands to embitter our whole lives, and could distill the last dregs of the poison that was to rack and madden us.

I did not expect any other sort of treatment from him. To me he was still the same crooked fiend he had ever been. So far as I was concerned, he was perfectly consistent; and although I secretly admired the relenting spirit he exhibited toward Astræa, recognizing in it the elements of a tenderness which circumstances had stunted, as nature had stunted his person, I could not help feeling that his malice, now that it could avail him nothing except the gratification of a wanton revenge, fully justified henceforth any reprisals opportunity might enable me to make. It plucked out all commiseration, and obliterated the injury (if injury there were) of which he complained.

It seemed to me, that of all three it was I who had the greatest reason to complain. Ignorant of the existence of his claim upon Astræa, and meeting her as a free agent, I had formed this attachment, and won her love before I became acquainted with the position in which she was placed. What right had he to complain, if, having kept his rights hidden from the world, he found me unknowingly trespassing upon them? The law might certainly hold me responsible, but moral claim upon me I felt he had none.

We eagerly inquired of Forrester as to the nature of the terrible retribution he intended to exact; but there Forrester could give us no information. Mephistophiles was impenetrable on that subject; and all that could be exacted from him was, that he would have a reckoning with us at his own time, and in his own way. Forrester, who knew his nature well, inferred from the vehemence of his expression that this reckoning would be carried out in a spirit of calm, demoniacal revenge, against which it would be impossible to set up any safeguards; and that, if we could not, by a legal separation, place

Astræa under the protection of the laws, the only course that remained, as a measure of security, was to leave the kingdom. It was, in fact, to warn us of our danger, and to give us this friendly advice, that he had sought us out.

Astræa agreed with Forrester in his view of the dwarf’s character, and was equally persuaded that whatever plan of vengeance he adopted, would be marked by subtlety and perseverance. But she was by no means disposed to fly from the danger. On the contrary, she thought it advisable to confront it, and ascertain the worst at once. What had we to fear? Personal violence was out of the question. He would never bring his own life into jeopardy by attempting ours. She believed he was quite capable of the most dastardly and treacherous crime; but she thought he was too cunning, cautious, and selfish, to contemplate a mode of revenge which could not be accomplished without risk to himself. In any case, however, she was clearly convinced that the best plan was to go boldly upon him at once. It was like taking the sting out of a nettle, by grasping it suddenly. She thought he would shrink from publicity; and that if we refused to give him a struggle in the dark, we should effectually baffle him.

There was much reason in this argument. Men like our dwarf always avoid direct collisions when they can. They fight at a disadvantage unless they are permitted to use their own weapons and their own tactics. On the other hand, there was a serious objection to this mode of proceeding. In her passionate aversion to the dwarf, and her eagerness to publish her defiance and contempt of him, Astræa had overlooked the peculiarities of our situation, unconscious of the way in which the world would be likely to regard an open demonstration such as she recommended. She had not yet acquired the full flavor of that obloquy which waits upon those who outrage social conventions; scarcely a *soupeçon* of its bitterness had troubled her palate!

But Forrester and I had seen and experienced too much of human life not to distrust the policy of flying in the face of society. We knew that the recoil would strike us down. A middle course was, therefore, hit upon, and finally adopted. It was agreed that Forrester should go back to London, for the purpose of seeing the dwarf again, armed with authority from us to open a negotiation for a divorce—thus, at least, showing that we were ready to meet all the legal consequences of our act, and throwing upon him the consequences of a refusal.

Long after midnight we sat discussing these questions, and were forcibly impressed throughout by the quiet earnestness with which Forrester entered into our feelings. He was the only friend we had—the only one that had come to us in the season of darkness and trouble, and we clung to him wildly in our loneliness.

The next day he went back to London, promising to return within two days. It seemed to us that those two days lasted a month. At length they passed away, but Forrester had not

returned. A third and a fourth day passed, and our impatience became intolerable. Morning and night we watched in agonizing suspense; but the sun rose and set, and still Forrester had not returned.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOMNAMBULISM.

THAT a person deeply immersed in thought, should, like Dominie Sampson, walk along in a state of "prodigious" unconsciousness, excites no surprise, from the frequency of the occurrence; but that any one should, when fast asleep, go through a series of complicated actions which seem to demand the assistance of the senses while closed against ordinary external impressions is, indeed, marvelous. Less to account for this mysterious state of being, than to arrange such a series of facts as may help further inquiry into the subject, we have assembled several curious circumstances regarding somnambulism.

Not many years ago a case occurred at the Police-office at Southwark, of a woman who was charged with robbing a man while he was walking in his sleep during the daytime along High-street, in the Borough, when it was proved in evidence that he was in the habit of walking in his somnambulant fits through crowded thoroughfares. He was a plasterer by trade, and it was stated in court that it was not an uncommon thing for him to fall asleep while at work on the scaffold, yet he never met with any accident, and would answer questions put to him as if he were awake. In like manner, we are informed that Dr. Haycock, the Professor of Medicine at Oxford, would, in a fit of somnambulism, preach an eloquent discourse; and some of the sermons of a lady who was in the habit of preaching in her sleep have been deemed worthy of publication.

We remember meeting with the case of an Italian servant, who was a somnambulist, and who enjoyed the character of being a better waiter when he was asleep than when he was awake. Every book on the subject repeats the anecdote which has been recorded of the blind poet, Dr. Blacklock, who, on one occasion, rose from his bed, to which he had retired at an early hour, came into the room where his family were assembled, conversed with them, afterward entertained them with a pleasant song, and then retired to his bed; and when he awoke, had not the least recollection of what he had done. Here, however, on the very threshold of the mystery, we meet with this difficulty—were these persons, when they performed the actions described, partially awake, or were they really in a state of profound sleep? In solving this problem, we shall proceed to consider some of the phenomena of somnambulism, premising only that if we avail ourselves of cases which the reader may before have met with, it is to throw light on what we may, perhaps, call the physiology of this very curious affection.

There can be no doubt that somnambulism is

hereditary. Horstius mentions three brothers who were affected with it at the same period; and Dr. Willis knew a whole family subject to it. It is considered by all medical men as a peculiar form of disease. It seldom manifests itself before the age of six, and scarcely ever continues beyond the sixtieth year. It depends, physically, upon the susceptibility or delicacy of the nervous system; and on this account females are more liable to it than males; and in youth it manifests itself more frequently than in mature age. It is caused mentally by any violent and profound emotion; as well as by excessive study, and over-fatiguing the intellectual faculties. Some persons walk periodically in their sleep; the fit returns at stated intervals—perhaps two or three times only in the month. It has been also observed—although we by no means vouch for the fact—by an eminent German physician, that some persons walk at the full, others at the new moon, but especially at its changes. One German authority—Burdach—goes the comical length of asserting that the propensity of somnambulists to walk on the roofs of houses is owing to the attraction of the moon, and that they have a peculiar pleasure in contemplating the moon, even in the day time. Whatever may be the cause of the affection, somnambulism undoubtedly assumes different degrees of intensity. The first degree evinces itself by the movements we have referred to and by sleep-talking. This stage is said to be marked by an impossibility of opening the eyes, which are as if glued together. There are many curious circumstances to be observed concerning sleep-talking. The intonation of the voice differs from the waking state, and persons for the most part express themselves with unusual facility.

We were acquainted with a young lady accustomed to sit up in bed and recite poetry in her sleep, whose mother assured us that she sometimes took cognizance of circumstances which she could not, in any way, account for. On one occasion they had been to a ball; and, after the daughter was in bed and asleep, her mother went quietly into her room, and taking away her dress and gloves deposited them in another room. Presently, as usual, the fair somnambule began talking in her sleep; her mother entered, as usual, into conversation with her; and, at length, asked, "But what have you done with your new ball-dress?" "Why, you know," replied she, "you have laid it on the couch in the drawing-room." "Yes," continued the mother, "but your gloves—what have you done with them?" "You know well enough," she answered, in an angry tone, "you have locked them up in your jewel-box." Both answers were correct; and it may be here observed that somnambulists, if equivocated with in conversation, or in any way played upon, will express themselves annoyed, and betray angry feelings. The truthfulness of sleep-talking may, we apprehend, always be relied on. In this state there is no attempt at evasion; no ingenuity exercised to disguise any thing. The

master-mind of Shakspeare—which seems to have divined the secrets of Nature, and illustrated scientific principles before they were discovered by philosophers—recognized this fact, in making Iago thus rouse the jealousy of Othello :

“There are a kind of men so loose of soul
That in their sleep will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio.
In sleep I heard him say, ‘Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary.’”

Hitherto Othello had borne up manfully against the cruel insinuations of Iago—but this sleep-revelation “denoted a foregone conclusion,” and carried with it irresistible conviction. Upon the same principle, Lord Byron founded the story of “Parisina.” Not long ago a robbery was committed in Scotland, which was discovered by one of the guilty parties being overheard muttering some facts connected with it in his sleep. Mental anxiety will, almost at any age, give rise to sleep-talking. The ideas of children during sleep are often very vivid; nor is there any thing more common than to hear them utter expressions of distress, connected, particularly, with any fears that may, unwisely, have been impressed on the waking mind. The case of a little girl came lately under our notice, who exhibited the most alarming symptoms during sleep; sobbing and imploring help, under the imagination that she was being pursued by an evil spirit; in consequence of a foolish, fanatical person having frightened her with threats of this description, while the child, before going to bed, was saying her prayers. Very much convulsed inwardly, she was with difficulty awakened, and for some time afterward remained in a state of agitation bordering on delirium. Assuredly parents can not be too careful in endeavoring to make very young children go to bed with composed and happy minds, otherwise they know not what hideous phantoms may draw aside the curtain of their sleep; and, by terrifying the imagination, produce fits, that may be incurable in after-life. We believe it quite possible that epilepsy itself may be so produced.

In schools sleep-talking is very common; anxious pupils, in their sleep, will frequently repeat a lesson they can not remember when awake. The son of the eminent linguist and commentator, Dr. Adam Clarke, tells us that his father overheard him, in his sleep, repeat a Greek verb which he was endeavoring to learn, and which, the following morning, he was unable to remember. This is a curious fact—he knew his lesson in his sleep, but did not do so when he was awake; the faculty of memory, however, in a state of somnambulism undergoes many singular modifications. Thus, persons who talk in their sleep, may, by conversation, be brought to remember a dream within a dream; and it is very common, in the higher stages of somnambulism, for a person to recollect what happened in the preceding fit, and be unconscious of any interval having elapsed be-

tween them. A somnambulist, at Berlin, in one of her paroxysms, wandering in her sleep, was guilty of an indiscretion which she had no recollection of in her waking hours; but, when she again became somnambulant, she communicated all the circumstances to her mother. During the next convalescent interval, they again escaped her memory. The case is related, by Treviranus, of a young student who when he fell asleep began to repeat aloud a continuous and connected dream, which began each night precisely where it left off the preceding night. This reminds us of the story of the drunken porter, who in a fit of intoxication left a parcel at a wrong house; when he became sober he could not recollect where he had left it, but the next time he got drunk he remembered the house, and called and recovered it.

In persons disposed to somnambulism, dreams of a very striking and exciting nature call into action, in the early stage of this affection, the muscles of the voice before those which are implicated in the movement of rising and walking; and it is worthy of notice that the muscles, upon which the voice is dependent, are very numerous and exquisitely delicate; the result of which is, that they are affected by all mental emotions. Hence, the tones of the voice truly indicate the character of certain passions and feelings, for which reason, on the stage, the intonation given by the actor, whether it be the distressed cry of a Belvidera, or the pathetic singing of an Ophelia, will carry along the sympathies of the audience, albeit, the exact words may not be understood. A particular tone of voice causes, without reference to words, a corresponding feeling, just as the vibration of one instrument will harmonize with the vibration of another; but this is not all; the voice is the first organ which is affected by any excitement of the brain. It betrays the wine-bibber having drunk to excess while he is yet perfectly rational; it is, therefore, by no means surprising that persons in their sleep when excited by dreams, should moan, mutter, or even speak articulately. In this state, the mind seems to struggle, in its connection with the body, to give utterance to its emotions; and it is reasonable to believe the greater the intensity of the dream-conception, the clearer will be the articulation of the voice, and the greater, also, the precision of the somnambulant movements. Hence, apparently, it is only in very profound sleep that persons will rise, dress themselves, walk about, &c.; while, in less profound sleep, their vivid dreams only agitate and make them restless. One of the most interesting, and indeed affecting, cases on record, is that of Laura Bridgman, who, at a very early age, was afflicted with an inflammatory disease, which ended in the disorganization and loss of the contents of her eyes and ears; in consequence of which calamity she grew up blind, deaf, and dumb. Now, it is quite certain that persons who have once enjoyed the use of their senses, and then lost them, have very vivid dreams, in which they recall the impressions of

their earliest infancy. So was it with the blind poet, Dr. Blacklock; and so also was it with Laura Bridgman, and it is a very interesting fact that she, being unable to speak, when asleep used the finger alphabet. This she did sometimes in a very confused manner, the irregularity of her finger-signs corresponding with that defective articulation which persons give utterance to, when they murmur and mutter indistinctly their dream-impressions. It was, be it observed, when she was disturbed in her sleep that she ran over her finger alphabet confusedly, like one who, playing on a stringed instrument, has not the attention sufficiently fixed to give precision and expression to the performance. The minstrel, described by Sir Walter Scott, with his fingers wandering wildly through the strings of his harp, resembles poor Laura giving utterance, thus imperfectly, to her bewildered dreams.

When the somnambulist state becomes more intense, the voluntary muscles of the limbs are excited into action; the somnambulist rises; dresses himself; and in pursuing his dream-imagery, wanders about, or sits down steadily to execute some task, which, however difficult in his waking hours, he now accomplishes with facility. The condition of the body in a physiological point of view becomes now a solemn mystery: the eyes are open, but insensible to light; the portals of the ears, also, but the report of a pistol will, in some cases, not rouse the sense of hearing; the sense of smell, too, is frequently strangely altered, and that of taste, likewise becomes perverted, or, perhaps, entirely suspended. The sensibility of the surface of the body is often remarkably impaired; and, for the time, partially or entirely abolished. In the case of a female somnambulist described in "The Philosophy of Natural History," by Dr. Smellie, he tells us that, when she was in one of her paroxysms, he ran a pin repeatedly into her arm—but not a muscle moved, nor was any symptom of pain discoverable. Here we may observe an important and interesting fact, that, as a general principle, in proportion as the mind concentrates its powers and energizes itself within, the sensibility of the body diminishes. The soldier, in his excitement on the battle-field, feels not his wounds; he will faint from loss of blood before he knows that he has been "hit." The unconsciousness of danger is often the best protection against it. On looking down a precipice, a sense of apprehension instantly suggests itself; the nervous system recoils; the circulation of the blood within the brain on a sudden becomes irregular; dizziness ensues and a total loss of command over the voluntary muscles. Man is probably the only being in whom this occurs; the stag, the goat, the antelope, will gaze unmoved down the chasms of the deepest Alpine precipices. The dizziness which is felt on ascending an elevation, arises undoubtedly from mental alarm, which modifies the impressions received by the eye, which no longer correctly estimates the relations of distance. Accord-

ingly we are told by Mr. Wilkinson in his "Tour to the British Mountains," that a blind man, who was the scientific and philosophic Mr. Gough, ascended with him to the summit of one of the Cumberland Mountains; and in walking along, he described to him the fearful precipices which he pretended surrounded him; but soon he repented his inventive picturesque description, for the blind man, mentally affected by the supposed peril of his situation, became suddenly dizzy, and screaming with the apprehension that he was tumbling down the rocks into the abyss below, fell upon the ground. In cases of sleep-walking upon dangerous heights, there is no apprehension or fear—the mind is intently absorbed in the object pursued; all the muscular movements are performed with confidence and with unerring precision; and under these circumstances the gravitation of the body is supported on the most slender basis.

One of the most curious and indeed inexplicable phenomena connected with somnambulism is, that persons in this condition are said to derive a knowledge of surrounding objects independent of the organs of the external senses. The Archbishop of Bordeaux attested the case of a young ecclesiastic, who was in the habit of getting up during the night in a state of somnambulism, taking pen, ink, and paper, and composing and writing sermons. When he had finished one page he would read aloud what he had written, and correct it. In order to ascertain whether the somnambulist made use of his eyes, the archbishop held a piece of pasteboard under his chin to prevent his seeing the paper upon which he was writing; but he continued to write on, without being in the least incommoded. He also, in this state, copied out pieces of music, and when it happened that the words were written in too large a character, and did not stand over the corresponding notes, he perceived his error, blotted them out, and wrote them over again with great exactness. A somnambulist is mentioned by Gassendi, who used to dress himself in his sleep, go down into the cellar, draw wine from a cask, in perfect darkness—but if he awoke in the cellar, he had then a difficulty in groping his way through the passages back to his bed-room. The state of the eyes during somnambulism is found to vary considerably—they are sometimes closed—sometimes half closed—and frequently quite open; the pupil is sometimes widely dilated, sometimes contracted, sometimes natural, and for the most part insensible to light. This, however, is not always the case. The servant girl, whose case was so well described by Dr. Dyce, of Aberdeen, when this state was impending felt drowsy—a pain in the head, usually slight, but on one occasion very intense, then succeeded—and afterward a cloudiness or mistiness came over her eyes. Occasionally her sensations were highly acute; the eyelids appeared shut, though not entirely closed; the pupils were much contracted, and there was great intolerance of light. She could not name

objects when the light of the candle or fire shone fully on them, but pointed them out correctly in the shade, or when they were dimly illuminated. At other times, however, the pupil of the eye was quite insensible to light. Her feelings also appear to have been very excitable. During one of her paroxysms she was taken to church; attended to the service with every appearance of devotion, and was at one time so much affected by the sermon, that she shed tears. The sensibility of the eye was also observed, in the case of Dr. Bilden; when a degree of light, so slight as not to affect the experimenter, was directed to the lids of this somnambulist, it caused a shock equal to that of electricity, and induced him to exclaim, "Why do you wish to shoot me in the eyes?" These are exceptions; as a general rule, the eye during somnambulism is insensible, and the pupil will not contract, though the most vivid flash of light be directed upon it. It also should be observed that although somnambulists will light a candle, it does not follow that they are guided by its light, or that they really see any thing by it. Their movements may still be purely automatic. This curious circumstance is finely illustrated by Shakspeare, who describes the Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep with a lighted taper in her hand:

Gentlewoman.—Lo, yon, here she comes: This is her very guise, and upon my life, fast asleep.

Doctor.—How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman.—Why, it stood by her. She has light by her continually—'tis her command.

Doctor.—You see her eyes are open—

Gentlewoman.—Ay—but their sense is shut."

It is related of Negretti, a sleep-walker, that he would sometimes carry about with him a candle as if to give him light in his employment; but, on a bottle being substituted, he took it and carried it, fancying that it was a candle. Castelli, another somnambulist, was found by Dr. Soames translating Italian into French, and looking out the words in his dictionary. His candle being purposely extinguished, he immediately began groping about, as if in the dark, and although other candles were in the room, he did not resume his occupation until he had relighted his candle at the fire. In this case we may observe that he could not see, excepting with the candle he had himself lighted, and he was insensible to every other, excepting that on which his attention was fixed.

How are these curious anomalies to be explained? There is, it appears to us, a striking analogy between the actions as they are performed by the blind and those executed by somnambulists, who are insensible to light; the exaltation of the sense of touch, in blindness, is so great, that some physiologists have conceived the existence of a *sixth* sense—the muscular sense—which communicates the impression before the actual contact of objects. This muscular sense is supposed by Dr. Fowler to adjust the voice, the eye, and the ear, to the distances at which sounds are to be heard, and

objects seen. It may, perhaps, be described as a peculiar exaltation of the sense of feeling. A lady during her somnambulism, observed to Despine, her physician, "You think that I do not know what is passing around me; but you are mistaken. I see nothing; but I *feel* something that makes an impression on me, which I can not explain." Another somnambulist, a patient of Hufeland, used to say invariably, "I feel"—"I am conscious" of the existence of this or that object. The blind girl, Jane Sullivan, described by Dr. Fowler, could, without a guide, feel her way to every part of the work-house, and recognize all its inmates by the feel of their hands and clothes. It is said of Laura Bridgman, that she could, in walking through a passage, with her hands spread before her, recognize her companions, and could in this way distinguish even their different degrees of intellect; nay, that she would regard with contempt a new-comer, after discovering her weakness of mind. It has been also observed, that the pupils in the Manchester Asylum for the Blind are aware, by this muscular sense, of their approach, even to a lamp-post, before actually coming against or up to it. May not the somnambulist walking through intricate passages and performing complicated manual operations in the dark, have his movements guided by this sense? May he not, in like manner, be sensible of his approach to obstructing obstacles, and may not this sense, in a higher degree of development, lead to perceptions, which are ordinarily conveyed to the mind through their appropriate and respective organs?

The sense of hearing in somnambulism is not often suspended, for, generally speaking, somnambulists will answer questions and carry on conversation; but it is remarkable that the same ear which may be deaf to the loudest noises, will perceive even a whisper from one particular person with whom the sleeper may alone appear to hold communion. In the "Transactions of the Medical Society" at Breslau, we meet with the case of a somnambulist who did not hear even the report of a pistol fired close to him. In another instance, that of Signor Augustin, an Italian nobleman, his servants could not arouse him from his sleep by any description of noise—even blowing a trumpet in his ear. On the other hand, the same individual would, in another paroxysm, apply his ear to the key-hole of the door, and listen attentively to noises which he heard in the kitchen. The sense of smell, as we have observed, is frequently altered. Brimstone and phosphorus are said to have a pleasant scent to the somnambulist, but sometimes it appears completely abolished. In one case, a snuff-box filled with coffee, was given to a somnambulist, who took it as he would have taken snuff, without perceiving the difference. So also is it with taste. Some somnambulists have not been able to distinguish wine from water.

Another very remarkable circumstance has

been observed in somnambulism; it is, that persons in this state have exhibited an extraordinary exaltation of knowledge. Two females mentioned by Bertrand, expressed themselves, during the paroxysms, very distinctly in Latin; although they afterward admitted having an imperfect acquaintance with this language. An ignorant servant girl, described by Dr. Dewar, evinced an astonishing knowledge of astronomy and geography, and expressed herself in her own language in a manner which, though often ludicrous, showed an understanding of the subject. It was afterward discovered that her notions on these subjects had been derived from hearing a tutor giving instructions to the young people of the family. A woman in the Infirmary of Edinburgh, on account of an affection of this kind, during her somnambulism, mimicked the manner of the physicians, and repeated correctly some of their prescriptions in the Latin language. Many of these apparent wonders are referable to the circumstance of old associations being vividly recalled to the mind; this very frequently happens also in the delirium of fever. There is nothing miraculous in such cases, although upon them are founded a host of stories descriptive of persons in their sleep speaking unknown languages, predicting future events, and being suddenly possessed of inspiration.

Not only are the mental powers intensified in this state, but the physical energies are unwontedly increased. Horstius relates the case of a young nobleman living in the Citadel of Breslau, who used to steal out of his window during his sleep, muffled up in a cloak, and, by great muscular exertion, ascend the roof of the building where, one night, he tore in pieces a magpie's nest, wrapped up the little ones in his cloak, and then returned to bed; and, on the following morning, related the circumstances as having occurred in a dream, nor could he be persuaded of its reality until the magpies in the cloak were shown to him. In the "*Bibliothèque de Médecine*" we find the account of a somnambulist who got out of his bed in the middle of the night, and went into a neighboring house which was in ruins, and of which the bare walls, with a few insecure rafters running between them, alone remained; nevertheless he climbed to the top of the wall, and clambered about from one beam to another, without once missing his hold. It is affirmed that somnambulists will maintain their footing in the most perilous situations with perfect safety, so long as they remain in a state of somnambulism; but when they are disturbed or awakened in such positions, they are then taken by surprise, and instantly lose self-possession. A young lady was observed at Dresden walking one night in her sleep upon the roof of a house; an alarm being given, crowds of people assembled in the street, and beds and mattresses were laid upon the ground, in the hope of saving her life in case of her falling. Unconscious of danger, the poor girl advanced to the very edge of the roof, smil-

ing and bowing to the multitude below, and occasionally arranging her hair and her dress. The spectators watched her with great anxiety. After moving along thus unconcernedly for some time, she proceeded toward the window from which she had made her exit. A light had been placed in it by her distressed family; but the moment she approached it, she started, and suddenly awakening, fell into the street, and was killed on the spot. Upon this incident Bellini founded the charming opera of "*La Sonnambula*."

The actions of the somnambulist are, doubtless, prompted and governed by those dream-impulses which the imaginary incidents passing through the sleeper's mind suggest. He is a dreamer able to act his dreams. This we learn from those exceptional cases in which the somnambulist, upon awaking, has remembered the details of his dream; in illustration of which we find an anecdote, related with much vivacity, by Brillat-Savarin, in the "*Physiology of Taste*." The narrator is a M. Duhagel, who was the prior of a Carthusian monastery, and he thus tells us the story: "We had in the monastery in which I was formerly prior, a monk of melancholic temperament and sombre character, who was known to be a somnambulist. He would sometimes, in his fits, go out of his cell and return into it directly; but at other times he would wander about, until it became necessary to guide him back again. Medical advice was sought, and various remedies administered, under which the paroxysms so much diminished in frequency, that we at length ceased to think about them. One night, not having retired to bed at my usual hour, I was seated at my desk occupied in examining some papers, when the door of the apartment, which I never kept locked, opened, and I beheld the monk enter in a state of profound somnambulism. His eyes were open, but fixed; he had only his night-shirt on; in one hand he held his cell lamp, in his other, a long and sharp-bladed knife. He then advanced to my bed, upon reaching which he put down the lamp, and felt and patted it with his hand, to satisfy himself he was right, and then plunged the knife, as if through my body, violently through the bed-clothes, piercing even the mat which supplied, with us, the place of a mattress. Having done this, he again took up his lamp and turned round to retrace his steps, when I observed that his countenance, which was before contracted and frowning, was lighted up with a peculiar expression of satisfaction at the imaginary blow he had struck. The light of the two lamps burning on my desk did not attract his notice; slowly and steadily he walked back, carefully opening and shutting the double door of my apartment, and quietly retired to his cell. You may imagine the state of my feelings while I watched this terrible apparition; I shuddered with horror at beholding the danger I had escaped, and offered up my prayers and thanksgiving to the Almighty; but it was

utterly impossible for me to close my eyes for the remainder of the night.

"The next morning I sent for the somnambulist, and asked him, without any apparent emotion, of what he had dreamt the preceding night? He was agitated at the question, and answered, 'Father, I had a dream, so strange, that it would give me the deepest pain were I to relate it to you.' 'But I command you to do so; a dream is involuntary; it is a mere illusion,' said I; 'tell it me without reserve.' 'Father,' continued he, 'no sooner had I fallen asleep than I dreamt that you had killed my mother, and I thought that her outraged spirit appeared before me, demanding satisfaction for the horrid deed. At beholding this, I was transported with such fury, that—so it seemed to me—I hurried, like a madman, into your apartment, and finding you in bed there, murdered you with a knife. Thereupon I awoke in a fright, horrified at having made such an attempt, and then thanked God it was only a dream, and that so great a crime had not been committed.' 'That act has been committed,' I then observed, 'further than you suppose.' And thereupon I related what passed, exhibiting at the same time the cuts intended to be inflicted upon me which had penetrated the bed-clothes; upon which the monk fell prostrate at my feet, weeping and sobbing, and imploring to know what act of penance I should sentence him to undergo. 'None; none!' I exclaimed. 'I would not punish you for an involuntary act; but I will dispense with your performing in the holy offices at night for the future; and I give you notice that the door of your cell shall be bolted on the outside when you retire, every evening, and not opened until we assemble to our family matins at break of day.'"

Here we may recur to the question with which we set out;—whether persons in somnambulism are partially awake, or in a state of unusually and preternaturally profound sleep? The phenomena we have above referred to—particularly those connected with the insensibility of the body and the organs of the senses—lead us to believe, that in somnambulism there is an increased intensity of sleep, producing an extreme degree of unconsciousness in regard to the physical organization, very similar to that which we find in hysterical, cataleptic, and many other nervous affections. The mental phenomena exhibited in this state are those connected with exaggerated dreams, and as the physiology of dreams is by no means well understood in the healthy state, still less can they be explained under the aspect of disease.

It may be asked, How somnambulism, being an affection likely to entail more serious diseases upon persons subject to it, is to be cured? When the general health is affected, the family doctor, we apprehend will speedily put an end to metaphysical mystery; but in young persons, even where it is hereditary, attention must be paid to diet, regimen, and a due amount of

bodily exercise. The shower-bath has sometimes been found serviceable. It is thought, also, that it may be resisted by a strong effort of the will, inasmuch as, in young persons, it has been suppressed by the fear of punishment; but this, on the other hand, may have a very contrary effect, disturbing and exciting, rather than composing, the nervous system. In the north of Scotland the following plan is in some schools adopted. The youthful somnambulist is put to sleep in bed with a companion who is not affected, and the leg of the one boy is linked by a pretty long band of ribbon or tape to the leg of the other. Presently, the one disposed to ramble in his sleep gets out of bed, and, in so doing, does not proceed far before he awakens the non-somnambulist, who in resisting being dragged after him, generally throws the other down, which has the effect of awakening him. In this way we have been assured that several such cases have been effectually cured. But is it always safe thus to awake a person during the paroxysm? Macnish relates the case of a lady who being observed walking in her sleep into the garden, one of the family followed her, and laying hold of her, awaked her, when the shock was so great that she fell down insensible, and shortly afterward expired.

We feel satisfied that all sudden and abrupt transitions should be avoided. The state of sleep, apart from somnambulism, is one of natural repose; the organs of the body have their various functions appropriately modified; and we can not help thinking that to interrupt abruptly the course of nature, and throw, as it were, a dazzling light upon the brain, the functions of which are in abeyance, is unwise, and may prove injurious. Many persons suddenly awakened out of a deep sleep, complain afterward of severe headache. We conceive, therefore, that somnambulists who may be considered in a state of preternaturally profound sleep, ought not to be forcibly awakened. It is true that some somnambulists, like the servant girl described by Dr. Fleming, above referred to, have been awakened without after ill consequence, but as a general rule, the nervous system ought not to be subjected to any rude or unnecessary shock. The management of, and treatment of the somnambulist, must, it is obvious, depend very much on age, sex, temperament, and upon the causes, in particular—whether physical or mental—to which the affection may be ascribed. The most interesting circumstance connected with somnambulism is, that it brings palpably under our observation a preternatural state of being, in which the body is seen moving about, executing a variety of complicated actions, in the condition, physically, of a living automaton, while the lamp of the human soul is burning inwardly, as it were, with increased intensity; and this very exaltation of the mental faculties proves, incontestably, that the mind is independent of the body, and has an existence in a world peculiar to itself.

A CHAPTER ON GIRAFFES.

OF the many features which will hereafter stamp the nineteenth century as "*Centuria Mirabilissima*," not the least will be the vast number of animals and birds introduced into Europe, and the great stride made in our knowledge of Natural History during its progress. The precise date of the extinction of a genus or a species has interest; the dodo of the Mauritius and the dinornis of New Zealand have disappeared within the historical period, and there is no reason to suppose that such gaps have been, or will be, filled up by new creations. Second only in interest to the occurrence of these blanks in the list of living inhabitants of the surface of this globe is the record of the introduction of a new race into a part of our planet where it was previously unknown. In such instances the last twenty years have been prolific; the graceful bower-birds and the *Tallegalla* or mound-raising birds, those wondrous denizens of the Australian wilderness, may now be seen in the Regent's Park for the first time in this hemisphere. For the first time, also, the wart hog of Africa there roots, and the hippopotamus displays his quaint gambols; and that "fairest animal," the giraffe, is now beheld in health and vigor, a naturalized inhabitant of Great Britain.

A giraffe presented by the Pasha of Egypt to the king of England, was conveyed to Malta under the charge of two Arabs, and was from thence forwarded to London in the "*Penelope*," which arrived on the 11th of August, 1827. She was conveyed to Windsor two days afterward, and was kept in the royal menagerie at the Sandpit-gate. George the Fourth took much interest in this animal, visiting her generally twice or thrice a week, and sometimes twice a day. It would have been better if he had left her to the management of the keepers; but, acting on some vague instructions left by the Arabs, his majesty commanded that she should be fed on milk alone—a most unnatural diet when the animal had attained the age of two years. From this cause, and in consequence of an injury which she had received during her journey from Sennaar to Cairo, the giraffe became so weak as to be unable to stand; a lofty triangle was built, and the animal kept suspended on slings to relieve its limbs from the support of its weight. The apparatus was provided with wheels, and, in order that she might have exercise, it was pushed along by men, her feet just moving and touching the ground. It may well be supposed that such an artificial existence could not be prolonged to any great length of time, and although the giraffe lived between two and three years, and grew eighteen inches in height, she gradually sank and died in the autumn of 1829, to the great regret of the king. Her body was dissected by the sergent-surgeon, Sir Everard Home, and an account thereof published by him.

Those who frequented the British Museum in

the days of Montague-house, shortly before the present building was erected, will remember a hairless stuffed giraffe, which stood at the top of the stairs, mounting sentry, as it were, over the principal door. This miserable skin was interesting, as being the remains of the first entire specimen recorded. Its history was as follows: The late Lady Strathmore sent to the Cape, to collect rare flowers and trees, a botanist of the name of Paterson, who seems to have penetrated a considerable distance into the interior—sufficiently far, at least, to have seen a group of six giraffes. He was so fortunate as to kill one, and brought the skin home for Lady Strathmore; her ladyship presented it to the celebrated John Hunter, and it formed part of the Hunterian collection until a re-arrangement of that museum took place on its removal to the present noble hall in the College of Surgeons. This stuffed specimen, with many others of a similar description, was handed over to the British Museum, and for some years occupied the situation on the landing above mentioned; being regarded as "rubbish," it was destroyed, and the "stuffing" used to expand some other skin. There are now, however, two noble stuffed specimens in the first zoological room of the Museum; one especially remarkable for its dark-brown spots is no less than eighteen feet in height. It is from the southern parts of Africa, and was presented by that veteran zoologist, the Earl of Derby; the other was one of the giraffes brought by M. Thibaut to the Zoological Gardens.

The Zoological Society having made known its wish to possess living specimens of the giraffe, the task of procuring them was undertaken by M. Thibaut, who having had twelve years' experience in African travel, was well qualified for the arduous pursuit.

M. Thibaut quitted Cairo in April, 1834, and after sailing up the Nile as far as Wadi Halfa, the second cataract, took camels and proceeded to Debbat, a province of Dongolah, whence he started for the Desert of Kordofan. Being perfectly acquainted with the locality and on friendly terms with the Arabs, he attached them still more by the desire of profit; all were desirous of accompanying him in pursuit of the giraffes, for up to that time, they had hunted them solely for the sake of the flesh, which they ate, and the skin, of which they made bucklers and sandals. The party proceeded to the southwest of Kordofan, and in August were rewarded by the sight of two beautiful giraffes; a rapid chase of three hours, on horses accustomed to the fatigues of the desert, put them in possession of the largest of these noble animals; unable to take her alive, the Arabs killed her with blows of the sabre, and cutting her to pieces, carried the meat to their head-quarters, which had been established in a wooded situation, an arrangement necessary for their own comfort, and to secure pasturage for their camels. They deferred till the following day the pursuit of the motherless young one, which the Arabs knew

they would have no difficulty in again discovering. The Arabs quickly covered the live embers with slices of the meat, which M. Thibaut pronounces to be excellent.

On the following morning the party started at daybreak in search of the young giraffe, of which they had lost sight not far from the camp. The sandy desert is well adapted to afford indications to a hunter, and in a very short time they were on the track of the object of their pursuit: they followed the traces with rapidity and in silence, lest the creature should be alarmed while yet at a distance; but after a laborious chase of several hours through brambles and thorny trees, they at last succeeded in capturing the coveted prize.

It was now necessary to rest for three or four days, in order to render the giraffe sufficiently tame, during which period an Arab constantly held it at the end of a long cord; by degrees it became accustomed to the presence of man, and was induced to take nourishment, but it was found necessary to insert a finger into its mouth to deceive it into the idea that it was with its dam; it then sucked freely. When captured, its age was about nineteen months. Five giraffes were taken by the party, but the cold weather of December, 1834, killed four of them in the desert, on the route to Dongolah; happily that first taken survived, and reached Dongolah in January, 1835, after a sojourn of twenty-two days in the desert. Unwilling to leave with a solitary specimen, M. Thibaut returned to the desert, where he remained three months, crossing it in all directions, and frequently exposed to great hardships and privations; but he was eventually rewarded by obtaining three giraffes, all smaller than the first. A great trial awaited them, as they had to proceed by water the whole distance from Wadi Halfa to Cairo, and thence to Alexandria and Malta, besides the voyage to England. They suffered considerably at sea during a passage of twenty-four days in very tempestuous weather, and on reaching Malta in November, were detained in quarantine twenty-five days more; but despite of all these difficulties, they reached England in safety, and on the 25th of May were conducted to the Gardens. At daybreak, the keepers and several gentlemen of scientific distinction arrived at the Brunswick Wharf, and the animals were handed over to them. The distance to the Gardens was not less than six miles, and some curiosity, not unmingled with anxiety, was felt as to how this would be accomplished. Each giraffe was led between two keepers, by means of long reins attached to the head; the animals walked along at a rapid pace, generally in advance of their conductors, but were perfectly tractable. It being so early in the morning, few persons were about, but the astonishment of those who did behold the unlooked-for procession, was ludicrous in the extreme. As the giraffes stalked by, followed by M. Thibaut and others, in Eastern costume, the worthy policemen and early cof-

fee-sellers stared with amazement, and a few revelers, whose reeling steps proclaimed their dissipation, evidently doubted whether the strange figures they beheld were real flesh and bone, or fictions conjured up by their potations; their gaze of stupid wonder indicating that of the two they inclined to the latter opinion. When the giraffes entered the park, and first caught sight of the green trees, they became excited, and hauled upon the reins, waving the head and neck from side to side, with an occasional caracole and kick out of the hind legs, but M. Thibaut contrived to coax them along with pieces of sugar, of which they were very fond, and he had the satisfaction of depositing his valuable charges, without accident or misadventure, in the sanded paddock prepared for their reception.

The sum agreed on with M. Thibaut was £250 for the first giraffe he obtained, £200 for the second, £150 for the third, and £100 for the fourth, in all £700; but the actual cost to the society amounted to no less than £2386. 3s. 1d., in consequence of the heavy expenses of freight, conveyance, &c.

During the following months of June and July the giraffes excited so much interest, that as much as £120 was sometimes taken at the Gardens in one day, and the receipts reached £600 in the week; they then decreased, and never, until the arrival of the hippopotamus, attained any thing like that sum again. Shortly after their arrival one of the animals struck his head with such force against the brickwork of the house, while rising from the ground, that he injured one of his horns, and probably his skull, as he did not long survive. Guiballah died in October, 1846, and Selim in January, 1849; Zaida, that worthy old matron, is still alive, and may be recognized by her very light color.

An unusual birthday *fête* was celebrated on the 9th of June, 1839, when Zaida presented the society with the first giraffe ever born in Europe; but alas! it only survived nine days. A spirited water-color sketch was made of the dam and young one when a day old by that able artist, the late Robert Hills; and we recently had an opportunity of seeing this interesting memento. Two years afterward a second was born, and thrived vigorously; this fine animal was sent to the Zoological Gardens at Dublin, in 1844. It was rather a ticklish proceeding, but was managed as follows: He was taken very early in the morning to Hungerford market, where a lighter with tackles had been previously arranged. With some dexterity slings were placed under him, and to his great astonishment, he was quickly swung off his feet, and hoisted by a crane into the lighter, and from the lighter, by tackle, on board the deck of the steamer; he had a fine passage, and was welcomed with enthusiasm by the warm-hearted Hibernians, and is now one of the chief ornaments of the Dublin Gardens. Another remarkably fine male, named *Abbas Pasha*, was born

in February, 1849, and is thriving in great vigor in the Gardens at Antwerp.

The giraffes at present in the Regent's Park are *Zaida*, with her offspring, *Alfred* and *Ibrahim Pasha*, *Alice*, presented by his highness, Ibrahim Pasha, and *Jenny Lind*, purchased by Mr. Murray. With the exception of *Ibrahim Pasha*, they are exceedingly good-tempered, but this fine animal is obliged to be kept separate, as he is very apt to fight with his brother. Their mode of fighting is peculiar; they stand side by side, and strike obliquely with their short horns, denuding the parts struck to the magnitude of a hand. One of them met with an awkward accident some time ago, which, had it not been for the presence of mind of Mr. Hunt, the head keeper, who had the especial charge of these animals, might have been attended with fatal consequences. In rising quickly from the ground, the giraffe struck the wall with such force that one of the horns was broken, and bent back flat upon the head; Hunt seeing this, tempted him with a favorite dainty with one hand, and taking the opportunity while his head was down, grasped the fractured horn, and pulled it forward into its natural position; union took place, and no ill effects followed. We may here remark, that the horns are distinct bones, united to the frontal and parietal bones by a suture, and exhibiting the same structure as other bones. The protuberance on the forehead is not a horn (as supposed by some), but merely a thickening of the bone. The horns of the male are nearly double the size of those of the female, and their expanded bases meet in the middle line of the skull, whereas, in the female, the bases are two inches apart.

Each of the giraffes eats daily eighteen pounds of clover hay, and the same quantity of a mixed vegetable diet, consisting of turnips, mangel-wurzel, carrots, barley, and split beans; in spring they have green tares and clover, and are exceedingly fond of onions. It was curious to see the impatience they exhibited in our presence when a basket of onions was placed in view; their mouths watered to a ludicrous and very visible extent; they pawed with their fore legs, and rapidly paced backward and forward, stretching their long necks and sniffing up the pungent aroma with eager satisfaction. Each drinks about four gallons of water a day.

Soon after the arrival of the giraffes at the Regent's Park, Mr. Warwick obtained three for Mr. Cross, of the Surrey Gardens. These were exhibited in an apartment in Regent-street, in the evening as well as by day; their heads almost touched the ceiling, and the room being lighted with gas, they were fully exposed to the influence of foul air, and, as might be expected, did not long survive.

It has been stated that giraffes utter no sound; we have, however, heard *Ibrahim Pasha* make a sort of grunt, or forcible expiration, indicating displeasure, and the little one which died bleated like a calf.

The extensibility, flexibility, and extraordinary command which the giraffe possesses over the movements of its tongue had long attracted notice, but it was reserved for Professor Owen to point out their true character. Sir Everard Home, who had examined the giraffe which died at Windsor, described the wonderful changes of size and length, which occur in the tongue, as resulting from vascular action, the blood-vessels being at one time loaded, at another empty; but the Hunterian professor proved that the movements of the tongue are entirely due to muscular action, and adds the following interesting remarks: "I have observed all the movements of the tongue, which have been described by previous authors. The giraffe being endowed with an organ so exquisitely formed for prehension, instinctively puts it to use in a variety of ways, while in a state of confinement. The female in the Garden of Plants, at Paris, for example, may frequently be observed to amuse itself by stretching upward its neck and head, and, with the slender tongue, pulling out the straws which are plaited into the partition separating it from the contiguous compartment of its inclosure. In our own menagerie, many a fair lady has been robbed of the artificial flower which adorned her bonnet, by the nimble, filching tongue of the object of her admiration. The giraffe seems, indeed, to be guided more by the eye than the nose in the selection of objects of food; and, if we may judge of the apparent satisfaction with which the mock leaves and flowers so obtained are masticated, the tongue would seem by no means to enjoy the sensitive in the same degree as the motive powers. The giraffes have a habit, in captivity at least, of plucking the hairs out of each other's manes and tails, and swallowing them. I know not whether we must attribute to a fondness for epidemic productions, or to the tempting green color of the parts, the following ludicrous circumstance, which happened to a fine peacock, which was kept in the giraffes' paddock. As the bird was spreading his tail in the sunbeams, and curvetting in presence of his mate, one of the giraffes stooped his long neck, and entwining his flexible tongue round a bunch of the gaudy plumes, suddenly lifted the bird into the air, then giving him a shake, disengaged five or six of the tail feathers, when down fluttered the astonished peacock, and scuffled off, with the remains of his train dragging humbly after him."*

The natural food of the giraffe is the leaves, tender shoots, and blossoms of a singular species of mimosa, called by the colonists *kameel doorn*, or giraffe thorn, which is found chiefly on dry plains and sandy deserts. The great size of this tree, together with its thick and spreading top, shaped like an umbrella, distinguish it at once from all others. The wood, of a dark red color, is exceedingly hard and weighty, and is extensively used by the Africans in the manufacture of spoons and other

* Transactions of the Zoological Society

articles, many being ingeniously fashioned with their rude tools into the form of the giraffe.

The class to which the giraffe belongs, is the deer tribe. It is, in fact, as pointed out by Professor Owen, a modified deer; but the structure by which so large a ruminant is enabled to subsist in the tropical regions of Africa, by browsing on the tops of trees, disqualifies it for wielding antlers of sufficient strength and size to serve as weapons of offense. The annual shedding of the formidable antlers of the full-grown buck has reference to the preservation of the younger and feebler individuals of his own race; but, as the horns of the giraffe never acquire the requisite development to serve as weapons of attack, their temporary removal is not needed.

When looking at a giraffe, it is difficult to believe that the fore-legs are not longer than the hind-legs. They are not so, however, for the greater apparent length results from the remarkable depth of the chest, the great length of the processes of the anterior dorsal vertebræ, and the corresponding length and position of the shoulder blade, which is relatively the longest and narrowest of all mammalia. In the simple walk the neck is stretched out in a line with the back, which gives them an awkward appearance; this is greatly diminished when the animals commence their undulating canter. In the canter the hind-legs are lifted alternately with the fore, and are carried outside of and beyond them, by a kind of swinging movement; when excited to a swifter pace, the hind-legs are often kicked out, and the nostrils are then widely dilated. The remarkable gait is rendered still more automaton-like by the switching at regular intervals of the long black tail which is invariably curled above the back, and by the corresponding action of the neck, swinging as it does like a pendulum, and literally giving the creature the appearance of a piece of machinery in motion. The tail of the giraffe is terminated by a bunch of wavy hair, which attains a considerable length, but the longest hairs are those which form a fringe, extending about three inches on its under side. Two of these in our possession, from the tail of *Alfred*, are each rather more than four feet two inches in length; this long whisp of hair must be of great service in flicking off flies and other annoyances.

Major Gordon relates an anecdote of a giraffe slain by himself, which illustrates the gentle, confiding disposition of these graceful creatures. Having been brought to the ground by a musket-ball, it suffered the hunter to approach, without any appearance of resentment, or attempt at resistance. After surveying the crippled animal for some time, the major stroked its forehead, when the eyes closed as if with pleasure, and it seemed grateful for the caress. When its throat was cut, preparatory to taking the skin, the giraffe, while struggling in the last agonies, struck the ground convulsively with its feet with immense force, as it looked reproachfully on its assailant, with its fine eyes fast glazing

with the film of death, but made no attempt to injure him.

Some of the best and most animating accounts of giraffe hunts are contained in the works of Sir W. Cornwallis Harris and Mr. R. G. Cumming. Of that magnificent folio, "Portraits of the Game and Wild Animals of South Africa," by the former of these gallant sportsmen, we can not speak too highly; it is equal, in many respects, to the truly-superb folios of Mr. Gould. From it we extract the following spirit-stirring adventures:

"It was on the morning of our departure from the residence of his Amazoola Majesty, that I first actually saw the giraffe. Although I had been for weeks on the tiptoe of expectation, we had hitherto succeeded in finding the gigantic footsteps only of the tallest of all the quadrupeds upon the earth; but at dawn of that day, a large party of hungry savages, with four of the Hottentots on horseback, having accompanied us across the Mariqua in search of elands, which were reported to be numerous in the neighborhood, we formed a long line, and, having drawn a great extent of country blank, divided into two parties, Richardson keeping to the right, and myself to the left. Beginning, at length, to despair of success, I had shot a hartebeeste for the savages, when an object, which had repeatedly attracted my eye, but which I had as often persuaded myself was nothing more than the branchless stump of some withered tree, suddenly shifted its position, and the next moment I distinctly perceived that singular form of which the apparition had oft-times visited my slumbers, but upon whose reality I now gazed for the first time. Gliding rapidly among the trees, above the topmost branches, of many of which its graceful head nodded like some lofty pine, all doubt was in another moment at an end—it was the stately, the long-sought giraffe, and, putting spurs to my horse, and directing the Hottentots to follow, I presently found myself half-choked with excitement, rattling at the heels of an animal which, to me, had been a stranger even in its captive state, and which, thus to meet free on its native plains, has fallen to the lot of but few of the votaries of the chase; sailing before me with incredible velocity, his long swan-like neck, keeping time to the eccentric motion of his stilt-like legs—his ample black tail curled above his back, and whisking in ludicrous concert with the rocking of his disproportioned frame—he glided gallantly along 'like some tall ship upon the ocean's bosom,' and seemed to leave whole leagues behind him at each stride. The ground was of the most treacherous description; a rotten, black soil, overgrown with long, coarse grass, which concealed from view innumerable gaping fissures that momentarily threatened to bring down my horse. For the first five minutes, I rather lost than gained ground, and, despairing over such a country of ever diminishing the distance, or improving my acquaintance with this ogre in seven-league boots, I dismounted, and the mot-

fled carcass presenting a fair and inviting mark, I had the satisfaction of hearing two balls tell roundly upon his plank-like stern. But as well might I have fired at a wall; he neither swerved from his course nor slackened his pace, and pushed on so far ahead during the time I was reloading, that, after remounting, I had some difficulty in even keeping sight of him among the trees. Closing again, however, I repeated the dose on the other quarter, and spurred my horse along, ever and anon sinking to his fetlock—the giraffe now flagging at each stride—until, as I was coming up hand-over-hand, and success seemed certain, the cup was suddenly dashed from my lips, and down I came headlong—my horse having fallen into a pit, and lodged me close to an ostrich's nest, near which two of the old birds were sitting. Happily, there were no bones broken, but the violence of the shock had caused the lashings of my previously-broken rifle to give way, and had doubled the stock in half, the barrels only hanging to the wood by the trigger-guard. Nothing dismayed, however, by this heavy calamity, I remounted my jaded beast, and one more effort brought me ahead of my wearied victim, which stood still and allowed me to approach. In vain did I now attempt to bind my fractured rifle with a pocket-handkerchief, in order to admit of my administering the *coup de grace*. The guard was so contracted that, as in the tantalizing phantasies of a night-mare, the hammer could not by any means be brought down upon the nipple. In vain I looked around for a stone, and sought in every pocket for my knife, with which either to strike the copper-cap and bring about ignition, or hamstring the colossal but harmless animal, by whose towering side I appeared the veriest pigmy in the creation. Alas! I had lent it to the Hottentots to cut off the head of the hartebeeste, and, after a hopeless search in the remotest corners, each hand was withdrawn empty. Vainly did I then wait for the tardy and rebellious villains to come to my assistance, making the welkin ring, and my throat tingle with reiterated shouts. Not a soul appeared, and in a few minutes the giraffe, having recovered his wind, and being only slightly wounded on the hind-quarters, shuffled his long legs, twisted his bushy tail over his back, walked a few steps, then broke into a gallop, and, diving into the mazes of the forest, presently disappeared from my sight. Disappointed and annoyed at my discomfiture, I returned toward the wagons, now eight miles' distant, and on my way overtook the Hottentots, who, pipe in mouth, were leisurely strolling home, with an air of total indifference as to my proceedings, having come to the conclusion that 'Sir could not fung de kameel' (catch the giraffe), for which reason they did not think it worth while to follow me, as I had directed. Two days after this catastrophe, having advanced to the Tolaan River, we again took the field, accompanied by the whole of the male inhabitants of three large kraals, in addition to those that

had accompanied us from the last encampment. The country had now become undulating, extensive mimosa groves occupying all the valley, as well as the banks of the Tolaan winding among them, on its way to join the Mariqua. Before we had proceeded many hundred yards, our progress was opposed by a rhinoceros, who looked defiance, but quickly took the hints we gave him to get out of the way. Two fat elands had been pointed out at the verge of the copse the moment before. One of which Richardson disposed of with little difficulty, the other leading me through all the intricacies of the labyrinth to a wide plain on the opposite side. On entering which, I found the fugitive was prostrate at my feet in the middle of a troop of giraffes, who stooped their long necks, astounded at the intrusion, then consulted a moment how they should best escape the impending danger, and in another were sailing away at their utmost speed. To have followed upon my then jaded horse would have been absurd, and I was afterward unable to recover any trace of them.

"Many days elapsed before we again beheld the tall giraffe, nor were our eyes gladdened with his sight until after we had crossed the Cashan Mountains to the country of the Ba-quaina, for the express purpose of seeking for him. After the many *contretemps*, how shall I describe the sensations I experienced as, on a cool November evening, after rapidly following some fresh traces in profound silence, for several miles, I at length counted from the back of *Breslau*, my most trusty steed, no fewer than thirty-two of various sizes, industriously stretching their peacock necks to crop the tiny leaves that fluttered above their heads, in a flowering mimosa grove which beautified the scenery. My heart leapt within me, and my blood coursed like quicksilver through my veins, for, with a firm wooded plain before me, I knew they were mine; but, although they stood within a hundred yards of me, having previously determined to try the *boarding* system, I reserved my fire.

"Notwithstanding that I had taken the field expressly to look for giraffes, and in consequence of several of the remarkable spoors of these animals having been seen the evening before, had taken four mounted Hottentots in my suite, all excepting Piet had, as usual, slipped off unperceived in pursuit of a troop of koodoos. Our stealthy approach was soon opposed by an ill-tempered rhinoceros, which, with her ugly old-fashioned calf, stood directly in the path, and the twinkling of her bright little eyes, accompanied by a restless rolling of the body, giving earnest of her mischievous intentions, I directed Piet to salute her with a broadside, at the same time putting spurs to my horse. At the report of the gun, and sudden clattering of the hoofs, away bounded the herd in grotesque confusion, clearing the ground by a succession of frog-like leaps, and leaving me far in their rear. Twice were their towering forms concealed from view by a park of trees, which we entered almost at the same instant, and twice, on emerging from

the labyrinth, did I perceive them tilting over an eminence far in advance, their sloping backs reddening in the sunshine, as with giant port they topped the ridges in right gallant style. A white turban that I wore round my hunting-cap, being dragged off by a projecting bough, was instantly charged and trampled under foot by three rhinoceroses, and long afterward, looking over my shoulder, I could perceive the ungainly brutes in the rear fagging themselves to overtake me. In the course of five minutes the fugitives arrived at a small river, the treacherous sands of which receiving their spider-legs, their flight was greatly retarded, and by the time they had floundered to the opposite side and scrambled to the top of the bank, I could perceive that their race was run. Patting the steaming neck of my good steed, I urged him again to his utmost, and instantly found myself by the side of the herd. The lordly chief being readily distinguishable from the rest by his dark chestnut robe, and superior stature, I applied the muzzle of my rifle behind his dappled shoulder with my right hand, and drew both triggers; but he still continued to shuffle along, and being afraid of losing him should I dismount, among the extensive mimosa groves with which the landscape was now obscured, I sat in my saddle, loading and firing behind the elbow, and then placing myself across his path to obstruct his progress. Mute, dignified, and majestic stood the unfortunate victim, occasionally stooping his elastic neck toward his persecutor, the tears trickling from the lashes of his dark humid eye, as broadside after broadside was poured into his brawny front.

‘His drooping head sinks gradually low,
And through his side the last drops ebbing slow
From the red gash fall heavy one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower.’

Presently a convulsive shivering seized his limbs, his coat stood on end, his lofty frame began to totter, and at the seventeenth discharge from the deadly grooved bore, like a falling minaret bowing his graceful head from the skies, his proud form was prostrate in the dust. Never shall I forget the intoxicating excitement of that moment! At last, then, the summit of my ambition was actually attained, and the towering giraffe laid low! Tossing my turbanless cap into the air, alone in the wild wood, I hurraed with bursting exultation, and unsaddling my steed, sank, exhausted with delight, beside the noble prize that I had won.

“While I leisurely contemplated the massive form before me, seeming as though it had been cast in a mould of brass, and wrapped in a hide an inch and a half in thickness, it was no longer matter of astonishment that a bullet discharged from a distance of eighty or ninety yards should have been attended with little effect upon such amazing strength.

“Two hours were passed in completing a drawing, and Piet still not making his appearance, I cut off the ample tail, which exceeded five feet in length, and was measureless the

most estimable trophy I had ever gained. But on proceeding to saddle my horse, which I had left quietly grazing by the running brook, my chagrin may be conceived when I discovered that he had taken advantage of my occupation to free himself from his halter and abscond. Being ten miles from the wagons, and in a perfectly strange country, I felt convinced that the only chance of saving my pet from the clutches of the lion, was to follow his trail; while doing which with infinite difficulty, the ground scarcely deigning to receive a foot-print, I had the satisfaction of meeting Piet and Mohanycom, who had fortunately seen and recaptured the truant. Returning to the giraffe, we all feasted merrily on the flesh, which, although highly scented with the rank mokaala blossoms, was far from despicable, and losing our way in consequence of the twin-like resemblance of two scarped hills, we did not finally regain the wagons until after the setting sunbeams had ceased to play upon the trembling leaves of the light acacias, and the golden splendor which was sleeping upon the plain had gradually passed away.”

Singular and striking as is the form of the giraffe, it only furnishes a proof of the wonderful manner in which an all-wise Creator has adapted means to ends. A vegetable feeder, but an inhabitant of sterile and sandy deserts, its long slender neck and sloping body, enable it to reach with ease its favorite food: leaf by leaf is daintily plucked from the lofty branch by the pliant tongue, and a mouthful of tender and juicy food is speedily accumulated. The oblique and narrow apertures of the nostrils, defended even to their margins by a *chevaux de frise* of strong hairs, and surrounded by muscular fibres by which they can be hermetically sealed, effectually prevent the entrance of the fine particles of sand which the suffocating storms of the desert raise in fiery clouds, destructive to the lord of the creation. Erect on those stilt-like legs, the giraffe surveys the wide expanse, and feeds at ease, for those mild, large eyes are so placed that it can see not only on all sides, but even behind, rendering it next to impossible for an enemy to approach undiscovered. As we reflect on these and numberless other points for admiration presented by the giraffe, we involuntarily exclaim with the Psalmist, “Oh, Lord! how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all!”

“Nature to these, without profusion kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assigned;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state,
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.”

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

THE earth is a huge oblate or orange-shaped sphere, spinning on its shorter axis like a humming-top, yet at such a rate of speed as to seem standing still; it goes once round in twenty-four hours, its rotation being both the cause and the measure of day and night. The highest mountains range from four to five miles in

height; the greatest depth of the ocean is probably little more than five miles, although Ross let down 27,000 feet of sounding-line in vain on one occasion. So that the earth's surface is very irregular; but its mountainous ridges and oceanic valleys are no greater things in proportion to its whole bulk, than the roughness of the rind of the orange it resembles in shape. The geological crust—that is to say, the total depth to which geologists suppose themselves to have reached in the way of observation—is no thicker in proportion than a sheet of thin writing paper pasted on a globe two feet in diameter. The surface of the earth is some 148,500,000 of miles in extent; and only one-fourth of that large space is dry land, the rest being ocean and ice. The atmosphere rises all round to a height between forty-five and fifty miles above the sea-level. The solar radiance sends such heat as it brings no deeper any where than 100 feet into the surface or scurfskin of the dry land—from forty to a hundred feet, one-third of the sun's heat being absorbed by the air. Yet the deeper man digs beyond the hundred feet, the warmer he finds the earth, and that at a somewhat determinable rate of increase. Supposing that rate of increment to go on toward the centre, it is computable that the solid underwork of the world, say granite by way of conjecture, must be in a state of fusion at no vast depth from the ground on which we tread. Let the scientific imagination descend a little lower, and it will find the melted granite in the form of a fiery vapor or gas—the dry steam of a red-hot liquid, in which the rock-built foundations of “the everlasting hills” melt like icebergs. But this is conjectural and probable, not observable and proved.

Far away from this spinning and perilous globe of ours, at the distance of some 95,000,000 miles, stands the sun. A ray of light, starting from his surface at any given moment, takes eight minutes to reach us, although light runs at the speed of 195,000 miles in a second. The sun is 1,380,000 times as large as the earth, and 355,000 times as heavy; but the stuff of which he is made is just about a fourth part as dense as the average matter of this world. The sun is of as light a substance, taking his whole body, as coal; whereas the earth is twice as heavy as brimstone, striking the mean between the air, the ocean, the dry land, and the internal vapor. The sun has an atmosphere like the earth, or rather he has two. One of them, close upon his solid surface, seems to resemble our own; it bears cloudy bodies in its upper levels. The other is a sort of fiery gas, surrounding the former, kindled and sustained in the calorific and luminous state, no man knows or can conjecture how. Storms in the lower atmosphere are constantly blowing this phosphorescent airy envelope aside, so as to afford us glimpses down into the (comparatively) dark and black recesses beneath. These are the spots on the sun. Galileo inferred the rotation of the sun on his axis from the motions of those spots.

The explanation of those spots, afforded by the discoveries of Wilson and Herschel, diminishes the value of the inference; but no Copernican can doubt that the sun is forever turning, and that with unimaginable swiftness and impetuosity.

At the distance, then, of more than ninety-five millions of miles, this dim spot which men call earth, this great globe and all its dwellers, this ever-spinning planet, revolves around the sun once every year, that revolution being both the cause and the measure of that space of time. Its orbit is not a circle; it is an ellipse, but not very far removed from the circular path. The terrestrial axis is not at right angles to that ellipse, else there were no seasons; it is somewhat inclined. The earth, once regarded as the fixed and solid centre of creation, is now to be conceived of as a globular sphere of some fire-blown stream, bounded by a film of rock like a soap-bubble, carrying an unresting sea in the hollows of its rind, swathed in a soft gauze of air, going round upon itself every day, running round the sun every year; and all that with so much silence, security, and stillness of speed that nobody ever suspects the dread predicament of physical circumstance in which he wakes and sleeps, lives and dies, does good or evil, and passes away to judgment. It is difficult to realize the truth, now that it is told; for the knowledge of the intellect is one thing, and the consent of the whole man is quite another.

Precisely as the earth goes round the sun from year to year, the moon goes round the earth from month to month, and that at a distance of some 240,000 miles; the same lunar side or hemisphere being always turned toward us, although that satellite turns upon her own axis as well as the earth and the sun. The earth is in repose so far as the moon is concerned; it is her sun. The two combined, being as true a unity as any chemical molecule which is composed of two atoms, go round the sun as if they were one; the earth carries her moon with her. So that it is possible, if not probable in the first instance, that the sun, though in repose as to the earth and her moon (and, indeed, to all the planets yet to be mentioned) may be in motion on some vast orbit of his own; an orbit along which he carries all his planetary adherents with him, just as the earth takes her moon round the sun. It is curious to perceive how, not only in the case of our own moon, but in the cases of the moons of Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, and actually in those of all the planets considered as the moons of the sun, the Platonic epicycle really holds good. The earth turns on her heel, with the moon held out at arm's length, while she goes round the amphitheatre before the solar eye; so do the other moon-bearers. So does the sun himself upon a vaster arena and before a greater spectator, like another Briareus; holding out his seventeen planets, and nobody knows how many comets, in his hundred hands. The moons, of those solar planets which have them, represent the epi-epicyclical orbits of the Ptolemaic theory.

It is curious, and also touching, to notice how often the errors of man are thus the shadows of truth. Were it not for the preceding shadows, indeed, the substance would never arrive; and therefore the Ptolemaics of the world are second, in value and in merit, only to epochal discoverers like Copernicus.

Suppose the sun to be represented by a radiant little orb two feet in diameter, in order to bring it within the measure of our eye; then this great globe of ours, with all its stupendous histories, is no bigger than a full-sized pea in proportion, revolving at the distance of 215 feet. Neptune, the outermost and last discovered of the planets, would stand at the distance of a mile and a quarter from a sun of that imaginary size, and it would be no larger than a cherry. Another cherry at the distance of three-quarters of a mile would stand for Uranus. Saturn would be a small orange at two-fifths of a mile from our two-foot solar body. A middle-sized orange, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, would be his Jupiter. At some 500 feet the nine little planets, commonly called asteroids, probably enough the fragments of an exploded orb, and now moving in a sort of group, would be represented by as many grains of sand. A pin-head, at 327 feet, would do for Mars. Then comes the earth. Still nearer the sun, namely at 142 feet from our present model, revolves Venus, of the dimensions of a pea. And finally little Mercury wheels along his orbit, with a radius of 82 feet, and the dimensions of a mustard seed.

Add the terrestrial moon, the four moons of Jupiter, the ring within ring that whirls round Saturn like an endless moon, the eight ordinary moons of that extraordinary planet, the moons of Uranus and Neptune (yet uncertain in their number), and it is impossible to say how many comets, not to forget the enormous groups or hosts of comparatively small stones or meteors, which are believed to be revolving round the solar centre like pigmy asteroids; and the Copernican conception of the mere constitution of the solar system, as developed by time and toil, is completed. The sun is 882,000 miles in diameter; the earth is 7926; Juno is 79; Saturn, 79,160, and so forth. The earth is more than five times as heavy as water; Saturn is as light as cork. The earth rotates in twenty-four hours; Jupiter in ten. The earth revolves in a year; Mars in a year and ten months; Mercury in about three months; Venus in seven and a half months; Jupiter in eleven years; Saturn in twenty-nine; Uranus in eighty-four; Neptune in a hundred and sixty-four. A summer in Mercury lasts some three weeks; in Neptune forty-one years. Light leaps from the sun to the earth in eight minutes; to Neptune in four hours. In short, the reader has to consider thousands of discovered facts, to carry with him a whole world of indubitable inference, and to study a truly wonderful bringing of the whole machinery, or rather organization, to geometrical law, before he can apprehend how glorious a whole the Copernican astronomy has become.

THE CONVICT'S TALE.

IN the gloomy cell of the condemned were two persons. A muscular and powerfully-made man, heavily ironed, sat on a low bench placed in one corner. At a glance an observer would have pronounced him a native of Ireland. His head was well-formed, and covered with a thick mass of curling hair, of a light-brown color. The form of his mouth indicated courage and decision, and in the large blue eyes there was a thrilling expression of suffering and despair, which is never seen among the hardened in crime. It seemed as if the overburdened spirit looked forth from those mirrors of the soul, and in his extremity asked sympathy and consolation from those among whom his fearful lot was cast.

His companion was a Catholic priest, the tones of whose voice, as he spoke in soothing accents to the condemned, were soft and clear as those of a woman.

The prisoner spoke, and his voice sounded dull and hollow. Hope was extinguished in his soul, and all the lighter inflections which express the varied emotions stirring within us, had ceased to vary the monotonous sounds which issued from his lips. A few more hours, and for him Time would have ceased to revolve. What then had he to do with human aspirations—with human joys? Nothing: his fate on earth was known—an outlaw's life, a felon's death!

The prisoner folded his manacled hands over his breast, and said:

"Why should I seek to prolong my wretched existence by asking such a commutation of my sentence? Death is but one pang, whereas solitary confinement for life, to which I should probably be doomed, would be a living torture. To live forever alone! Think what that must be even to a man innocent of crime, and feel how far worse than the bed of Procrustes it must be to one like me. No, holy father, let me die before the time appointed by Nature. Thus let the tender mercies of my race toward me be consummated."

"You are reckless, my son," said the priest, mildly. "Think how far worse it will be to face an offended Judge in your present mood, than to live for repentance."

"Repentance!" repeated the prisoner, in the same passionless manner; "that is ever the jargon of your cloth, father: you condemn a man without adverting to the motives, which, in his view, often sanctify the act."

The priest looked at him rebukingly. As if the slumbering energies of his impetuous nature were suddenly aroused by that look, the prisoner started from his seat; his pale features glowed; his eyes sparkled with fury, as he exclaimed: "Yes, I would again trample the life out of the wretch who murdered my love by deception and ill-treatment with as little, ay, with less compunction than if he had planted his dagger in her heart."

He covered his face with his hands, and large tears fell over them. Passionless as he was, the priest was touched by this overwhelming emotion in one who had hitherto been so passive. He laid his hand on the sufferer's arm, and kindly said: "Tell me, my son, how it was."

Melting beneath the voice of friendly sympathy, the murderer wept like a child. When he became calmer, he said:—

I will give you the history of my life, and you may judge me:

I was born on a wild and rock-bound portion of the coast of Ireland. My father was at the head of a small and wretchedly-built village, whose inhabitants were all, with one exception, wreckers. You have heard of those lawless and hardened men who exist on the spoils of unfortunate mariners, whose destruction is often brought about through means of false lights placed as beacons of safety. Fit parentage, you will say, for the murderer!

My mother died before I can remember her; and the schoolmaster of the parish was the only one who ever spoke to me of higher and nobler pursuits than those followed by my father's adherents. The dominie was a poor creature, whose necessities compelled him to abide in our neighborhood, though his moral sense was greatly shocked at the crimes which were often perpetrated around him. He fancied that he discovered some superiority in me to the other urchins who were taught to read in his turf-built hovel, and many hours did he employ in endeavoring to impress on my young mind the great evil of spending a life in such a pursuit as that to which I seemed destined. The good man died while I was yet a mere child, and I soon forgot his lectures. The school-room was abandoned for the ocean, and I grew up a promising pupil of my father's wild occupation. Young, buoyant, full of activity, I was ardently attached to the adventurous life I led. My moral perceptions were not active, and there was a keen delight in dashing through the surf, when the billows threatened each moment to engulf my boat, in pursuit of the wealth the greedy waves seemed eager to claim as their prey.

I can not deny that in this absorbing object the shrieks of drowning wretches were too often unheeded, while we appropriated their property; but I can truly say that I was never deaf to the voice of entreaty, and frequently drew on myself the anger of my father by saving those whose claims on his spoils sometimes seriously interfered with the profits of the expedition. He never, however, refused to relinquish property thus claimed; for he was exceedingly desirous of allowing no serious cause of complaint to reach the ears of those who might make him feel the strong arm of authority, even in the out-of-the-way place in which he had fixed his residence. At an early age I considered myself as having no superior in my wild occupation. The strong energies of my nature had no

other outlet. For days I would remain alone on the ocean, with the storm careering around my frail boat, and at such times my restless soul would look into the Future, and ask of Fate if such was ever to be my lot. My thoughts often soared beyond the limited horizon of my home, and I made several excursions among the cities of my native island; but I was glad to return to my wild retreat. Uncouth in manners and appearance, ignorant of the conventional forms of society, I keenly felt my inferiority to the only class among whom I would have deigned to dwell. After such humiliation I enjoyed a fiercer pleasure in my solitary excursions on the deep.

I can not say that my life was passed without excess. In such a home as mine, that would have been impossible. The frequent brawl, the wassail-bowl and drunken revel were almost of nightly occurrence; and I was fast sinking into the mere robber and inebriate, when an event occurred which rescued me for a time from the abyss on the brink of which I was standing.

He paused, as if nerving himself for what was to follow, and the priest gazed with strong interest on his features, over which swept many wild emotions, occasionally softened by a gleam of tenderer feeling. He at length proceeded:—

One evening, in the stormy month of March, a ship was seen from our look-out, drifting at the mercy of the wind and waves. The sky was a mass of leaden clouds, and the sun as it sank from view, threw a lurid glare over the angry waters, such as one might fancy to arise from the deepest abyss of Hades. My father ordered the false light to be shown, which had already brought swift destruction on many a gallant bark. I knew not why, but my heart was interested in the fate of this vessel, and I opposed his commands.

"Are you mad?" said he, sternly; "do you not see that this is a ship of the largest class, and the spoils must be great?"

"But her decks are crowded with human beings," said I, lowering the glass through which I had been surveying her; "and there are many women among them. Put not up the false light, I conjure you. If she founders, the spoils are legitimately yours, but—"

Even as I spoke the baleful light streamed far up into the rapidly darkening air; a private signal had been given to one of his men, and it was now too late to remonstrate. I rushed to my own boat, calling on a boy, who sometimes accompanied me on such occasions, to follow. One glance at the ship assured me that in five minutes she would be on the sunken rock over which the light gleamed, and no human power could prevent her from instantly going to pieces. My boat had weathered many a storm as severe as this threatened to be, and I was fearless as to the result. I resolved to die, or save some of the helpless creatures I had seen on the deck of the doomed ship. A whistle brought a large Newfoundland dog to my side.

and in a very short time I was launched on the waves of the heaving ocean. My father nodded approvingly to me, thinking that I had made up my mind to assist as usual in rescuing our game from the waves:

"Right, my boy!" said he, through his speaking trumpet: "all you save to-night shall belong to yourself alone."

I was borne beyond the reach of his voice, and as I turned my face toward the ship, there came a violent burst of thunder which seemed to fill the echoing vault of heaven, attended by a continual flashing of lightning. Mingled with its awful roar was a cry more terrible still, that of human agony uttering its wild appeal to heaven for mercy in the last dire extremity. The ship had struck, and hundreds were cast into the ocean. The struggling wretches vainly raised their arms from the foaming waters, and implored help from those who could have saved them had they so willed it. The boats passed on and left them to their fate.

Having only myself and the boy to propel my boat, we did not reach the scene of action so soon as the rest. As I came within speaking distance, my father shouted to me to save a large box which was in reach of my boat-hooks, but I was deaf to his voice. Also near me were two of the unfortunate persons who had been shipwrecked. A man, with a female form clasped to his breast, was feebly struggling with the waves. I saw that his strength was nearly exhausted, and that before I could reach him both must sink. Then came my noble dog to my assistance. I pointed to the sinking forms: Hector sprang into the water, and swam to the side of the unfortunates; he seized the dress of the lady, made an effort to sustain both against the force of the raging waves, and turned a piteous glance on me as he felt their united weight too much for his strength. "Courage, old fellow!" I shouted, and made a desperate plunge with my boat to reach them. The impetus of the rising billow sent me past them. The father, for such I knew him to be, with sublime self-sacrifice relaxed his hold, and turning his death-pale face toward me, uttered some words which were lost amid the howling of the blast, and sank forever from my sight. Relieved of the double weight, Hector now gallantly struck out for my boat, and in a short space of time I had drawn the senseless girl from the waves. I wrapped her in my sailor's jacket, and used every means in my power to restore her. A few drops of brandy from a small flask I carried in my pocket, brought a faint shade of color to her cheeks and lips, and presently she unclosed her eyes and gazed wildly around. With a shudder she again closed them, and seemed to relapse into insensibility.

"She must have immediate attention, or she will perish!" I exclaimed, and I bent vigorously to the oar. Barney steered, and I never for an instant raised my eyes from the sweet pale face before me until my boat grated on the strand.

Never have I seen so purely beautiful a countenance as was hers. It seemed to me to be the mortal vesture chosen by one of the angels of heaven to express to earthly souls all the attributes of the children of light. She was fair as the lily which has just unfolded its stainless leaves to the kisses of the sun, with hair of a bright golden hue clinging in damp curls around her slender form. Her eyes were of the color of the cloudless summer heaven, and the pale lips were so exquisitely cut that a sculptor might have been proud to copy them for his *beau ideal* of human loveliness. I gazed, and worshiped this creature rescued by myself from the jaws of destruction. Hitherto I had thought little of love. The specimens of the female sex in our rough settlement were, as may be supposed, not of a very attractive description. Coarse, uneducated, toil-worn women, and girls who promised in a few years to emulate their mothers in homeliness, possessed no charms for me. It is true, that in my occasional visits to the more civilized portions of my country, I saw many of the beautiful and gently nurtured, but they were placed so far above me that it would have seemed as rational to become enamored of the fairest star in heaven, and think to make it mine. But this lovely girl had been rescued by me; her life had been my gift, and she seemed of right to belong to me. All, save herself, had perished in the wreck; she was probably alone in the world, and I hugged to my soul the hope that in me, her preserver, she would find father, brother, lover, all united.

My thoughts were interrupted by the voice of my father, who had just landed with a boat-load of bales and boxes.

"How is this, Erlon?" he thundered. "Have you again dared to save life, and neglect the object of our expedition? Fool! you will yet be driven forth as a drone from the hive. The girl's dead; throw her into the sea; she will be a dainty morsel for the sharks."

The girl raised her head as he spoke, and cast a wild look around her.

"Father! oh, where is my father?" said she, in a piercing tone. "O God, let me die!" and she clasped her hands over her eyes as if to shut out the vision of the swarthy, reckless-looking men who pressed forward to gaze upon her.

"Hear her prayer," said the old man, brutally; "in with her at once! We want no witnesses against us of this night's work."

He stepped forward as if to put his threat in execution. She shivered, and shrank beneath the covering I had placed around her. I arose, and stepping between them, said,

"You must first throw me in; for, by the heaven above us, we both go together! I have your own promise for all I succeeded in saving, and I claim this waif as my own."

"Be it so," said he, sneeringly; "I always knew you to be an idiot. A profitable adventure, truly, this is likely to prove to you."

"I am satisfied with it, at all events," I re-

plied, and he strode away. I then turned to the young girl, and said in as soft a tone as I could command,

"Fear nothing, beautiful being. I am rough in appearance, but my heart is in the right place. I will protect you. I will be to you a friend."

"Am I then alone?" she asked, in an accent of indescribable anguish. "Oh, why did you not suffer me to perish with the rest? Wretched, wretched Alice! to survive all that loved her!"

"Not all, lady, for I am here," I said, naïvely.

"You! I know you not; all—all have perished. Forgive me," she continued, seeing the blank expression of my countenance; "I know not what I say. The wretched are excusable."

"Ah!" I replied with fervor, "I am too happy in being made the instrument of serving such a being as you are to take any offense at words wrung from the over-burdened heart. Come with me, fair Alice, and I will place you in safety." I conducted her to the cottage of an old woman, who had been my nurse. Though rough and frightful, she was kindly in her nature, and I knew would do any thing to oblige me.

The narrator paused, arose, and rapidly paced the floor, his hands nervously working, and the cold drops streaming from his corrugated brow. He again threw himself upon his seat, and remained so long silent that the priest ventured to speak to him:

"My friend, time passes. The sun is going to his rest, and beyond that hour I can not remain."

"Pardon me," said the prisoner, in a subdued tone; "but the recollections that crowd on my mind madden me. Think what it is to me, the condemned, the outcast, to speak of past happiness. It is like rending apart soul and body, to dwell on bright scenes amid the profound yet palpable darkness of guilt and woe that is ever present with me. 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness,' was once quoted to me by her lips. Ah! how overwhelmingly significant is that phrase to the guilt-stricken! My God, my God! pardon and forgive; for thou knowest the provocation."

The priest breathed a few words of consolation and hope, and again the bitter waves of anguish rolled back from his soul, and left him calm. He sat a few moments silent, as if recalling the scenes he was about to depict; his brow cleared, his eyes lighted up with love and joy. For a few moments the magic of the happy past seemed to hold complete sway over his mind. He continued:

Heretofore my character had been undeveloped. The master-passion was required to show me my true nature. As the warmth of the sun is needful to give life and beauty to the productions of earth, so the soul of man remains in its germ until love has aroused and expanded his being into the more perfect state of existence. All the better feelings of my nature were

brought into action, for I loved a being far superior to myself; one who I felt would long ere this have perished in the atmosphere of evil in which I had been reared. Until I knew this pure girl I had never felt all the degradation, the debasing effects of my mode of life; but now I blushed before her, and resolved to rescue myself from my associates and become worthy of her.

Alice was many weeks recovering from the shock she had sustained, and the subsequent exposure. During that time a portion of our men, headed by my father, had perished in one of their expeditions. I thus became by hereditary descent the head of the village. In pursuance of my recent determinations, I at once delegated my authority to a nephew of my nurse, the same Reardon on whose body I have since perpetrated such fell revenge as he merited. I learned from Alice that the ship was bound for New York, from Liverpool, and five hundred souls were on board when she struck. And must so many perish to bring thee to my side? was my thought; for I felt that she was the guardian angel sent to save me from utter destruction.

For many days after the storm bodies were washed on shore, which were thrown into one common grave. Among them I recognized the father of Alice, and gave him sepulture with my own hands. I selected a small headland which sloped gradually toward the sea; the green sward was shaded by a single thorn-tree, beneath whose shelter I placed the grave of the unfortunate stranger. When Alice had sufficiently recovered to walk to the spot, I led her thither, and pointed out the mound which marked his resting-place. She thanked me with many tears, and from that hour I date the commencement of my interest in her heart.

On that spot I learned the simple history of Alice. Her father was an officer on half-pay in the British army. He had no influential connections, and never rose beyond the rank of lieutenant. A severe wound received in the battle of Waterloo affected his health so seriously that he was compelled to retire from active service; but his pension supported himself and his only child in comfort. As his health, however, visibly declined, he anxiously contemplated the future fate of his daughter; and after mature reflection resolved to visit the United States in search of a brother who had emigrated to that country many years before, and had there accumulated a fortune. Alice said she had no other relatives except the family of this uncle. In the wide world she was alone, without the means of reaching him, even if she could have remembered the place of his abode. Many of her father's effects had been saved, but among them were no letters or papers which gave any information relative to the residence of Mr. Crawford.

During the illness of Alice I had busied myself in preparing for her an abode removed a short distance from the village. About half a

mile from the sea stood a lonely and deserted cottage, sheltered by several fine trees. The rank grass had overgrown the walks in the garden, and the few shrubs which some unknown hand had planted around the house, had spread in wild luxuriance over the miniature lawn. I put every thing in order myself. The ruined portico was securely propped, and the graceful vine made to trail its foliage over the rustic pillars which supported it. Among the accumulated stores of my deceased father, concealed in vaults constructed for the purpose, I sought the richest carpets for the floor, and the most beautifully-wrought fabrics, with which the mildewed walls were hung. I made a visit to a distant town, and secretly purchased every article of luxury which could be desired in the household of the most delicately-nurtured of Fashion's daughters.

When Vine Cottage, as I named the place, was ready for the reception of its mistress, I secretly induced old Elspeth to remove thither; and after spending an hour of sweet communion at her father's grave, I persuaded Alice to walk with me in the direction of the cottage. As we drew near it, she expressed her admiration of its simply elegant appearance, and seemed surprised to find so neat a residence in such a vicinity.

"A friend of mine lives here, dear Alice," said I; "let us visit her."

Alice acquiesced with an air of interest, and I led her forward. Elspeth met us at the door. I will not attempt to describe her astonishment and delight when she found that this charming place was to be her future abode. She turned her beautiful eyes on me, humid with tears, and said:

"You must be the possessor of Aladdin's wonderful lamp to accomplish so much in so short a time. But, no, I wrong you, Erlon; perseverance and affection are the true sources of what you have here accomplished. I can never sufficiently thank you, my friend, my brother!"

"No, not a brother," said I, abruptly; "I love you far better than a brother."

Elspeth had left us, and I poured forth my passion with eloquence inspired by its own intensity. I ended by saying:

"I do not ask you to live forever in this horrible neighborhood. Since I have known you I have ceased to be a wrecker. Never since that eventful night have I gone forth with the band, and from the hour of my father's death his authority has been given by me into the hands of my namesake, Erlon Reardon."

Alice slightly shuddered at the mention of his name, but at the moment I was so absorbed in my own feelings that I did not observe her emotion. She answered my passionate declaration, as nearly as I can remember, in the following words, pronounced with a sweet seriousness which was very impressive:

"I will not deny, Erlon, that your delicate kindness, from one from whom I could least

have expected it, has made a deep impression on my feelings; and that impression is perhaps heightened by my forlorn and destitute condition. But I can not conceal from you that I will never consent to marry a man who has, only through his passion for me, torn himself from a pursuit opposed alike by the laws of God and humanity. Your sorrow for the past must come from a higher source. Your soul must be bowed in humility before the throne of Him whose commands you have outraged, and your life must show the effects of your repentance, before I would dare to trust my earthly lot in your keeping."

"What more can I do?" I bitterly asked. "I was born and have been reared in darkness, and if I am willing to accept the light which first shone on my benighted path through your agency, do I not manifest a desire to improve?"

"But I fear that you regard the weak instrument more than Him who threw me in your way," she replied, with a faint smile. "But let us not misunderstand each other, Erlon. I joyfully accept the mission which has been appointed me. I see so much in you that is excellent, so much that is noble, that to me it will be a delightful task to assist you in overcoming the evil which is naturally foreign to your soul. The day will arrive when I can with confidence place my hand in yours as your wife, even as I now give it as your plighted bride."

I rapturously received it; but after a vain attempt to repress my feelings, I entreated her to wed me then, and I would never cease striving after the excellence she wished me to attain. But on that score she was obdurate. Her hand must be the reward of my entire reformation, not the precursor of it.

From that period I spent the greater portion of my time with Alice. She was passionately fond of reading, and, what few women are, an excellent classic scholar. She accounted for this by informing me that her father had been originally designed for the church, and was educated with that view; but afterward rebelled against the parental decree, and entered the army. He was a passionate admirer of the old authors, and imparted to his daughter his own knowledge of, and exceeding love for their beauties.

Among the things cast on shore from the ship was a box of Mr. Crawford's treasured books, and to them I added such modern works as were most congenial to the taste of Alice. I have mentioned that my education had not proceeded much beyond its first elements, and now for the first time did I begin to appreciate the intense enjoyment found in literary pursuits. I studied deeply, and was soon competent to converse with my mistress on the beauties of her favorite authors. We then read together, and I sought, while reading aloud the impassioned strains of the poet, to express by the varied intonations of my voice the tender and

soul-thrilling emotions with which my listener inspired me; for I felt when near her an ineffable satisfaction, as if the soul had found its better part, and the being that was needed to complete my existence was beside me. A holy calm pervaded my whole being—springing not from the dull listlessness which falls over the stupid or inert, but from the fullness of content. The assurance that I was making myself daily more worthy to claim this beloved girl as my own, spread through my soul a delicious, all-pervading sense of uninterrupted happiness. No man, however rough, could thus associate with a delicate and refined woman without acquiring some of the elegance which distinguished her. I imperceptibly lost the clownish air which had so often bitterly mortified me; and as my perceptions became more acute I saw in my own manners all that could render me repulsive, and hastened to correct it.

Ah! if Alice would then have married me, all the horror, all the wretchedness which has ensued might have been avoided! But I must not anticipate.

Eighteen months passed thus, and again I urged Alice to listen to my prayers for an immediate union. She replied:

"The time has now arrived when I can express to you the scruples which still fill my mind. Your perceptions are now so correct that I believe you will feel with me that it is wrong for you to retain the wealth your father's pursuit enabled him to accumulate."

"I have thought of this," said I; "but how could it possibly be returned to its rightful owners? Besides, much of it is legally the right of those who rescued it from the ocean at the risk of life. All was not purchased at so fearful a price as when you—"

She interrupted me gently: "It matters not how obtained, Erlon; its possession will bring with it a curse. I can not consent to enjoy property the loss of which, perhaps, consummated the ruin of its rightful owners. You might think, perhaps, that for nearly two years past I have very quietly submitted to this; but the object I had in view in rescuing a human being, capable of better things, from such a life, was my motive; and to my mind it seemed good. But now we must leave this place. Your duty leads you to a higher sphere, where you must seek the means of a more honorable support. While you do this, I will obtain a home among the Sisters of Charity in Dublin, and in acts of mercy and kindness pass the time until you are in circumstances to claim me as your wife."

"No, no! dear Alice, you must not expose yourself to such privations as are endured by those excellent women. I will go forth and seek independence, but you must remain with my good Elspeth; she loves me as a mother, and will watch over you for my sake."

"I can not remain when you leave," said Alice, quietly, but decisively.

I pressed her so earnestly for her reason, and

opposed her wish to go so strongly, that she at length said, with great reluctance:

"If you will not be satisfied without a reason, I must give you the true one, Erlon; but promise me that you will not give way to anger."

I gave the desired promise, and she then said in a low tone:

"I should not feel quite safe here in your absence. The nephew of Elspeth, in spite of his knowledge of our engagement, often intrudes himself in my presence, and speaks of his passion for me in words that sometimes terrify me."

I started up in irrepressible wrath:

"Cowardly rascal! I will instantly punish him!"

"Nay, remember your promise, dearest Erlon," said Alice, in her softest tone. I was instantly calmed, so magical was her influence over me, and I seated myself by her side. Our plans were then talked over, and definitely arranged. I proposed to go at once to Dublin, and with a sum of money which had been hoarded by my father, get into some mercantile employment, for which I considered myself well fitted. I promised Alice that so soon as I could possibly spare such a sum the whole amount I had taken from my father's stores should be placed in the hands of a competent person to be dispensed in charities, thus clearing myself of all participation in the fruits of his crimes. She was to obtain an asylum with the Sisters of Charity, as she had proposed; for she steadily refused to be any longer dependent on me until the period had arrived when she should become my wife.

Our intentions were silently but quickly put into execution; and on the third morning after our consultation every thing was in readiness for our departure. Until the carriage I had sent for by a trusty person was at the door, even Elspeth remained in ignorance of our intended flitting. I then sought the village, and announced to the people my final departure. They heard me in silence; the majority of them had already looked on me as one extirpated from their band.

In spite of the change in me, some of the old leaven still remained; and I could not refrain from giving a parting blow to Reardon for having dared to raise his eyes to the object of my adoring love. There had been a feud existing from boyhood between him and a young man named Casey, both born and reared to their present mode of life; and when I withdrew from the command which devolved on me at my father's death, there had been a struggle between the two as to which should assume the authority I resigned. Reardon applied to me, and, as the nephew of my nurse, I preferred him as my successor. As my last act among the villagers I now reversed that decision, and appointed Ira Casey as the representative of my hereditary right. I turned away amid the acclamations of Casey's partisans, and Reardon

approached me. His face was pale with concentrated passion, and in his eyes was an expression that for one moment made even my strong nerves quiver. His voice was scarcely above a whisper, but it was peculiarly distinct:

"Though the same arm had enfolded us in infancy, though the same mother had nursed us, I would still have sworn toward you inextinguishable hatred for this cowardly act. If you had left me in peace, I should have forgotten the blue-eyed daughter of the Briton, and have suffered you to live in happiness. But now, in your hour of brightest hope, remember Reardon, and let his name send a thrill of fear to your soul; for I solemnly swear to you to destroy that happiness, if it should cost me my life!"

I laughed aloud, and turned off, saying:

"I defy thee, braggart! The whole village knows how much Erlon Reardon is given to boasting of his future exploits."

"Call it a boast, if you will; but to you it shall yet become a terrible reality."

"Do your worst!" I replied, with a sneer, and hastily waving an adieu to the assembled throng, I hurried toward "Vine Cottage," and in a few moments was borne away from — forever.

Knowing the catastrophe which has since occurred, you will be surprised to hear that I really had no fear of the machinations of Reardon. I knew him to be a great braggart, as I had said; and his threats against those who offended him were a standing jest in the village, for they had never in any instance been fulfilled. My taunt perhaps stung him into the accomplishment of his words to me; or his passion for Alice was so great as to urge him onward in wrecking her happiness, sooner than see her mine.

Reardon possessed a talent which had frequently afforded me much amusement, and I had never thought of the evil influence it might enable him to wield over those who were not on their guard against him. He was an admirable ventriloquist, and an excellent mimic. Often have I been startled by his voice sounding so exactly like an echo of my own that the nicest ear must have been deceived. We were nearly the same size and not unlike in features, and he could mimic my walk and air so accurately that, by a dim light, my best friend would have declared the counterfeit the true man. Alice was not aware of this, and to spare her some uneasiness I never mentioned the threat of Reardon. From these simple causes sprang all the evil that afterward ensued. Are we not indeed the blind puppets of a fate that is inevitable?

"My son," said the mild voice of the priest, "we make our own fate, and the shadows which darken our path are thrown from the evil passions of our nature. Had you left Reardon to his wild command, you had not now been here, his condemned executioner."

"True, true; but I must hasten. The re-

maining part of my unhappy story must be told in as few words as possible, or I shall madden over its recital."

We went to Dublin, and put our mutual plans in execution. I was successful beyond my hopes, and anticipated our union at the end of my first year in the capital. I entered into partnership with a substantial trader, and after several months I was compelled to go over to England on business. An advantageous opening for a branch of our trade presented itself in one of the sea-port towns in that country, and I was reluctantly compelled to take charge of it. It was impossible for Alice to leave Ireland until the year had expired for which she had assumed the garb of a Sister of Charity; and though we both repined at our separation, we were compelled to submit to the fate which parted us. We wrote frequently, and it was mutually arranged that at the end of her probation we should be united.

As the time of our union drew near, I was so pressed with affairs of the last importance to my future prosperity, that I found it impossible to leave home long enough to visit Ireland and claim my bride. I wrote to Alice, informing her of the circumstances which detained me; and requested her to take the first packet for Liverpool, where I would meet her and have every thing in readiness for our immediate marriage. A vessel would be in waiting to convey us to my residence, so soon as the ceremony was performed. I sent this letter by my confidential clerk, who, I afterward found, was in the pay of my dire enemy. The answer duly came, promising to be punctual; and words can convey to you no idea of my happiness. "Another week, and she will be mine!" I repeated a thousand times.

I made every arrangement that could promote her comfort; and having chartered a vessel for the purpose, set out with a light heart. The captain of my craft proved, as I then thought, very stupid in the navigation of his vessel; but I afterward knew that he had been bribed to delay my arrival. I did not reach Liverpool until many hours after I should have been married. I hurried with breathless haste to the hotel, and inquired for Miss Crawford. The answer which I there received almost paralyzed me:

"A lady of that name was married here last evening at eight o'clock, and immediately embarked with her husband in a ship bound for America."

"Married! Who then was her husband?" I knew at once; but I need not repeat to you all my frenzied inquiries, nor the dark certainty which fell on my soul that Reardon was the cause of this terrible catastrophe!

He again paced the floor in deep agitation.

"Yes, yes! he continued; he came indeed in my hour of brightest hopes! I will now tell you what I subsequently heard from the lips of the dying Alice; for once again we met face to face, and I beheld upon her brow the impress

of approaching death, and thanked God that it was so. I could without tears lay her in the silent earth, knowing that her pure spirit was with angels; but it rived my soul with unutterable pangs to know that she was the wife of such a wretch as Reardon.

On the night of my expected arrival in Liverpool, Reardon, who was kept informed of all my plans by my perfidious clerk, personated me with such success that even Alice was deceived. He met her in a room very dimly lighted, and under the pretense that he was very much hurried by the captain, who wished to avail himself of wind and tide in his favor, he wore his cloak ready for instant departure. His hair was of the same color, and disposed as I always wore mine; he spoke to her in her lover's voice, and Alice, hurried, agitated, half-blinded by her tears, doubted not that I was beside her. The license was handed to the clergyman, who hurried over the ceremony, and within half an hour after Reardon's appearance at the hotel, they were on board a ship which was ready to sail immediately. They remained on deck until the vessel was many miles from land; and when Reardon felt himself secure in the avowal of his villainy, he resolved to exult in the anguish of his victim. He entered her state-room, and seating himself before her, said:

"Alice Crawford, you acknowledge yourself my lawful wife in the sight of heaven, and you have willingly come on board this ship to accompany me to my home?"

"Assuredly, dear Erlon; why such questions?" said Alice.

"Erlon? yes, Erlon is the name I bear in common with him who is dear to you; and from him have I stolen you. Behold!"

He dropped the cloak, threw off his hat, and stood before her. Alice uttered an exclamation, and fell fainting from her seat. Oh, had she then died! But no; she revived, to know and feel the full bitterness of her lot. Vain were her pathetic entreaties; vain her protestations that she would never consider herself as his wife. In reply to the first he said:

"I love you quite as well as Purcel, and you must make up your mind to fulfill the vows you have this night uttered." And to her threat to appeal to the captain and passengers, and state the diabolical deception he had practiced, he replied:

"I have provided for every contingency, madam. The captain believes you to be my insane wife, whom I am taking to New York on a visit to your parents, in the hope that the sight of your native home may benefit your mind. I have already anticipated your story, and represented it as the vagary of a disordered intellect. My arrangements are all made, and you leave this state-room no more until we reach New York. Withdraw your affections as speedily as possible from Purcel, and centre them on your lawful husband, or it may be worse for you."

Fancy the torture of such a situation to a high-principled and sensitive girl! Reardon

was true to his word, and her story was listened to incredulously by the maid, the only person beside himself who was allowed access to her during the voyage. By the time they reached New York her spirit was completely broken, and her health in an alarming state of decay. This enraged Reardon, and he brutally reproached her with grieving over my loss. Indeed, I believe he sometimes proceeded beyond reproaches toward his helpless and now uncomplaining victim. She bore it all in silence, for she felt that death would soon release her from the sufferings she endured.

On their arrival in this city Reardon procured a house, and set his servant as a spy on her during his absence from home. Alice made an attempt to escape from his power, determined to throw herself on the protection of the first person she met who looked as if he might give credence to her story. The servant followed and brought her back to her prison, and when Reardon returned, his anger knew no bounds. Then I know he struck her, for she fell with violence against the sharp corner of a table; and that blow upon her breast hastened the doom that was already impending over her.

To die with him was horrible, and she next found means, through the agency of an intelligent child, who sometimes played beneath her window to send to one of the city papers a letter containing an advertisement addressed to her unknown uncle. She knew that Reardon never read any thing, and equally well, that there was little danger of being discovered by him in this last effort to escape from the horrible thralldom in which she was held.

Several weeks rolled away—weeks of sickening doubts and harrowing fears; but, at length, the hour of her rescue came. One morning, shortly after Reardon had left the house, a carriage stopped before the door, containing an elderly lady and gentleman, who inquired for Alice. It was her uncle and his wife, and after hearing her story he instantly removed her to his hotel, from whence in another hour they started for his residence in the interior of the State, thus eluding all chances of discovery by Reardon.

It was a mere chance that the advertisement had reached Mr. Crawford. When it did, he lost no time in seeking his brother's daughter, and offering her his protection. Alice felt assured that I would follow her, and she yearned to behold me once more, before her eyes closed forever in this world. Yes, she was dying of a broken heart, while I madly plowed the ocean in pursuit of her destroyer. The ship was detained by long calms, and I bowed in abject supplication to the God of the storm, to send us wind that might waft me to the land I so ardently desired to behold. At last, haggard from intense suffering, and half-maddened with the fever of my mind, I stood upon the sod of the New World.

I at once sought out the post-office, for I knew if still living, Alice would there have deposited a

clew to her abode. I found a letter from her uncle, directing me to his residence, and the last words sent a cold and sickening thrill through my soul: "Come as soon as this reaches you, if you would find Alice alive; her only desire is now to behold you," he wrote. The letter bore the date of the previous month. If I could but see her again, I felt that I could resign her; but to behold no more the being who had become so knit to my very existence; to find the grave closed over that form of unequaled beauty, was a thought which made my brain whirl and my blood grow cold. I learned the route to —, near which place was Mr. Crawford's residence. I took my seat in the first stage-coach which left for that town, and was borne toward my dying Alice. I can not tell you how the day and night which I spent on the road passed. I know that my mind was not perfectly clear; but one idea filled it: Alice, dead or dying, and I condemned to live forever alone. In this wide and breathing world, so filled with human aspirations and human hopes, I felt myself doomed to wander without ties and without sympathy. Then came the image of him who had thus desolated my path, and at once a fixed resolve filled my mind.

When we stopped, I mechanically ate, because I feared that without nourishment the unnatural tension of my nerves might incapacitate me from going through with the trying ordeal which awaited me. I at length reached the house. I dismounted at the gate, and walked up the avenue. My feet seemed glued to the ground, and I faltered like a drunken man, as I slowly drew near the portico, afraid to learn that I had arrived too late.

A gentleman met me at the door, and my parched lips syllabled the name of Alice. He read the question I would have asked, in my agonized and distorted countenance. "She lives," he said, and led me toward her apartment.

The doors were all wide open, for it was summer, and in a darkened room, on a bed whose snowy drapery was scarcely whiter than her face, lay my adored Alice in a calm slumber. I approached and leaned over her: then I could mark the ravages which suffering had made on her sweet features; but I read on her tranquil brow, and in the subdued expression of her small mouth, that the angel of peace had folded his wings over her departing spirit. I felt that her trust in a higher Power had subdued the bitterness of approaching death, and I prayed fervently to be enabled even then to say: "My God, not my will, but Thine be done;" but my rebellious heart would not thus be schooled. A moment I dared to ask why she, who loved all human beings, would turn aside from her path to spare the meanest insect that crawls, should have this unutterable load of suffering laid upon her? My burning tears fell over her; I knew not that I wept, until she unclosed her eyes, and wiped from her cheek a lucid drop which had fallen there. She gazed upon me with a radi-

ant smile; a bright gleam from the heaven to which she was hastening seemed to shine over her lovely countenance, and she stretched forth her emaciated hands to me:

"Ah, I dreamed this. I knew you would come. Heaven is kind to permit another earthly meeting, before I go hence. My beloved Er-lon, you are just in time!"

She turned to her uncle, and requested him to leave us alone for a brief space. The old gentleman withdrew, and I then listened to the narrative of her sufferings.

The whirlwind, in its greatest might, is the only fitting type of the wild thoughts and bitter purposes which filled my mind. In the darkest recess of my soul I registered a vow to seek Reardon over the world, until I had signally avenged her wrongs, my own blighted manhood, and darkened future.

Alice then spoke of mercy and peace to all men, and conjured me for my own sake to spare her destroyer. I heard without accurately comprehending her. My future course was irrevocably determined, and with that stupefaction which only the extreme of mental suffering can produce, I listened to her dying words.

In two hours after my arrival the family was called in to receive her last farewell. I supported her upon my breast, which no longer heaved with the wild pulsations of anguish that had so long thrilled in every throb of my heart. No; the worst was known, and above my great sorrow arose the intense and burning desire for revenge. Two great emotions can not exist together: one must succumb to the other.

Alice comprehended something of what was passing in my mind, and almost with her last breath she murmured: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."

I muttered: "Ay; but He often chooses earthly instruments by which to accomplish it."

She died; and imprinting a last kiss upon her pale lips, I left the house: I could not remain to perform the last rites to her precious remains.

I wandered in the woods in communion with the spirit of the dead, until the returning stage arrived. I was then borne to the scene of anticipated retribution. It was midnight when I reached New York. I felt that I could not rest: in such a condition of feverish excitement, motion was the only state I could bear, and I hurriedly paced the streets, arranging in my mind the means of discovering my doomed enemy. Day was just beginning to dawn when I passed the open door of an oyster-cellar, from which two men were emerging. A voice spoke which made my blood bubble in my veins. It was Reardon. He said, "I shall leave to-day, or that fool Purcel will be on my track. If that girl had not played me such a trick, I should long since have been buried in the far West, where I would have defied him to find me. I have fooled away too much time in trying to seek her out."

He stepped on the pavement. At that moment a line of rosy light shot upward from the rising sun, and streamed full on my pale and determined countenance. Reardon recoiled and drew his knife from his breast. Not a word was spoken; we rushed on each other, and I sheathed my dagger in his traitorous heart.

The prisoner ceased, and the priest said emphatically: "Your life must be saved, my son. I must now leave you, but you shall hear from me ere long."

We will only add that all the facts of the case being taken into consideration, the sentence of Erlon Purcel was finally changed to imprisonment for ten years. His good conduct caused that time to be reduced to half the term. Once more free, he went to St. Louis, and there joined a band of trappers bound for the far West. Let us hope that in the eternal forest, far from the haunts of civilized men, he has repented of the crime he committed, and found that peace and trust in the future which is Life's most precious possession.

A BRUSH WITH THE BISON.

BY JOHN MILLS, ESQ.

PREVIOUSLY to the introduction of Birmingham and Sheffield manufactures into the Indian market, the weapons used in war and hunting were of an exceedingly primitive kind. Instead of rifles, scalping knives, tomahawks, and two-edged lances of polished steel, the North American brave possessed but a short bow made of bone with twisted sinews for strings, and a quiver of flint-tipped arrows, with a stone hatchet, comprised his whole stand-of-arms. As a matter of course, the more destructive kinds of instruments introduced at once increased the slaughter of the game, and, from the eagerness of the traders to exchange their goods for skins, led the Indians to destroy those animals by wholesale which formerly were killed only for food and clothing for themselves. Even at certain seasons of the year, when the fur of the buffalo is in the worst possible condition, it has been known for vast herds to be exterminated merely for their tongues, which would be bartered for a few gallons of villainous whisky. The numbers still ranging over the prairies are, doubtless, very great, extending from the western frontier to the western verge of the Rocky Mountains, and from the 30th to the 55th degree of north latitude; but, as if the end was fixed for the extermination of this the principal provision of the Indian, with the Indian himself, they are rapidly becoming thinned, and in a few years it is highly probable that a buffalo, in its native state, will be as rare on the American continent as a bustard is in our own island.

It is worthy of a passing reflection to glance at the particular purposes for which the buffalo was assigned: to supply the three chief temporal wants of the Indian, as they are those of the white man—food, raiment, and lodging. The flesh affords ample provision, the skin robes for clothing, bedding, and covering to his wig-

wam, while, as a further, utility, the hoofs are melted into glue to assist him in fabricating his shield, arrows, and other necessary articles for savage life. It may, therefore, be imagined that the buffalo is indispensable to the Indian's simple existence; for, whatever may have been said and written concerning schemes for his civilization, I am quite certain that, from his innate indolence, love of roving, fierce passions, and unconquerable desire for the excitement of war and hunting, nothing can be more impossible than that any such attempts should meet with a different result than positive defeat. Indeed, the American government, and various religious sects, actuated by the purest philanthropy, have dispatched agents and missionaries to the different tribes, with unflagging perseverance, in the hope of reclaiming the red man from his present degenerated condition; but to no purpose. He adopts the vices of civilization with the greatest readiness, and meets with the most accomplished tutors in the persons of the traders and trappers by whom he is surrounded; but he can not comprehend either the temporal or eternal happiness offered through the medium of Christianity. Ribald as the statement may appear, I have heard an Osage declare, with much seriousness, that "nothing could seem to him less inviting than what the pale face called heaven, and if he was to go there he should not know how to pass his time." With these unsophisticated notions, and the plain, blunt questions with which the Indians are accustomed to examine all theological matters, it may readily be supposed that a minister of the Gospel would find considerable difficulty in obtaining many proselytes to the true faith.

In the vicinity of St. Louis I once witnessed a most ridiculous scene, wherein a camp preacher, and one of the good old school, thundered forth the evil consequences of not listening to what he was saying with reverence, and, surrounded by Indians of various tribes, the good man, mounted on a primitive rostrum seat, dealt liberally in the terrors of the church, while he offered a niggardly allowance of hope even to the best, always excepting himself. For a time the motley crowd seemed disposed to assume a becoming deportment; but when the preacher went into the particulars of the fiery ordeal, prepared alike for sinners of all ages, sizes, and complexions, a roar of laughter broke simultaneously from the lips of each, and the shouts of mirth drowning his voice, left him violently gesticulating; and, at length, waxing warmer at the reception his homily met with, he began to foam at the mouth with frantic rage, and a more distant likeness to Him who bore contumely with meekness never opened to unwilling ears and stubborn hearts.

We were now on the verge of the upper prairies, no longer enameled with flowers and flowering plants, but covered with a short, coarse, herbage called "buffalo grass," on which the buffalo loves to feed. These hunting grounds are far easier to ride over, from being free of

vines and entangling shrubs which interlace each other in impenetrable masses, although the yawning clefts, made by the water courses, the wallows caused by the buffaloes forming baths for themselves by ripping the earth open with their heads in soft, oozy spots, and the burrowing of that sharp and watchful little animal the prairie dog, cause both horse and horseman to run considerable risk when taking a spin over the flat. Hill and dale, bluff and level, the landscape broke upon the eye in one of those infinite and fruitful wastes, which strikes the mind with awe at its grand and boundless scale.

The serious object of the expedition was now on the eve of being realized, and the land of promise being gained, every preparation had been made the succeeding morning for a regular buffalo hunt. In addition to my rifle and pistols, I carried a long lance with the shaft made of the toughest ash. This weapon I found rather unwieldy and awkward, and saw how different it looked in the hands of my companions; but Hawkeye insisted that it was indispensable, as I could not attempt the use of bow and arrow.

Stripped of all superfluous garments, and fully equipped for the expedition, my companions mounted their horses, with their lassos uncoiled and trailing upon the ground, as invariably is the rule in war or hunting, for the purpose of facilitating the re-capture of the animal should an unlucky separation take place between the rider and his saddle. Alike eager for the sport, both horses and men seemed to be moved by a desire to let no "impotent delay" stand between them and the consummation of their hopes, and, as we moved forward to give chase to the herds which were known to be in the vicinity, I thought that a finer set of Osage hunters, albeit the last of the race, never, perhaps, drew a bowstring or couched a lance. Indeed, nothing can be conceived handsomer than they looked, as, with their bronzed chests and finely-developed limbs exposed, they sat upon their plunging horses like statues of faultless mould. A few had decorated their bits and bridles with blue and scarlet tassels, and not the least of the most gayly-decked was my retainer Hawkeye's, who appeared disposed to be equally conspicuous in field, or tent, or lady's bower.

It was now that I rued the luckless mishap which cost me Sunnyside, and learned—alas! not for the first time—the true value of lessons taught by experience. For knowing how much depends upon their horses, in expeditions of this kind, the Indians take the greatest care in running no unnecessary risks with them, although when in the ardor of the chase they ride like lemons, and reck little of danger to life and limb.

As my wild colt had successfully given me the slip at the moment of anticipating his services in carrying me "to buffalo," I was fain to depend still upon Nigger, who, Hawkeye swore

by the shades of his fathers, would outstrip the best of the herd, "if I only drove my spurs well in and *held them there*." Certes, this was a fair specimen of Indian treatment to the horse, more particularly should his master be in possession of the white man's instruments of torture and control. Delighted with making an exhibition of his horsemanship, and totally regardless of the maddening effects of bit and spurs, the Indian is never at rest with them, but keeps both at work with relentless rigor and perseverance. Among the red man's virtues, humanity to the brute creation, or indeed to those of his own kind, can not be classed with an approach to truth.

Without evincing any emotions of deep chagrin, Adonis was left behind to guard such goods, chattels, and provisions as would have proved useless to have been carried forward, and as it was expected that we should be enabled to return to the encampment before night-fall, he was directed to hold all things in readiness, and more especially to withstand temptation in keeping his mouth from the bung of my nearly exhausted whisky-keg. In an extended line, or by the familiar description of Indian file, we began this march as usual just at ruddy daybreak, and were not far advanced on the great prairie stretching before us like a vast and limitless ocean, when Blackwolf, who headed the force, reined in his dark iron-gray steed with a sudden jerk which sent him nearly upon his haunches. In an instant all was commotion. Arrows were drawn from their quivers, bow-strings tried and thrummed, lances poised, and every eye directed to the spot on which the chief fixed his earnest and flashing gaze.

Not two miles distant, and grazing in fancied security on a piece of table land as level as a bowling-green, a large herd of buffalo was descried, looking at the distance like so many black specks on the waste. Some I could perceive were lying down, and the scene altogether may be compared, without violence to the imagination, to what the tourist may witness by the aid of railways, within a few hours of the metropolis, in a canter across Dartmoor or Exmoor, and where no dread exists of Pawnees and Camanches.

It was decided that we should head the herd, and endeavor to drive them back toward the encampment, in order to save as little time and trouble as possible in getting the meat and skins to that quarter. In prosecuting this scheme we had to make a wide circle from the direct course, and, indeed, it would have been impossible to approach them in any other way, as we were down the wind, and their powers of scent, like those given to the denizens of the wild in general, are of the most acute order.

"You know, major," observed Hawkeye, as he turned our horses considerably to the left, for the purpose of covering our circumventing manœuvre under the screen of two lines of

bluffs running parallel with each other, "You know, major," repeated he, with a sly twinkle of satire in his snake-like eyes, "for all de Britishers dat come here say *you know* to every thing, dat buffalo smell Indian mile off. No see far; but smell—Hah! no saying how far buffalo smell."

Taking every precaution to prevent an exercise of these powers upon the force now approaching their precincts, our head and front of the party, Blackwolf led us, with consummate generalship, close to the rear of the unsuspecting animals, and we were upon them without a single head being disturbed. At first, as we gave ourselves to view from behind the bluffs, a few of the nearest jerked up their heads, and after a stare, remarkable for its brevity, erected their tufted tails over their backs and moved off not rapidly, but evidently preparing for a bolt. This example was soon followed by several others; but as the main body, consisting of upward of a hundred, still remained undisturbed, the signal for attack was reserved, as the first object in buffalo-hunting appears to be precisely that in our own glorious fox-hunting—to get on good terms with the chase. Cautiously, and restraining the ardent and fierce spirit of our horses to keep within the compass of control, we still slowly advanced in a double line, while many of the animals knowing, like an old seasoned English hunter when he catches a glimpse of the pack at the meet, the fun in preparation, pulled with might and main and almost defied the stalwart tug upon their jaws.

The pickets having been driven in, I noticed an animal of striking appearance surrounded by a knot of others, suddenly throw up his head, and elevating his tail simultaneously with his pericranium, wheel suddenly in an opposite direction and gallop away, doubtlessly, as fast as his legs and hoofs would carry him.

This praiseworthy precedent of self-preservation was immediately adopted by the entire family, and the patriarch, leading the way, found ready followers at a pace corresponding with his own.

It was a moment of the most thrilling excitement of my life, as with a swoop the Indians dashed ahead, and with halter and rein dangling free, to see their horses strain their utmost powers to outstrip the fugitives, and bring them within reach of bow and lance. Nigger, I may confidently state, did his best without the aid of Hawkeye's cruel suggestion, although in a very short distance, it was conclusively obvious that he could not long live the pace we were going at. The pony, however, rattled away with his ears thrown back like a racehorse, at his final effort, and we were within a few score yards at the moment of Blackwolf's bearing close to the right side of the nearest buffalo, and drawing his bow at the moment of passing, buried the arrow to the feather. In an instant the horse wheeled to avoid the thrust which the wounded buffalo often makes; but Blackwolf's victim was stricken in a vital part, and

he rolled over struggling and bleeding in the throes of deadly agony. Right and left the Indians scoured the plain in hot pursuit of the doomed and frightened animals, and never halting in the chase, but rushing from one to another as the huge beasts shouldered along in their ungainly gallop down the vallies and over the bluffs, and across huge gaping rents in the prairie, caused by the winter torrents, brought them to the ground like skittles from well-directed hands.

There appeared to be no chance for me to flesh my maiden lance, and I began to despair of adding a single head to the number slain, when I caught sight of a solitary fugitive stealing away through a stony ravine much to the left of the line which the rest had taken, and from his action I concluded that he had met with a wound which materially interfered with his speed. With an unequivocal disposition to refuse taking any other course than the one he was pursuing, Nigger began to wrestle for the mastership, and being encumbered with my lance I had some little difficulty in pricking him toward the point where the buffalo, alone in his flight, was using his best energies to escape. The pointed iron, however, prevailed, and the plucky little horse, seeing the animal scramble over a conical shaped hillock in the distance, settled himself again in his best pace, and carried me forward in winning style.

The buffalo in his stride is a most singular looking animal, pitching to and fro in heavy lumbering fashion, and yet gets over the ground much faster than he appears. From the thickness of his forehead he is any thing but speedy on rising ground; but on a level, or descent, he can play a merry bat. He is, however, no match for a horse under any circumstances, and under-sized as Nigger was, and notwithstanding the distance lost at the start, I have no doubt, had he not been crippled, but that we should have come up with the patriarch in a run of somewhat longer duration.

As it was we were, in nautical phraseology, coming up with the chase hand over hand, and after floundering through a spongy bottom, in which were several wallows of some dozen feet in diameter made by the buffaloes, I found myself near enough to try the effect of lead, and dropping my lance to trail along the ground by a thong attached to my wrist, for I was not expert enough to handle both it and my rifle, as an Indian would have done without inconvenience, I brought the barrels to bear and gave the contents of both just as Nigger's nose was on a level with the haunch of one of the largest and blackest bulls that ever ranged over a western plain.

With due regard for the preservation of himself, and possibly his rider, Nigger made an abrupt curve, and sheering off, almost at a right angle, avoided an ugly, vicious thrust, which the bull might have made much more effective than my brace of bullets, had not the sagacity of the pony taught him to avoid it. Upon rein

ing in my gallant and discreet little steed, and turning his head again toward the buffalo, I saw that he was standing still, and giving as bold a front as was ever offered to an enemy. Coming to a corresponding attitude, I deliberately reloaded my rifle, and approached him with the greatest caution; for whether he intended to wait my second attack, or plunge forward and send me and Nigger skimming to some unknown corner of the earth, appeared a matter of doubt not quite made up. After a few brief moments for reconnoitring, I urged Nigger to advance to within less than thirty paces of where the bull stood glaring at us, with his curling mane and beard sweeping below his knees, and his distended jaws dropping foam, scarlet dyed with blood. Nothing, indeed, can be imagined more ferocious than the wounded animal looked, fixing the peculiar white balls and black iris of his eyes upon us, under his shaggy frontlet, with the expression of the devil in a mood far from funny. Thinking it expedient to bring the contest to a conclusion without further waste of time, I essayed a manœuvre in order to obtain a sight at a more vulnerable part of my victim's carcass than that which, as I had been given to understand by Hawkeye, his head presented. But, as the baited grimalkin turns to the worrying cur, so did the bull turn exactly with my movements, ever presenting his head, and nothing but his head. This proving exceedingly wearisome, and quickly exhausting the slender stock of patience with which nature supplied me at my birth, I resolved to try what a shot would do in the centre of his forehead, and steadying Nigger for a moment, snapped my left barrel at him, when with the crack down he dropped, and spurring forward in the belief that I had given him his *coup-de-grace*, I was not a little surprised to see him again stagger to his feet, ready to receive me on his two short black horns, curved in the best possible shape for the ripping business.

Perceiving, however, that notwithstanding the last bullet had only flattened on his *os frontis*, he was fast sinking from the internal hemorrhage caused by the two first, which brought him to a check, I determined to expend no more valuable ammunition upon him, but inflict a final thrust or two of cold steel. Reslinging my rifle across my shoulders, I for the first time couched a lance for a deadly object, and rode at the bull's flank; but he was too quick for me, and turned as if upon a pivot. Round and round we went, Nigger, with pricked ears and nimble limbs, keeping a steady look upon the buffalo's movements, and far from liking the loud snorts of mingled rage and pain which he momentarily sent forth as we whirled about him. But the attempts of the enemy to foil our purpose grew gradually weaker, and at length, failing to twist with his former adroitness, I plunged the head of the lance to the shaft in his body, and as I plucked it out, the crimson current of his life poured forth, and fall-

ing upon his knees, he rolled over dead without a struggle.

Dismounting from Nigger, who steamed and reeked, probably from the combined effects of fear and exertion, I commenced a close inspection of my victim, and found that an arrow had passed into the fleshy part of the near thigh, not far from the hock, and, breaking within a few inches of the barbed point, left it buried there. The beast was certainly a noble specimen of the wild bull of the prairie, and might, from his huge size, patriarchal beard, and luxuriant mane, which almost imbedded his head, ears, and horns, have roved many successive years as the chieftain of his clan. But in a luckless hour the Osage hunters espied his whereabouts, and within a short half hour of the discovery, not a single head lived, not a remnant was left.

So occupied and engrossed had I been with my own sport, that I had taken no interest in what was going on with my companions; but upon making a sweep of the horizon, I perceived a few in sight, scattered here and there, evidently occupied with the carcasses of the slain. Climbing again into the saddle, I rode to the nearest, and found Firefly busily engaged in stripping a skin from a cow, and as it smoked from his bloody fingers, I must own, a slight nausea affected the regions of my stomach. Hot, naked, and fierce from excitement, the savage was tearing away at his butchering task, and I was glad to turn aside from the gory and sickening sight.

The rest, he informed me, I should find similarly employed with himself, as the whole herd was killed, and seven had fallen to his bow. He boasted of having used but a single arrow to each head; but I subsequently found this was not quite in accordance with the truth, although the first three had fallen as he described, at the first shot, and his quiver proved that many shafts had not been thrown away.

Upon leaving Firefly at his truly dirty work, I put Nigger to a gentle canter, and soon passed several carcasses of the buffaloes stretched on the greensward, where they had fallen dead, or been disabled by the arrow, and subsequently lanced by the hunters who swept in the trail of the bowmen.

Like flies collecting around carrion, so do the birds and beasts of prey hover and slink toward a scene of carnage on the prairie from every quarter, and with marvelous powers discover the spot where their feast is prepared. In incredible numbers ravens, buzzards, crows, and others of the same large family now wheeled screaming most discordantly in the air, and packs of wolves appeared, howling with impatience for the banquet. The appearance of these animals in the distance is that of a flock of sheep, being generally perfectly white; but among some dozen or fifteen occupying a bluff in the course I was taking, and howling a most dismal chorus, I perceived a jet black member, whose skin I felt desirous of possessing. It is

not, however, an easy task to get on close terms with a wolf, unless gorging himself, when so reluctant is he to quit his meal, that, craven-hearted as he is, he can scarcely be driven from it; but turning Nigger's head away from them, as if I intended in no way to interrupt the assembly, I suddenly brought him in an opposite direction, upon getting on a line with the yelling crew, and, spurring hard, sent them scampering at their best speed. It was a long, raking shot, but covering the knight of the sable hue, I pulled, and dropped him with a shot through the spine. He grinned most horribly, and snapped his teeth together like the rattle of castanets, as I rode up close to his side, and gave him his quietus with a pistol.

There being an insurmountable difficulty in my marking the spot where he fell, as neither tree nor bush was to be seen by which it was to be retraced, I considered it advisable to make sure of my booty by carrying it with me, and as I was not expert in flaying, I was compelled to lift the carcass, and, bearing it before me across the pony's shoulders, commenced a piece of diversion for my red-skinned friends, which lasted as long as I was with them.

Seeing a group of hunters coming toward me, I advanced to meet them, and among the foremost I distinguished the bold Hawkeye, who carried a large bale of hides in front of him, and in the same manner that I was conveying my treasure.

"Has major killed buff'lo?" inquired he; but before I could return any answer he saw the quality of my prize, and bursting into a roar of laughter, exclaimed, "Major's meat! Ha! ha! ha! Major's meat! Nice roast, major, but *berry* lean!"

The rest also were moved with equal mirth at the trouble I had taken of bagging a wolf, and I was twitted immensely by my facetious critics, who, had they been seen rolling on their horses, making the welkin ring with shouts of laughter, would have given a practical denial of the solemn character assigned to them by the writers of fictions for the subscribers of circulating libraries. Notwithstanding the explanation given, I was frequently reminded of the great care I bestowed upon the carcass of the black wolf, it being alleged that my intention was to eat the most savory parts, only for the discovery of the error that he did not come under the head of "game."

Their good-humor, however, but added to my own; and a balm to my vanity, supposing it stood in need of any such soothing influence, was offered in the unanimous decision, that the skin I had taken that day was the best of the herd.

JOSEPHINE AT MALMAISON.

THE Palace of Malmaison, though not built on a large scale, became, with the additions afterward made, a most princely residence. The hall, the billiard-room, the reception-rooms, the saloon, dining-room, and Napoleon's private

apartment, occupied the ground-floor, and are described as having been very delightful. The gallery was appropriated to the noblest specimens of the fine arts; it was adorned with magnificent statuary by Canova and other celebrated artists, and the walls were hung with the finest paintings. The pleasure-grounds, which were Josephine's especial care, were laid out with admirable taste; shrubs and flowers of the rarest and finest growth, and the most delicious odors were there in the richest profusion. But there is an interest far deeper than the finest landscape, or the most exquisite embellishments of art could ever impart—an interest touchingly associated with the precincts where the gifted and renowned have moved, and with the passions and affections, the joys and sorrows by which they were there agitated. It is, indeed, an interest which excites a mournful sympathy, and may awaken salutary reflection. Who, indeed, could visit Malmaison without experiencing such?

The vicissitudes experienced by some individuals have been so strange, that had they been described in a romance, it would have lost all interest from their improbability; but occurring in real life, they excite a feeling of personal concern which forever attaches to the name with which they are associated. Of this, the eventful life of Napoleon furnishes a striking example. There can not be found in the range of history one who appears to have identified himself so much with the feelings of every class and every time; nay, his manners and appearance are so thoroughly impressed on every imagination, that there are few who do not rather feel as if he were one whom they had seen, and with whom they had conversed, than of whom they had only heard and read. Scarcely less checkered than his, was the life of Josephine: from her early days she was destined to experience the most unlooked-for reverses of fortune; her very introduction to the Beauharnais family and connection with them, were brought about in a most unlikely and singular manner, without the least intention on her part, and it ultimately led to her being placed on the throne of France. The noble and wealthy family of Beauharnais had great possessions in the West Indies, which fell to two brothers, the representatives of that distinguished family; many of its members had been eminent for their services in the navy, and in various departments. The heirs to the estates had retired from the royal marine service with the title of *chefs d'escadre*. The elder brother, the Marquis de Beauharnais, was a widower, with two sons; the younger, the Vicomte de Beauharnais, had married Mademoiselle Mouchard, by whom he had one son and two daughters. The brothers, warmly attached to each other from infancy, wished to draw still closer the bonds which united them, by the marriage of the Marquis's sons with the daughters of the Vicomte; and with this view, a rich plantation in St. Domingo had never been divided. The two sisters were looked on

as the affianced brides of their cousins; and when grown up, the elder was married to the elder son of the marquis, who, according to the prevalent custom of his country, assumed the title of Marquis, as his brother did that of Vicomte. M. Renaudin, a particular friend of the Beauharnais, undertook the management of their West India property. The Marquis, wishing to show some attention in return for this kindness, invited Madame Renaudin over to Paris, to spend some time. The invitation was gladly accepted; and Madame Renaudin made herself useful to her host by superintending his domestic concerns. But she soon formed plans for the advancement of her own family. With the marquis's permission, she wrote to Martinique, to her brother, M. Tacher de la Pagerie, to beg that he would send over one of his daughters. The young lady landed at Rochefort, was taken ill, and died almost immediately. Notwithstanding this unhappy event, madame did not relinquish the project which she had formed, of bringing about a union between the young vicomte and a niece of her own. She sent for another—and *Josephine* was sent. When the young creole arrived, she had just attained her fifteenth year, and was eminently attractive; her elegant form and personal charms were enhanced by the most winning grace, modesty, and sweetness of disposition. Such fascinations could not have failed in making an impression on the young man with whom she was domesticated. His opportunities of becoming acquainted with his cousin were only such as were afforded by an occasional interview at the grating of the convent, where she was being educated; so no attachment had been formed; and he fell passionately in love with the innocent and lovely Josephine. She was not long insensible to the devotion of a lover so handsome and agreeable as the young vicomte. Madame Renaudin sought the good offices of an intimate friend, to whose influence with the young man's father she trusted for the success of her project. In a confidential interview the lady introduced the subject—spoke of the ardent attachment of the young people, of the charms of the simple girl who had won his son's heart, and urged the consideration of the young man's happiness on his father, assuring him it rested on his consent to his marriage with Josephine. The marquis was painfully excited; he loved his son tenderly, and would have made any sacrifice to insure his happiness; but his affection for his brother, and the repugnance which he felt, to fail in his engagement to him, kept him in a state of the most perplexing uneasiness. At length, stating to his brother how matters stood, he found that he had mortally offended him; so deeply, indeed, did he resent the affront, that he declared he could never forget or forgive it—a promise too faithfully kept.

The affection and confidence of a whole life were thus snapped asunder in a moment. The vicomte insisted on a division of the West Indian property; and, with feelings so bitterly

excited, no amicable arrangement could take place, and the brothers had recourse to law, in which they were involved for the rest of their days.

The marriage of the young people took place, and the youthful Mademoiselle Tacher de Pagerie became Vicomtesse de Beauharnais.

It is said that her husband's uncle took a cruel revenge for the disappointment, of which she had been the cause, by awakening suspicion of the fidelity of Josephine in the mind of her husband. The distracting doubts he raised made his nephew wretched; to such a degree was his jealousy excited, that he endeavored, by legal proceedings, to procure a divorce; but the evidence he adduced utterly failed, and after some time, a reconciliation took place.

The uncle died, and his daughter had in the mean time married the Marquis de Baral. So all went well with the young couple. They met with the most flattering reception at court. The vicomte, who was allowed to be the most elegant dancer of his day, was frequently honored by being the partner of the queen. And as to Josephine, she was the admired of all admirers; she was not only considered one of the most beautiful women at court, but all who conversed with her were captivated by her grace and sweetness. She entered into the gayeties of Versailles with the animation natural to her time of life and disposition.

But the sunshine of the royal circle was, ere long, clouded, and the gathering storm could be too well discerned; amusement was scarcely thought of. The States General assembled, and every thing denoted a revolutionary movement.

Josephine was an especial favorite with the queen; and in those days, dark with coming events, she had the most confidential conversations with her; all the fears and melancholy forebodings which caused the queen such deep anxiety, were freely imparted to her friend. Little did Josephine think, while sympathizing with her royal mistress, that she would herself rule in that court, and that she, too, would be a sufferer from the elevation of her situation. Her husband, the Vicomte de Beauharnais, was then called to join the army, as war had been unexpectedly declared. He distinguished himself so much, that he attained the rank of general. But in the midst of his successful career, he saw the danger which was impending, and he could perceive that not only were the days of Louis's power numbered, but he even feared that his life was not safe. His fears were unhappily fulfilled; and he himself, merely on account of belonging to the aristocracy, was denounced by his own troops, and deprived of his commission by authority, arrested, brought to Paris, and thrown into prison. It was during his imprisonment that the vicomte had the most affecting proofs of the attachment of Josephine: all the energies of her mind and of her strong affection were bent on obtaining his liberty; no means she could devise were left untried; she joined her own supplications to

the solicitations of friends, to whom she had appealed in her emergency; she endeavored, in the most touching manner, to console and cheer him. But the gratification of soothing him by her presence and endearments was soon denied, for she was seized, and taken as a prisoner to the convent of the Carmelites. A few weeks passed, and the unfortunate vicomte was brought to trial, and condemned to death by the revolutionary tribunal. Though natural tears fell at thoughts of parting from his wife and children, and leaving them unprotected in the world, his courage never forsook him to the last.

When the account of his execution reached Josephine she fainted away, and was for a long time alarmingly ill. It was while in prison, and every moment expecting to be summoned before the revolutionary tribunal, that Josephine cut off her beautiful tresses, as the only gift which she had to leave her children, for all the family estates in Europe had been seized, and the destruction of property at St. Domingo had cut off all supplies from that quarter. Yet, amidst her anxieties, her afflictions, and her dangers, her fortitude never forsook her, and her example and her efforts to calm them, to a degree supported the spirits of her fellow-prisoners. Josephine herself ascribed her firmness to her implicit trust in the prediction of an old negress which she had treasured in her memory from childhood. Her trust, indeed, in the inexplicable mysteries of divination was sufficiently proved by the interest with which she is said to have frequently applied herself during her sad hours of imprisonment to learn her fortune from a pack of cards. Mr. Alison mentions, that he had heard of the prophecy of the negress in 1801, long before Napoleon's elevation to the throne. Josephine herself, Mr. Alison goes on to say, narrated this extraordinary passage in her life in the following terms:

"One morning the jailer entered the chamber where I slept with the Duchesse d'Aiguillon and two other ladies, and told me he was going to take my mattress, and give it to another prisoner.

"'Why,' said Madame d'Aiguillon, eagerly, I will not Madame de Beauharnais obtain a better one?"

"'No, no,' replied he, with a fiendish smile, 'she will have no need of one, for she is about to be led to the Conciergerie, and then to the guillotine.'

"At these words, my companions in misfortune uttered piercing shrieks. I consoled them as well as I could; and, at length, worn out with their eternal lamentations, I told them that their grief was utterly unreasonable; that I not only should not die, but live to be Queen of France.

"'Why, then, do you not name your maids of honor?' said Madame d'Aiguillon, irritated at such expressions, at such a moment.

"'Very true,' said I; 'I did not think of that. Well, my dear, I make you one of them.'*

* Josephine might afterward have fulfilled this promise, and not Madame d'Aiguillon been a divorced wife, which

"Upon this the tears of the ladies fell apace for they never doubted I was mad; but the truth was, I was not gifted with any extraordinary courage, but internally persuaded of the truth of the oracle.

"Madame d'Aiguillon soon after became unwell, and I drew her toward the window, which I opened, to admit through the bars a little fresh air. I then perceived a poor woman who knew us, and who was making a number of signs, which I could not at first understand. She constantly held up her gown (*robe*); and, seeing that she had some object in view, I called out *robe*; to which she answered, *yes*. She then lifted up a stone, and put it into her lap, which she lifted a second time. I called out, *pierre*. Upon this, she evinced the greatest joy at perceiving that her signs were understood. Joining then the stone to her robe, she eagerly imitated the motion of cutting off the head, and immediately began to dance and evince the most extravagant joy.

"This singular pantomime awakened in our minds a vague hope that possibly Robespierre might be no more.

"At this moment, while we were vacillating between hope and fear, we heard a great noise in the corridor, and the terrible voice of our jailer, who said to his dog, giving him at the same time a kick, 'Get in, you cursed Robespierre.'"

This speech told them they were saved.

Through the influence of Barras, a portion of her husband's property, in which Malmaison was included, was restored to Josephine. In this favorite abode she amused herself in exercising her taste in the embellishment of the grounds, and in the pursuit of botany; but her chief enjoyment was in the society and instruction of her children, to whom she was passionately attached. Their amiable dispositions and their talents were a source of the most exquisite pleasure to her, not, however, unmingled with regret at finding herself without the means of conferring on them the advantages of which they were so deserving. However, a better time was to come. Madame Tallien and several of Josephine's friends, after a time, prevailed on her to enter into society, and the fair associates became the principal ornaments of the directorial circle. Through their influence, revolutionary manners were reformed, and all the power which their charms and their talents gave them was exerted in the cause of humanity.

Napoleon's acquaintance with Josephine arose from the impression made on him by her son Eugene Beauharnais, then a little boy. He came to request that his father's sword, which had been delivered up, might be restored to him. The boy's appearance—the earnestness with which he urged his request, and the tears which could not be stayed when he beheld the sword, interested Napoleon so much in his favor, that not only was the sword given to him, but he determined to become acquainted with the mo-

excluded her from holding any situation about the Empress.

ther of the boy. He visited her, and soon his visits became frequent. He delighted to hear the details which she gave of the court of Louis.

"Come," he would say, as he sat by her side of an evening, "now let us talk of the old court—let us make a tour to Versailles." It was in these frequent and familiar interviews that the fascinations of Josephine won the heart of Napoleon. "She is," said he, "grace personified—every thing she does is with a grace and delicacy peculiar to herself."

The admiration and love of such a man could not fail to make an impression on a woman like Josephine. It has been said, that it was impossible to be in Napoleon's company without being struck by his personal appearance; not so much by the exquisite symmetry of his features, and the noble head and forehead, which have furnished the painter and the sculptor with one of their finest models; nor even by the meditative look, so indicative of intellectual power; but the magic charm was the varying expression of countenance, which changed with every passing thought, and glowed with every feeling. His smile, it is said, always inspired confidence. "It is difficult, if not impossible," so the Duchess of Abrantes wites, "to describe the charm of his countenance when he smiled;—his soul was upon his lips and in his eyes." The magic power of that expression at a later period is well known. The Emperor of Russia experienced it when he said, "I never loved any one more than that man." He possessed, too, that greatest of all charms, an harmonious voice, whose tones, like his countenance, changing from emphatic impressiveness to caressing softness, found their way to every heart. It may not have been those personal and mental gifts alone which won Josephine's heart; the ready sympathy with which Napoleon entered into her feelings may have been the greatest charm to an affectionate nature like hers.

It was in the course of one of those confidential evenings that, as they sat together, she read to him the last letter which she had received from her husband: it was a most touching farewell. Napoleon was deeply affected; and it has been said that that letter, and Josephine's emotion as she read it, had a powerful effect upon his feelings, already so much excited by admiration.

Josephine soon consented to give her hand to the young soldier of fortune, who had no dower but his sword. On his part, he gave a pledge that he would consider her children as his own, and that their interests should be his first concern. The world can testify how he redeemed his pledge! To his union with Josephine he declared he was indebted for his chief happiness. Her affection, and the interchange of thought with her, were prized beyond all the greatness to which he attained. Many of the little incidents of their every-day life can not be read without deep interest—evinced, as they do, a depth of affection and tenderness of feeling which it is difficult to conceive should ever have been

sacrificed to ambition. They visited together the prison where Josephine had passed so many dreary and sad hours. He saw the loved name traced on the dank wall, by the hand which was now his own. She had told him of a ring, which she had fondly prized; it had been the gift of her mother. She pointed out to him the flag under which she had contrived to hide it. When it was taken from its hiding-place and put into her hand, her delight enchanted Napoleon. Seldom have two persons met whose feelings and whose tastes appeared more perfectly in unison than theirs, during the *happy* days of their wedded life. The delight which they took in the fine arts was a source of constant pleasure; and in their days of power and elevation, it was their care to encourage artists of talent. Many interesting anecdotes are related of their kind and generous acts toward them. In Josephine's manner of conferring favors, there was always something still more gratifying than the advantage bestowed—something that implied that she entered into the feelings of those whom she wished to serve. She had observed that M. Turpin, an artist who went frequently to Malmaison, had no conveyance but an almost worn-out cabriolet, drawn by a sorry horse. One day, when about to take his leave, he was surprised to see a nice new vehicle and handsome horse drawn up. His own arms painted on the panels, and stamped on the harness, at once told him they were intended for him; but this was not the only occasion on which Josephine ministered to the straitened means of the painter. She employed him in making a sketch of a Swiss view, while sitting with her, and directed him to take it home, and bring the picture to her when finished. She was delighted with the beautiful landscape which he produced, and showed it with pleasure to every visitor who came in. The artist no doubt felt a natural gratification at finding his fine work appreciated. Josephine then called him aside, and put the stipulated price in bank-notes into his hand.

"This," said she, "is for your excellent mother; but it may not be to her taste; so tell her that I shall not be offended at her changing this trifling token of my friendship, and of the gratification which her son's painting has given me, for whatever might be more acceptable."

As she spoke, she put into his hand a diamond of the value of six thousand francs.

Josephine attended Napoleon in many of his campaigns. When she was not with him, he corresponded regularly with her, and no lover ever wrote letters more expressive of passionate attachment.

"By what art is it," he says, in one of them, "that you have been able to captivate all my faculties. It is a magic, my sweet love, which will finish only with my life. To live for Josephine is the history of my life. I am trying to reach you. I am dying to be with you. What lands, what countries separate us! What a time before you read these lines!"

Josephine returned her husband's fondness

with her whole heart. Utterly regardless of privation and fatigue, she was ever earnest in urging him to allow her to accompany him on all his long journeys; and often, at midnight, when just setting out on some expedition, he has found her in readiness.

"No, love," he would say, "no, no, love, do not ask me; the fatigue would be too much for you."

"Oh, no," she would answer; "no, no."

"But I have not a moment to spare."

"See, I am quite ready;" and she would drive off, seated by Napoleon's side.

From having mingled in scenes of gayety from her earliest days, and from the pleasure which her presence was sure to diffuse, and perhaps, it may be added, from a nature singularly guileless, that could see no evil in what appeared to her but as innocent indulgences, she was led into expenses and frivolous gratifications which were by no means essential for a mind like hers. Dishonest tradesmen took advantage of her inexperience and extreme easiness, and swelled their bills to an enormous amount; but her greatest, and far most congenial outlay, was in the relief of the distressed. She could not endure to deny the petition of any whom she believed to be suffering from want; and this tenderness of heart was often imposed on by the artful and rapacious. Those who, from interested motives, desired to separate her from Napoleon, felt a secret satisfaction in the uneasiness which her large expenditure occasionally gave him. To their misrepresentations may be ascribed the violent bursts of jealousy by which he was at times agitated; but he was ever ready to perceive that there was no foundation to justify them. It was during one of their separations, that the insinuations of those about Napoleon excited his jealousy to such a degree, that he wrote a hasty letter to Josephine, accusing her of *coquetry*, and of evidently preferring the society of men to those of her own sex.

"The ladies," she says, in her reply, "are filled with fear and lamentations for those who serve under you; the gentlemen eagerly compliment me on your success, and speak of you in a manner that delights me. My aunt and those about me can tell you, ungrateful as you are, whether *I have been coquetting with any body*. These are your words, and they would be hateful to me, were I not certain that you see already they are unjust, and are sorry for having written them."

Napoleon's brothers strove to alienate his affections from Josephine; but the intense agony which he suffered when suspicion was awakened, must have proved to them how deep these affections were. Perhaps no trait in Josephine's character exalts it more than her conduct to the family who had endeavored to injure her in the most tender point. She often was the means of making peace between Napoleon and different members of his family with whom he was displeased. Even after the separation which they had been instrumental in effecting, she still ex-

erted that influence which she never lost, to reconcile differences which arose between them. Napoleon could never long mistrust her generous and tender feelings, and the intimate knowledge of such a disposition every day increased his love; she was not only the object of his fondest affection, but he believed her to be in some mysterious manner connected with his destiny; a belief which chimed in with the popular superstition by which she was regarded as his good genius—a superstition which took still deeper hold of the public mind when days of disaster came, whose date commenced in no long time after the separation. The apparently accidental circumstance by which Josephine had escaped the explosion of the infernal machine was construed by many as a direct interposition of Providence in favor of *Napoleon's Guardian Angel*.

It was just as she was stepping into her carriage, which was to follow closely that of the First Consul to the theatre, that General Rapp, who had always before appeared utterly unobservant of ladies' dress, remarked to Josephine, that the pattern of the shawl did not match her dress. She returned to the house, and ran up to her apartment to change it for another; the delay did not occupy more than three minutes, but they sufficed to save her life. Napoleon's carriage just cleared the explosion; had Josephine's been close behind, nothing could have saved her. In the happy days of love and confidence, Malmaison was the scene of great enjoyment: the hand of taste could be discerned in all its embellishments. Napoleon preferred it to any other residence. When he arrived there from the Luxemburg or the Tuileries, he was wild with delight, like a school-boy let loose from school—every thing enchanted him, but most of all, perhaps, the chimes of the village church-bells. It may have been partly owing to the associations which they awakened. He would stop in his rambles if he heard them, lest his foot-fall should drown the sound—he would remain as if entranced, in a kind of ecstasy, till they ceased. "Ah! how they remind me of the first years I spent at Brienne!"

Napoleon added considerably to the domain of Malmaison by purchasing the noble woods of Butard, which joined it. He was in a perfect ecstasy with the improvement; and, in a few days after the purchase was completed, proposed that they should all make a party to see it. Josephine put on her shawl, and, accompanied by her friends, set out. Napoleon, in a state of enchantment, rode on before; but he would then gallop back, and take Josephine's hand. He was compared to a child who, in the eagerness of delight, flies back to his mother to impart his joy.

Nothing could be more agreeable than the society at Malmaison. Napoleon disliked ceremony, and wished all his guests to be perfectly at their ease. All his evenings were spent in Josephine's society, in which he delighted. Both possessed the rare gift of conversational powers

General information and exquisite taste were rendered doubly attractive by the winning manners and sweet voice of Josephine. As for Napoleon, he appeared to have an intuitive knowledge on all subjects. He was like an inspired person when seen amid men of every age, and all professions. All thronged round the pale, studious-looking young man—feeling that “he was more fitted to give than to receive lessons.” Argument with him almost invariably ended by his opponent going over to his side. His tact was such that he knew how to select the subject for discussion on which the person with whom he conversed was best informed; and thus, from his earliest days, he increased his store of information, and gave infinite pleasure by the interest which he took in the pursuits of those whom chance threw in his way. The delightful flow of his spirits showed how much he enjoyed the social evenings. He amused his guests in a thousand ways. If he sat down to cards, he diverted them by pretending to cheat, which he might have done with impunity, as he never took his winnings. He sometimes entertained them with tales composed on the moment. When they were of ghosts and apparitions, he took care to tell them by a dim light, and to prepare them by some solemn and striking observation. Private theatricals sometimes made the entertainment of the evening. Different members of Napoleon’s family, and several of the guests, performed. The plays are described as having been acted to an audience of two or three hundred, and going off with great effect—every one, indeed, endeavored to acquit themselves to the best of their ability, for they knew they had a severe critic in Napoleon.

The amiable and engaging manners of Napoleon and Josephine gave to Malmaison its greatest charm. The ready sympathy of Josephine with all who were in sorrow, or any kind of distress, endeared her to every one. If any among her domestics were ill, she was sure to visit the sick-bed, and soothe the sufferer by her tenderness. Indeed, her sympathy was often known to bring relief when other means had failed. She was deeply affected by the calamity of M. Decrest. He had lost his only son suddenly by a fatal accident. The young man had been on the eve of marriage, and all his family were busy making preparations for the joyful occasion, when news of his death was brought. The poor father remained in a state of nearly complete stupor from the moment of the melancholy intelligence. All attempts to arouse him were unavailing. When Josephine was made acquainted with his alarming state, she lost not a moment in hurrying to him; and leading his little daughter by the hand, and taking his infant in her arms, she threw herself, with his two remaining children, at his feet. The afflicted man burst into tears, and nature found a salutary relief, which saved his life. In such acts Josephine was continually engaged. Nothing could withdraw her mind from the claims of the unfortunate. Her tender respect

for the feelings of others was never laid aside; and with those who strove to please her she was always pleased. On one occasion, when the ladies about her could not restrain their laughter at the discordant music made by an itinerant musician, who had requested permission to play before her, she preserved a becoming gravity, and encouraged, and thanked, and rewarded the poor man. “He did his best to gratify us,” she said, when he was gone: “I think it was my duty not only to avoid hurting his feelings, but to thank and reward him for the trouble which he took to give pleasure.”

Such were the lessons which she impressed upon her children. She often talked with them of the privations of other days, and charged them never to forget those days amid the smile of fortune which they now enjoyed.

Josephine saw with great uneasiness the probable elevation of the First Consul to the throne. She felt that it would bring danger to him, and ruin to herself; for she had discernment enough to anticipate that she would be sacrificed to the ambition of those who wished to establish an hereditary right to the throne of the empire. Every step of his advancing power caused her deep anxiety. “The real enemies of Bonaparte,” she said to Raderer, as Alison tells, “the real enemies of Bonaparte are those who put into his head ideas of hereditary succession, dynasty, divorce, and marriage. I do not approve the projects of Napoleon,” she added. “I have often told him so. He hears me with attention; but I can plainly see that I make no impression. The flatterers who surround him soon obliterate all I have said.” She strove to restrain his desire of conquest, by urging on him continually a far greater object—that of rendering France happy by encouraging her industry and protecting her agriculture. In a long letter, in which she earnestly expostulates with him on the subject, she turns to herself in affecting terms: “Will not the throne,” she says, “inspire you with the wish to contract new alliances? Will you not seek to support your power by new family connections? Alas! whatever these connections may be, will they compensate for those which were first knit by corresponding fitness, and which affection promised to perpetuate?” So far, indeed, from feeling elated by her own elevation to a throne, she regretted it with deep melancholy. “The assumption of the throne,” she looked on as “an act that must ever be an inefaceable blot upon Napoleon’s name.” It has been asserted by her friends that she never recovered her spirits after. The pomps and ceremonies, too, attendant on the imperial state, must have been distasteful to one who loved the retirement of home, and hated every kind of restraint and ostentation.

From the time that Napoleon became emperor he lavished the greatest honors on the children of Josephine. Her daughter Hortense received the hand of Louis Bonaparte, and the crown of Holland. Eugene, his first acquaintance of the family, and especial favorite, ob-

tained the rank of colonel, and was adopted as one of the imperial family; and the son of Hortense and Louis was adopted as heir to the throne of France. The coronation took place at Notre Dame, with all the show and pomp of which the French are so fond. When the papal benediction was pronounced, Napoleon placed the crown on his head with his own hands. He then turned to Josephine, who knelt before him, and there was an affectionate playfulness in the manner in which he took pains to arrange it, as he placed the crown upon her head. It seemed at that moment as if he forgot the presence of all but her. After putting on the crown, he raised it, and placing it more lightly on, regarded her the while with looks of fond admiration. On the morning of the coronation, Napoleon had sent for Raguideau the notary, who little thought that he had been summoned into the august presence to be reminded of what had passed on the occasion of their last meeting, and of which he had no idea the emperor was in possession. While Napoleon had been paying his addresses to Josephine, they walked arm-in-arm to the notary's, for neither of them could boast of a carriage. "You are a great fool," replied the notary to Josephine, who had just communicated her intention of marrying the young officer: "you are a great fool, and you will live to repent it. You are about to marry a man who has nothing but his cloak and his sword." Napoleon, who was waiting in the ante-chamber, overheard these words, but never spoke of them to any one. "Now," said Napoleon, with a smile, addressing the old man, who had been ushered into his presence: "now, what say you, Raguideau? have I nothing but my cloak and sword?" The empress and the notary both stood amazed at this first intimation that the warning had been overheard.

The following year, the magnificent coronation at Milan took place, surpassing, if possible, in grandeur that at Paris. Amidst the gorgeousness of that spectacle, however, there were few by whom it was not forgotten in the far deeper interest which the principal actors in the scene inspired. Amidst the blaze of beauty and of jewels, and the strains of music, by which he was surrounded, what were the feelings of Napoleon, as he held within his grasp the iron crown of Charlemagne, which had reposed in the treasury of Monza for a thousand years, and for which he had so ardently longed. Even at that moment, when he placed it on his own head, were the aspirations of the ambitious spirit satisfied?—or were not his thoughts taking a wider range of conquest than he had yet achieved? And for her, who knelt at his feet, about to receive the highest honor that mortal hands can confer—did the pomp and circumstance of that scene, and the glory of the crown, satisfy her loving heart? Ah, surely no! It was away in the sweet retirement of Malmaison—amidst the scenes hallowed by Napoleon's early affection. And how few years were to

elapse ere the crown just placed on the head of Josephine was to be transferred to another!—when the place which she, the loving and beloved, occupied by her husband's side was to be filled by another! Though doubts had arisen in her mind—though she knew the influence of those who feared the sceptre might pass into the hands of another dynasty—still, the hope never forsook her, that affection would triumph over ambition, till Napoleon himself communicated the cruel determination. With what abandonment of self she was wont to cast her whole dependence on Napoleon, may be seen in a letter addressed to Pope Pius VII. In it she says: "My first sentiment—one to which all others are subservient—is a conviction of my own weakness and incapacity. Of myself I am but little; or, to speak more correctly, my only value is derived from the extraordinary man to whom I am united. This inward conviction, which occasionally humbles my pride, eventually affords me some encouragement, when I calmly reflect. I whisper to myself, that the arm under which the whole earth is made to tremble, may well support my weakness."

Hortense's promising child was dead; Napoleon and Josephine had shed bitter tears together over the early grave of their little favorite; and there was now not even a nominal heir to the throne. The machinations of the designing were in active motion. Lucien introduced the subject, and said to Josephine that it was absolutely necessary for the satisfaction of the nation that Napoleon should have a son, and asked whether she would pass off an illegitimate one as her own. This proposal she refused with the utmost indignation, preferring any alternative to one so disgraceful.

On Napoleon's return from the battle of Wagram, Josephine hastened to welcome him. After the first warm greetings and tender embraces, she perceived that something weighed upon his mind. The restraint and embarrassment of his manner filled her with dread. For fifteen days she was a prey to the most cruel suspense, yet she dreaded its termination by a disclosure fatal to her happiness. Napoleon, who loved her so much, and who had hitherto looked to her alone for all his domestic felicity, himself felt all the severity of the blow which he was about to inflict. The day at length came, and it is thus affectingly described by Mr. Alison:—

"They dined together as usual, but neither spoke a word during the repast; their eyes were averted as soon as they met, but the countenance of both revealed the mortal anguish of their minds. When it was over, he dismissed the attendants, and approaching the empress with a trembling step, took her hand, and laid it upon his heart. 'Josephine,' said he, 'my good Josephine, you know how I have loved you; it is to you alone that I owe the few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine, my destiny is more powerful than my will; my dearest affections must yield to the interests of France.'

"**Say no more,**" cried the empress. "I expected this; I understand and feel for you, but the stroke is not the less mortal." With these words, she uttered piercing shrieks, and fell down in a swoon.

"Doctor Corvisart was at hand to render assistance, and she was restored to a sense of her wretchedness in her own apartment. The emperor came to see her in the evening, but she could hardly bear the emotion occasioned by his appearance."

Little did Napoleon think, when he was making a sacrifice of all the "happiness which he had known in the world," that the ambitious views for which it was relinquished would fade away ere five years ran their course. What strange destinies do men carve out for themselves! what sacrifices are they ever making of felicity and of real good, in the pursuit of some phantom which is sure to elude their grasp! How many Edens have been forfeited by madness and by folly, since the first pair were expelled from Paradise!

It was not without an effort on her part to turn Napoleon from a purpose so agonizing to them both, that Josephine gave up all hope. In about a month after the disclosure, a painful task devolved on the imperial family. The motives for the divorce were to be stated in public, and the heart-stricken Josephine was to subscribe to its necessity in presence of the nation. In conformity with the magnanimous resolve of making so great a sacrifice for the advantage of the empire, it was expedient that an equanimity of deportment should be assumed. The scene which took place could never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Napoleon stood pale and immovable as a statue, showing in the very stillness of his air and countenance a deep emotion. Josephine and Hortense alone appeared divested of every ornament, while those about them sparkled in all the splendor of court costume. Every eye was directed to Josephine, as with slow steps she reached the seat which had been prepared for her. She took it with her accustomed grace, and preserved throughout a dignified composure. Hortense stood weeping behind her chair, and poor Eugene was nearly overcome by agitation, as the act of separation was read; Napoleon declared that it was in consideration of the interests of the monarchy and the wishes of his people that there should be an heir to the throne, that he was induced "to sacrifice the sweetest affections of his heart." "God knows," said he, "what such a determination has cost my heart." Of Josephine he spoke with the tenderest affection and respect. "She has embellished fifteen years of my life; the remembrance of them will be forever engraven on my heart."

When it was Josephine's turn to speak, though tears were in her eyes, and though her voice faltered, the dignity of all she uttered impressed every one who was present. "I respond to all the sentiments of the emperor," she said, "in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which

henceforth is an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man, evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and restore the altar, the throne, and social order I know," she went on to say, "what this act, commanded by policy and exalted interest, has cost his heart; but we both glory in the sacrifice which we make to the good of our country. I feel elevated by giving the greatest proof of attachment and devotion *that ever was given upon earth.*"

It was not till Josephine heard the fatal words which were to part her from the object of her affection forever, that her courage seemed for a moment to forsake her; but hastily brushing away the tears that forced their way, she took the pen which was handed to her, and signed the act; then taking the arm of Hortense, and followed by Eugene, she left the saloon, and hurried to her own apartment, where she shut herself up alone for the remainder of the day.

It is well known that, notwithstanding the courage with which the imperial family came forward before the public on this occasion, they gave way to the most passionate grief in private. Napoleon had retired for the night, and had gone to his bed in silence and sadness, when the private door opened, and Josephine appeared. Her hair fell in wild disorder, and her countenance bore the impress of an incurable grief. She advanced with a faltering step; then paused; and bursting into an agony of tears, threw herself on Napoleon's neck, and sobbed as if her heart were breaking. He tried to console her, but his own tears fell fast with hers. A few broken words—a last embrace—and they parted. The next morning, the whole household assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to a mistress whom they loved and revered. With streaming eyes, they saw her pass the gates of the Tuileries never to return.

The feelings with which Josephine took up her residence at Malmaison, amidst the scenes so dear to her, may be conceived; but true to the wishes of the emperor, and to the dictates of her own elevated mind, she bore up under her trying situation with exemplary dignity; but grief had done its part; and no one could look into her face, or meet the sweet melancholy smile with which she welcomed them, without being moved. Happy days, which she had enjoyed amidst these scenes with many of those who waited on her, were sadly contrasted with her forlorn feelings; and though she strove to speak cheerfully, and never complained, the tears which she tried to check or to conceal would sometimes force their way. The chief indulgence which she allowed her feelings was during those hours of the day when she shut herself up alone in Napoleon's cabinet; that chamber where so many moments of confidential intercourse had passed, and which she continued to hold so sacred, that scarcely any one but herself ever entered it. She would not suffer any

thing to be moved since Napoleon had occupied it. She would herself wipe away the dust, fearing that other hands might disturb what he had touched. The volume which he had been reading when last there lay on the table, open at the page at which he had last looked. The map was there, with all his tracings of some meditated route; the pen which had given permanence to some passing thought lay beside it; articles of dress were on some of the chairs; every thing looked as if he were about to enter.

Even under the changed circumstances which brought Josephine back to Malmaison, her influence over Napoleon which had been always powerful, was not diminished. No estrangement took place between them. His visits to her were frequent, though her increased sadness was always observed on those days when he made them. They corresponded to the last moment of her life. The letters which she received from him were her greatest solace. It is thus she alludes to them in writing to him: "Continue to retain a kind recollection of your friend; give her the consolation of occasionally hearing from you, that you still preserve that attachment for her which alone constitutes the happiness of her existence."

The nuptials of Napoleon and Marie Louise took place a very short time after the divorce was ratified. Whatever the bitter feelings of Josephine might have been, they were not mingled with one ungenerous or unjust sentiment. No ill-feeling toward the new empress was excited in her bosom by the rapturous greetings with which she was welcomed on her arrival. "Every one ought," said she, "to endeavor to render France dear to an empress who has left her native country to take up her abode among strangers."

But however elevated above all the meaner passions, the affections of Josephine had received a wound from which they could never recover, and she found it essential for any thing like peace of mind, to remove from scenes of former happiness. She retired to a noble mansion in Navarre, the gift of Napoleon; and as he had made a most munificent settlement on her, she was able to follow the bent of her benevolent mind, and to pass her time in doing good. So far from feeling any mortification on the birth of his son, she unfeignedly participated in the gratification which the emperor felt, and she ever took the most lively interest in the child. She was deeply affected when his birth was announced to her, and retired to her chamber to weep unseen; but no murmur mingled with those natural tears.

It is rare to meet an example of one like Josephine, who has escaped the faults which experience tells us beset the extremes of destiny. In all the power and luxury of the highest elevation, no cold selfishness ever chilled the current of her generous feelings; for in the midst of prosperity her highest gratification was to serve her fellow creatures, and in adverse circumstances, unspited at the world, such was

still her sweetest solace. She was, indeed, so wonderfully sustained throughout all the changes and chances of her eventful life, that it needs no assurance to convince us that she must have sought for support beyond this transitory scene.

She employed the peasantry about Navarre in making roads and other useful works. Ever prompt in giving help to those in want, she chanced to meet one of the sisters of charity one day, seeking assistance for the wounded who lay in a neighboring hospital. Josephine gave large relief, promised to put all in train to have her supplied with linen for the sick, and that she would help to prepare lint for their wounds. The petitioner pronounced a blessing on her, and went on her way, but turned back to ask the name of her benefactress; the answer was affecting—"I am poor Josephine."

There can be no doubt but that Napoleon's thoughts often turned with tenderness to the days that he had passed with Josephine. Proof was given of an unchanging attachment to her, in the favors which he lavished on those connected with her by relationship or affection. Among her friends was Mrs. Damer, so celebrated for her success in sculpture. She had become acquainted with her while she was passing some time in Paris. Charmed by Josephine's varied attractions, she delighted in her society, and they became fast friends; when parting, they promised never to forget each other. The first intimation which Mrs. Damer had of Josephine's second marriage was one day when a French gentleman waited on her; he was the bearer of a most magnificent piece of porcelain and a letter, with which he had been charged for her by the wife of the First Consul. Great was her astonishment, when she opened the letter to find that it was indeed from the wife of the First Consul; no longer Vicomtesse de Beauharnais, but her dear friend Josephine, who urged her with all the warmth of friendship, to pay her an immediate visit at Paris. "I do long," she added, "to present my husband to you." Such a tempting invitation was gladly accepted, and she was received with joy by Napoleon and Josephine. In after years, she constantly recalled to mind the pleasures of that visit, with mingled feelings of melancholy and delight. The domestic scene left a lasting impression. Napoleon, always so fascinating in conversation, made himself delightfully agreeable to her; he loved to talk with her of her art; and his originality, enthusiasm, and taste gave an interest to every thing he said. He had a great admiration for Fox, and expressed a wish to have his bust. When Mrs. Damer next visited Paris, she brought Fox's bust, but Josephine's place was occupied by another. The emperor saw her, and met her with all the cordiality and kindness which the recollection of former happy days, and her attachment to Josephine, were sure to inspire. At parting, he gave her a splendid snuff-box, with his likeness set in diamonds. The box is now in the British Museum.

It was in her retirement at Navarre that Josephine wept bitterly over the fallen fortunes of Napoleon. The Russian expedition caused her such deep inquietude that her health and spirits visibly declined; she saw in it a disastrous fate for Napoleon, and trembled, too, for the safety of Eugene, a son so dearly and so deservedly beloved, and who was, if possible, rendered still more precious, as the especial favorite of Napoleon, and as having been the means of introducing him to her. Josephine now scarcely joined her ladies, but would remain for the length of the day alone in her chamber, by the large traveling-desk which contained Napoleon's letters. Among these there was one that she was observed to read over and over again, and then to place in her bosom; it was the last that she had received; it was written from Brienne. A passage in it runs thus: "On revisiting this spot, where I passed my youthful days, and contrasting the peaceful condition I then enjoyed with the state of terror and agitation to which my mind is now a prey, often have I addressed myself in these words: I have sought death in numberless engagements, I can no longer dread its approach; I should now hail it as a boon. Nevertheless, I could still wish to see Josephine once more—" He again adds: "Adieu, my dear Josephine; never dismiss from your recollection one who has never forgotten, and never will forget you."

It would be needless to dwell on the rapid events which led to Napoleon's abdication, but it would be impossible, even in this imperfect sketch, not to be struck by the strange coincidences of Josephine's life—twice married—twice escaped from a violent death—twice crowned—both husbands sought for a divorce—one husband was executed—the other banished! One of Napoleon's first cares, in making his conditions when he abdicated, was an ample provision for Josephine; £40,000 per annum was settled on her.

It was after Napoleon's departure from the shores of France, that the Emperor Alexander, touched with admiration of Josephine's character, and with pity for her misfortunes, prevailed on her to return to Malmaison to see him there. The associations so linked with the spot that she had loved to beautify must, indeed, have been overpowering. It was there that Napoleon's passionate attachment to her was formed. How many recollections must have been awakened by the pleasure grounds adorned with the costly shrubs and plants which they had so often admired *together*; how many tears had afterward fallen among them when the hours of separation came. The Emperor Alexander used every effort to console her, and promised his protection to her children, but sorrow had done its part, and the memories of other times had their effect. Josephine fell sick; malignant sore throat was the form which disease took, during the fatal illness of but a few days. Alexander was unremitting in his attentions; he again soothed the dying mother by the re-

newal of his promise of care for her children, a promise most faithfully kept. It was in the year 1814 that Napoleon left France for Elba, and also that Josephine died. The bells to which they had loved to listen together tolled her funeral knell. Her remains rest in the parish church of Ruel, near Malmaison. They were followed to the place of interment by a great number of illustrious persons who were desirous of paying **this** parting token of respect to one so much **loved** and honored. Upward of eight thousand of the neighboring peasantry joined the funeral procession to pay their tribute of affection and veneration to her, who was justly called, "*the mother of the poor and distressed.*" The tomb erected by her children marks the spot where she takes her "long last sleep." It bears the simple inscription—

EUGENE ET HORTENSE A JOSEPHINE.

Napoleon, too, paid a parting visit to the residence which he had preferred to every other. After his unsuccessful attempt to resume the sovereignty of France, he spent six days at Malmaison to muse over departed power and happiness, and then left the shores of France forever!

WORK AWAY!

Work away!

For the Master's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!

Work away!

Keep the busy fingers plying,
Keep the ceaseless shuttles flying;
See that never thread lie wrong;
Let not clash or clatter round us,
Sound of whirling wheels, confound us;
Steady hand! let woof be strong
And firm, that has to last so long!

Work away!

Keep upon the anvil ringing
Stroke of hammer; on the gloom
Set 'twixt cradle and 'twixt tomb
Shower of fiery sparkles flinging;
Keep the mighty furnace glowing;
Keep the red ore hissing, flowing
Swift within the ready mould;
See that each one than the old
Still be fitter, still be fairer
For the servant's use, and rarer
For the master to behold:

Work away!

Work away!

For the Leader's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
Wide the trackless prairies round us,
Dark and unsunned woods surround us,
Steep and savage mountains bound us;

Far away

Smile the soft savannas green,
Rivers sweep and roll between:

Work away!

Bring your axes, woodmen true;
Smite the forest till the blue
Of Heaven's sunny eye looks through
Every wild and tangled glade;
Jungled swamp and thicket shade
Give to day!

O'er the torrents fling your bridges,
Pioneers! Upon the ridges
Widen, smooth the rocky stair—
They that follow, far behind
Coming after us, will find
Surer, easier footing there;
Heart to heart, and hand with hand,
From the dawn to dusk o' day,

Work away!

Scouts upon the mountain's peak—
Ye that see the Promised Land,
Hearten us! for ye can speak
Of the country ye have scanned,
Far away!

Work away!

For the Father's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and Day!

WORK AND PRAY!

Pray! and Work will be completer;
Work! and Prayer will be the sweeter;
Love! and Prayer and Work the fleeter

Will ascend upon their way!

Fear not lest the busy finger
Weave a net the soul to stay;
Give her wings—she will not linger;
Soaring to the source of day;
Cleaving clouds that still divide us
From the azure depths of rest,
She will come again! beside us,
With the sunshine on her breast,
Sit, and sing to us, while quickest
On their task the fingers move,
While the outward din wars thickest,
Songs that she hath learned above.

Live in Future as in Present;
Work for both while yet the day
Is our own! for Lord and Peasant,
Long and bright as summer's day,
Cometh, yet more sure, more pleasant,
Cometh soon our Holiday;

Work away!

THE USURER'S GIFT.

A FEW months ago in London an old man sat in a large paneled room in one of the streets near Soho-square. Every thing in the apartment was brown with age and neglect. Nothing more superlatively dingy could well be imagined. The leathern covers of the chairs were white and glossy at the edges; the carpet was almost of a uniform tint, notwithstanding its original gaudy contrasts; there were absurd old engravings upon the walls—relics of the infancy of the art; and curtains to the windows, which the smoke of years had darkened from a delicate fawn to a rusty chocolate color. In the centre of the room, and, as it were, the sun of this dusty system, stood an office-table of more modern manufacture, at which was seated the old man alluded to, sole lord and master of the dismal domicile. He was by profession a money-lender. His age might be from sixty to sixty-five years; his face was long, and his features seemed carved out of box-wood or yellow sandstone, so destitute were they of mobility; his eyes were of a cold, pale, steel color, but his brows were black and tufted like a grim old

owl's; a long aquiline nose, a thin and compressed mouth, and a vast double chin, buried in a voluminous white neckcloth of more than one day's wear, completed the portrait. Nor did the expression of his countenance undergo any perceptible change as, after a timid knock the door opened, and a young man entered of singularly interesting appearance.

The new-comer was well-dressed, though his clothes were none of the newest, and had the air of a man accustomed to society. His pale brow was marked with those long horizontal lines of which time is rarely the artist. His dark, deep-set gray eyes flashed with a painful brightness; his long chestnut hair, damp with perspiration, clung in narrow strips to his forehead; his whole manner implied the man who had made up his mind to some extraordinary course, from which no wavering or weakness on his part was likely to turn him aside, whatever the opposition of others might compel him to abandon or determine. Bending his tall figure slightly, he addressed the money-lender in a tone of constrained calmness.

"You lend money, I believe?"

"Sometimes—on good security," replied the usurer, indifferently, forming a critical summary of his visitor's costume at a glance.

The stranger hesitated: there was a discouraging sort of coldness in the mode of delivering this answer that seemed to prejudge his proposition. Nevertheless, he resumed with an effort—"I saw your advertisement in the paper." The usurer did not even nod in answer to this prelude. He sat bolt upright in his chair, awaiting further information. "I am, as you will see by these papers, entitled to some property in reversion."

The usurer stretched out his hand for the papers, which he looked over carefully with the same implacable tranquillity, while his visitor entered into explanations as to their substance.

Once only the money-lender peered over the top of a document he was scanning, and said, gruffly: "Your name, sir, is Bernard West?"

"It is," replied the stranger, mechanically taking up a newspaper, in which the first thing which caught his eye was the advertisement alluded to, which ran thus:—"Money to any amount advanced immediately on every description of security, real or personal. Apply between the hours of ten and five to Mr. John Brace, — street, Soho-square."

After a brief interval of silence, the usurer methodically rearranged the papers, and returned them to the stranger. "They are of no use," he said, "no use whatever: the reversion is merely contingent. You have no available security to offer?"

"Could you not advance something upon these expectations—not even a small sum?"

"Not a farthing," said the money-lender.

"Is there no way of raising fifty—thirty—even twenty pounds?" said the stranger, anxiously, and with the tenacity of a drowning man grasping at a straw.

"There is a way," said the usurer, carelessly. West in his turn was silent, awaiting the explanation of his companion. "On personal security," continued the latter with a sinister impatience, beginning to arrange his writing materials for a letter.

"I will give any discount," said the young man, eagerly. "My prospects are good: I can—"

"Get a friend to be security for the payment of the interest?"

"Of the interest and principal, you mean?"

"Of the interest only—and the life insurance," added the usurer, with a slight peculiarity of intonation that might have escaped the notice of one whose nerves were less exalted in their sensitive power than those of his visitor's.

"And what sum can I borrow on these terms?" said West, gloomily.

"A hundred pounds: more if you require it. In fact, any amount, if your security be good."

"The interest will doubtless be high?"

"Not at all: four or five per cent. As much is often given for money on mortgage of land."

"And the life insurance?"

"You will insure your life for five hundred pounds, and you will pay the premiums with the interest."

"For five hundred?" said West, hesitating. "That is, if I borrow—"

"One hundred," replied the usurer, sharply.

"Men who lend money do not run risks. You may die, and four out of five insurance offices may fail; but the chances are that the fifth would pay."

"But it is not likely—" began Bernard West, amazed at this outrageous display of caution.

"I do not say it is likely," snarled the usurer with a contemptuous sort of pity for his visitor's dullness of apprehension; "I say it is possible; and I like to be on the safe side."

"Well, and how is the affair to be arranged?"

"Your security, who of course must be a person known to have property, will give a bond guaranteeing the regular payment of interest and premiums—that is all."

West reflected for some minutes in silence. The faint expression of hope that had for an instant lighted up his countenance vanished. He understood the money-lender and his proposition. A sufficiently clear remembrance of the tables of life assurance which he had seen, enabled him to perceive that the interest and premiums together would amount to nearly twenty per cent., and that the bond engaged his security to pay an annuity for his (West's) life of that amount. It is true that, full of energy and hope, he felt no doubt of his capacity to meet the payments regularly: it is true that, monstrous as were the terms, he would have accepted eagerly still harder ones, had it simply depended on his own decision. But where find, or how ask, a friend to become his bondsman? He ran over in despair the scanty list of acquaintances whom his poverty had not already caused to forget him. He felt that the thing was impossible.

There was not one he could think of who would have even dreamed of entering into such a compact. He turned desperately to the money-lender.

"I have no friend," he said, "of whom I could or would ask such a service. If I had, I should not be here. Are there *no* terms, however high, on which you can lend me even the most trifling sum, for which I myself alone need be responsible?"

"None," replied the usurer, already commencing his letter.

"I will give thirty per cent.?"

"Impossible."

"Fifty?"

The usurer shook his head impatiently.

"A hundred—cent. per cent.?"

"No!"

The strange seeker of loans at length rose to depart. He reached the door. Suddenly he turned back, his eyes blazing with the sombre radiance of despair. He strode up to the table, and planted himself, with folded arms, immediately in front of the usurer.

"Mark me!" said West, in a tone of deep suppressed passion, like the hollow murmur of the sea before a storm: "It is a question of life or death with me to get money before sunset. Lend me only twenty pounds, and within twelve months I will repay you one hundred. I will give you every power which the law can give one man over another; and I will pledge my honor, which never yet was questioned, to the bargain!"

The usurer almost smiled, so strangely sarcastic was the contraction of his features, as he listened to these words.

"I do not question your honor," he said, icily, "but honor has nothing to do with business. As for the law, there is an old axiom which says, Out of nothing, nothing comes."

Bernard West regarded the cold rocky face and the passionless mouth from which these words proceeded with that stinging wrath a man feels who has humiliated himself in vain. Nevertheless he clung to the old flinty usurer as to the last rock in a deluge, and a sense of savage recklessness came over him when he advanced yet closer to the living cash-box before him, while the latter shrank half-terrified before the burning gaze of his visitor's dilated pupils.

Laying his hand upon the money-lender's shoulder, by a gesture of terrible familiarity that insisted upon and commanded attention to his words, West spoke with a sudden clearness and even musical distinctness of utterance that made his words yet more appalling in their solemn despair—"Old man, I am desperate; I am ruined. It is but a few months since my father died, leaving me not only penniless, but encircled by petty obligations which have cramped every movement I would have made. I have had no time, no quiet, to make an effort such as my position requires. This day I have spent my last shilling. I am too proud to beg, and to borrow is to beg when a man is known to be in

real distress. Within one hour from this time I shall be beyond all the tortures of a life which for my own sake I care little to preserve. And yet I have spent my youth in accumulating treasures, which but a brief space might have rendered productive of benefit to man, and of profit to myself. My father's little means and my own have vanished in the pursuit of science, and in the gulf of suffering more immediate than our own. If I die also, with me perish the results of his experiments, his studies, and his sacrifices. There are moments when all ordinary calculations and prudence are empty baubles. Life is the only real possession we have, and death the only certainty. Listen! I will make one last proposal to you. Lend me but *ten* pounds—that is but *ten* weeks of life—and I swear to you that if I live, I will repay you for each pound lent not ten or twenty, but one hundred—in all, one thousand pounds! Grant that it be but a chance upon the one hand, yet, upon the other, how small is the risk; and then, to save a human life—is not that something in the scale?" And the stranger laughed at these last words with a bitter gayety, which caused a strange thrill to creep along the nerves of the usurer.

However, the lender of gold shrugged his shoulders without relaxing his habitual impassibility of manner. He did not speak. Possibly the idea occurred to him that his strange client meditated some act of violence upon himself or his strong box. But this idea speedily vanished, as the stranger, relapsing suddenly into silence and conventional behavior, removed his hand from the usurer's shoulder, and strode rapidly but calmly from the apartment.

The door closed behind the ruined man, and the usurer drew a long breath, while his bushy brows were contracted in a sort of agony of doubt and irresolute purpose.

Meanwhile Bernard West paused for an instant on the threshold of the outer-door, as if undecided which road to take. In truth all roads were much alike to him at that moment. Some cause, too subtle to be seized by the mental analyst, determined his course. He turned to the right, and strode rapidly onward.

He felt already like one of the dead, to join whom he was hurrying headlong. He looked neither to the right nor to the left; and before him was a mist, in which the phantoms of his imagination disported themselves, to the exclusion of all other visible objects. Nothing earthly had any further interest for him. He did not even hear the steps of some one running behind him, nor hear the voice which called after him to stop; but his course was soon more effectually arrested by the firm grasp of a man's hand, which seized him by the arm with the force and the tenacity of a vice.

He turned fiercely round. He was in no humor for the converse of casual acquaintances. Nor was it any gay convivialist of happier days whose face now greeted him: it was the old money-lender, who in a voice husky with loss

of breath, or possibly emotion, said, thrusting couple of twenty-pound bank-notes into West's hand—

"Here! take these notes. Take them, I say!" he repeated, as the young man, dizzy with amazement, stammered out—

"You accept, then, my terms?"

"No!" growled the usurer, "I *give* them to you. Do you understand me? I say I *give* them to you. I am an old man; I never gave away a shilling before in my life! Repay me if you will, when and how it please you. I have no security—I ask no acknowledgment; I want none. I do not count upon it. *It is gone!*" and the usurer pronounced the last words with an effort which was heroic, from the evident self-mastery it cost him. "There! go—go!" he resumed, "and take an old man's advice—Make money at all hazards, and never lend except on good security. Remember that!" The old man gently pushed West away, and all hatless and slippered as he was, ran back muttering to his den, leaving the object of his mysterious generosity fixed like a statue of amazement in the centre of the pavement.

About three months had elapsed, when Bernard West once more knocked at the door of the money-lender.

"Is Mr. Brace at home?" he inquired, cheerfully.

"Oh! if you please, sir, they buried him yesterday," replied the servant, with a look of curiously-affected solemnity.

"Buried him!" cried the visitor, with sincere disappointment and grief in his tone.

"Yes, sir; perhaps you would like to see Miss Brace, if it's any thing very particular?"

"I should, indeed," said West; "and when she knows the cause of my visit, I think she will excuse the intrusion."

The servant gave an odd look, whose significance West was unable to divine, as she led the way to her young mistress's drawing-room.

West entered timidly, for he doubted the delicacy of such a proceeding, though his heart was almost bursting with desire of expansion under the shock just received. A beautiful and proud-looking girl of nineteen or twenty years rose to meet him. Her large blue eyes, which bore traces of many and recent tears, worked strangely upon his feelings, already sufficiently excited.

"I came," he said, in his deep musical voice, "to repay a noble service. Will you permit me to share a grief for the loss of one to whom I owe my life—yes, more than my life!" West paused, and strove vainly to master the emotion which checked his utterance.

"My father rendered you a service?" said the young lady, eagerly, regarding with involuntary interest the noble countenance of Bernard, which, though it still bore traces of great suffering, was no longer wild and haggard, as at his interview with the money-lender.

"A most unexpected and generous service," replied West, who, softening down the first por-

tion of the scene we have described, proceeded to recount to the fair orphan the narrative of the great crisis in his destiny.

"I knew it was so!" cried the young lady, almost hysterically affected; "I knew he was not so grasping—so hard-hearted, as they said—as he himself pretended. I knew he had a generous heart beneath all his seeming avarice! Oh, you are not the only one doubtless whom he has thus served!"

West did not discourage the illusion. Nay, the enthusiasm of the charming woman before him was contagious. "Thanks to your father's disinterested liberality," he resumed, "I am now in comparatively prosperous circumstances. I came not merely to discharge a debt; believe me, it is no common gratitude I feel! Doubtless you inherit all your father's wealth—doubtless it is but little service I can ever hope to render you. Yet I venture to entreat you never to forget that you possess one friend of absolute devotion, ready at all times to sacrifice himself in every way to your wishes and to your happiness."

West paused abruptly, for the singular expression of the young lady's features filled him with astonishment.

"You do not know, then—" she began.

"Know what?"

"That I—am a—a natural child!" she completed, with a crimson blush, turning away her head as she spoke, and covering her face with her hands—"that I am without fortune or relations; that my father died intestate; that the heir-at-law, who lives abroad, and without whose permission nothing can be done—moreover, who is said to be a heartless spendthrift—will take all my father leaves; that I have but one more week given me to vacate this house by the landlord; in short, that I must work if I would not starve: that, in a word, I am a beggar!" And the poor girl sobbed convulsively; while Bernard West, on whom this speech acted as some terrible hurricane upon the trees of a tropical forest, tearing up, as it were, by the roots, all the terrible stoicism of his nature, and rousing hopes and dreams which he had long banished to the deepest and most hopeless abysses of his soul; while Bernard, we repeat, ventured to take her hand in his own, and calm her painful agitation by such suggestions as immediately occurred to his mind.

"In the first place," he said, "my dear Miss Brace, I come to repay to you your father's generous gift."

"It belongs to his legal heirs. I can not receive it with honor," said the money-lender's daughter, firmly.

"Not so," replied West, gravely: "it was a free gift to me. I repay it by a natural, not a legal obligation;" and he laid the two twenty-pound notes upon the table. "Next," he resumed, "I have to pay a debt of gratitude. I owe my life to your father. Thus in a manner I have become his adopted son. Thus," he continued impetuously, "I have a right to say

to you, regard me as a brother; share the produce of my labor; render me happy in the thought that I am serving the child of my benefactor! To disdain my gratitude would be a cruel insult."

"I can not disdain it!" exclaimed the daughter of the usurer with a sudden impulse of that sublime confidence which a noble and generous soul can alone inspire. "Yes—I accept your assistance!"

The face of Bernard brightened up, as if by an electric agent. But how were the two children of sorrow confounded by the discovery that they were no longer alone, and that their conversation had been overheard by an utter stranger, who, leaning against the wall at the further end of the room, near the door, appeared to survey them with an utter indifference to the propriety of such behavior!

He was a man of between forty and fifty years; a great beard and mustache concealed the lower part of a swarthy but handsome countenance of rare dignity and severity of outline. His dress was utterly un-English. A vast mantle, with a hood, fell nearly to the ground, and he wore huge courier's boots, which were still splashed, as if from a journey. His great dark eyes rested with an expression of royal benevolence upon the two young people, toward whom he had advanced with a courteous inclination, that, as if magnetically, repressed Bernard's first indignant impulse.

"I am the heir-at-law," he said, in a mild voice, as if he had been announcing a most agreeable piece of intelligence.

"Then, sir," said Bernard, "I trust—"

"Trust absolutely!" interrupted quickly the foreign-looking heir. "My children, do you know who I am? No? I will tell you. I am a monster, who in his youth preferred beauty to ambition, and glory to gold. For ten years after attaining manhood I struggled on, an outcast from my family, in poverty and humiliation, without friends, and often without bread. At the end of five more years I was a great man, and those who had neglected, and starved, and scorned me, came to bow down and worship. But the beauty I had adored was dust, and the fire of youthful hope quenched in the bitter waters of science. For ten years since I have wandered over the earth. I am rich; I may say my wealth is boundless; for I have but to shake a few fancies from this brain, to trace a few ciphers with this hand, and they become gold at my command. Yet, mark my words, my children! One look of love is, in my esteem, worth more than all the applause of an age, or all the wealth of an empire!" The dark stranger paused for an instant, as if in meditation, then abruptly continued: "I take your inheritance, fair child!—I rob the orphan and the fatherless!"—and the smile of disdainful pride which followed these words said more than whole piles of parchment renunciations as to his intention.

Involuntarily the orphan and Bernard seized each a hand of the mysterious man beside them.

who, silently drawing the two hands together, and uniting them in his own, said, gently, "Love one another as you will, my young friends, yet spare at times a kind thought for the old wandering poet! Not a word! I understand you, though you do not understand yourselves. It is as easy to tell a fortune as to give it."

And *was* the prophecy realized? asks a curious reader. But no answer is needed; for if the prophecy were false, why record it? And, pray, who was the stranger, after all? Too curious reader!—it is one thing to tell stories, and another to commit breaches of confidence.

A FRENCHMAN IN LONDON.

BY JULES DE PREMAY.

ONE of the principal causes of surprise to me in walking along the streets of London, has been to see myself all at once become a curious animal. I did not think that I had any of the qualities necessary for such a thing, being neither humpbacked nor clubfooted, neither a giant nor a dwarf. Thus, when on the day of my arrival I went along Regent-street, and heard the exclamations and laughter of the crowd on seeing me, I examined myself from head to foot, to ascertain the cause of the un hoped-for success which I obtained in England. I even felt all up my back, thinking that perhaps some facetious boy might have transformed me into a walking placard. There was nothing, however; but I had mustaches and a foreign air! A foreign air! That is one of the little miseries on which you do not count, oh, simple and inexperienced travelers!

At home you may have the dignity and nobleness of the Cid—you may be another Talma: but pass the Channel—show yourself to the English, and in spite of yourself you will become as comic as Arnal. Arnal! do I say? why, he would not make them laugh so much as you do; and they would consider our inimitable comedians, Levassor and Hoffmann, as serious personages. Do not be angry. They would only laugh the more. In this respect the English are wanting in good taste and indulgence. Their astonishment is silly and their mockery puerile. The sight of a pair of mustaches makes them roar with laughter, and they are in an ecstasy of fun at the sight of a rather broad-brimmed hat. A people must be very much bored to seize such occasions of amusing themselves. However, all the *travers*, like all the qualities of the English, arise from the national spirit carried to exaggeration. They consider themselves the *beau idéal* of human kind. Their stiffness of bearing, their pale faces, their hair, their whiskers cut into the shape of mutton chops, the excessive height of their shirt collars, and the inelegant cut of their coats—all that makes them as proud as Trafalgar and Waterloo.

In our theatres we laugh at them as they laugh at us; and on that score we are quits. But in our great towns they are much better

and more seriously received than we Frenchmen are in England.

At Paris nowadays nobody laughs at an Englishman; but at London every body laughs at a Frenchman. We do not make this remark from any feeling of ill-will; in fact, we think that to cause a smile on the thin and pinched-up lips of old England is not a small triumph for our beards and mustaches. After all, too, the astonishment which the Englishman manifests at the sight of a newly disembarked Frenchman (an astonishment which appears singular when we call to mind the frequent communications between the two nations), is less inexplicable than may be thought. Geographically speaking, France and England touch each other; morally, they are at an immeasurable distance. Nothing is done at Calais as at Dover, nothing at London as at Paris. There is as much difference between the two races as between white and black. In France, the Englishman conforms willingly to our customs, and quickly adopts our manner of acting; but in England we are like a stain on a harmonious picture.

Our fashion of sauntering along the streets, smiling at the pretty girls we meet, looking at the shops, or stopping to chat with a friend, fills the English with stupefaction. They always walk straight before them like mad dogs. In conversation there is the same difference. In England, it is always solemn. Left alone after dinner, the men adopt a subject of conversation, which never varies during all the rest of the evening. Each one is allowed to develop his argument without interruption. Perhaps he is not understood, but he is listened to. When he has ended, it becomes the turn of another, who is heard with the same respect. The thing resembles a quiet sitting of the parliament. But in France, conversation is a veritable *mêlée*; it is the contrary excess. A subject is left and taken up twenty times, amidst joyous and unforeseen interruptions. We throw words at each other's heads without doing ourselves any harm; smart sallies break forth, and *bons mots* roll under the table. In short, the Englishman reflects before speaking; the Frenchman speaks first and reflects afterward—if he has time. The Frenchman converses, the Englishman talks: and it is the same with respect to pleasure. Place a Frenchman, who feels *ennui*, by the side of an Englishman who amuses himself, and it will be the former who will have the gayest air. From love the Englishman only demands its brutal joys; whereas the Frenchman pays court to a woman. The Englishman, at table, drinks to repletion; the Frenchman never exceeds intoxication.

A difference equally striking exists between the females of the two countries. I do not now speak of the beauty of the type of the one, or the elegance and good taste of the others; but I will notice one or two great contrasts. In France a young girl is reserved, is timid, and, as it were, hidden under the shade of the family: but the married woman has every liberty, and

many husbands can tell you that she does not always use it with extreme moderation! In England you are surprised at the confident bearing of young girls, and the chaste reserve of married women. The former not only willingly listen to gallant compliments, but even excite them; while the latter, by the simple propriety of their bearing, impose on the bold-est.

The boldness of young girls in England was explained to me, by the great emigration of young men—in other words, by the scarcity of husbands. The French girl who wants a husband is ordinarily rather disdainful; the English girl is by no means difficult.

A Frenchwoman walks negligently leaning on our arm, and we regulate our steps by the timidity and uncertainty of hers; the Englishwoman walks with the head erect, and takes large strides like a soldier charging. An accident made me acquainted with the secret of the strange way of walking which Englishwomen have. I was lately on a visit to the family of a merchant, whose three daughters are receiving a costly education. The French master, the drawing master, and the music master, had each given his lesson, when I saw a sergeant of the Grenadiers of the Guard arrive. He went into the garden, and was followed by the young ladies.

"Ah! mon Dieu!" I cried to the father; "these young ladies are surely not going to learn the military exercise!"

"No," said he, with a smile.

"What, then, has this professor in a red coat come for?"

"He is the *master of grace*!"

"What! that grenadier who is as long as the column in Trafalgar-square?"

"Yes, or rather he is the *walking master*."

I looked out of the window and saw the three young ladies drawn up and immovable as soldiers, and presently they began to march to the step of the grenadier. They formed a charming platoon, and trod the military step with a precision worthy of admiration. I asked for an explanation of such a strange thing.

"We in England," said my host, "understand better the duty of women than you Frenchmen do. We can not regulate our manner of walking on that of a being subjected to us. Our dignity forbids it. It is the woman's duty to follow us; consequently she must walk as we do—we can't walk as she does."

"*Ma foi*!" said I, "I must admit that in progress you are decidedly our masters. In France the law, it is true, commands the wife to follow her husband; but it does not, I confess, say that she must do so at the rate of *quick march*!"

The contrasts between the two countries are in truth inexhaustible. Indeed I defy the most patient observer to find any point of resemblance between them. In France, houses are gay in appearance; in London, with the exception of some streets in the centre, such as Regent-street or Oxford-street, they are as dark and dismal as

prisons. Our windows open from the left to the right; windows in England open from top to bottom. At Paris, to ring or knock too loud is vulgar and ill-bred; at London, if you don't execute a tattoo with the knocker or a symphony with the bell, you are considered a poor wretch, and are left an hour at the door. Our hack cabs take their stand on one side of the street; in England they occupy the middle. Our coachmen get up in front of their vehicles; in England they go behind. In Paris Englishmen are charming; at home they are—Englishmen. One thing astonishes me greatly—that the English don't walk on their hands, since we walk on our feet.

I do not know from experience the Scottish hospitality which M. Scribe has lauded in one of his *vaudevilles*. But I know what to think of that of the county of Middlesex capital—London. Here I can assure you it is never given, but always sold. London is the town of closed doors. You feel yourself more a foreigner here than in any other country. On strolling along the spacious squares and magnificent streets in which civilization displays all its marvels, you seek in vain for some fissure by which to introduce yourself into English society, which is thickly steeped in individualism. With letters of recommendation, if of high authority, you may, it is true, gain access to a family of the middle class; and, once received, you will be well treated. But what conditions you must fulfill to gain that! You must lead a life like that of the cloister, and sacrifice all your dearest habits. The Englishman, though he invented the word eccentric, does not tolerate eccentricity in a foreigner. And, on the whole, the *bourgeoise* hospitality is not worth the sacrifices it costs.

We must not, however, be angry with the English for being so little communicative with foreigners, since they scarcely communicate among themselves. The extent of distances and the fatigue of serious affairs are the principal causes of this. It is almost only in the evening you can visit them, and in the evening they are overwhelmed with fatigue. Besides this, all the usages of the English show that they are not naturally sociable. The cellular system of taverns, in which every person is confined in a sort of box without a lid; the silent clubs, in which some write while others read the papers, and only interrupt themselves to make a sign of "good evening" with the hand—all that sort of thing constitutes an existence which the French have the irreverence to call selfish.

Among the high aristocracy, hospitality is a great and noble thing; but it is more accessible to the wealthy tallow chandler than to a writer or an artist of genius. In England, with the exception of Dickens and Bulwer, the literary man is less considered than the comedian was in France a century ago. In France, it is admirable to witness the fusion of the aristocracies of family, money, and intelligence. Artists and

poets are invited to all the *fêtes* of high society. As soon as a writer has raised himself somewhat above the vulgar, he perceives that the great ones of this world occupy themselves with him, show him protection and sympathy. But what is a man of intelligence here in London? He is an animal less considered than the lowest coal-dealer in the city. And what is the consequence of this neglect of arts and literature? That England is almost reduced to the necessity of robbing our artists and writers. The theatres in particular pirate from us with unexampled effrontery.

But to return to the want of hospitality of the English to the foreign bards who have come over to sing the marvels of the Great Exhibition. You may meet in London at this moment a dozen literary phantoms who drag the shroud of their *ennui* and discouragement along Piccadilly. These shadows, when they recognize each other, shake hands and relate their disappointments. They are French journalists. Separated one from the other, and not knowing on what chord of their lyres to celebrate the virtues of a people who laugh in their faces, and who seem to be ignorant of the men whose names are most known and admired at Paris, these French journalists ask each other the same question—"Do you amuse yourself at London?" And they all make the same reply, "I am bored at the rate of twenty shillings a day!" To which they all exclaim in chorus, "That's very dear!"

A year ago, when the Friends of Peace, those generous Utopian dreamers, came to London, they were received at the station by the most celebrated English economists, carried in triumph to the residences prepared for them, taken to visit all that is curious in England—in a word, treated as princes. But then they were the friends of the great Cobden! whereas England cares not a straw for the mob of simple literary men, writers of imagination! She would not even send their *confrères* to bid them welcome. Let them manage them as they can; let them lodge in bad hotels, and dine ill; let them content themselves with seeing London on the outside, for neither the docks of the Thames nor the museums of the great nobles will be opened to them!

But what matters, after all, that we are at London without any guides but ourselves? My opinion is, that we must put a good face on it, and see the marvels of the monster town in spite of itself.

LONDON SPARROWS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

HOW extremely plain—not to say ugly—street-children often are! Their hard life and the characters of their parents, cause it. This child, who is now staring in at the window upon a print of Sir Robert Peel, and flattening his nose against the glass, has a forehead "villainous low," with dark eyes, and short dark hair, and

his diminutive face, both in features and expression, is uncommonly like one end of a cocoa-nut. What a sad lot for these children to be left thus—perhaps even turned adrift by their parents, to wander about the streets, and pick up, here and there, a precarious crumb! And now, as I turn round, I see three others, apparently in the same wretched outcast condition—two boys and a girl. The elder boy seems not to care much about it; he has, no doubt, become more accustomed to his lot. He is between twelve and thirteen. His voice is hoarse, cracked, and discordant; perhaps by some street-cry. He has a large projecting nose, red pulpy lips, a long chin, and a long throat, uncovered. No collar—indeed, now, I look again, no shirt! and he wears a greasy jacket and trowsers, both much too small for him; so that his large red hands and wrists swollen with chilblains hang listlessly far below the end of his sleeves; and his long, thin ankles, and large unshapely feet are so far below the end of his trowsers, as to give the appearance of the legs and feet of a bird. He is whistling a sort of jig tune, and beating time with one of his heels. Poor boy!—I dare say he would be very glad to work if he had an opportunity. A girl, of about twelve, stands on one side of him. She is so scantily clad as to be scarcely decent. Her shoulder-blades stick up, she is so meagre, and she shivers with the cold. But I do not like the expression of her face; for, though I pity her eager, hungry look, and evidently bad state of health, I can not help seeing that she has very much the look of a sickly rat. On the other side of the elder boy, stands a younger one—of some ten years of age. He is very pale, and has fair hair, a rueful mouth, rather dropping at the corners, large sad eyes, with very long lashes, and an expression at once timid yet indifferent—innocent and guilty. Guilty?—of what can such a child be guilty? They slowly walk away, all three—perhaps in consequence of my observing them so attentively. They quicken their pace as they turn the corner. Why was I so tardy to relieve them? It would have become me, as a Christian, to have thought of relieving their necessities, even for the night, far better than to have speculated upon their physiognomies as a philosopher. But it is time for me to return home. Sad addition to my experience. My wife waiting tea for—bless my so—where? it can't be? yes, it can—my watch is gone! Slipped down through my pocket—no doubt—there's a hole in it—no—or it fell out while I was stooping to fasten my gaiter button in Pall Mall. Most vexatious. A family watch! Gold chain and seals, too! Well—it can't be helped. In these cases a pinch of snuff often—often—pshaw!—often relieves—relieves one—hillo! have I been relieved of that, also! Perhaps it's in my side pocket, with my purse—purse! why, my purse is gone; I really begin to think I must have been robbed!

CONCERNING THE ECLIPSES IN THE MONTH OF JULY, 1851.

BY CHARLES COLBY.

IN the month of July, 1851, there will occur two eclipses; one of the moon and one of the sun.

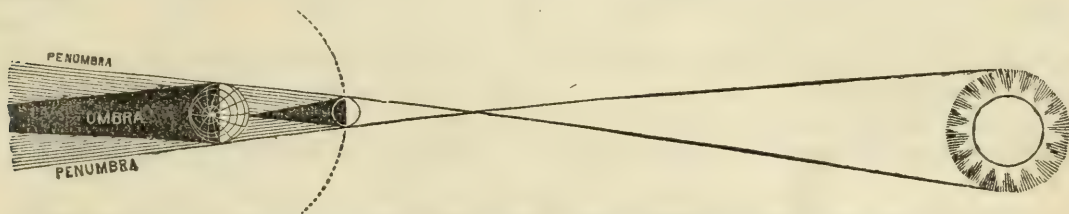
The former will occur after midnight, Sunday morning, July 13th; and the latter on the morning of Monday, July 28th.

Unless clouds prevent, both will be visible throughout the United States; and if visible will (the solar eclipse especially) attract general observation.

It is probable that there will be but few among the millions who may thus behold these wonderful phenomena who will not understand their causes.

However, an article explaining the manner of predicting these eclipses with diagrams illustrating the path of the moon's shadow in the solar eclipse, across the United States and upon the whole earth, may not be unacceptable.

Since the earth and moon are solid opaque bodies, they intercept the light passing from the sun through the heavens; or, in other words, they cause the existence of shadows.



As here represented, there are formed complete shadows, called *umbras*; and partial shadows, called *penumbras*.

When an eclipse of the sun occurs, it appears totally eclipsed to those persons who are within the moon's umbra, and partially eclipsed, to those situated within the penumbra.

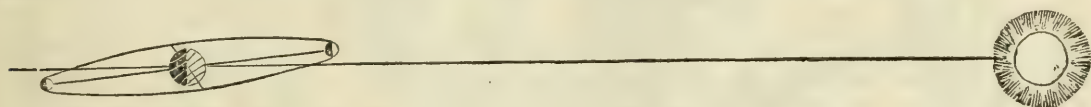
When an eclipse of the moon occurs, it appears totally eclipsed, if entirely within the earth's umbra, and partially eclipsed, if partially within it.

The length of the moon's umbra is usually greater than the distance of the moon from the earth.

Hence, if the moon in its revolution pass directly between the sun and the earth, its umbra will fall upon the earth, and cause a total eclipse of the sun.

If the moon passed through the heavens in exactly the same path as the sun, there would result eclipses of both sun and moon at each revolution; for it would pass directly over the disc of the sun, and through the centre of the earth's umbra.

But it was long since discovered that the path of the moon is inclined to the sun's path, or the ecliptic, about $5^{\circ} 58' 48''$.



The moon, therefore, crosses the sun's path twice in each revolution.

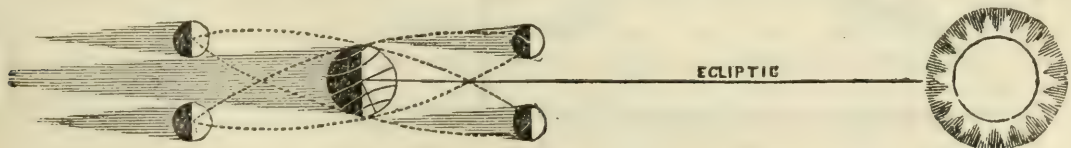
If, at new moon, it always crossed exactly in that part where the sun is, there would evidently be an eclipse of the sun; and it would recross in the opposite part and pass through the earth's umbra.

But the moon does not always cross the ecliptic where the sun is, nor uniformly in the same part.

Its crossing-place is different at each succeeding revolution.

This results from the fact that these crossing-places (which for convenience and according to astronomical usage we shall call the *nodes*), are in motion upon the ecliptic, from east to west.

Therefore, the moon may cross the ecliptic at such a distance from the sun, that when it passes between the sun and the earth, it will appear to pass above or below the disc of the sun; also, in the opposite part of its orbit, it may cross at so great distance from the earth's umbra, that it will pass above or below the umbra, as represented in the following diagram.



Since the limits of this article will not allow an extended explanation of the manner of mathematically predicting eclipses, we will apply the foregoing statements in showing that there will occur an eclipse of the sun in July, 1851.

The first diagram on page 240 represents the relative positions of the sun and moon at the time of new moon in June, July, and August, 1851, calculated for Greenwich.

In June, the moon is seen below the sun, passing upward to the ascending node, and beyond the limits within which eclipses can occur.

While the moon is completing another revolution around the earth, the sun continues to move eastward, and when it again comes to A the sun is near B. The moon, moving much faster than the sun, passes upward in its orbit

and is in conjunction with the sun at B, within the limits of eclipses.

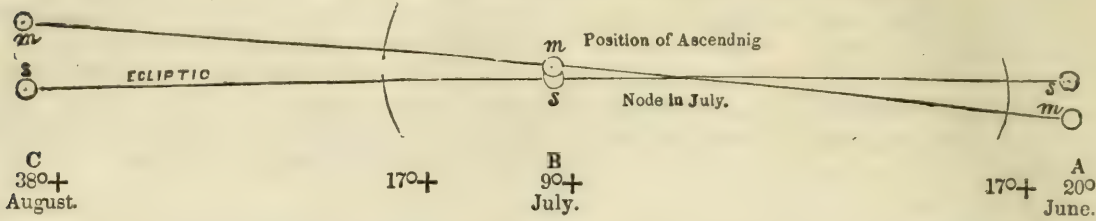
At this time the moon's umbra will fall upon the earth, and cause an eclipse, which will be total at all places over which the umbra will

move; and partial at those places over which the penumbra will move.

In this, as in all solar eclipses, only a part of the earth is covered by the shadows.

In August, at new moon, the sun has passed

Limits within which Eclipses of the Sun can occur.

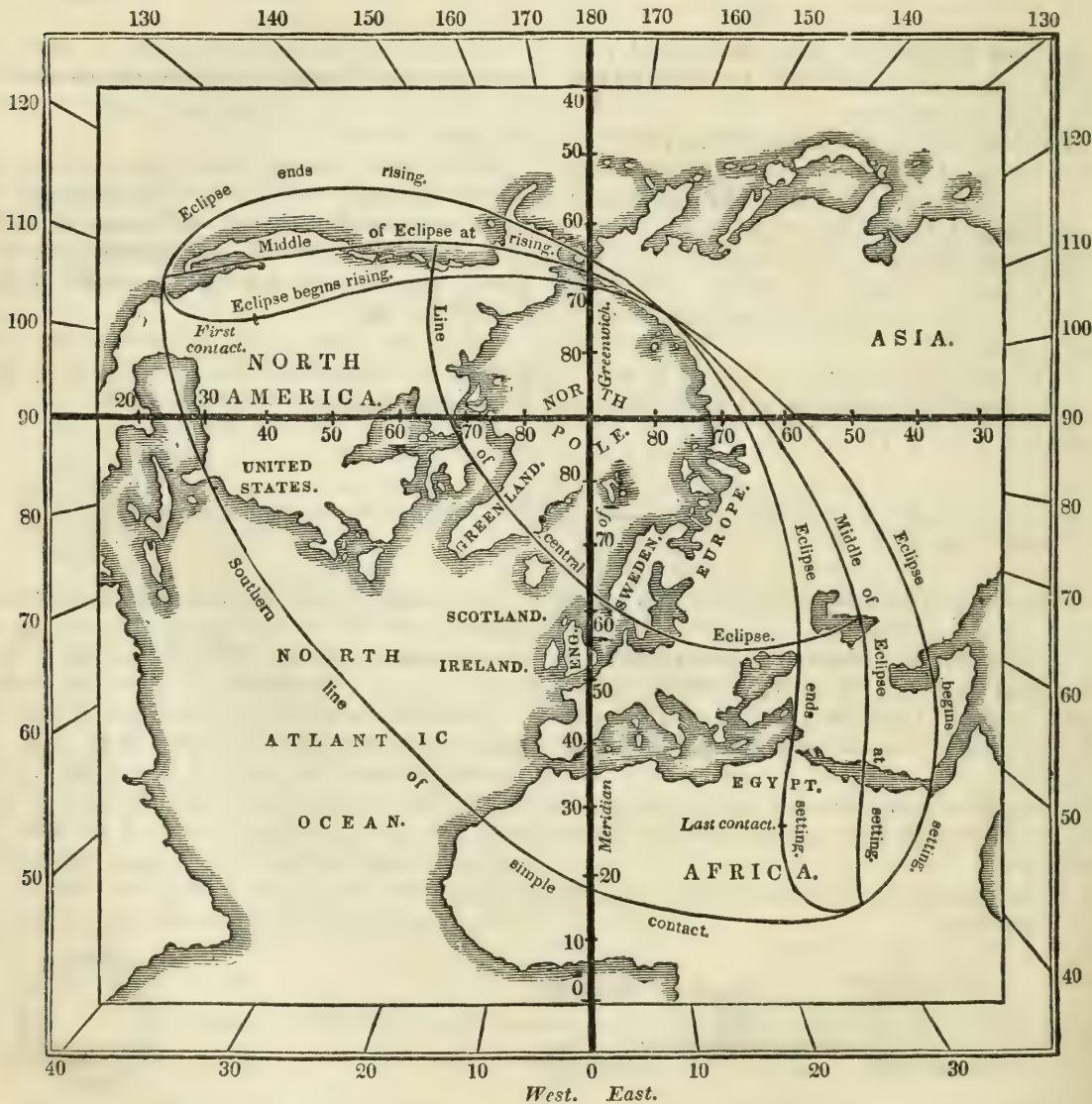


eastward to C, and the moon is seen above the sun, beyond the limit of eclipses.

The following engraving is a projection of the shadows of the moon upon the earth, exhibiting

that portion where a total eclipse will be visible; and those portions where a partial eclipse will be visible.

As shown in the first cut, the shadows of the



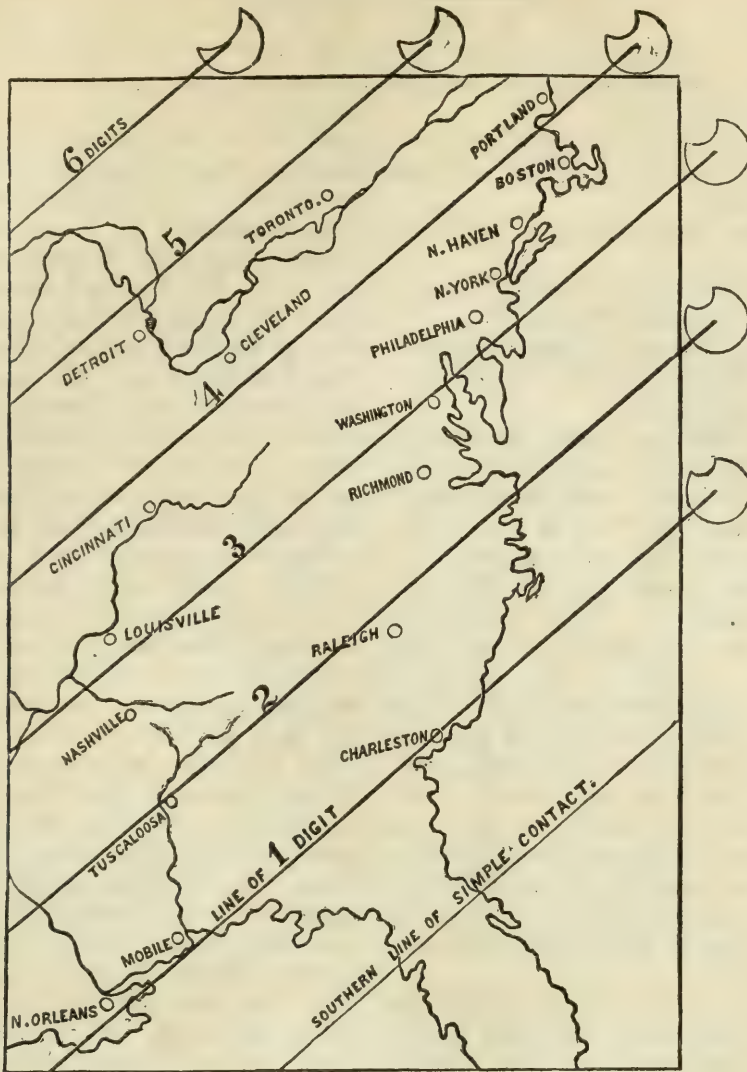
moon are of a conical form, and, if the total eclipse existed but an instant, its projection upon the earth would be of a circular form.

But, since the earth revolves upon its axis, different parts are brought into the shadows; and this chart, to represent all that portion of the earth where any eclipse will be visible, has an oblong form.

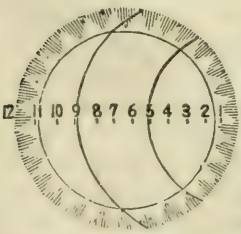
Also, since the sun appears to rise in one

portion of the earth at the same instant when in another portion of the earth it appears to set, this projection exhibits those parts of the earth where the eclipse commences at the instant of sunrise and sunset.

The next engraving is an enlarged representation of a part of the preceding; embracing a large portion of the United States, where a partial eclipse will be visible.



As exhibited in both charts, the southern line of simple contact of the disks of the sun and moon, passes through Florida.



To express the extent of a partial eclipse of either sun or moon, the diameters of each are divided into twelve equal parts, called digits; and the extent of an eclipse at any place upon the earth is said to be a certain number of these digits.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

HAVING been detained by the illness of a relative at the small town of Beziers, when traveling a few years since in the south of France, and finding time hang somewhat heavily on my hands during the slow progress of my companion's convalescence, I took to wandering about the neighborhood within a circle of four or five miles, inspecting the proceedings of the agriculturists, and making acquaintance with the country-people. On one of these excursions, seeing a high wall and an iron-gate, I turned out of my road to take a peep at the interior through the rails; but I found them so overgrown with creepers of one sort or another, that it was not easy to distinguish any thing but a

house which stood about a hundred yards from the entrance. Finding, however, that the gate was not quite closed, I gave it a push; and although it moved very stiffly on its hinges, and grated along the ground as it went, I contrived to force an aperture wide enough to put in my head. What a scene of desolation was there! The house, which was built of dark-colored bricks, looked as if it had not been inhabited for a century. The roof was much decayed, the paint black with age, the stone-steps green with moss, and the windows all concealed by discolored and dilapidated Venetian blinds. The garden was a wilderness of weeds and overgrown rose-bushes; and except one broad one, in a right line with the main-door of the house, the paths were no longer distinguishable. After surveying this dismal scene for some time, I came away with a strange feeling of curiosity. "Why should this place be so entirely deserted and neglected?" thought I. It was not like a fortress, a castle, or an abbey, allowed to fall into ruins from extreme age, because no longer appropriate to the habits of the period. On the contrary, the building I had seen was comparatively modern, and had fallen to decay merely for want of those timely repairs and defenses from the weather that ordinary prudence prescribes. "Perhaps there is some sad history

attached to the spot," I thought; "or perhaps the race to whom it belonged have died out; or maybe the cause of its destruction is nothing more tragical than a lawsuit!"

As I returned, I inquired of a woman in the nearest village if she could tell me to whom that desolate spot belonged.

"To a Spaniard," she answered; "but he is dead!"

"But to whom does it belong now?" I asked. "Why is it suffered to fall into ruin?"

"I don't know," she said, shaking her head, and re-entering the hovel, at the door of which she had been standing.

During dinner that day I asked the host of the inn if he knew the place, and could satisfy my curiosity. He knew it well, he answered. The last inhabitant had been a Count Ruy Gonzalez, a Spaniard, whose wife had died there under some painful circumstances, of which nobody knew the particulars. He had been passionately fond of her, and immediately after her decease had gone to reside in Paris, where he had also died. As the place formed part of the lady's fortune, it had fallen into the hands of some distant relation of hers, who had let it; but the tenant, after a residence of a few months, left it, at some sacrifice of rent; and other parties who subsequently took it having all speedily vacated under one pretext or another, an evil reputation gathered round and clung to it so tenaciously, that all idea of occupation had been relinquished.

It may be conceived that this information did not diminish my interest in the deserted house; and on the following day I was quite eager to see my invalid settled for her mid-day slumber, in order that I might repeat my visit, and carry my investigations further. I found the gate ajar as before, and by exerting all my strength, I managed to force my way in. I had not gone three steps before a snake crossed my path, and the ground seemed actually alive with lizards; but being determined to obtain a nearer view of this mysterious house, I walked straight on toward it. A close inspection of the front, however, showing me nothing but what I had descried from a distance, I turned to the left, and passed round to the back of the building, where I found the remains of what had been a small flower-garden, with a grass-plot; and beyond it, divided by a wall, a court surrounded by mouldy-looking stabling: but, what was much more interesting, I discovered an open door leading into the house. Somebody, therefore, must surely be within; so I knocked with my parasol against the panel, but nobody came; and having repeated my knock with no better success, I ventured in, and found myself in a stone passage, terminating in a door, which, by a feeble light emitted through it, I saw was partly of glass.

"Any body here?" I said aloud, as I opened it and put in my head, but all was silent: so I went forward, not without some apprehension, I confess; but it was that sort of pleasing terror

one feels when witnessing a good melo-drama. I was now in a tolerably-sized hall, supported by four stone pillars, and on each side of it were two doors. I spoke again, and knocked against them, but nobody answered; then I turned the handles. The first two I tried were locked, but the third was not. When I saw it yield to my hand, I confess I felt so startled that I drew back for a moment; but curiosity conquered—I looked in. The dim light admitted by the Venetian blinds showed me a small apartment, scantily furnished, which might have been a *salon* or an ante-room. Two small tables standing against the wall, a few chairs covered with yellow damask, and a pier-glass, were all it contained; but at the opposite end there was another open door: so, half-pleased and half-frightened, I walked forward, and found myself in what had formerly been a prettily-furnished boudoir. Marble slabs, settees covered with blue velvet, chairs and curtains of the same, and three or four round or oval mirrors in elaborately-carved gilt frames, designated this as the lady's apartment. A third door, which was also open, showed me a bed in an alcove, with a blue velvet dais and a fringed counterpane of the same material. Here I found a toilet-table, also covered with what had once been white muslin, and on it stood several China-boxes and bottles. In one of the former there were some remains of a red powder, which appeared to have been *rouge*; and on lifting the lid of another I became sensible of the odor of musk. The looking-glass that stood on the table had a drapery of muslin and blue bows round the frame; and the old-fashioned mahogany chest of drawers was richly gilt and ornamented. None of these rooms was papered; all appeared to be plastered or stuccoed, and were elaborately adorned with designs and gilt mouldings, except in one place, which seemed to have formerly been a door—the door of a closet probably; but it was now built up—the plaster, however, being quite coarse and unadorned, and not at all in keeping with any thing else in the room. It was also broken, indented, and blackened in several places, as if it had been battered with some heavy weapon. Somehow or other, there was nothing that fixed my attention so much as this door! I examined it—I laid my hand upon it. Why should it have been so hastily built up, to the disfigurement of the wall? for the coarseness of the plaster and the rudeness of the work denoted haste. I was standing opposite to it, and asking myself this question, when I heard a heavy foot approaching; and before I had time to move, I saw the astonished face of an elderly man in clerical attire standing in the doorway. I believe he thought at first I was the ghost of the former inhabitant of this chamber, for he actually changed color and stepped back.

"Pardon, mon père!" said I, smiling at his amazement: "I found the door open; and I hope you will excuse the curiosity that has led me to intrude?"

"Une Anglaise!" said he, bowing; "a traveler, doubtless. You are the first person besides myself that has entered these apartments, madame, for many a long year, I assure you!"

After giving him an explanation of how I came to be there—an explanation which he listened to with much kindness and placidity—I added, that the appearance of the place, together with the little information I had gathered from the host of the inn, had interested me exceedingly. He looked grave as I spoke. I was about to question him regarding the closed door, when he said: "I do not recommend you to remain long here: the house is very damp; and as the windows are never opened, the air is unwholesome." I do not know whether this was an excuse to get rid of me; but the atmosphere was certainly far from refreshing, and at all events I thought it right to accept the intimation; so I accompanied him out, he locking the doors behind him. As we walked along, he told me that he visited the house every day, or nearly so; and that he had never thought of shutting the gate, since nobody in the neighborhood would enter it on any account. This gave me an opportunity of inquiring into the history of the place, which, if it were not impertinent, I should be very glad to learn. He said he could not tell it me then, having a sick parishioner to visit; but that if I would come on the following day, at the same hour, he would satisfy my curiosity. I need not say that I kept the appointment; and as I approached the garden-gate, I saw him coming out.

"A walk along the road would be more agreeable than that melancholy garden," he said; and, if I pleased, he would escort me part of the way back. So we returned, and after a few desultory observations, I claimed his promise.

"The house," he said, "has never been inhabited since I came to live in this neighborhood, though that is now upward of forty years since. It belonged to a family of the name of Beaugency, and the last members of it who resided here were a father and daughter. Henriette de Beaugency she was called: a beautiful creature, I have been informed, and the idol of her father, whose affection she amply returned. They led a very retired life, and seldom quitted the place, except to pay an annual visit to the other side of the Pyrenees, where she had an elder brother married to a Spanish lady of considerable fortune; but Mademoiselle Henriette had two companions who seemed to make her amends for the absence of other society. One was a young girl called Rosina, who had been her foster-sister, and who now lived with her in the capacity of waiting-maid; the other was her cousin, Eugène de Beaugency, an orphan, and dependent on her father; his own having lost every thing he possessed, in consequence of some political offense previous to the Revolution. It was even reported that the Beaugency family had been nigh suffering the same fate, and that some heavy fines which had been extracted from them had straitened their means, and obliged them to live in re-

tirement. However this might be, Henriette appeared perfectly contented with her lot. Eugène studied with her, and played with her; and they grew up together with all the affection and familiarity of a brother and sister; while old M. de Beaugency never seems to have suspected that any other sentiment could possibly subsist between them: not that they took the slightest pains to disguise their feelings; and it was their very openness that had probably lulled the father's suspicions. Indeed, their lives flowed so smoothly, and their intercourse was so unrestrained, that nothing ever occurred to awaken even themselves to the nature of their sentiments; while the affection that united them had grown so gradually under the parent's eyes, that their innocent terms of endearment, and playful caresses, appeared to him but the natural manifestations of the relation in which they stood to each other. The first sorrow Henriette had was when Eugène was sent to Paris to study for the bar; but it was a consolation that her own regret scarcely exceeded that of her father; and when she used to be counting the weeks and days as the period of his return drew nigh, the old man was almost as pleased as she was to see their number diminish.

"All this harmony and happiness continued uninterrupted for several years; but, at length, an element of discord, at first slight, seemed to arise from the appearance on the scene of a certain Count Ruy Gonzalez, who came here with the father and daughter after one of their annual excursions into Catalonia. He was an extremely handsome, noble-looking Spaniard, of about thirty years of age, and said to be rich; but there was an air of haughty, inflexible sternness about him, that repelled most people, more than his good looks and polished manners attracted them. These unamiable characteristics, however, appeared to be much modified, if not to vanish altogether, in the presence of Mademoiselle de Beaugency, to whom it soon became evident he was passionately attached; while it was equally clear that her father encouraged his addresses. Even the young lady, in spite of her love for her cousin, seems to have been not quite insensible to the glory of subduing this magnificent Catalonian, who walked the earth like an archangel in whom it was a condescension to set his foot on it. She did not, therefore, it is to be feared, repress his attentions in the clear and decided manner that would have relieved her of them—though, indeed, if she had done so, considering the character she had to deal with, the *dénouement* might not have been much less tragical than it was. In the mean while, pleased and flattered, and joyfully anticipating her cousin's return, she was happy enough; for the pride of the Spaniard rendering him cautious to avoid the possibility of refusal or even hesitation in accepting him, he forebore to make his proposal till the moment arrived when he should see it eagerly desired by her. All this was very well till Eugène came home; but then the affair assumed another color. Love conquered vanity;

and the Spaniard, finding himself neglected for the young advocate, began to exhibit the dark side of his character; whereupon the girl grew frightened, and fearing mischief, she tried to avert it by temporizing—leading the count to believe that the affection betwixt herself and her cousin was merely one of early habit and relationship; while she secretly assured Eugène of her unalterable attachment. So great was her alarm, that she tacitly deceived her father as well as the Spaniard; and as the latter seemed resolved not to yield his rival the advantage his own absence would have given him, she was actually rejoiced when the period of her cousin's visit expired.

"The young man gone, Ruy Gonzalez resumed his former suavity of manner; and as he possessed many qualities to recommend him in a lady's eyes, he might possibly have won her heart had it been free; but as the matter stood, she ardently desired to get rid of him, and waited anxiously for the moment when he would give her an opportunity of declining his hand, trusting that would be the signal for his final departure. But whether from caution, or because he had penetrated her feelings, the expected offer was not made, although he assiduously continued his attentions, and spent more of his time at her house than at his own in Catalonia. At length Mademoiselle de Beaugency began to apprehend that he intended to wait the result of his observations at her cousin's next visit; and feeling quite assured that if the rivals met again, a quarrel would ensue, she persuaded her father to select that season for their own visit to her brother; while she wrote to Eugène, excusing their absence, and begging him not to come to see her at present. It is true, all this was but putting off the evil day; but she had a presentiment of mischief, and did not know what to do to avert it; the rather that she was aware both her father and brother wished to see her married to the count, and that neither of them would consent to her union with Eugène, who had no means of supporting her, nor was likely to have for some years to come. It was not to be expected that this arrangement should be agreeable to the young lover: it was now his turn to be jealous; and instead of staying away as he was desired, he set out post-haste with the fixed determination of following them from their residence to Catalonia, and coming to an immediate explanation with the count. But his jealous pangs were appeased, and all thoughts of revenge postponed, by finding his uncle at the last extremity, his mistress in great distress, and Ruy Gonzalez not with them. Their journey had been prevented by the sudden seizure of M. de Beaugency, who, after a few days' suffering, expired in his daughter's arms, quite ignorant of her attachment to her cousin, and with his dying breath beseeching her to marry the count. When his affairs began to be looked into, the motive for this urgency became apparent. He had been living on the principal of what money he had; and nearly all that re-

mained of his dilapidated fortunes was this house and the small piece of ground attached to it. This was a great disappointment to the young couple, who, previous to their discovery, had agreed to be married in six months—the lady believing her fortune would be sufficient to maintain them both. But now marriage was out of the question till Eugène had some means of maintaining her. At present, he had nothing; he was an advocate without a brief, and had been hitherto living on the small stipend allowed by his uncle; starving himself three-quarters of the year, in order that he might have the means of spending the other quarter at the Beaugency mansion. And what a long time might elapse before he could make any thing by his profession! It was, as they both agreed, *désespérant*.

"These events occurred in the early years of the French Republic, when France was at war with all the world, and soldiering the best trade going. 'I'll enter the army,' said Eugene; 'it is the profession I always preferred, and that for which I have most talent, and the only one in these times by which a man can hope to rise rapidly. At the bar I may wait for years without getting any thing to do. Besides, I am intimate with a son of General Duhamel's; and I know he will speak a good word for me, and get his father to push me on.' Of course there were objections to this plan on the part of Henriette, but her lover's arguments overcame them; and, after repeated vows of fidelity, they parted, he to fulfill his intentions, and she to remain at home with Rosina and an elderly female relative, who came to live with her—a plan she preferred to accepting her brother's invitation to reside with him in Catalonia, where she would have been exposed to the constant visits of the count: whereas, now that her father was dead, he could not, with propriety, visit her at her own house. It appeared afterward that he had only been deferring his proposals till what he considered a decorous moment for making them; being meanwhile assured of the brother's support, and having little doubt of being accepted since the state of M. de Beaugency's affairs was disclosed. But before that moment came, a circumstance occurred to facilitate his views, in a manner he little expected; for, eager to distinguish himself under the eye of his commanding officer, Eugène de Beaugency, with the ardor and inexperience of youth, had rushed into needless danger, and fallen in the very first battle his regiment was engaged in."

By the time my companion had reached this point in his narration, we found ourselves at the entrance of the village, where the church stood, and beside it the small house occupied by the curé. It had a little garden in front, and under the porch sat a very ancient woman basking in the sun. Her head shook with palsy, her form was bent, and she had a pair of long knitting-needles in her hands, from her manner of using which I perceived she was blind. The priest invited me to walk in, informing me that that

was Rosina; and adding, that if I liked to rest myself for half an hour, he would ask her to tell me the rest of the story. Feeling assured that some strange catastrophe remained to be disclosed, I eagerly accepted the good man's offer; and having been introduced to Henriette's former companion, whose memory, in spite of her great age, I found perfectly clear, I said I feared it might give her pain to recall circumstances that were doubtless of a distressing nature.

"Ah, madame," said she, "it is but putting into words the thoughts that are always in my head! I have never related the sad tale but twice; for I would not, for my dear mistress's sake, speak of such things to the people about her; but each time I slept better afterward. I seemed to have lightened the heaviness of my burthen by imparting the secret to another."

"You were very much attached to Mademoiselle de Beaugency?" said I.

"My mother was her nurse, madame, but we grew up like sisters," answered Rosina. "She never concealed a thought from me; and the Virgin knows her thoughts will never keep me an hour out of Paradise, for there was no more sin in them than a butterfly's wing might bear."

"I suppose she suffered a great deal when she heard of her cousin's death?" said I. "How long was it before she married the count? For she did marry him, I conclude, from what I have heard?"

"Ay, madame, she did, about a year after the—the news came, worse luck! Not that she was unhappy with him exactly. He did not treat her ill; far from it; for he was passionately fond of her. But he was jealous—heavens knows of whom, for he had nobody to be jealous of. But he loved like a hot-blooded Spaniard, as he was; and I suppose he felt that she did not return his love in the same way. How should she, when she had given her whole heart to her cousin? Still she liked the count, and I could not say they were unhappy together; but she did not like Spain, and the people she lived among there. The count's place was dreadfully gloomy, certainly. For my part, I used to be afraid to go at night along the vaulted passages, and up those wide, dark staircases, to my bed. But the count doted on it because it had belonged to the family time out of mind; and it was only to please her that he ever came to her family home at all."

"But surely this place is very dismal, too?" said I.

"Dismal!" said she. "Ay, now, I daresay, because there's a curse on it; but not then. Oh, it was a pleasant place in old M. de Beaugency's time! besides, my poor mistress loved it for the sake of the happy days she had seen there; and when the period approached that she was to be confined of her first child, she entreated her husband to bring her here. She wanted to have my mother with her, who had been like a mother to her; and as she told him she was sure she should die if he kept her in Catalonia, he yielded to her wishes, and we

came. The doctor was spoken to; and every thing arranged; and she was so pleased, poor thing, at the thoughts of having a baby, that as we used to sit together making the clothes for the little creature that was expected, she chatted away so gayly about what she would do with it, and how we should bring it up, that I saw she was now really beginning to forget that she was not married to the husband her young heart had chosen.

"Well, madame," continued Rosina, after wiping her sightless eyes with the corner of her white apron—"we were all, as you will understand, happy enough, and looking forward shortly to the birth of the child, when, one afternoon, while my master and mistress were out driving, and I was looking through the rails of the garden gate for the carriage—for they had already been gone longer than usual—I saw a figure coming hastily along the road toward where I stood, a figure which, as it drew near, brought my heart into my mouth, for I thought it was an apparition! I just took a second look, and then, overcome with terror, I turned and ran toward the house; but before I reached it, he had opened the gate, and was in the garden."

"Who was?" said I.

"M. Eugène, madame—Eugène de Beaugency, my lady's cousin," answered Rosina. "'Rosina!' cried he, 'Rosina! don't be frightened. I'm no ghost, I assure you. I suppose you heard I was killed? But I was not, you see; I was only taken prisoner, and here I am, alive and well, thank God! How's my cousin? Where is she?'"

"I leave you to judge, madame, how I felt on hearing this," continued the old woman. "A black curtain seemed to fall before my eyes, on which I could read woe! woe! woe! I could not tell what form it would take; I never could have guessed the form it did take; but I saw that behind the dark screen which veiled the future from my eyes there was nothing but woe on the face of the earth for those three creatures. The Lord have mercy upon them! thought I; and for the world to come, I hope my prayer may have been heard—but it was of no avail for this!"

"Well, madame, my first fear was, that the count would return and find him there, for well I knew there would be bloodshed if they met; so without answering his questions, I entreated him to go away instantly to my mother's, promising that I would follow him presently, and tell him every thing; but this very request, together with the agitation and terror he saw me in, made him suspect the truth at once; and, seizing my arm with such violence that I bore the marks of his poor fingers for many a day afterward, he asked me if she was married. 'She is,' said I: 'she thought you were dead; she had no money left; and you know it was her father's dying injunction that—' 'Married to the Spaniard—to Ruy Gonzalez?' said he, with such a face, the Lord deliver me!" (and the old woman paused for a moment, as if to re-

cover from the pain of the recollection.) "Yes," said I, 'to Ruy Gonzalez; and if he sees you here, he'll kill you!' 'Let him,' said he. 'But it will be her death,' said I; 'and she's—she's'—I hadn't the heart to go on. 'What?' said he. 'In the family way—near her confinement,' I answered. He clenched his two fists, and clapped them on his forehead. 'I must see her,' said he. 'Impossible,' I answered; 'he never leaves her for a moment.' 'Where are they now?' he asked. 'Out driving,' said I. 'In a dark-blue carriage?' 'Yes; and I expect them every minute. Go, go, for the Lord's sake, go to my mother's!' 'I saw the carriage,' said he, with a bitter smile. 'It passed me just this side of Noirmoutier. Little I thought'—and his lip quivered for a moment, and his features were convulsed with agony. 'I will, I must see her,' continued he; 'and you had better help me to do it, or it will be the worse for us all. Hide me in her room; he does not sleep there, I suppose?' 'No,' I replied; 'but he goes there often to talk to her when she is dressing.' 'Put me in the closet,' said he, 'there's room enough for me to crouch down under the book-shelves. You can then tell her; and when he has left her for the night, you can let me out.' 'My God!' I cried, my knees beginning to shake under me, 'I hear the carriage; they'll be here in an instant!' 'Do as you like!' said he, seeing the advantage this gave him; 'if you won't help me to see her, I'll see her without you. I shall stay where I am!' and he struck his cane into the ground with a violence that showed his resolution to do what he threatened. 'Come away, for the Lord's sake!' cried I, for the carriage was close at hand, and there was not a moment to spare; and seizing him by the arm, I dragged him into the house; for even now he was half inclined to wait for them, and I saw he was burning to quarrel with the count. Well, I had but just time to lock him into the closet, and put the key in my pocket, before they had alighted, and were walking up the garden.

"You may conceive, madame, the state I was in when I met the count and my lady; and my confusion was not diminished by finding that he observed it. 'What is the matter, Rosina?' said he, 'has any thing unusual happened?' and as he spoke, he fixed his dark, piercing eyes upon me in such a way that I felt as if he was reading my very thoughts. I affected to be busy about my mistress, keeping my face away from him; but I knew he was watching me, for all that. Generally, when they came home, he used to retire to his own apartment, and leave his wife with me; but now he came into the *salon*, took off his hat, and sat himself down; nor did he leave her for two minutes during the whole evening. This conduct was so unusual, that it was plain to me he suspected something; besides, I saw it in his countenance, though I did not know whether his suspicions had been roused by my paleness and agitation, or whether any thing

else had awakened them; but I felt certain afterward, that he had seen the poor young man when the carriage passed him, or at least, been sufficiently struck with the resemblance to put the true interpretation on my confusion. Well, madame, you may imagine what an evening I spent. I saw clearly that he was determined not to leave me alone with his wife; but this was not of so much consequence, since I had resolved not to give her a hint of what had happened till the count had taken leave of her for the night, because I knew that her agitation would have betrayed the secret. In the meanwhile she suspected no mischief; for although she observed something was wrong with me, she supposed I was suffering in my mind about a young man I was engaged to marry, called Philippe, who had been lately ill of a fever, and was now said to be threatened with consumption.

"While I pretended to be busying myself in my lady's room, they went out to take a stroll in the garden; and when I saw them safe at the other end, I put my lips to the keyhole, and conjured Eugène, for the sake of all that was good, to be still; for that I was certain it would not only be his death, but my mistress's too, if he were discovered; and he promised me he would. I had scarcely got upon my feet again, and turned to open a drawer, when I heard the count's foot in the *salon*. 'The countess is oppressed with the heat,' said he, 'and wants the large green fan: she says you'll find it in one of the shelves in the closet.'

"Only think, madame! only think!" said Rosina, turning her wrinkled face toward me, and actually shaking all over with the recollection of her terror. "I thought I should have sank into the earth! I stood for a moment aghast, and then I began to fumble in my pocket. 'Where can the key be?' said I, pretending to search for it; but my countenance betrayed me, and my voice shook so, that he read me like a book. 'I am sure he knew the truth from that moment. He looked hard at me, while his face became quite livid; and then he said, in a calm, deep voice: 'For the fan, no matter; I'll take another; but I see you are ill: you have caught Philippe's fever; you must go to bed directly. Come with me, and I'll lead you to your room.' 'I am not ill, Monsieur le Conte,' I stammered out; but taking no notice of what I said, he grasped my arm with his powerful hand, and dragged me away upstairs; I say dragged, for I had scarcely strength to move my feet, and it was rather dragging than leading. As soon as he had thrust me into the room, he said in a significant tone: 'Remember, you are in danger! Unless you are very prudent, this fever will be fatal. Go to bed, and keep quite still till I come to see you again, or you may not survive till morning!' With that he closed the door and locked it; and I heard him take out the key, and descend the stairs. Then I suppose I swooned; for when I came to myself it was nearly dark, I was lying

on the floor, and could not at first remember what had happened. When my recollection returned, I crawled to the bed, and burying my face in the pillows, I gave vent to my anguish in sobs and tears; for I loved my mistress, madame, and I loved M. Eugène, and I knew there would be deadly mischief among them. I expected that the count would break open the closet, and that one or both would be killed; and considering the state she was in, I did not doubt that the grief and fright would kill the countess also. You may judge, madame, what a night I passed! sometimes weeping, sometimes listening: but I could hear nothing unusual, and at length I began to fancy that the conflict had occurred while I was lying in the swoon. But how had it terminated? I would have given worlds to know; but there I was, a prisoner, and I feared that if I tried to give any alarm, I might only make bad worse.

"Well, madame, I thought the morning would never break; but at length the sun rose, and I heard people stirring. It seemed, indeed, that there was an unusual bustle and running about; and by-and-by I heard the sound of wheels and horses' feet in the court, and I knew they were bringing out the carriage. Where could they be going? I could not imagine; but, on the whole, I was relieved, for I fancied that the meeting and explanation were over, and that now the count wished to leave the house, which, under the circumstances, I could not wonder at. He has spared Eugène for her sake, thought I. And this belief was strengthened by my master's entering my room presently afterward, and saying, 'Your mistress is gone away; I am afraid of her taking this fever. When I think it proper, you shall be removed: till then, remember that your life depends on your remaining quiet!' He placed a loaf of bread and a carafe of water on the table, and went away, locking the door as before. I confess now that much as I felt for M. Eugène, I could not help pitying the count also. What ravages the sufferings of that night had made on him! His cheeks looked hollow, his eyes sunken, his features all drawn and distorted, and his complexion like that of a corpse. It was a dreadful blow to him, certainly, for I knew that he loved my mistress to madness.

"Well, madame, I passed the day more peacefully than I could have hoped; but my mind being somewhat relieved about my lady, I began to think a little of myself, and to wonder what the count meant to do with me. I felt certain he would never let me see her again if he could help it, and that alone was a heartbreaking grief to me; and then it came into my head that perhaps he would confine me somewhere for life—shut me up in a convent, perhaps, or a madhouse! As soon as this idea possessed me, it grew and grew till I felt as if I really *was* going mad with the horror of it; and I resolved, though it was at the risk of breaking my neck, to try and make my escape by the window during the night. It looked to

the side of the house, and was not very high up; besides, there were soft flower-beds underneath to break my fall; so I thought by tying the sheets together, and fastening them to an iron bar that divided the lattice, I might reach the ground in safety. I was a little creature, and though the space was not large, it sufficed for me to get through; and when all was quiet, and I thought every body was in bed, I made the attempt, and succeeded. I had to jump the last few feet, and I was over my ankles in the soft mould; but that did not signify—I was free; and taking to my heels, I ran off to my mother's, who lived then in a cottage hard by, where we are now sitting; and after telling her what had happened, it was agreed that I should go to bed, and that if anybody came to inquire for me she should say I was ill of the fever, and could not be seen. I knew when morning came I should be missed, for doubtless the count would go to my room; and besides that, I had left the sheets hanging out of the window.

"For two days, however, to my great surprise, we heard nothing; but on the third, Philippe (the young man I was engaged to) hearing I was not at the Beaugency house, came to our cottage to inquire about me. We had not met for some time, the countess having forbidden all communication between us, as she had a horrible dread of the fever, so that he could only hear of me through my mother. 'Rosina is here, and unwell,' said my mother: 'we think she's got the fever;' for though we might have trusted Philippe with our lives, we thought it would be safer for him to be ignorant of what had happened. Upon this he begged leave to see me; and she brought him into my chamber. After asking about himself, and telling him I was very poorly, and so forth, he said, 'This is a sad thing for the countess!' 'What is?' I asked. 'Your being ill at this time,' said he, 'when she must want you so much.' 'What do you mean?' said I; 'the countess is not at the house?' 'Don't you know she's come back,' said he, 'and that she's ill? The doctor has been sent for, and they say she's very bad.' 'Gracious heavens!' I exclaimed; 'is it possible? My poor dear mistress ill, and I not with her!' 'Robert, the footman, says,' continued Philippe—'but he bade me not mention it to any body—that when they stopped at the inn at Montlouis, Rateau, the landlord, came to the carriage-door, and asked if she had seen M. Eugène de Beaugency; and that when the countess turned quite pale and said, 'Are you not aware my cousin was killed in battle, M. Rateau?' he assured her it was no such thing; for that M. Eugène had called there shortly before on his way to her house. Rateau must have taken somebody else for him, of course; but I suppose she believed it, for she returned directly.' 'Rateau told her that he had seen M. Eugène?' said I. 'So Robert says; but Didier, the mason, says she was ill before she went, and that it was the

rats in the closet that frightened her.' 'Rats!' said I, sitting up in my bed and staring at him wildly. 'What rats?—what closet?' 'Some closet in her bed-room,' said he. 'The count sent for Didier to wall it up directly.' 'To wall it up?—wall up the closet?' I gasped out. 'Yes, build and plaster it up. . . . But what's the matter, Rosina? Oh, I shouldn't have told you the countess was ill!' he cried out, terrified at the agitation I was in. 'Leave me, in the name of God!' I screamed, 'and send my mother to me!'

"I remember nothing after this, madame, for a long, long time. When my mother came, she found me in my night-clothes, tying the sheets together in order to get out of the window, though the door was wide open; but I was quite delirious. Weeks passed before I was in a state to remember or comprehend any thing. Before I recovered my senses, my poor mistress and her baby were in the grave, my master gone away, nobody knew whither, the servants all discharged, and the accursed house shut up. Not long afterward the news came that the count had died in Paris."

"But, Rosina," said I, 'are you sure that M. de Beaugency was in that closet? How do you know the count had not first released him?'

"Ah, madame," she replied, ominously shaking her palsied head, "you would not ask that question if you had known Ruy Gonzalez as I did. The moment the words were out of Philippe's mouth I saw it all. It was just like him—just the revenge for that stern and inflexible spirit to take. Besides, madame, when all was over, and he durst speak, Didier the mason told me that nothing should ever convince him that there was not some living thing in that closet at the time he walled it up, though who or what it could be he never could imagine."

"And do you think, Rosina," said I, "do you think the countess ever suspected the secret of that dreadful closet?'

"Ay did she, madame," answered she; "and it was that which killed her; for when my mistress came back so unexpectedly, the count was closeted up-stairs with his agent, making arrangements for quitting the place forever, and had given orders not to be disturbed. He had locked up her apartments, and had the key in his pocket; but he had forgotten that there was a spare key for every room in the house, which the housekeeper had the charge of; so my lady sent for her to open the doors. Now, though from putting this and that together—the count's agitation, my sudden disappearance, her own removal, and the innkeeper's story—she felt sure there was some mischief in the wind, she had no suspicion of what had really occurred; as indeed how should she, till her eyes fell upon the door of the closet. Then she comprehended it all. You may imagine the rest, madame! Words couldn't paint it! When they came into the room, she was battering madly at the wall with the poker. But a few hours terminated her sufferings. She was al-

ready dead when Philippe was telling me of her return."

"It's a fearful tragedy to have lived through!" said I. "And Philippe: what became him?"

"He died like the rest, madame, about six months after these sad events had occurred. When I recovered my health, I went into service, and for the last forty years I have been housekeeper to M. le Curé here."

"And he is the only person that ever enters that melancholy house?"

"Yes, madame. I went there once—just once—to look at that fatal chamber, and the bed where my poor mistress died. When the place was let, those apartments were locked up; but"—and she shook her head mournfully—"the tenants were glad to leave it."

"And for what purpose does M. le Curé go there so often?" I asked.

"To pray for the souls of the unfortunates!" said the old woman, devoutly crossing herself.

Deeply affected with her story, I took leave of this sole surviving witness of these long-buried sorrows; and I, too, accompanied by the curé, once more visited the awful chamber. "Ah, madame!" said he, "poor human nature! with its passions, and its follies, and its mad revenges! Is it not sad to think that so much love should prove the foundation of so much woe?"

VISIT TO AN ENCAMPMENT OF LAP- LANDERS.

BY WILLIAM HURTON.

OF all the wonders of distant climes of which we read in childhood, perhaps none make a stronger impression on our imaginations than such objects as exist beyond the mystic Arctic Circle. The pictorial representations of the Midnight Sun, the North Cape, the Aurora Borealis, the Laplanders and their reindeer, which all of us have gloated over in our dreaming youthful days, sink indelibly into our memory. While I sojourned on the Island of Tromsø, learning that on the neighboring mainland some Laplanders were encamped, I resolved to pay them a visit. Procuring a boat, I rowed over to the opposite shore (on the 17th July, 1850), where I met with a Nordlander, who informed me that the Lap encampment might be found somewhere toward the extremity of Trömsdal—a magnificent ravine commencing at no great distance from the shore, and running directly inland. He stated that the Laps had a noble herd of *reins* (the name universally given to reindeer), about eight hundred in number, and that, when the wind blew from a certain quarter, the whole herd would occasionally wander close to his house, but a *rein-hund* (reindeer-dog) was kept by him to drive them back.

The entrance to Trömsdal was a rough, wild tract of low ground, clothed with coarse wild grasses and dwarf underwood. There were many wild flowers, but none of notable beauty, the most abundant being the white flower of

that delicious berry the *moltebær*. The dale itself runs with a gentle but immense curve, between lofty ranges of rock, which swell upward with regularity. The bed of this dale, or ravine, is from one quarter to three quarters of a mile across, and the centre was one picturesque mass of underwood and bosky clumps. All shrubs, however, dwindled away up the 'mountains' sides, and the vegetation grew scantier the higher one looked, until, at an altitude of not more than one hundred yards above the level of the sea, the snow lay in considerable masses. Overhead hung a summer Italian sky! Looking backward, the entrance to Trömsdal seemed blocked up by towering snow-clad mountains; and, looking forward, there was a long green vista between walls of snow, closed at the extremity by huge fantastic rocks, nodding with accumulated loads of the same material. Down the gray rocks on each hand, countless little torrents were leaping. They crossed the bottom of the ravine every few yards, and all of them hurried to blend with Trömsdal Elv—"the river of Trömsdal"—which runs through the dale, and falls into the sea at its entrance.

I had probably wandered four or five English miles down this noble dale, when a wild but mellow shout or halloo floated on the crisp, sunny breeze from the opposite side. I listened eagerly for its repetition, and soon it was repeated, more distinctly and more musically, and then I felt sure that it was the call of a Lap to the herd of reins. I paused, glanced keenly between the intercepting branches, and lo! there they were, of all sizes, by twos and threes, and dozens and scores. There they were, "native burghers of this desert city," denizens of the wilds, gathering together in one jostling mass of animated life! See their tossing antlers and glancing sides, as they pass to and fro among the green underwood.

They were on the far side of Elv; and just as I reached one bank of the stream, they came up to the other. The water here flowed with extreme violence, and was piercingly cold, but I unhesitatingly plunged in, and waded across. In a minute I was in the midst of the herd, and then saw that a Lap youth and Lap girl were engaged in driving them to the encampment. The youth had very bright, playful, hazel eyes, rather sunken, and small regular features of an interesting cast. His hands, like those of all Laps, are as small and finely shaped as those of any aristocrat. The simple reason for this is, that the Laps, from generation to generation, never perform any manual labor, and the very trifling work they necessarily do is of the lightest kind. His *pæsk* (the name of a sort of tunic, invariably worn by the Laplanders) was of sheepskin, the wool inward, reaching to his knees. His boots were of the usual peaked shape, a few inches higher than his ankles, and made of the raw skin of the reindeer, the hair being nearly all worn off. On his head was a round woolen cap, shaped precisely like a night-

cap, with a red tassel, and a red worsted band round the rim. This species of cap is the favorite one worn by the Laps.

The dress of the girl was similar in shape, but her *pæsk* was of very coarse, light-colored woolen cloth, a material frequently used in summer for the *pæsk*s of both sexes, as being cooler than reindeer-skin or sheep-skin. Her head was bare, and her hair hung low over her shoulders. Her features were minute, and the prettiest and most pleasing of any Lap I ever saw either before or since. The complexion was a tawny reddish hue, common to all Laplanders. The legs of the nymph in question were bare from the tops of her boots to the knee, and were extremely thick and clumsy, furnishing a striking contrast to the delicate shape of her hands. The twain were accompanied by three little rein-dogs, and were very leisurely driving the herd onward, each having a branch of a tree in hand, to whisk about, to urge the deer on. The girl had a great coarse linen bag slung round her neck, and resting on her back. This she filled with a particular kind of moss as she went along. I asked her what she gathered it for, and she gave me to understand it was used in milking the reins; but in what manner, was as yet to me a mystery. I found both the girl and the youth very good-natured, and the eyes of the latter especially sparkled with merry humor. They could speak only a very few words of Norwegian, but understood some of my questions in that language, and very readily answered them. They were driving the herd to be milked, and on my telling them I was an Englishman, come from afar to see them and their reins, they repeated the word "*Englesk*" several times, in a tone of surprise, and regarded me with an interest and curiosity somewhat akin to what the appearance of one of their people would excite in an English city. Yet I must remark that, except in what immediately concerns themselves, the emotions of all Laplanders, so far as my opportunities of judging enable me to conclude, flow in a most sluggish channel. I asked the girl to show me the moss the reins eat, and she did so (after a little search), and gathered me some. It is very short in summer, but long in winter. In Sweden, I learn that this most admirable provision of nature for the sole support of the deer during nine months in the year (and in consequence, the existence of the Laplanders also depends on it) grows much more abundantly, and is of a greater length; which is the reason most Laps prefer Swedish Lapmark for their winter wanderings. Coming to a marshy spot where a particular long, sharp, narrow grass grew, I plucked some, and asked the Laps if they did not use that to put in their boots in lieu of stockings? They instantly responded affirmatively. This is the celebrated bladder *carex*, or cyperus grass (the *carex vesicaria* of Linnæus). I gathered some, and afterward found it in several parts of the Island of Tromsö; but it only grows in marshy spots. The Laps at all seasons stuff their boots quite

full of it, and it effectually saves their feet from being frost-bitten.

Onward we went, driving the herd, in which I gleefully helped, the three little dogs at times barking and fetching up stragglers. The Laps occasionally gave a short cry or urging shout to the reins, and I burst forth with my full-lunged English hallo, to the evident amusement of my companions. The scene was most exciting, and vividly brought to my recollection the forest scenes in "As you like it." The brilliant sun-light, the green grass, the sparkling, murmuring Elv, the picturesque glen, the figures of the Laps, the moving herd of reins—the novelty of the whole was indescribably delightful. I found the reins did *not* make such a very loud, "clicking" noise as most travelers have asserted. Here were hundreds of reins striking their hoofs together, and yet the noise was certainly any thing but loud from their cloven feet and horny fetlocks, and would hardly have been noticeable had I not particularly listened for it. But another thing, of which I had never read any notice, struck me much—the loud, snorting noise emitted by the deer at every step. Unpoetical as my fancy may seem, it reminded me most strongly of the grunting of swine, but was certainly not so coarse a noise, and, at the same time, partook much of the nature of a *snort*. The cause of the noise is this: when the deer are heated, they do not throw off their heat in sweat—their skin is too thick for that; but, like the dog, they emit the heat through the mouth. The size of some of the reins astonished me. In many instances they were as large as Shetland ponies, and some had most magnificent branching antlers of a very remarkable size. This is the only animal of the deer genus which invariably has a horizontal branch from the main antlers, projecting in a line over each eye. These antlers are covered with a short gray hair. Some of the herd in question had broken pieces off their antlers, which hung down bleeding by the skin. The does also have antlers, but very small, and generally straight, which, when skinned and dried, can be distinguished from those of the male by their whiteness. All the herd were casting their winter hair, and consequently their coats looked somewhat ragged and parti-colored—the new color being generally a dark, and the old a light gray. In some cases, however, the deer are white; and in winter all are more or less of a light color. There were many pretty young does running among the herd.

The eye of the rein is beautiful; it is rather prominent, with clear, dark eyeball and reddish iris. One noble deer was the leader of the herd, and was distinguished by a bell hanging beneath his neck, just in front of the chest, and suspended from a broad slip of wood bent round his neck, and tied with a thong.

We at length drew nigh the Lap encampment, consisting of two large *gammes* (summer huts), most rudely constructed of earth, stones, and trunks of trees; and also of a summer can-

vas tent. Besides these, were two or three extraordinary erections of trees and branches, which I shall hereafter describe. Between us and the encampment flowed a bend of Trömsdal Elv, and on the north side of this (the side we were on) were inclosed circus-like open places, each of a diameter of one hundred and fifty feet, as nearly as I could estimate. They were formed by stumps of trees and poles, set upright on the ground, and these were linked together by horizontal poles, and against the latter were reared birch poles and branches of trees, varying from six to ten feet in height, without the slightest attempt at neatness, the whole being as rude as well could be; but withal, this inclosure was sufficiently secure to answer the purpose of its builders. On the south side of the Elv, and about one hundred yards distant, was a third similar inclosure.

Soon we were joined by the whole Lappish tribe, who came by twos and threes, bringing with them all the instruments and appliances necessary for the important business of milking. These consisted of long thongs of reindeer-skin, and also hempen cords of the manufacture of civilized men, for noosing the reins, and of bowls, kits, &c., to receive the milk. The bowls were thick, clumsy things, round, and of about nine inches in diameter, with a projecting hand-hold. They would probably each hold a couple of quarts, and the edges inclined inward, so as to prevent the milk from spirting over during the operation of milking. The large utensils for receiving the milk from these hand-bowls consisted of four wooden kits with covers, one iron pot, and a long keg or barrel.

All the Lap huts I have seen are furnished with one or more small barrels, containing a supply of water for drinking. The utensils enumerated were set apart together on the long grass, close beside the fence, in the inner portion of the circle, and in their midst was placed another object, which I regarded with extreme interest, viz., a *child's cradle*! This was the last thing brought from the encampment, which then did not contain a living animal—men, women, children, and dogs, being one and all assembled in the inclosures. The cradle was ingeniously made entirely of reindeer-skin, shorn of hair, and, as it appeared to me, also hardened or tanned by some process. Its shape much resembled a huge shoe of the fashion of the middle ages, having a high back, and turned up at the foot or toe. It reminded me strongly of the bark cradles of the North American Indians, and was equally adapted to be slung at the mother's back on a journey, or to be hung up in a *gamme*, or on a tree, out of the reach of hungry dogs or prowling wolves. The head of the cradle was spanned by a narrow top, from which depended a piece of coarse common red check woolen stuff, drawn so tightly over the body of the cradle that one would have fancied the little creature in some danger of suffocation, and it was only by an occasional feeble struggle under the cloth, that I was apprised of

the existence of a living creature beneath it. Evidently this cover was necessary, for I saw a huge musquito—the summer pest of the North—settle repeatedly upon it, as though longing to suck the blood of the innocent little prisoner.

The entire number of Laps now assembled could not be less than forty, men, women, and children included; and the three dogs had been joined by at least a score of their brethren. The men, generally, were attired in rough and ragged pæskes, either of reindeer-skin or of sheep-skin; the hair of the latter being worn inward, but of the former, outward. The women had all pæskes of cloth, but their appearance was so strikingly similar to that of the men, and the hair of both sexes hung down over the shoulders and shaded the face so much, that it was, in some cases, difficult, at the first glance, to distinguish the sex of the younger adults. The heads of the women were bare, and they all wore girdles of leather, studded with glittering brass ornaments, of which they are excessively proud. The men wore caps, as already described, and plain leather girdles, with a knife attached in a sheath, and in some instances the woman also wore a small knife. The children had miniature pæskes of sheep-skin, their only clothing. I had read of the generally diminutive stature of the Laplanders, and found them to be truly a dwarfish race. On an average the men did not appear to exceed five feet in height, and the women were considerably less. They were most of them very robust, however, and probably the circumference of their chest nearly equaled their height. The complexion of all was more or less tawny, their eyes light-colored, and their hair either reddish or auburn, and its dangling masses added much to the wildness of their aspect. Some of them wore mustaches and beards, but nature had apparently denied the majority such hirsute signs of manhood.

The gait or bearing of the Laps is indescribably clumsy, when they are walking on level ground, and as unsteady as that of a person under the influence of liquor; but they appear the reverse of awkward when engaged in the avocations incident to their primitive life. They are exceedingly phlegmatic in temperament, greedy, avaricious, suspicious, very indolent and filthy, and by no means celebrated for strict adherence to truth. The Nordlanders one and all spoke of them, in answer to my questions, with mingled distrust and contempt, and my own limited experiences most assuredly did not tend much toward impressing me with a more favorable opinion. The countenances of most of the Laps present a combination of stolidity, low cunning, and obstinacy, so as to be decidedly repulsive; yet it is undeniably true, that crimes attended with violence rarely occur among them, though I take that as no decided proof of the mildness of their disposition. They also are strict in their attendance at church, whenever opportunity serves; but their conduct immediately on quitting the sacred edifice, too fre-

quently evinces that hardly a spark of genuine religion has lightened up the darkness of their souls. Drunkenness has long been, and is still their besetting sin, but I am assured that this failing, so common to all uncivilized races, is rapidly decreasing.

The tribe of Laps whom I am particularly describing were not Norwegian but Swedish Laps, and for a number of years have regularly resorted to Trömsdal, as affording a very fine pasturage for their herds, as well as being in the immediate vicinity of salt water, it being absolutely necessary for the herd to be driven to the sea-shore during the fervid summer season, to avoid the deadly pests of musquitoes and other insects, and to be within the cooling influence of the sea-breezes.

The herd was now driven within the inclosure, and all outlets secured. I stood in the midst of the animated, jostling mass of reins, Laps, and dogs. I found myself naturally an object of curiosity to the tribe, who questioned the youth and girl, whom I had accompanied to the spot, concerning me; and, from the glances the Laps cast on me and exchanged with one another, it was clear that I was regarded with some degree of suspicion, for they evidently considered I must have some secret ulterior object in visiting them. The Lapponic language is as liquid as the purest Italian, but it always struck me as being pervaded with a plaintive, melancholy, wailing tone. Anxious to conciliate my Lappish friends, I addressed a few words of Norwegian to one after another, but a shake of the head and a dull, glowering stare was the only answer I got. At length, finding one who appeared a principal man of the commonwealth, who spoke Norwegian very well, I made him understand that a desire to see a herd of reins had alone drawn me to the spot. He exchanged a few amicable "*Ja, Ja's*" with me, but was too intent on the great business of the day to say much.

Throwing my wet stockings and shoes aside, I walked about bare-legged among the throng, bent on seeing all that was to be seen. The first thing to be done was to secure the restive reins. Selecting a long thong or cord, a Lap took a turn of both ends round his left hand, and then gathered what sailors call the *bight* in loose folds held in his right. He now singled out a rein, and threw the bight with unerring aim over the antlers of the victim. Sometimes the latter made no resistance, but generally no sooner did it feel the touch of the thong than it broke away from the spot, and was only secured by the most strenuous exertions of its capturer. Every minute might be seen an unusually powerful rein furiously dragging a Lap round and round the inclosure, and occasionally it would fairly overcome the restraint of the thong, and whirl its antagonist prostrate on the sod. This part of the scene was highly exciting, and one could not but admire the great muscular strength and the trained skill evinced by all the Laps, women as well as men. The resistance of a

rein being overcome, the Lap would take a dexterous hitch of the thong round his muzzle and head, and then fasten him to a trunk of a prostrate tree, many of which had been brought within the level inclosure for that especial purpose. Even when thus confined, some of the reins plunged in the most violent manner. Men and women were indiscriminately engaged, both in singling out milk-reins and in milking them. The wooden bowl, previously described, was held in the operator's left hand, and he then slapped the udder of the rein several times with the palm of the right hand; after which, moistening the tips of his fingers with his lips, he rapidly completed the operation. I paid particular attention to the amount of milk yielded by a single rein, noticing only bowls which had not previously received contributions, and I found that, although some yielded little more than a gill, others gave at least double, and a few thrice, that quantity. I think the fair average might be half a pint.

This milk is as thick as the finest cream from the cow, and is luscious beyond description. It has a fine aromatic smell, and in flavor reminded me most strongly of cocoa-nut milk. No stranger could drink much of it at a time—it is too rich. I bargained with the Laps subsequently for a large bottleful, and never shall I forget the treat I enjoyed in sipping the new, warm milk on the ground. When a rein was milked, the operator took up a small portion of the particular species of moss spoken of, and carefully wiped the drained udder and teats with it. From time to time, the bowls were emptied into the kits, &c.

It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the impressive, exhilarating *tout ensemble* of the whole inclosure. Every soul seemed fully occupied, for even the little Lap children were practicing the throwing of the *lasso*, and evinced great dexterity, although their strength was insufficient to hold the smallest doe. Many of the young reins attempted to suck the parent doe, but were always beaten away by the Laps. Great quantities of the loose hair on the backs of the reins fell to the ground at a touch, and I observed that the women failed not to gather it every now and then, and put it aside in large handfuls. Inquiring the reason of this, I learned they used it to form beds, on which to stretch their reindeer-skins, and thus save them from contact with the mud floor of the huts. I seated myself on a fragment of rock in the centre of the circle, and made hasty notes of what I beheld around me. This act excited very general dissatisfaction among the Laps, who regarded me with increased suspicion, doubtless imagining me to be enumerating themselves and reins for the purpose of taxation, or something worse. Several came close up to me, and peered over the cabalistic signs on my paper with a sort of gloomy inquisitiveness. I spoke to the Lap who understood Norwegian, and he acted as *tolk* in interpreting anew to his brethren the purely amicable nature of my intentions.

As to the half-dozen of little wild imps of children, I had already won their confidence by distributing among them large rye cakes, with which I had filled my pockets at Tromsø, expressly with that view. At first it was with difficulty they were induced to approach me to receive my gifts, but they soon came readily enough, and, as fast as I broke up the cakes and distributed the fragments, just so fast did the said fragments disappear down their hungry little stomachs. They gave no sign of acknowledgment of the treat—as it truly was to them—no more than so many automata. The *tolk*, however, marking this, made one of them say, in the Norwegian, "*Taks, mange taks*" (thanks, many thanks).

THE WORSHIP OF GOLD.

IT is curious to look back on the fatal and universal prevalence of Gold-worship recorded in the history of our race, from the period when Midas became its victim, and the boy chased the rainbow to find the pot of treasure at its foot, to the days when the alchemist offered his all a burnt-sacrifice on the altar; until we reach the present time, when, although the manner of its worship has changed, the old idolatry remains in spirit the same. One or two anecdotes illustrative of the passion for gold worship may not prove uninteresting.

The hero of our first story—a chamois hunter of the Swiss Alps—was for many years of his existence an absolute stranger to the very sight of gold. He dwelt in a mountain *chalet*, in the peaceful contentment and ignorant simplicity of former ages—lord of his own freedom, with nature for his domain, and the fleet Alpine creatures for his subjects. By some unfortunate chance, however, he moved from this dwelling of his youth to the lower station, and to the side of a pass frequented by travelers, toward whom he was frequently called on to exercise hospitality. His services, and the shelter he afforded, were occasionally rewarded with gold, which, though of little actual use or value to him as a circulating medium, gradually exercised a strange fascination over his senses. He hoarded his guineas with the doting fondness of the miser; he looked on them with more pleasure than on the faces of his children; and listened to their chink with a satisfaction no tone of household love or sweet Alpine melody could call forth. It chanced one day that our hunter, in the pursuit of his ordinary avocation, perceived a tiny cavern hitherto unknown to him. He determined to snatch his hasty noontide meal beneath its shelter; and in order to enter it, rolled away a block of stone which obstructed the mouth of the fissure. To his amazement, its removal presented to his gaze a deep hole, in which a vase of considerable size was buried. He removed the lid, and there, fresh and bright, as if they were coins of yesterday, glittered before his eyes a multitude of golden pieces, mingled with shining particles of ore. A buried treasure of long past ages was before him. He took them in his hands, he

clutched them, he stared at them with half-insane delight. He could not, of course, divine how they had come to be in their strange hiding-place, or who had placed them there; the inscriptions on them—the figure of a lamb, which some few bore—said nothing to him. There appeared to be something supernatural in the discovery, and he wasted all the remaining hours of daylight beside the vase; then, as night closed in, he replaced both the lid and the stone above the treasure. He did not attempt to remove it to his own dwelling, nor did he breathe a word of his discovery even to his wife; but from that hour he became an altered man.

The love of gold is an absorbing passion, especially when thus embodied and materialized. He lived only beside his treasure; thither he bent his steps daily, nor left it till the gloom of evening hid the object of his idolatry from his eager gaze. His hunter's craft was neglected; his family pined for food; he himself grew gaunt and thin, anxious and suspicious; ever dreading that his secret might be discovered; restless and miserable except when beside his wealth, where want, and hunger, and the sad, suffering faces of those he had once loved, were all forgotten. Only when the gathering darkness drove him from his hoard did he think of using his fowling-piece, and scanty was the provision thus obtained. In order fully and perfectly to contemplate his gold, it was necessary for him to stretch himself at full length before the entrance to the little hollow; his head and shoulders to the waist being thus within the cave, immediately over the vase, his body and legs outside. The cliff above the opening was nearly perpendicular, and had been much split and shaken by the frosts since an avalanche had deprived it of its crown of snow; but of his danger he was heedless or unconscious. One morning while lying prone, repeating for the fiftieth time his daily counting of the old coins, a portion of the rock detached itself slowly, and falling on his waist, pinned him to the earth, without however crushing or greatly injuring him. He uttered a loud cry, and made desperate exertions to raise it and free himself, but in vain; a force beyond his strength to resist had fixed him to the spot of his unhallowed and insane devotion. Imagination can scarcely conceive a more fearful death than the slow lingering one of bodily torture and starvation that must have followed. He was of course sought for as soon as missed; but the spot was unknown even to the most practiced hunters, and it was more than a week before the body was discovered. The surprise and horror of his family may be imagined. They had never been able to comprehend his altered conduct and mysterious disappearances: all was explained, however, when the huge stone being removed, he was found—perhaps from his position involuntarily—clutching in his dead fingers the fatal gold.

We relate this incident on the authority of a Swiss lady who had seen the cave, and who as-

sured us that the simple mountaineers avoid the spot with superstitious horror. To them there must have appeared to be some strange magic in the hidden treasure; and so to the calmest judgment it would seem, when in the ordinary course of life we behold, not only the fearful and painful sacrifices made for the attainment of gold, but the court paid, the homage offered to its possessors by those who have no hope of gaining any thing by their reverence for the mere name of wealth.

To come nearer home, our village at one time rejoiced in a gold-worshiper, whose history is worth relating. While still young, and taking our daily walk with our nurse, we observed an old man working at the repairs of some miserably dismantled houses. He was a tall, gaunt personage, painfully meagre, and very ragged. His jawbones protruded distressingly, and his poor thin elbows looked so sharp, that one could have fancied they had cut their way through the torn coat that no longer covered them. We pitied, and with childlike sympathy and freedom made acquaintance with him; always pausing to speak to him when we passed the spot on which he labored. Sometimes a little boy, a fair delicate child, was with him, assisting in the work as far as his age allowed; and with this young creature we grew intimate, and were at length led by him to the old man's home. It was a very large, old-fashioned farm-house, but so much out of repair that only three or four rooms were habitable. These, however, were kept in exquisite order by the wife, who was a very pretty, sad-looking woman, many years younger than her husband. By her care the antique furniture, which must have counted its century at least, was preserved brightly polished; the floors were so clean, that the lack of carpeting was scarcely perceptible; and the luxuriant jessamine she had trained round the windows was a charming substitute for curtains. There was one peculiarity about the dwelling, of a striking kind when its apparent poverty and the character of its owner were considered: it contained a music-room! in which was a tolerably large church-organ, *made and used* by the miser himself. To the debasing and usually absorbing passion which governed him, he united a wonderful taste and genius for music, to gratify which he had constructed himself the instrument we have named, on which we have heard him perform in a style of touching, and at times sublime, expression, the compositions of Purcell, Pergolesi, Handel, &c. We have always thought this love of harmony in a miser a more singular and inconsistent characteristic than the avarice of Perugino or Rembrandt, since in their case the art they practiced fed their reigning passion for gold; nevertheless, so it was—old Mr. Monckton would go without a meal, see his wife and family want common necessities, with plenty of money at his command, and yet solace himself by performances on the organ, which frequently went far into the night, startling the passing stranger by bursts of solemn midnight

melody; for he never played till the faded daylight rendered it impossible for him to work at the various little jobs by which he added to his hoards.

He had two sons: the pretty child we first knew, and an elder one—a slim, delicate youth, who was by nature an artist. His father's parsimony rendered it, however, a difficult matter for him to procure materials for the exercise of his art, which was wholly self-taught; and it was wonderful to witness the effect he could produce from a bit of common lamp-black, or an ordinary drawing-pencil. His genius at last found aid in the loving heart of his mother, who secretly and at night—often while her strange husband filled the house with solemn music—worked at her needle to procure the means of purchasing paints, canvas, brushes, &c., for her boy; toiling secretly, for if she had permitted the father to know that she possessed even a few shillings, he would have extorted them from her. It was all she could do to help the young painter in his eager self-teaching; for she possessed no other knowledge than that acquired at a village school during her childhood. Her own fate had been a very sad one. She was a laborer's daughter, betrothed from early girlhood to a sailor, who was her cousin; but during one of his voyages—the last he was to make before their marriage—her beauty attracted the admiration of the rich Mr. Monckton, and he offered to make her his wife. The poor girl would fain have refused him, and kept her promise to her absent lover, but her family were flattered and dazzled by the idea of her wedding a man known to be so wealthy, and she was not proof against their entreaties and their anger. She married him; her relatives, however, derived no benefit from the match their selfishness had made. The miser's doors were closed against them; and lest his wife should be tempted to assist their poverty at his expense, he forbade her ever seeing her parents. A weary lot had been poor Mary's from that hour she married. Her only comfort was derived from her children; and even they became a source of sorrow as they grew past infancy, and she found that her husband's avarice would deny them even the advantages she had enjoyed as a poor cottage child. They received no education but such as she could give them; nay, were made to toil at the lowest drudgery in return for the scanty food and clothing their father bestowed. She taught them to read and write; and afterward Richard, the elder, became his own instructor. There were many old books to be found in the farmhouse, and of those he made himself master. The villagers, who had a few volumes, were willing to lend them to such a clever lad; and at length, as we have said, his genius for painting developed itself, and was ministered to by his mother's industry. We remember seeing his first attempt at original composition. It was boldly conceived and well executed, considering the difficulties under which he labored: the subject was Phaeton driving the chariot of

the sun. It was shown to the clergyman of the village, a man of great taste, and a connoisseur in painting. He was so much pleased with it that he became the warm friend of the young artist, and, as far as circumstances permitted, his instructor in literature and painting. The younger brother inherited his father's taste for music, and was a quiet, thoughtful child, passionately attached to Richard, on whom he looked as a prodigy of learning and talent. Nothing, in fact, could be more touching than the attachment of these two brothers: at their leisure hours they were always to be seen together; their pleasures or sorrows were mutual.

The privations, injustice, and restraint to which they were subjected appeared to bind them to each other with a love "passing the love of woman;" and both found consolation in the mental gifts mercifully imparted to them.

About four years after we first became acquainted with the Moncktons, the fair, gentle child, then nearly fourteen, became ill; growing thin, pale, and weak, till his mother and Richard, in great alarm, besought old Monckton to let him have medical advice. The request produced a storm of passionate reproaches. "The boy," he said, "was well enough. He ate as much as was good for him. Did they think people could not live without gormandizing as they did? Did they imagine he should throw away his little means upon doctors, who were all a set of cheats? He should do nothing of the kind!" And poor Ernest was left to pine and wither, till Richard in despair sought out a physician, and telling him their story, besought him to come and see his brother, promising to repay the advice he asked by his future toil.

Dr. N—— was a kind-hearted, benevolent man. He at once complied with the youth's entreaty, and called at an hour when the old man was absent at the farm. He found his patient worse than the brother's report had led him to believe. The illness was decline, caused probably by want of sufficiently nourishing food at a period of rapid growth, and increased by the overworking of a mind that was ever craving after knowledge. He prescribed such remedies as he judged best; but informed the mother, at the same time, that strengthening food was of the first importance, and would be the best means to effect a cure. Alas! how was it to be obtained? The heart of the miser was impenetrable to their remonstrances and entreaties—what was life in his eyes compared with gold? When they found that no human sympathy could be expected from the father, the mother and brother determined to use their own exertions to obey the behest of the physician. Early and late the former worked at her needle, the good doctor finding her as much employment as he could; while Richard, abandoning the study of his art, painted valentines, card-racks, and fancy articles for the stationers, and sought eagerly for every opportunity of winning a few shillings, to be spent in ministering to the com-

fort of the beloved sufferer. But it was all too late: Ernest sank slowly, but surely.

There were intervals when life, like the flicker of an expiring lamp, appeared successfully struggling with death; but these occasional brightenings were always succeeded by a more entire prostration and languor. The personal beauty, for which Ernest had always been remarkable, grew almost superhuman during his illness, and Richard could not resist stealing a little time from his busy labors to paint his brother's portrait. In the execution of this task of love, however, many hindrances occurred; and before it was more than a sketch, the dear original had passed away from them in one of those quiet sleeps which in such cases, are the usual harbingers of death. The painting was removed to Richard's chamber, and in the first agony of his grief, forgotten; but when Ernest had been committed to the grave, and life had assumed its usual monotony—more gloomy now than ever—he remembered his attempt, and resolved on finishing the likeness from memory. An easy task! for nightly, in his slumbers, he saw the fair, sweet face of his young brother. The second morning after he had resumed his pencil, he was startled at finding that the painting appeared to be in a more advanced state than he had left it the night before, but he fancied imagination must be juggling him, and that he really had done more than he remembered. The following day, however, the same phenomenon startled him, and he mentioned the circumstance to his mother. She was superstitious, and nervous from sorrow and regret; and she at once adopted the fanciful notion that there was something supernatural in the matter; suggesting the possibility of their dear Ernest's gentle spirit having thus endeavored to show them, that in another world he still thought of them and loved them. Richard combated the idea by every argument his reason offered him; but as he was convinced of the fact, and could give no satisfactory explanation of it, he was at last persuaded by her earnest entreaties to leave the picture untouched for two or three days, and see what consequences would follow. The painting progressed! daily, or rather nightly, it advanced toward completion. Every morning a stronger likeness of the dead smiled on them from the canvas, and a more skillful hand than the young painter's appeared to be engaged on the work. It was a marvel past their simple comprehension; but the mother, confirmed in her first belief, resolved to watch, and try if it might be permitted to her living eyes to gaze upon the child whom the grave had shut from her sight. With this hope she concealed herself, without Richard's knowledge, in a large closet in his bed-room—placing the door ajar that she might see all that passed in the chamber. Her watch was of no long duration; suddenly her sleeping son rose from his couch, lighted his candle, approached his easel, and began to work at the portrait! Much amazed

and half angry at the deception she believed he had practiced on her, Mrs. Monkton issued from her hiding-place, and spoke to him. He made her no answer; she stood before him—he saw her not; he was fast asleep! It was indeed a spirit's painting; for love had in this instance burst the bands of matter, and the somnambulist had achieved a work of art that surpassed all the efforts of his waking hours.

The story of the sleep-painting got abroad, and reached the ears of a gentleman of large fortune, who resided in the neighborhood. He called on the young artist; was pleased with his manners; and proposed engaging him as traveling companion to his own son, a youth about to visit Italy with his tutor; proffering a salary that would enable him to cultivate his genius for painting in the land of its birth, and of its perfect maturity. The offer was eagerly and thankfully accepted, and old Monkton made no opposition to his son's wish: he was only too thankful to be relieved from the burden of supporting him. Indeed the miser was somewhat changed since Ernest's death; not that he expressed in words any remorse for having preferred his gold to the life of his fair young son; but from that time he never touched the organ—the spirit of music appeared to have died with Ernest; and he often visibly shrank from meeting the silent reproach of Richard's eyes. The neighbors also shunned him; they had loved poor Ernest, and the conduct of his father toward him—the fact of his refusing to pay the physician who had attended him, “because he never sent for him”—and the mean, pauper-like funeral which he had grudgingly bestowed on the dead—revolted and disgusted them. A mean funeral was one of the offenses the people of K—— never forgave! The old man probably detected something of their feelings in their manners, for he gradually gave up his ordinary work about the village—that is, the keeping in repair such cottages as belonged to him—and remained much within doors. This change of habits and want of exercise told fatally on three score and ten, and probably hastened his death, which took place two years after his son's. He died without a will, but left very considerable property. It was supposed he died intestate, either because he grudged the expense of making a will, or because he could not endure the thought of parting from the gold which had had the worship and service of his life. Richard, on his return, repaired the old farm-house, and restored it to something like comfort. He proved liberal, but not (as is frequently the case in such instances) lavish. The only piece of extravagance of which he was ever accused—and it was the village stone-mason who blamed him for that—being the procuring an elegant marble monument from Italy, the work of a first-rate sculptor, to place over the grave of his beloved brother. The figures on it were—an admirable likeness of Ernest, taken from the somnambulist's picture, and two angelic beings in the act of presenting the risen spirit with the palms

and crown of victory gained over sorrow, suffering, and death. The inscription on the tomb had an awful and touching meaning to those who knew the story of the brother's life; and we know not how we can better conclude our sketches of the insane folly of gold-worship, than by finishing them with those solemn words—"Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven."

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.*

CHAPTER VII.

LEONARD had been about six weeks with his uncle, and those weeks were well spent. Mr. Richard had taken him to his counting-house, and initiated him into the business and the mysteries of double entry; and, in return, for the young man's readiness and zeal in matters which the acute trader instinctively felt were not exactly to his tastes, Richard engaged the best master the town afforded to read with his nephew in the evening. This gentleman was the head-usher of a large school—who had his hours to himself after eight o'clock—and was pleased to vary the dull routine of enforced lessons by instructions to a pupil who took delightedly—even to the Latin grammar. Leonard made rapid strides, and learned more in those six weeks than many a cleverish boy does in twice as many months. These hours which Leonard devoted to study Richard usually spent from home—sometimes at the houses of his grand acquaintances in the Abbey Gardens, sometimes in the Reading-room appropriated to those aristocrats. If he staid at home, it was in company with his head-clerk, and for the purpose of checking his account-books, or looking over the names of doubtful electors.

Leonard had naturally wished to communicate his altered prospects to his old friends, that they in turn might rejoice his mother with such good tidings. But he had not been two days in the house before Richard had strictly forbidden all such correspondence.

"Look you," said he, "at present we are on an experiment—we must see if we like each other. Suppose we don't, you will only have raised expectations in your mother which must end in bitter disappointment; and suppose we do, it will be time enough to write when something definite is settled."

"But my mother will be so anxious—"

"Make your mind easy on that score. I will write regularly to Mr. Dale, and he can tell her that you are well and thriving. No more words, my man—when I say a thing, I say it." Then, observing that Leonard looked blank and dissatisfied, Richard added, with a good-humored smile, "I have my reasons for all this—you shall know them later. And I tell you what, if you do as I bid you, it is my intention to settle something handsome on your mother; but if you don't, devil a penny she'll get from me."

With that Richard turned on his heel, and

in a few moments his voice was heard loud in objurgation with some of his people.

About the fourth week of Leonard's residence at Mr. Avenel's, his host began to evince a certain change of manner. He was no longer quite so cordial with Leonard, nor did he take the same interest in his progress. About the same period he was frequently caught by the London butler before the looking-glass. He had always been a smart man in his dress, but he was now more particular. He would spoil three white cravats when he went out of an evening, before he could satisfy himself as to a tie. He also bought a peerage, and it became his favorite study at odd quarters of an hour. All these symptoms proceeded from a cause, and that cause was—Woman.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE first people at Screwestown were indisputably the Pompleys. Colonel Pompley was grand, but Mrs. Pompley was grander. The Colonel was stately in right of his military rank and his services in India; Mrs. Pompley was majestic in right of her connections. Indeed, Colonel Pompley himself would have been crushed under the weight of the dignities which his lady heaped upon him, if he had not been enabled to prop his position with a "connection" of his own. He would never have held his own, nor been permitted to have an independent opinion on matters aristocratic, but for the well-sounding name of his relations, "the Digbys." Perhaps on the principle that obscurity increases the natural size of objects, and is an element of the Sublime, the Colonel did not too accurately define his relations "the Digbys;" he let it be casually understood that they were the Digbys to be found in Debrett. But if some indiscreet *Vulgarian* (a favorite word with both the Pompleys) asked point-blank if he meant "my Lord Digby," the Colonel, with a lofty air, answered—"The elder branch, sir." No one at Screwestown had ever seen these Digbys: they lay amidst the Far—the Recondite—even to the wife of Colonel Pompley's bosom. Now and then, when the Colonel referred to the lapse of years, and the uncertainty of human affections, he would say—"When young Digby and I were boys together," and then add with a sigh, "but we shall never meet again in this world. His family interest secured him a valuable appointment in a distant part of the British dominions." Mrs. Pompley was always rather cowed by the Digbys. She could not be skeptical as to this connection, for the Colonel's mother was certainly a Digby, and the Colonel impaled the Digby arms. *En revanche*, as the French say, for these marital connections, Mrs. Pompley had her own favorite affinity, which she specially selected from all others when she most desired to produce effect; nay, even upon ordinary occasions the name rose spontaneously to her lips—the name of the Honorable Mrs. M'Catchley. Was the fashion of a gown or cap admired, her

* Continued from the June Number

cousin, Mrs. M'Catchley, had just sent to her the pattern from Paris. Was it a question whether the Ministry would stand, Mrs. M'Catchley was in the secret, but Mrs. Pompley had been requested not to say. Did it freeze, "my cousin, Mrs. M'Catchley, had written word that the icebergs at the Pole were supposed to be coming this way." Did the sun glow with more than usual fervor, Mrs. M'Catchley had informed her "that it was Sir Henry Halford's decided opinion that it was on account of the cholera." The good people knew all that was doing at London, at court, in this world—nay, almost in the other—through the medium of the Honorable Mrs. M'Catchley. Mrs. M'Catchley was, moreover, the most elegant of women, the wittiest creature, the dearest. King George the Fourth had presumed to admire Mrs. M'Catchley, but Mrs. M'Catchley, though no prude, let him see that she was proof against the corruptions of a throne. So long had the ears of Mrs. Pompley's friends been filled with the renown of Mrs. M'Catchley, that at last Mrs. M'Catchley was secretly supposed to be a myth, a creature of the elements, a poetic fiction of Mrs. Pompley's. Richard Avenel, however, though by no means a credulous man, was an implicit believer in Mrs. M'Catchley. He had learned that she was a widow—an honorable by birth, an honorable by marriage—living on her handsome jointure, and refusing offers every day that she so lived. Somehow or other, whenever Richard Avenel thought of a wife, he thought of the Honorable Mrs. M'Catchley. Perhaps that romantic attachment to the fair invisible preserved him heart-whole among the temptations of Screwestown. Suddenly, to the astonishment of the Abbey Gardens, Mrs. M'Catchley proved her identity, and arrived at Col. Pompley's in a handsome traveling-carriage, attended by her maid and footman. She had come to stay some weeks—a tea-party was given in her honor. Mr. Avenel and his nephew were invited. Colonel Pompley, who kept his head clear in the midst of the greatest excitement, had a desire to get from the Corporation a lease of a piece of ground adjoining his garden, and he no sooner saw Richard Avenel enter, than he caught him by the button, and drew him into a quiet corner in order to secure his interest. Leonard, meanwhile, was borne on by the stream, till his progress was arrested by a sofa table at which sate Mrs. M'Catchley herself, with Mrs. Pompley by her side. For on this great occasion the hostess had abandoned her proper post at the entrance, and, whether to show her respect to Mrs. M'Catchley, or to show Mrs. M'Catchley her well-bred contempt for the people of Screwestown, remained in state by her friend, honoring only the *élite* of the town with introductions to the illustrious visitor.

Mrs. M'Catchley was a very fine woman—a woman who justified Mrs. Pompley's pride in her. Her cheek-bones were rather high, it is true, but that proved the purity of her Caledonian descent; for the rest, she had a brilliant com-

plexion, heightened by a *souffçon* of rouge—good eyes and teeth, a showy figure, and all the ladies of Screwestown pronounced her dress to be perfect. She might have arrived at that age at which one intends to stop for the next ten years, but even a Frenchman would not have called her *passée*—that is, for a widow. For a spinster, it would have been different.

Looking round her with a glass, which Mrs. Pompley was in the habit of declaring that "Mrs. M'Catchley used like an angel," this lady suddenly perceived Leonard Avenel; and his quiet, simple, thoughtful air and looks so contrasted with the stiff beaux to whom she had been presented, that experienced in fashion as so fine a personage must be supposed to be, she was nevertheless deceived into whispering to Mrs. Pompley—

"That young man has really an *air distingué*—who is he?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Pompley, in unaffected surprise, "that is the nephew of the rich Vulgarian I was telling you of this morning."

"Ah! and you say that he is Mr. Arundel's heir?"

"Avenel—not Arundel—my sweet friend."

"Avenel is not a bad name," said Mrs. M'Catchley. "But is the uncle really so rich?"

"The Colonel was trying this very day to guess what he is worth; but he says it is impossible to guess it."

"And the young man is his heir?"

"It is thought so: and reading for College, I hear. They say he is clever."

"Present him, my love; I like clever people," said Mrs. M'Catchley, falling back, languidly.

About ten minutes afterward, Richard Avenel, having effected his escape from the Colonel, and his gaze being attracted toward the sofa table by the buzz of the admiring crowd, beheld his nephew in animated conversation with the long-cherished idol of his dreams. A fierce pang of jealousy shot through his breast. His nephew had never looked so handsome and so intelligent; in fact, poor Leonard had never before been drawn out by a woman of the world, who had learned how to make the most of what little she knew. And, as jealousy operates like a pair of bellows on incipient flames, so, at first sight of the smile which the fair widow bestowed upon Leonard, the heart of Mr. Avenel felt in a blaze.

He approached with a step less assured than usual, and, overhearing Leonard's talk, marveled much at the boy's audacity. Mrs. M'Catchley had been speaking of Scotland and the Waverley Novels, about which Leonard knew nothing. But he knew Burns, and on Burns he grew artlessly eloquent. Burns the poet and peasant; Leonard might well be eloquent on *him*. Mrs. M'Catchley was amused and pleased with his freshness and *naïveté*, so unlike any thing she had ever heard or seen, and she drew him on and on, till Leonard fell to quoting: and Richard heard, with less respect for the sentiment than might be supposed, that

"Rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Avenel. "Pretty piece of politeness to tell that to a lady like the Honorable Mrs. M'Catchley. You'll excuse him, ma'am."

"Sir!" said Mrs. M'Catchley, startled, and lifting her glass. Leonard, rather confused, rose, and offered his chair to Richard, who dropped into it. The lady, without waiting for formal introduction, guessed that she saw the rich uncle.

"Such a sweet poet—Burns!" said she, dropping her glass. "And it is so refreshing to find so much youthful enthusiasm," she added, pointing her fan toward Leonard, who was receding fast among the crowd.

"Well, he is youthful, my nephew—rather green!"

"Don't say green!" said Mrs. M'Catchley. Richard blushed scarlet. He was afraid he had committed himself to some expression low and shocking. The lady resumed, "Say unsophisticated."

"A tarnation long word," thought Richard; but he prudently bowed, and held his tongue.

"Young men nowadays," continued Mrs. M'Catchley, resettling herself on the sofa, "affect to be so old. They don't dance, and they don't read, and they don't talk much; and a great many of them wear *toupets* before they are two-and-twenty!"

Richard mechanically passed his hand through his thick curls. But he was still mute; he was still ruefully chewing the cud of the epithet *green*. What occult horrid meaning did the word convey to ears polite? Why should he not say "green?"

"A very fine young man your nephew, sir," resumed Mrs. M'Catchley.

Richard grunted.

"And seems full of talent. Not yet at the University? Will he go to Oxford or Cambridge?"

"I have not made up my mind yet, if I shall send him to the University at all."

"A young man of his expectations!" exclaimed Mrs. M'Catchley, artfully.

"Expectations!" repeated Richard, firing up. "Has the boy been talking to you of his expectations?"

"No, indeed, sir. But the nephew of the rich Mr. Avenel. Ah, one hears a great deal, you know, of rich people; it is the penalty of wealth, Mr. Avenel!"

Richard was very much flattered. His crest rose.

"And they say," continued Mrs. M'Catchley, dropping out her words very slowly, as she adjusted her blonde scarf, "that Mr. Avenel has resolved not to marry."

"The devil they do, ma'am!" bolted out Richard, gruffly; and then, ashamed of his *lapsus lingue*, screwed up his lips firmly, and glared on the company with an eye of indignant fire.

Mrs. M'Catchley observed him over her fan. Richard turned abruptly, and she withdrew her eyes modestly, and raised the fan.

"She's a real beauty," said Richard, between his teeth.

The fan fluttered.

Five minutes afterward, the widow and the bachelor seemed so much at their ease that Mrs. Pompley—who had been forced to leave her friend, in order to receive the Dean's lady—could scarcely believe her eyes when she returned to the sofa.

Now, it was from that evening that Mr. Richard Avenel exhibited the change of mood which I have described. And from that evening he abstained from taking Leonard with him to any of the parties in the Abbey Gardens.

CHAPTER IX.

Some days after this memorable *soirée*, Colonel Pompley sat alone in his drawing-room (which opened pleasantly on an old-fashioned garden, absorbed in the house-bills. For Colonel Pompley did not leave that domestic care to his lady—perhaps she was too grand for it. Colonel Pompley, with his own sonorous voice, ordered the joints, and with his own heroic hand dispensed the stores. In justice to the Colonel, I must add—at whatever risk of offense to the fair sex—that there was not a house at Screws-town so well managed as the Pompleys'; none which so successfully achieved the difficult art of uniting economy with show. I should despair of conveying to you an idea of the extent to which Colonel Pompley made his income go. It was but seven hundred a year; and many a family contrive to do less upon three thousand. To be sure, the Pompleys had no children to sponge upon them. What they had, they spent all on themselves. Neither, if the Pompleys never exceeded their income, did they pretend to live much within it. The two ends of the year met at Christmas—just met, and no more.

Colonel Pompley sate at his desk. He was in his well-brushed blue coat—buttoned across his breast—his gray trowsers fitted tight to his limbs, and fastened under his boots with a link chain. He saved a great deal of money in straps. No one ever saw Colonel Pompley in dressing-gown and slippers. He and his house were alike in order—always fit to be seen—

"From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve."

The Colonel was a short compact man, inclined to be stout—with a very red face, that seemed not only shaved, but rasped. He wore his hair cropped close, except just in front where it formed what the hair-dresser called a feather; but it seemed a feather of iron, so stiff and so strong was it. Firmness and precision were emphatically marked on the Colonel's countenance. There was a resolute strain on his features, as if he was always employed in making the two ends meet!

So he sate before his house-book, with his steel pen in his hand, and making crosses here and

notes of interrogation there. "Mrs. M'Catchley's maid," said the Colonel to himself, "must be put upon rations. The tea that she drinks! Good Heavens!—tea again!"

There was a modest ring at the outer door. "Too early for a visitor!" thought the Colonel. "Perhaps it is the Water-rates."

The neat man-servant—never seen, beyond the offices, save in *grande tenue*, plushed and powdered—entered, and bowed.

"A gentleman, sir, wishes to see you."

"A gentleman," repeated the Colonel, glancing toward the clock. "Are you sure it is a gentleman?"

The man hesitated. "Why, sir, I ben't exactly sure; but he speaks like a gentleman. He do say he comes from London to see you, sir."

A long and interesting correspondence was then being held between the Colonel and one of his wife's trustees, touching the investment of Mrs. Pompley's fortune. It might be the trustee—nay, it must be. The trustee had talked of running down to see him.

"Let him come in," said the Colonel; "and when I ring—sandwiches and sherry."

"Beef, sir?"

"Ham."

The Colonel put aside his house-book, and wiped his pen.

In another minute the door opened, and the servant announced—"MR. DIGBY."

The Colonel's face fell, and he staggered back.

The door closed, and Mr. Digby stood in the middle of the room, leaning on the great writing-table for support. The poor soldier looked sicker and shabbier, and nearer the end of all things in life and fortune, than when Lord L'Estrange had thrust the pocket-book into his hands. But still the servant showed knowledge of the world in calling him gentleman; there was no other word to apply to him.

"Sir," began Colonel Pompley, recovering himself, and with great solemnity, "I did not expect this pleasure."

The poor visitor stared round him dizzily, and sank into a chair, breathing hard. The Colonel looked as a man only looks upon a poor relation, and buttoned up first one trowser-pocket and then the other.

"I thought you were in Canada," said the Colonel at last.

Mr. Digby had now got breath to speak, and he said meekly, "The climate would have killed my child, and it is two years since I returned."

"You ought to have found a very good place in England, to make it worth your while to leave Canada."

"She could not have lived through another winter in Canada—the doctor said so."

"Pooh," quoth the Colonel.

"Mr. Digby drew a long breath. "I would not come to you, Colonel Pompley, while you could think that I came as a beggar for myself."

The Colonel's brow relaxed. "A very honorable sentiment, Mr. Digby"

"No: I have gone through a great deal; but you see, Colonel," added the poor relation, with a faint smile, "the campaign is well-nigh over, and peace is at hand."

The Colonel seemed touched.

"Don't talk so, Digby—I don't like it. You are younger than I am—nothing more disagreeable than these gloomy views of things. You have got enough to live upon, you say—at least so I understand you. I am very glad to hear it; and, indeed, I could not assist you, so many claims on me. So it is all very well, Digby."

"Oh, Colonel Pompley," cried the soldier, clasping his hands, and with feverish energy, "I am a suppliant, not for myself, but my child! I have but one—only one—a girl. She has been so good to me. She will cost you little. Take her when I die; promise her a shelter—a home. I ask no more. You are my nearest relative. I have no other to look to. You have no children of your own. She will be a blessing to you, as she has been all upon earth to me!"

If Colonel Pompley's face was red in ordinary hours, no epithet sufficiently rubicund or sanguineous can express its color at this appeal. "The man's mad," he said at last, with a tone of astonishment that almost concealed his wrath, "stark mad! I take his child!—lodge and board a great, positive, hungry child! Why, sir, many and many a time have I said to Mrs. Pompley, 'Tis a mercy we have no children. We could never live in this style if we had children—never make both ends meet.' Child—the most expensive, ravenous, ruinous thing in the world—a child!"

"She has been accustomed to starve," said Mr. Digby, plaintively. "Oh, Colonel, let me see your wife. *Her* heart I can touch—she is a woman."

Unlucky father! A more untoward, unseasonable request the Fates could not have put into his lips.

Mrs. Pompley see the Digbies! Mrs. Pompley learn the condition of the Colonel's grand connections! The Colonel would never have been his own man again. At the bare idea, he felt as if he could have sunk into the earth with shame. In his alarm he made a stride to the door, with the intention of locking it. Good heavens, if Mrs. Pompley should come in! And the man, too, had been announced by name. Mrs. Pompley might have learned already that a Digby was with her husband—she might be actually dressing to receive him worthily—there was not a moment to lose.

The Colonel exploded. "Sir, I wonder at your impudence. See Mrs. Pompley! Hush, sir, hush!—hold your tongue. I have disowned your connection. I will not have my wife—a woman, sir, of the first family—disgraced by it. Yes; you need not fire up. John Pompley is not a man to be bullied in his own house. I say disgraced. Did not you run into debt, and spend your fortune? Did not you marry a low creature—a vulgarian—a tradesman's daughter?"

and your poor father such a respectable man—a beneficed clergyman! Did not you sell your commission? Heaven knows what became of the money! Did not you turn (I shudder to say it) a common stage-player, sir? And then, when you were on your last legs, did I not give you £200 out of my own purse to go to Canada? And now here you are again—and ask me, with a coolness that—that takes away my breath—takes away—my breath, sir—to provide for the child you have thought proper to have; a child, whose connections on the mother's side are of the most abject and discreditable condition. Leave my house, leave it—good heavens, sir, not that way—this.” And the Colonel opened the glass-door that led into the garden. “I will let you out this way. If Mrs. Pompley should see you!” And with that thought the Colonel absolutely hooked his arm into his poor relation's, and hurried him into the garden.

Mr. Digby said not a word, but he struggled ineffectually to escape from the Colonel's arm; and his color went and came, came and went, with a quickness that showed that in those shrunken veins there were still some drops of a soldier's blood.

But the Colonel had now reached a little postern-door in the garden wall. He opened the latch, and thrust out his poor cousin. Then, looking down the lane, which was long, straight, and narrow, and seeing it was quite solitary, his eye fell upon the forlorn man, and remorse shot through his heart. For a moment the hardest of all kinds of avarice, that of the *genteel*, relaxed its gripe. For a moment the most intolerant of all forms of pride, that which is based upon false pretenses, hushed its voice, and the Colonel hastily drew out his purse. “There,” said he—“that is all I can do for you. Do leave the town as quick as you can, and don't mention your name to any one. Your father was such a respectable man—beneficed clergyman!”

“And paid for your commission, Mr. Pompley. My name!—I am not ashamed of it. But do not fear I shall claim your relationship. No; I am ashamed of *you*!”

The poor cousin put aside the purse, still stretched toward him, with a scornful hand, and walked firmly down the lane.

Colonel Pompley stood irresolute. At that moment a window in his house was thrown open. He heard the noise, turned round, and saw his wife looking out.

Colonel Pompley sneaked back through the shrubbery, hiding himself among the trees.

CHAPTER X.

“ILL-LUCK is a *bêtise*,” said the great Cardinal Richelieu; and on the long run, I fear, his eminence was right. If you could drop Dick Avenel and Mr. Digby in the middle of Oxford-street—Dick in a fustian jacket, Digby in a suit of superfine—Dick with five shillings in his pocket, Digby with a thousand pounds—and if, at the end of ten years, you looked up

your two men, Dick would be on his road to fortune, Digby—what we have seen him! Ye, Digby had no vice; he did not drink, nor gamble. What was he, then? Helpless. He had been an only son—a spoiled child—brought up as “a gentleman;” that is, as a man who was not expected to be able to turn his hand to any thing. He entered, as we have seen, a very expensive regiment, wherein he found himself, at his father's death, with £4000 and the incapacity to say “No.” Not naturally extravagant, but without an idea of the value of money—the easiest, gentlest, best-tempered man whom example ever led astray. This part of his career comprised a very common history—the poor man living on equal terms with the rich. Debt; recourse to usurers; bills signed sometimes for others, renewed at twenty per cent.; the £4000 melted like snow; pathetic appeal to relations; relations have children of their own; small help given grudgingly, eked out by much advice, and coupled with conditions. Among the conditions there was a very proper and prudent one—exchange into a less expensive regiment. Exchange effected; peace; obscure country quarters; *ennui*, flute-playing and idleness. Mr. Digby had no resources on a rainy day—except flute-playing; pretty girl of inferior rank; all the officers after her; Digby smitten; pretty girl very virtuous; Digby forms honorable intentions; excellent sentiments; imprudent marriage. Digby falls in life; colonel's lady will not associate with Mrs. Digby; Digby cut by his whole kith and kin; many disagreeable circumstances in regimental life; Digby sells out, love in a cottage; execution in ditto. Digby had been much applauded as an amateur actor; thinks of the stage; genteel comedy—a gentlemanlike profession. Tries in a provincial town, under another name; unhappily succeeds; life of an actor; hand-to-mouth life; illness; chest affected; Digby's voice becomes hoarse and feeble; not aware of it; attributes failing success to ignorant provincial public; appears in London; is hissed; returns to provinces; sinks into very small parts; prison; despair; wife dies; appeal again to relations; a subscription made to get rid of him; send him out of the country; place in Canada—superintendent to an estate, £150 a year; pursued by ill-luck; never before fit for business, not fit now; honest as the day, but keeps slovenly accounts; child can not bear the winter of Canada; Digby wrapped up in the child; return home; mysterious life for two years; child patient, thoughtful, loving; has learned to work; manages for father; often supports him; constitution rapidly breaking; thought of what will become of this child—worst disease of all. Poor Digby! Never did a base, cruel, unkind thing in his life; and here he is, walking down the lane from Colonel Pompley's house! Now, if Digby had but learned a little of the world's cunning, I think he would have succeeded even with Colonel Pompley. Had he spent the £100 received from Lord

Estrange with a view to effect—had he bestowed a fitting wardrobe on himself and his pretty Ellen; had he stopped at the last stage, taken thence a smart chaise and pair, and presented himself at Colonel Pompley's in a way that would not have discredited the Colonel's connection, and then, instead of praying for home and shelter, asked the Colonel to become guardian to his child in case of his death, I have a strong notion that the Colonel, in spite of his avarice, would have stretched both ends so as to take in Helen Digby. But our poor friend had no such arts. Indeed, of the £100, he had already very little left, for before leaving town he had committed what Sheridan considered the extreme of extravagance—frittered away his money in paying his debts; and as for dressing up Helen and himself—if that thought had ever occurred to him, he would have rejected it as foolish. He would have thought that the more he showed his poverty, the more he would be pitied—the worst mistake a poor cousin can commit. According to Theophrastus, the part-ridge of Paphlagonia has two hearts; so have most men: it is the common mistake of the unlucky to knock at the wrong one.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. DIGBY entered the room of the inn in which he had left Helen. She was seated by the window, and looking out wistfully on the narrow street, perhaps at the children at play. There had never been a playtime for Helen Digby. She sprang forward as her father came in. His coming was her holiday.

"We must go back to London," said Mr. Digby, sinking helplessly on the chair. Then with his sort of sickly smile—for he was bland even to his child—"Will you kindly inquire when the first coach leaves?"

All the active cares of their careful life devolved upon that quiet child. She kissed her father, placed before him a cough mixture which he had brought from London, and went out silently to make the necessary inquiries, and prepare for the journey back.

At eight o'clock the father and child were seated in the night-coach, with one other passenger—a man muffled up to the chin. After the first mile, the man let down one of the windows. Though it was summer, the air was chill and raw. Digby shivered and coughed.

Helen placed her hand on the window, and, leaning toward the passenger, whispered softly.

"Eh!" said the passenger, "draw up the windows? You have got your own window; this is mine. Oxygen, young lady," he added solemnly, "oxygen is the breath of life. Cott, child!" he continued, with suppressed choler, and a Welsh pronunciation, "Cott! let us breathe and live."

Helen was frightened, and recoiled.

Her father, who had not heard, or had not heeded this colloquy, retreated into the corner, put up the collar of his coat, and coughed again.

"It is cold, my dear," said he languidly to Helen.

The passenger caught the word, and replied indignantly, but as if soliloquizing—

"Cold—ugh! I do believe the English are the stuffiest people! Look at their four-post beds?—all the curtains drawn, shutters closed, board before the chimney—not a house with a ventilator! Cold—ugh!"

The window next Mr. Digby did not fit well into its frame.

"There is a sad draught," said the invalid.

Helen instantly occupied herself in stopping up the chinks of the window with her handkerchief. Mr. Digby glanced ruefully at the other window. The look, which was very eloquent, aroused yet more the traveler's spleen.

"Pleasant!" said he. "Cott! I suppose you will ask me to go outside next! But people who travel in a coach should know the law of a coach. I don't interfere with your window; you have no business to interfere with mine."

"Sir, I did not speak," said Mr. Digby meekly.

"But Miss here did."

"Ah, sir!" said Helen plaintively, "if you knew how papa suffers!" And her hand again moved toward the obnoxious window.

"No, my dear: the gentleman is in his right," said Mr. Digby; and, bowing with his wonted suavity, he added, "Excuse her, sir. She thinks a great deal too much of me."

The passenger said nothing, and Helen nestled closer to her father, and strove to screen him from the air.

The passenger moved uneasily. "Well," said he, with a sort of snort, "air is air, and right is right; but here goes"—and he hastily drew up the window.

Helen turned her face full toward the passenger with a grateful expression, visible even in the dim light.

"You are very kind, sir," said poor Mr. Digby; "I am ashamed to"—his cough choked the rest of the sentence.

The passenger, who was a plethoric, sanguineous man felt as if he were stifling. But he took off his wrappers, and resigned the oxygen like a hero.

Presently he drew nearer to the sufferer, and laid hand on his wrist.

"You are feverish, I fear. I am a medical man. St!—one—two. Cott! you should not travel; you are not fit for it!"

Mr. Digby shook his head; he was too feeble to reply.

The passenger thrust his hand into his coat-pocket, and drew out what seemed a cigar-case, but what, in fact, was a leathern repertory, containing a variety of minute vials. From one of these vials he extracted two tiny globules. "There," said he; "open your mouth—put those on the tip of your tongue. They will lower the pulse—check the fever. Be better presently—but should not travel—want rest—you should be in bed. Aconite!—Henbane!—hum! Your

papa is of fair complexion—a timid character, I should say—a horror of work, perhaps. Eh, child?"

"Sir!" faltered Helen, astonished and alarmed—Was the man a conjurer?

"A case for *phosphor*!" cried the passenger; "that fool Browne would have said *arsenic*. Don't be persuaded to take arsenic."

"Arsenic, sir!" echoed the mild Digby. "No; however unfortunate a man may be, I think, sir, that suicide is—tempting, perhaps, but highly criminal."

"Suicide," said the passenger tranquilly—"suicide is my hobby! You have no symptom of that kind, you say?"

"Good heavens! No, sir."

"If ever you feel violently impelled to drown yourself, take *pulsatilla*. But if you feel a preference toward blowing out your brains, accompanied with weight in the limbs, loss of appetite, dry cough, and bad corns—*sulphuret of antimony*. Don't forget."

Though poor Mr. Digby confusedly thought that the gentleman was out of his mind, yet he tried politely to say "that he was much obliged, and would be sure to remember;" but his tongue failed him, and his own ideas grew perplexed. His head fell back heavily, and he sank into a silence which seemed that of sleep.

The traveler looked hard at Helen, as she gently drew her father's head on her shoulder, and there pillowed it with a tenderness which was more that of mother than child.

"Moral affections—soft—compassionate!—a good child, and would go well with—*pulsatilla*."

Helen held up her finger, and glanced from her father to the traveler, and then to her father again.

"Certainly—*pulsatilla*!" muttered the homeopathist: and, ensconcing himself in his own corner, he also sought to sleep. But after vain efforts, accompanied by restless gestures and movements, he suddenly started up, and again extracted his vial-book.

"What the deuce are they to me?" he muttered. "Morbid sensibility of character—*coffee*? No!—accompanied by vivacity and violence—*nux*!" He brought his book to the window, contrived to read the label on a pigmy bottle. "*Nux*! that's it," he said—and he swallowed a globule!

"Now," quoth he, after a pause, "I don't care a straw for the misfortunes of other people; nay, I have half a mind to let down the window."

Helen looked up.

"But I won't," he added, resolutely; and this time he fell fairly asleep.

CHAPTER XII.

THE coach stopped at eleven o'clock, to allow the passengers to sup. The homeopathist woke up, got out, gave himself a shake, and inhaled the fresh air into his vigorous lungs, with an evident sensation of delight. He then turned and looked into the coach:

"Let your father get out, my dear," said he, with a tone more gentle than usual. "I should like to see him in-doors—perhaps I can do him good."

But what was Helen's terror when she found that her father did not stir. He was in a deep swoon, and still quite insensible when they lifted him from the carriage. When he recovered his senses, his cough returned, and the effort brought up blood.

It was impossible for him to proceed further. The homeopathist assisted to undress and put him into bed. And having administered another of his mysterious globules, he inquired of the landlady how far it was to the nearest doctor—for the inn stood by itself in a small hamlet. There was the parish apothecary three miles off. But on hearing that the gentlefolks employed Dr. Dosewell, and it was a good seven miles to his house, the homeopathist fetched a deep breath. The coach only stopped a quarter of an hour.

"Cott!" said he angrily to himself—"the *nux* was a failure. My sensibility is chronic. I must go through a long course to get rid of it. Hallo, guard! get out my carpet-bag. I shan't go on to-night."

And the good man, after a very slight supper, went up-stairs again to the sufferer.

"Shall I send for Dr. Dosewell, sir?" asked the landlady, stopping him at the door.

"Hum! At what hour to-morrow does the next coach to London pass?"

"Not before eight, sir."

"Well, send for the doctor to be here at seven. That leaves us at least some hours free from allopathy and murder," grunted the disciple of Hahnemann, as he entered the room.

Whether it was the globule that the homeopathist had administered, or the effect of nature, aided by repose, that checked the effusion of blood, and restored some temporary strength to the poor sufferer, is more than it becomes one not of the Faculty to opine. But certainly Mr. Digby seemed better, and he gradually fell into a profound sleep, but not till the doctor had put his ear to his chest, tapped it with his hand, and asked several questions; after which the homeopathist retired into a corner of the room, and, leaning his face on his hand, seemed to meditate. From his thoughts he was disturbed by a gentle touch. Helen was kneeling at his feet.

"Is he very ill—very?" said she; and her fond wistful eyes were fixed on the physician's with all the earnestness of despair.

"Your father is very ill," replied the doctor, after a short pause. "He can not move hence for some days at least. I am going to London—shall I call on your relations, and tell some of them to join you?"

"No, thank you, sir," answered Helen, coloring. "But do not fear; I can nurse papa. I think he has been worse before—that is, he has complained more."

The homeopathist rose and took two strides

across the room, then he paused by the bed, and listened to the breathing of the sleeping man.

He stole back to the child, who was still kneeling, took her in his arms, and kissed her. "Tamm it," said he, angrily, and putting her down, "go to bed now—you are not wanted any more."

"Please, sir," said Helen, "I can not leave him so. If he wakes he would miss me."

The doctor's hand trembled; he had recourse to his globules. "Anxiety, grief suppressed," muttered he. "Don't you want to cry, my dear? Cry—do!"

"I can't," murmured Helen.

"*Pulsatilla!*" said the doctor, almost with triumph. "I said so from the first. Open your mouth—here! Good night. My room is opposite—No. 6; call me if he wakes."

CHAPTER XIII.

AT seven o'clock Dr. Dosewell arrived, and was shown into the room of the homeopathist, who, already up and dressed, had visited his patient.

"My name is Morgan," said the homeopathist—"I am a physician. I leave in your hands a patient whom, I fear, neither I nor you can restore. Come and look at him."

The two doctors went into the sick-room. Mr. Digby was very feeble, but he had recovered his consciousness, and inclined his head courteously.

"I am sorry to cause so much trouble," said he. The homeopathist drew away Helen; the allopathist seated himself by the bedside and put his questions, felt the pulse, sounded the lungs, and looked at the tongue of the patient. Helen's eye was fixed on the strange doctor, and her color rose, and her eye sparkled when he got up cheerfully, and said in a pleasant voice, "You may have a little tea."

"Tea!" growled the homeopathist—"barbarian!"

"He is better, then, sir?" said Helen, creeping to the allopathist.

"Oh, yes, my dear—certainly; and we shall do very well, I hope."

The two doctors then withdrew.

"Last about a week!" said Dr. Dosewell, smiling pleasantly, and showing a very white set of teeth.

"I should have said a month; but our systems are different," replied Dr. Morgan, drily.

DR. DOSEWELL (courteously).—"We country doctors bow to our metropolitan superiors; what would you advise? You would venture, perhaps, the experiment of bleeding."

DR. MORGAN (spluttering and growing Welsh, which he never did but in excitement).—"Plead! Cott in heaven! do you think I am a butcher—an executioner? Plead! Never."

DR. DOSEWELL.—"I don't find it answer myself, when both lungs are gone! But perhaps you are for inhaling."

DR. MORGAN.—"Fiddledee!"

DR. DOSEWELL (with some displeasure).—"What would you advise, then, in order to prolong our patient's life for a month?"

DR. MORGAN.—"Stop the hæmoptysis—give him *Rhus!*"

DR. DOSEWELL.—"Rhus, sir! *Rhus!* I don't know that medicine. *Rhus!*"

DR. MORGAN.—"Rhus *Toxicodendron.*"

The length of the last word excited Dr. Dosewell's respect. A word of five syllables—this was something like! He bowed deferentially, but still looked puzzled. At last he said, smiling frankly, "You great London practitioners have so many new medicines; may I ask what *Rhus toxico—toxico—*"

"Dendron."

"Is?"

"The juice of the Upas—vulgarly called the Poison-tree."

Dr. Dosewell started.

"Upas—poison-tree—little birds that come under the shade fall down dead! You give upas juice in hæmoptysis—what's the dose?"

Dr. Morgan grinned maliciously, and produced a globule the size of a small pin's head.

Dr. Dosewell recoiled in disgust.

"Oh!" said he, very coldly, and assuming at once an air of superb superiority, "I see, a homeopathist, sir!"

"A homeopathist!"

"Um!"

"Um!"

"A strange system, Dr. Morgan," said Dr. Dosewell, recovering his cheerful smile, but with a curl of contempt in it, "and would soon do for the druggists."

"Serve 'em right. The druggists soon do for the patients."

"Sir!"

"Sir!"

DR. DOSEWELL (with dignity).—"You don't know, perhaps, Dr. Morgan, that I am an apothecary as well as a surgeon. In fact," he added, with a certain grand humility, "I have not yet taken a diploma, and am but Doctor by courtesy."

DR. MORGAN.—"All one, sir! Doctor signs the death warrant—'pothecary does the deed!"

DR. DOSEWELL (with a withering sneer).—"Certainly we don't profess to keep a dying man alive upon the juice of the deadly upas-tree."

DR. MORGAN (complacently).—"Of course you don't. There are no poisons with us. That's just the difference between you and me, Dr. Dosewell!"

DR. DOSEWELL (pointing to the homeopathist's traveling pharmacopœia, and with affected candor).—"Indeed, I have always said that if you can do no good, you can do no harm, with your infinitesimals."

Dr. Morgan, who had been obtuse to the insinuation of poisoning, fires up violently at the charge of doing no harm.

"You know nothing about it! I could kill quite as many people as you, if I chose it; but I don't choose."

DR. DOSEWELL (shrugging up his shoulders).—"Sir! 'tis no use arguing; the thing's against common sense. In short, it is my firm belief that it is—is a complete—"

DR. MORGAN.—"A complete what?"

DR. DOSEWELL (provoked to the utmost).—"Humbug!"

DR. MORGAN.—"Humbug! Cott in heaven! You old—"

DR. DOSEWELL.—"Old what, sir?"

DR. MORGAN (at home in a series of alliterical vowels, which none but a Cymbrian could have uttered without gasping).—"Old allopathical anthropophagite!"

DR. DOSEWELL (starting up, seizing by the back the chair on which he had sate, and bringing it down violently on its four legs).—"Sir!"

DR. MORGAN, (imitating the action with his own chair).—"Sir!"

DR. DOSEWELL.—"You're abusive."

DR. MORGAN.—"You're impertinent."

DR. DOSEWELL.—"Sir!"

DR. MORGAN.—"Sir!"

The two rivals fronted each other.

They were both athletic men, and fiery men. Dr. Dosewell was the taller, but Dr. Morgan was the stouter. Dr. Dosewell on the mother's side was Irish; but Dr. Morgan on both sides was Welsh. All things considered, I would have backed Dr. Morgan if it had come to blows. But, luckily for the honor of science, here the chamber-maid knocked at the door, and said, "The coach is coming, sir."

Dr. Morgan recovered his temper and his manners at that announcement. "Dr. Dosewell," said he, "I have been too hot—I apologize."

"Dr. Morgan," answered the allopathist, "I forgot myself. Your hand, sir."

DR. MORGAN.—"We are both devoted to humanity; though with different opinions. We should respect each other."

DR. DOSEWELL.—"Where look for liberality, if men of science are illiberal to their brethren?"

DR. MORGAN (aside).—"The old hypocrite! He would pound me in a mortar if the law would let him."

DR. DOSEWELL (aside).—"The wretched charlatan! I should like to pound him in a mortar."

DR. MORGAN.—"Good-by, my esteemed and worthy brother."

DR. DOSEWELL.—"My excellent friend, good-by."

DR. MORGAN (returning in haste).—"I forgot. I don't think our poor patient is very rich. I confide him to your disinterested benevolence."—(Hurries away.)

DR. DOSEWELL (in a rage).—"Seven miles at six o'clock in the morning, and perhaps done out of my fee! Quack! Villain!"

Meanwhile, Dr. Morgan had returned to the sick-room.

"I must wish you farewell," said he to poor Mr. Digby, who was languidly sipping his tea.

"But you are in the hands of a—of a—gentle man in the profession."

"You have been too kind—I am shocked," said Mr. Digby. "Helen, where's my purse?"

Dr. Morgan paused.

He paused, first, because it must be owned that his practice was restricted, and a fee gratified the vanity natural to unappreciated talent, and had the charm of novelty, which is sweet to human nature itself. Secondly, he was a man "Who knew his rights, and, knowing, dared maintain." He had resigned a coach fare—staid a night—and thought he had relieved his patient. He had a right to his fee.

On the other hand he paused, because, though he had small practice, he was tolerably well off, and did not care for money itself, and he suspected his patient to be no Cræsus.

Meanwhile, the purse was in Helen's hand. He took it from her, and saw but a few sovereigns within the well-worn net-work. He drew the child a little aside.

"Answer me, my dear, frankly—is your papa rich?" And he glanced at the shabby clothes strewn on the chair, and Helen's faded frock.

"Alas, no!" said Helen, hanging her head.

"Is that all you have?"

"All."

"I am ashamed to offer you two guineas," said Mr. Digby's hollow voice from the bed.

"And I should be still more ashamed to take them. Good-by, sir. Come here, my child. Keep your money, and don't waste it on the other doctor more than you can help. His medicines can do your father no good. But I suppose you must have some. He's no physician, therefore there's no fee. He'll send a bill—it can't be much. You understand. And now, God bless you."

Dr. Morgan was off. But as he paid the landlady his bill he said, considerably, "The poor people up-stairs can pay you, but not that doctor—and he's of no use. Be kind to the little girl, and get the doctor to tell his patient (quietly, of course) to write to his friends—soon—you understand. Somebody must take charge of the poor child. And stop—hold your hand; take care—these globules for the little girl when her father dies—(here the Doctor muttered to himself, 'grief;—aconite')—and if she cries too much afterward—these (don't mistake). Tears;—caustic!"

"Come, sir," cried the coachman.

"Coming;—tears—caustic," repeated the homeopathist, pulling out his handkerchief and his vial-book together as he got into the coach. And he hastily swallowed his anti-lachrymal.

CHAPTER XIV.

RICHARD AVENEL was in a state of great nervous excitement. He proposed to give an entertainment of a kind wholly new to the experience of Screwestown. Mrs. M'Catchley had described with much eloquence the *déjeûnés dansants* of her fashionable friends residing in the elegant

suburbs of Wimbledon and Fulham. She declared that nothing was so agreeable. She had even said point-blank to Mr. Avenel, "Why don't you give a *déjeûné dansant*?" And, therewith, a *déjeûné dansant* Mr. Avenel resolved to give.

The day was fixed, and Mr. Avenel entered into all the requisite preparations with the energy of a man and the providence of a woman.

One morning as he stood musing on the lawn, irresolute as to the best site for the tents, Leonard came up to him with an open letter in his hand.

"My dear uncle," said he, softly.

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Avenel, with a start.

"Ha—well—what now?"

"I have just received a letter from Mr. Dale. He tells me that my poor mother is very restless and uneasy, because he can not assure her that he has heard from me; and his letter requires an answer. Indeed, I shall seem very ungrateful to him—to all—if I do not write."

Richard Avenel's brows met. He uttered an impatient "pish!" and turned away. Then coming back, he fixed his clear, hawk-like eye on Leonard's ingenuous countenance, linked his arm in his nephew's, and drew him into the shrubbery.

"Well, Leonard," said he, after a pause, "it is time that I should give you some idea of my plans with regard to you. You have seen my manner of living—some difference from what you ever saw before, I calculate! Now I have given you, what no one gave me, a lift in the world; and where I place you, there you must help yourself."

"Such is my duty, and my desire," said Leonard, heartily.

"Good. You are a clever lad, and a genteel lad, and will do me credit. I have had doubts of what is best for you. At one time I thought of sending you to College. That, I know, is Mr. Dale's wish; perhaps it is your own. But I have given up that idea; I have something better for you. You have a clear head for business, and are a capital arithmetician. I think of bringing you up to superintend my business; by-and-by I will admit you into partnership; and before you are thirty you will be a rich man. Come, does that suit you?"

"My dear uncle," said Leonard, frankly, but much touched by this generosity, "it is not for me to have a choice. I should have preferred going to College, because there I might gain independence for myself, and cease to be a burden on you. Moreover, my heart moves me to studies more congenial with the college than the counting-house. But all this is nothing compared with my wish to be of use to you, and to prove in any way, however feebly, my gratitude for all your kindness."

"You're a good, grateful, sensible lad," exclaimed Richard, heartily; "and believe me, though I'm a rough diamond, I have your true interest at heart. You *can* be of use to me, and in being so you will best serve yourself. To tell you the truth, I have some idea of changing

my condition. There's a lady of fashion and quality who, I think, may condescend to become Mrs. Avenel; and if so, I shall probably reside a great part of the year in London. I don't want to give up my business. No other investment will yield the same interest. But you can soon learn to superintend it for me, as some day or other I may retire, and then you can step in. Once a member of our great commercial class, and with your talents, you may be any thing—member of parliament, and after that, minister of state, for what I know. And my wife—hem!—that is to be—has great connections, and you shall marry well; and—oh, the Avenels will hold their heads with the highest, after all! Damn the aristocracy—we clever fellows will be the aristocrats—eh!" Richard rubbed his hands.

Certainly, as we have seen, Leonard, especially in his earlier steps to knowledge, had repined at his position in the many degrees of life—certainly he was still ambitious—certainly he could not now have returned contentedly to the humble occupation he had left; and woe to the young man who does not hear with a quickened pulse, and brightening eye, words that promise independence, and flatter with the hope of distinction. Still, it was with all the reaction of chill and mournful disappointment that Leonard, a few hours after this dialogue with his uncle, found himself alone in the fields, and pondering over the prospects before him. He had set his heart upon completing his intellectual education, upon developing those powers within him which yearned for an arena of literature, and revolted from the routine of trade. But to his credit be it said that he vigorously resisted this natural disappointment, and by degrees schooled himself to look cheerfully on the path imposed on his duty, and sanctioned by the manly sense that was at the core of his character.

I believe that this self-conquest showed that the boy had true genius. The false genius would have written sonnets and despaired.

But still Richard Avenel left his nephew sadly perplexed as to the knotty question from which their talk on the future had diverged—viz., should he write to the Parson; and assure the fears of his mother? How do so without Richard's consent, when Richard had on a former occasion so imperiously declared that, if he did, it would lose his mother all that Richard intended to settle on her. While he was debating this matter with his conscience, leaning against a stile that interrupted a path to the town, Leonard Fairfield was startled by an exclamation. He looked up, and beheld Mr. Spratt the tinker.

CHAPTER XV.

THE tinker, blacker and grimmer than ever, stared hard at the altered person of his old acquaintance, and extended his sable fingers, as if inclined to convince himself by the sense of

touch, that it was Leonard in the flesh that he beheld, under vestments so marvelously elegant and preternaturally spruce.

Leonard shrank mechanically from the contact, while in great surprise he faltered—

"You here, Mr. Sprott! What could bring you so far from home?"

"'Ome!" echoed the tinker, "I 'as no 'ome! or rayther, d'ye see, Muster Fairfilt, I makes myself at 'ome verever I goes! Lor' love ye, I ben't settled on no parridge. I vanders here and I vanders there, and that's my 'ome ver-ever I can mend my kettles, and sell my tracks!"

So saying the tinker slid his paniers on the ground, gave a grunt of release and satisfaction, and seated himself with great composure on the stile, from which Leonard had retreated.

"But, dash my vig," resumed Mr. Sprott, as he once more surveyed Leonard, "vy, you bees a rale gentleman now, surely! Vot's the dodge—eh?"—

"Dodge!" repeated Leonard mechanically—"I don't understand you." Then, thinking that it was neither necessary nor expedient to keep up his acquaintance with Mr. Sprott, nor prudent to expose himself to the battery of questions which he foresaw that further parley would bring upon him, he extended a crown-piece to the tinker; and saying with a half smile, "You must excuse me for leaving you—I have business in the town; and do me the favor to accept this trifle," he walked briskly off.

The tinker looked long at the crown-piece, and then sliding it into his pocket, said to himself—

"Ho—'ush-money! No go, my swell cove."

After venting that brief soliloquy he sat silent a little while, till Leonard was nearly out of sight, then rose, resumed his fardel, and, creeping quick along the hedgerows, followed Leonard toward the town. Just in the last field, as he looked over the hedge, he saw Leonard accosted by a gentleman of comely mien and important swagger. That gentleman soon left the young man, and came, whistling loud, up the path, and straight toward the tinker. Mr. Sprott looked round, but the hedge was too neat to allow of a good hiding-place, so he put a bold front on it, and stepped forth like a man. But, alas for him! before he got into the public path, the proprietor of the land, Mr. Richard Avenel (for the gentleman was no less a personage), had spied out the trespasser, and called to him with a "Hillo, fellow," that bespoke all the dignity of a man who owns acres, and all the wrath of a man who beholds those acres impudently invaded.

The tinker stopped, and Mr. Avenel stalked up to him.

"What the devil are you doing on my property, lurking by my hedge? I suspect you are an incendiary!"

"I be a tinker," quoth Mr. Sprott, not louting low (for a sturdy republican was Mr. Sprott), but like a lord of humankind,

"Pride in his port, defiance in his eye."

Mr. Avenel's fingers itched to knock the tinker's villainous hat off his Jacobinical head, but he repressed the undignified impulse by thrusting both hands deep into his trowsers' pockets.

"A tinker!" he cried—"that's a vagrant; and I'm a magistrate, and I've a great mind to send you to the treadmill—that I have. What do you do here, I say? You have not answered my question?"

"What does I do 'ere?" said Mr. Sprott. "Vy, you had better ax my crakter of the young gent I saw you talking with just now; he knows me!"

"What! my nephew know you?"

"W—hew," whistled the tinker, "your nephew is it, sir? I have a great respek for your family. I've knowed Mrs. Fairfilt, the vasher-voman, this many a year. I 'umbly ax your pardon." And he took off his hat this time.

Mr. Avenel turned red and white in a breath. He growled out something inaudible, turned on his heel, and strode off. The tinker watched him as he had watched Leonard, and then dogged the uncle as he had dogged the nephew. I don't presume to say that there was cause and effect in what happened that night, but it was what is called "a curious coincidence" that that night one of Richard Avenel's ricks was set on fire; and that that day he had called Mr. Sprott an incendiary. Mr. Sprott was a man of very high spirit and did not forgive an insult easily. His nature was inflammatory, and so was that of the lucifers which he always carried about him, with his tracts and glue-pots.

The next morning there was an inquiry made for the tinker, but he had disappeared from the neighborhood.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was a fortunate thing that the *déjeûné dansant* so absorbed Mr. Richard Avenel's thoughts, that even the conflagration of his rick could not scare away the graceful and poetic images connected with that pastoral festivity. He was even loose and careless in the questions he put to Leonard about the tinker; nor did he set justice in pursuit of that itinerant trader; for, to say truth, Richard Avenel was a man accustomed to make enemies among the lower orders; and though he suspected Mr. Sprott of destroying his rick, yet, when he once set about suspecting, he found he had quite as good cause to suspect fifty other persons. How on earth could a man puzzle himself about ricks and tinkers, when all his cares and energies were devoted to a *déjeûné dansant*? It was a maxim of Richard Avenel's, as it ought to be of every clever man, "to do one thing at a time;" and therefore he postponed all other considerations till the *déjeûné dansant* was fairly done with. Among these considerations was the letter which Leonard wished to write to the Parson. "Wait a bit, and we will *both* write!" said Richard good-humoredly, "the moment the *déjeûné dansant* is over!"

It must be owned that this fête was no ordinary provincial ceremonial. Richard Avenel was a man to do a thing well when he set about it,

"He soused the cabbage with a bounteous heart."

By little and little his first notions had expanded, till what had been meant to be only neat and elegant now embraced the costly and magnificent. Artificers accustomed to *déjeûnés dansants* came all the way from London to assist, to direct, to create. Hungarian singers, and Tyrol-ese singers, and Swiss peasant-women who were to chant the *Ranz des Vaches*, and milk cows, or make syllabubs, were engaged. The great marquee was decorated as a Gothic banquet hall; the breakfast itself was to consist of "all the delicacies of the season." In short, as Richard Avenel said to himself, "It is a thing once in a way; a thing on which I don't object to spend money, provided that the thing *is*—the thing!"

It had been a matter of grave meditation how to make the society worthy of the revel; for Richard Avenel was not contented with the mere aristocracy of the town—his ambition had grown with his expenses. "Since it will cost so much," said he, "I may as well come it strong, and get in the county."

True, that he was personally acquainted with very few of what are called county families. But still, when a man makes himself of mark in a large town, and can return one of the members whom that town sends to parliament; and when, moreover, that man proposes to give some superb and original entertainment, in which the old can eat and the young can dance, there is no county in the island that has not families enow who will be delighted by an invitation from THAT MAN. And so Richard, finding that, as the thing got talked of, the Dean's lady, and Mrs. Pompley, and various other great personages, took the liberty to suggest that Squire this, and Sir Somebody that, would be *so* pleased if they were asked, fairly took the bull by the horns, and sent out his cards to Park, Hall, and Rectory, within a circumference of twelve miles. He met with but few refusals, and he now counted upon five hundred guests.

"In for a penny, in for a pound," said Mr. Richard Avenel. "I wonder what Mrs. M'Catchley will say?" Indeed, if the whole truth must be known, Mr. Richard Avenel not only gave that *déjeûné dansant* in honor of Mrs. M'Catchley, but he had fixed in his heart of hearts upon that occasion (when surrounded by all his splendor, and assisted by the seductive arts of Terpsichore and Bacchus), to whisper to Mrs. M'Catchley those soft words which—but why not here let Mr. Richard Avenel use his own idiomatic and unsophisticated expression? "Please the pigs, then," said Mr. Avenel to himself, "I shall pop the question!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE Great Day arrived at last; and Mr. Richard Avenel, from his dressing-room window looked on the scene below, as Hannibal or

Napoleon looked from the Alps on Ita.y. I was a scene to gratify the thought of conquest, and reward the labors of ambition. Placed on a little eminence stood the singers from the mountains of the Tyrol, their high-crowned hats and filagree buttons and gay sashes gleaming in the sun. Just seen from his place of watch, though concealed from the casual eye, the Hungarian musicians lay in ambush amidst a little belt of laurels and American shrubs. Far to the right lay what had once been called (*horresco referens*) the duck-pond, where—*Dulce sonant tenui gutture carmen aves*. But the ruthless ingenuity of the head artificer had converted the duck-pond into a Swiss lake, despite grievous wrong and sorrow to the *assuetum innocuumque genus*—the familiar and harmless habitants, who had been all expatriated and banished from their native waves. Large poles twisted with fir branches, stuck thickly around the lake, gave to the waters the becoming Helvetian gloom. And here, beside three cows all bedecked with ribbons, stood the Swiss maidens destined to startle the shades with the *Ranz des Vaches*. To the left, full upon the sward, which it almost entirely covered, stretched the great Gothic marquee, divided into two grand sections—one for the *dancing*, one for the *déjeûné*.

The day was propitious—not a cloud in the sky. The musicians were already tuning their instruments; figures of waiters—hired of Gunter—trim and decorous, in black trowsers and white waistcoats, passed to and fro the space between the house and marquee. Richard looked and looked; and as he looked he drew mechanically his razor across the strop; and when he had looked his fill, he turned reluctantly to the glass and shaved! All that blessed morning he had been too busy, till then, to think of shaving.

There is a vast deal of character in the way that a man performs that operation of shaving! You should have seen Richard Avenel shave! You could have judged at once how he would shave his neighbors, when you saw the celerity, the completeness with which he shaved himself—a forestroke and a backstroke, and *tondenti barba cadebat!* Cheek and chin were as smooth as glass. You would have buttoned up your pockets instinctively if you had seen him.

But the rest of Mr. Avenel's toilet was not completed with correspondent dispatch. On his bed, and on his chairs, and on his sofa, and on his drawers, lay trowsers, and vests, and cravats, enough to distract the choice of a Stoic. And first one pair of trowsers was tried on, and then another—and one waistcoat, and then a second, and then a third. Gradually that *chef d'œuvre* of Civilization—a *man dressed*—grew into development and form; and, finally, Mr. Richard Avenel emerged into the light of day. He had been lucky in his costume—he felt it. It might not suit every one in color or cut, but it suited him.

And this was his garb. On such occasions, what epic poet would not describe the robe and tunic of a hero?

His surtout—in modern phrase, his frockcoat—was blue, a rich blue, a blue that the royal brothers of George the Fourth were wont to favor. And the surtout, single-breasted, was thrown open gallantly; and in the second button-hole thereof was a moss rose. The vest was white, and the trowsers a pearl-gray, with what tailors style “a handsome fall over the boot.” A blue and white silk cravat, tied loose and debonair; an ample field of shirt front, with plain gold studs; a pair of lemon-colored kid gloves, and a white hat, placed somewhat too knowingly on one side, complete the description, and “give the world assurance of the man.” And, with his light, firm, well-shaped figure, his clear complexion, his keen, bright eye, and features that bespoke the courage, precision, and alertness of his character—that is to say, features bold, not large, well-defined, and regular—you might walk long through town or country before you would see a handsomer specimen of humanity than our friend Richard Avenel.

Handsome, and feeling that he was handsome; rich, and feeling that he was rich; lord of the fête, and feeling that he was lord of the fête, Richard Avenel stepped out upon his lawn.

And now the dust began to rise along the road, and carriages, and gigs, and chaises, and flies might be seen at near intervals and in quick procession. People came pretty much about the same time—as they do in the country—heaven reward them for it!

Richard Avenel was not quite at his ease at first in receiving his guests, especially those whom he did not know by sight. But when the dancing began, and he had secured the fair hand of Mrs. M‘Catchley for the initiatory quadrille, his courage and presence of mind returned to him; and, seeing that many people whom he had not received at all seemed to enjoy themselves very much, he gave up the attempt to receive those who came after—and that was a great relief to all parties.

Meanwhile Leonard looked on the animated scene with a silent melancholy, which he in vain endeavored to shake off—a melancholy more common among very young men in such scenes than we are apt to suppose. Somehow or other the pleasure was not congenial to him; he had no Mrs. M‘Catchley to endear it; he knew very few people; he was shy; he felt his position with his uncle was equivocal; he had not the habit of society; he heard incidentally many an ill-natured remark upon his uncle and the entertainment; he felt indignant and mortified. He had been a great deal happier eating his radishes and reading his book by the little fountain in Riccabocca’s garden. He retired to a quiet part of the grounds, seated himself under a tree, leaned his cheek on his hand, and mused. He was soon far away—happy age, when, whatever the present, the future seems so fair and so infinite!

But now the *déjeûné* had succeeded the earlier dances; and, as champagne flowed royally, it is astonishing how the entertainment brightened.

The sun was beginning to slope toward the west, when, during a temporary cessation of the dance, all the guests had assembled in such space as the tent left on the lawn, or thickly filled the walks immediately adjoining it. The gay dresses of the ladies, the joyous laughter heard every where, and the brilliant sunlight over all, conveyed even to Leonard the notion, not of mere hypocritical pleasure, but actual healthful happiness. He was attracted from his reverie, and timidly mingled with the groups. But Richard Avenel, with the fair Mrs. M‘Catchley—her complexion more vivid, and her eyes more dazzling, and her step more elastic than usual—had turned from the gayety just as Leonard had turned toward it, and was now on the very spot (remote, obscure, shaded by the few trees above five years old that Mr. Avenel’s property boasted) which the young dreamer had deserted.

And then! Ah! then! moment so meet for the sweet question of questions, place so appropriate for the delicate, bashful, murmured popping thereof!—suddenly from the sward before, from the groups beyond, there floated to the ears of Richard Avenel an indescribable, mingled, ominous sound—a sound as of a general titter—a horrid, malignant, but low cacchination. And Mrs. M‘Catchley, stretching forth her parasol, exclaimed, “Dear me, Mr. Avenel, what can they be all crowding there for?”

There are certain sounds and certain sights—the one indistinct, the other vaguely conjecturable—which, nevertheless, we know by an instinct, bode some diabolical agency at work in our affairs. And if any man gives an entertainment, and hears afar a general, ill-suppressed, derisive titter, and sees all his guests hurrying toward one spot, I defy him to remain unmoved and uninquisitive. I defy him still more to take that precise occasion (however much he may have before designed it) to drop gracefully on his right knee before the handsomest Mrs. M‘Catchley in the universe, and—pop the question! Richard Avenel blurted out something very like an oath; and, half guessing that something must have happened that it would not be pleasing to bring immediately under the notice of Mrs. M‘Catchley, he said hastily, “Excuse me; I’ll just go and see what is the matter—pray, stay till I come back.” With that he sprang forth; in a minute he was in the midst of the group, that parted aside with the most obliging complacency to make way for him.

“But what’s the matter?” he asked impatiently, yet fearfully. Not a voice answered. He strode on, and beheld his nephew in the arms of a woman!

“God bless my soul!” said Richard Avenel.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AND such a woman!

She had on a cotton gown—very neat, I dare say—for an under housemaid; and *such* thick shoes! She had on a little black straw bonnet, and a kerchief that might have cost tenpence,

pinned across her waist instead of a shawl; and she looked altogether—respectable, no doubt, but exceedingly dusty! And she was hanging upon Leonard's neck, and scolding, and caressing, and crying very loud. "God bless my soul!" said Mr. Richard Avenel.

And as he uttered that innocent self-benediction, the woman hastily turned round, and darting from Leonard, threw herself right upon Richard Avenel—burying under her embrace blue coat, moss-rose, white waistcoat and all—with a vehement sob and a loud exclamation!

"Oh! brother Dick!—dear, dear brother Dick! and I live to see thee agin! And then came two such kisses—you might have heard them a mile off! The situation of brother Dick was appalling! and the crowd, that had before only tittered politely, could not now resist the effect of this sudden embrace. There was a general explosion! It was a roar! That roar would have killed a weak man; but it sounded to the strong heart of Richard Avenel like the defiance of a foe, and it plucked forth in an instant from all conventional let and barrier the native spirit of the Anglo-Saxon.

He lifted abruptly his handsome masculine head, looked round the ring of his ill-bred visitors with a haughty stare of rebuke and surprise.

"Ladies and gentlemen," then said he, very coolly, "I don't see what there is to laugh at! A brother and sister meet after many years' separation, and the sister cries, poor thing. For my part, I think it very natural that *she* should cry; but not that you should laugh!" In an instant the whole shame was removed from Richard Avenel, and rested in full weight upon the bystanders. It is impossible to say how foolish and sheepish they all looked, nor how slinkingly each tried to creep off.

Richard Avenel seized his advantage with the promptitude of a man who had got on in America, and was therefore accustomed to make the best of things. He drew Mrs. Fairfield's arm in his, and led her into the house; but when he had got her safe into his parlor—Leonard following all the time—and the door was closed upon those three, *then* Richard Avenel's ire burst forth.

"You impudent, ungrateful, audacious—drab!"

Yes, drab was the word. I am shocked to say it, but the duties of a historian are stern; and the word *was* drab.

"Drab!" faltered poor Jane Fairfield; and she clutched hold of Leonard to save herself from falling.

"Sir!" cried Leonard, fiercely.

You might as well have cried "sir" to a mountain-torrent. Richard hurried on, for he was furious.

"You nasty, dirty, dusty dowdy! How dare you come here to disgrace me in my own house and premises, after my sending you fifty pounds? To take the very time, too, when—when—"

Richard gasped for breath; and the laugh of his guests rang in his ears, and got into his

chest, and choked him. Jane Fairfield drew herself up, and her tears were dried.

"I did not come to disgrace you; I came to see my boy, and—"

"Ha!" interrupted Richard, "to see *him*."

He turned to Leonard: "You have written to this woman, then?"

"No, sir, I have not."

"I believe you lie."

"He does not lie; and he is as good as yourself, and better, Richard Avenel," exclaimed Mrs. Fairfield; "and I won't stand here and hear him insulted—that's what I won't. And as for your fifty pounds, there are forty-five of it; and I'll work my fingers to the bone till I pay back the other five. And don't be afraid I shall disgrace you, for I'll never look on your face agin; and you're a wicked, bad man—that's what you are."

The poor woman's voice was so raised, and so shrill, that any other and more remorseful feeling which Richard might have conceived, was drowned in his apprehension that she would be overheard by his servants or his guests—a masculine apprehension, with which females rarely sympathize; which, on the contrary, they are inclined to consider a mean and cowardly terror on the part of their male oppressors.

"Hush! hold your infernal squall—do!" said Mr. Avenel, in a tone that he meant to be soothing. "There—sit down—and don't stir till I come back again, and can talk to you calmly. Leonard, follow me, and help to explain things to our guests."

Leonard stood still, but shook his head slightly.

"What do you mean, sir?" said Richard Avenel, in a very portentous growl. "Shaking your head at me? Do you intend to disobey me? You had better take care!"

Leonard's front rose; he drew one arm round his mother, and thus he spoke:

"Sir, you have been kind to me, and generous, and that thought alone silenced my indignation, when I heard you address such language to my mother; for I felt that, if I spoke, I should say too much. Now I speak, and it is to say shortly that—"

"Hush, boy," said poor Mrs. Fairfield, frightened; "don't mind me. I did not come to make mischief, and ruin your prospect. I'll go!"

"Will you ask her pardon, Mr. Avenel?" said Leonard, firmly; and he advanced toward his uncle.

Richard, naturally hot and intolerant of contradiction, was then excited, not only by the angry emotions which it must be owned, a man so mortified, and in the very flush of triumph, might well experience, but by much more wine than he was in the habit of drinking; and when Leonard approached him, he misinterpreted the movement into one of menace and aggression. He lifted his arm: "Come a step nearer," said he, between his teeth, "and I'll knock you down." Leonard advanced that forbidden step; but as Richard caught his eye, there was something in that eye—not defying, not threatening,

but bold and dauntless—which Richard recognized and respected, for that something spoke the freeman. The uncle's arm mechanically fell to his side.

"You can not strike me, Mr. Avenel," said Leonard, "for you are aware that I could not strike again my mother's brother. As her son, I once more say to you—ask her pardon."

"Ten thousand devils! Are you mad?—or do you want to drive me mad? you insolent beggar, fed and clothed by my charity. Ask her pardon! what for? That she has made me the object of jeer and ridicule with that d—d cotton gown, and those double-d—d thick shoes? I vow and protest they've got nails in them! Hark ye, sir, I've been insulted by her, but I'm not to be bullied by you. Come with me instantly, or I discard you; not a shilling of mine shall you have as long as I live. Take your choice—be a peasant, a laborer, or—"

"A base renegade to natural affection, a degraded beggar indeed!" cried Leonard, his breast heaving, and his cheeks in a glow. "Mother, mother, come away. Never fear—I have strength and youth, and we will work together as before."

But poor Mrs. Fairfield, overcome by her excitement, had sunk down into Richard's own handsome morocco leather easy-chair, and could neither speak nor stir.

"Confound you both!" muttered Richard. "You can't be seen creeping out of my house now. Keep her here, you young viper, you; keep her till I come back; and then if you choose to go, go and be—"

Not finishing his sentence, Mr. Avenel hurried out of the room, and locked the door, putting the key into his pocket. He paused for a moment in the hall, in order to collect his thoughts—drew three or four deep breaths—gave himself a great shake—and, resolved to be faithful to his principle of doing one thing at a time, shook off in that shake all disturbing recollection of his mutinous captives. Stern as Achilles when he appeared to the Trojans, Richard Avenel stalked back to his lawn.

CHAPTER XIX.

BRIEF as had been his absence, the host could see that, in the interval, a great and notable change had come over the spirit of his company. Some of those who lived in the town were evidently preparing to return home on foot; those who lived at a distance, and whose carriages (having been sent away, and ordered to return at a fixed hour) had not yet arrived, were gathered together in small knots and groups; all looked sullen and displeased, and all instinctively turned from their host as he passed them by. They felt they had been lectured, and they were more put out than Richard himself. They did not know if they might not be lectured again. This vulgar man, of what might he not be capable?

Richard's shrewd sense comprehended in an

instant all the difficulties of his position; but he walked on deliberately and directly toward Mrs. M'Catchley, who was standing near the grand marquee with the Pompleys and the Dean's lady. As these personages saw him make thus boldly toward them, there was a flutter. "Hang the fellow!" said the Colonel, intrenching himself in his stock, "he is coming here. Low and shocking—what shall we do? Let us stroll on."

But Richard threw himself in the way of the retreat.

"Mrs. M'Catchley," said he, very gravely, and offering her his arm, "allow me three words with you."

The poor widow looked very much discomposed. Mrs. Pompley pulled her by the sleeve. Richard still stood gazing into her face, with his arm extended. She hesitated a minute, and then took the arm.

"Monstrous impudent!" cried the Colonel.

"Let Mrs. M'Catchley alone, my dear," responded Mrs. Pompley; *she* will know how to give him a lesson!"

"Madam," said Richard, as soon as he and his companion were out of hearing, "I rely on you to do me a favor."

"On me?"

"On you, and you alone. You have influence with all those people, and a word from you will effect what I desire. Mrs. M'Catchley," added Richard, with a solemnity that was actually imposing, "I flatter myself that you have some friendship for me, which is more than I can say of any other soul in these grounds—will you do me this favor, ay or no?"

"What is it, Mr. Avenel?" asked Mrs. M'Catchley, much disturbed, and somewhat softened—for she was by no means a woman without feeling; indeed, she considered herself nervous.

"Get all your friends—all the company, in short—to come back into the tent for refreshments—for any thing. I want to say a few words to them."

"Bless me! Mr. Avenel—a few words!" cried the widow, "but that's just what they are all afraid of! You must pardon me, but you really can't ask people to a *déjeûné dansant*, and then—scold 'em."

"I'm not going to scold them," said Mr. Avenel, very seriously—"upon my honor, I'm not! I'm going to make all right, and I even hope afterward that the dancing may go on—and that you will honor me again with your hand. I leave you to your task; and, believe me, I'm not an ungrateful man." He spoke, and bowed—not without some dignity—and vanished within the breakfast division of the marquee. There he busied himself in re-collecting the waiters, and directing them to re-arrange the mangled remains of the table as they best could. Mrs. M'Catchley, whose curiosity and interest were aroused, executed her commission with all the ability and tact of a woman of the world, and in less than a quarter of an hour the marquee was

filled—the corks flew—the champagne bounced and sparkled—people drank in silence, munched fruits and cakes, kept up their courage with the conscious sense of numbers, and felt a great desire to know what was coming. Mr. Avenel, at the head of the table, suddenly rose—

“Ladies and Gentlemen,” said he, “I have taken the liberty to invite you once more into this tent, in order to ask you to sympathize with me, upon an occasion which took us all a little by surprise to-day.

“Of course, you all know I am a new man—the maker of my own fortunes.”

A great many heads bowed involuntarily. The words were said manfully, and there was a general feeling of respect.

“Probably, too,” resumed Mr. Avenel, “you may know that I am the son of very honest tradespeople. I say honest, and they are not ashamed of me—I say tradespeople, and I’m not ashamed of them. My sister married and settled at a distance. I took her son to educate and bring up. But I did not tell her where he was, nor even that I had returned from America—I wished to choose my own time for that, when I could give her the surprise, not only of a rich brother, but of a son whom I intended to make a gentleman, so far as manners and education can make one. Well, the poor dear woman has found me out sooner than I expected, and turned the tables on me by giving me a surprise of her own invention. Pray, forgive the confusion this little family scene has created; and though I own it was very laughable at the moment, and I was wrong to say otherwise, yet I am sure I don’t judge ill of your good hearts when I ask you to think what brother and sister must feel who parted from each other when they were boy and girl. To me (and Richard gave a great gulp—for he felt that a great gulp alone could swallow the abominable lie he was about to utter)—to me this has been a *very happy occasion!* I’m a plain man; no one can take ill what I’ve said. And, wishing that you may be all as happy in your family as I am in mine—humble though it be—I beg to drink your very good healths!”

There was an universal applause when Richard sate down—and so well in his plain way had he looked at the thing, and done the thing, that at least half of those present—who till then had certainly disliked and half despised him—suddenly felt that they were proud of his acquaintance. For, however aristocratic this country of ours may be, and however especially aristocratic be the genteeler classes in provincial towns and coteries—there is nothing which English folks, from the highest to the lowest, in their hearts so respect as a man who has risen from nothing, and owns it frankly! Sir Compton Delaval, an old baronet, with a pedigree as long as a Welshman’s, who had been reluctantly decoyed to the feast by his three unmarried daughters—not one of whom, however, had hitherto condescended even to bow to the host

—now rose. It was his right—he was the first person there in rank and station.

“Ladies and Gentlemen,” quoth Sir Compton Delaval, “I am sure that I express the feelings of all present when I say that we have heard with great delight and admiration the words addressed to us by our excellent host. (Applause.) And if any of us, in what Mr. Avenel describes justly as the surprise of the moment, were betrayed into an unseemly merriment at—at—(the Dean’s lady whispered ‘some of the’)—some of the—some of the”—repeated Sir Compton, puzzled, and coming to a dead lock—(‘holiest sentiments,’ whispered the Dean’s lady—“ay, some of the holiest sentiments in our nature—I beg him to accept our sincerest apologies. I can only say, for my part, that I am proud to rank Mr. Avenel among the gentlemen of the county (here Sir Compton gave a sounding thump on the table), and to thank him for one of the most brilliant entertainments it has ever been my lot to witness. If he won his fortune honestly, he knows how to spend it nobly!”

Whiz went a fresh bottle of champagne.

“I am not accustomed to public speaking, but I could not repress my sentiments. And I’ve now only to propose to you the health of our host, Richard Avenel, Esquire; and to couple with that the health of his—very interesting sister, and long life to them both!”

The sentence was half-drowned in enthusiastic plaudits, and in three cheers for Richard Avenel, Esquire, and his very interesting sister.

“I’m a cursed humbug,” thought Richard Avenel, as he wiped his forehead; “but the world *is* such a humbug!”

Then he glanced toward Mrs. M‘Catchley, and, to his great satisfaction, saw Mrs. M‘Catchley wiping her eyes.

Now, though the fair widow might certainly have contemplated the probability of accepting Mr. Avenel as a husband, she had never before felt the least bit in love with him; and now she did. There is something in courage and candor—at a word, in manliness—that all women, the most worldly, do admire in men; and Richard Avenel, humbug though his conscience said he was, seemed to Mrs. M‘Catchley like a hero.

The host saw his triumph. “Now for another dance!” said he, gayly; and he was about to offer his hand to Mrs. M‘Catchley, when Sir Compton Delaval, seizing it, and giving it a hearty shake, cried, “You have not yet danced with my eldest daughter; so, if you won’t ask her, why, I must offer her to you as your partner. Here—Sarah.”

Miss Sarah Delaval, who was five feet eight, and as stately as she was tall, bowed her head graciously; and Mr. Avenel, before he knew where he was, found her leaning on his arm. But as he passed into the next division of the tent, he had to run the gauntlet of all the gentlemen who thronged round to shake hands with him. Their warm English hearts could not be satisfied till they had so repaired the sin of

their previous haughtiness and mockery. Richard Avenel might then have safely introduced his sister—gown, kerchief, thick shoes and all—to the crowd; but he had no such thought. He thanked heaven devoutly that she was safely under lock and key.

It was not till the third dance that he could secure Mrs. M'Catchley's hand, and then it was twilight. The carriages were at the door, but no one yet thought of going. People were really enjoying themselves. Mr. Avenel had had time, in the interim, to mature all his plans for completing and consummating that triumph which his tact and pluck had drawn from his momentary disgrace. Excited as he was with wine and suppressed passion, he had yet the sense to feel that, when all the halo that now surrounded him had evaporated, and Mrs. M'Catchley was redelivered up to the Pompleys, whom he felt to be the last persons his interest could desire for her advisers—the thought of his low relations would return with calm reflection. Now was the time. The iron was hot—now was the time to strike it, and forge the enduring chain.

As he led Mrs. M'Catchley after the dance, into the lawn, he therefore said tenderly—

"How shall I thank you for the favor you have done me?"

"Oh!" said Mrs. M'Catchley, warmly, "it was no favor—and I am so glad"—She stopped.

"You're not ashamed of me, then, in spite of what has happened?"

"Ashamed of you! Why, I should be so proud of you, if I were—"

"Finish the sentence, and say—'your wife!'—there it is out. My dear madam, I am rich, as you know; I love you very heartily. With your help, I think I can make a figure in a larger world than this; and that whatever my father, my grandson at least will be—But it is time enough to speak of *him*. What say you?—you turn away. I'll not tease you—it is not my way. I said before, ay or no; and your kindness so emboldens me that I say it again—ay or no?"

"But you take me so unawares—so—so—Lord, my dear Mr. Avenel; you are so hasty—I—I—." And the widow actually blushed, and was genuinely bashful.

"Those horrid Pompleys!" thought Richard, as he saw the Colonel bustling up with Mrs. M'Catchley's cloak on his arm.

"I press for your answer," continued the suitor, speaking very fast. "I shall leave this place to-morrow, if you will not give it."

"Leave this place—leave me?"

"Then you will be mine?"

"Ah, Mr. Avenel!" said the widow, languidly, leaving her hand in his; "who can resist you?"

Up came Colonel Pompley; Richard took the shawl: "No hurry for that now, Colonel—Mrs. M'Catchley feels already at home here."

Ten minutes afterward Richard Avenel so contrived that it was known by the whole company that their host was accepted by the Honorable Mrs. M'Catchley. And every one said. "He is

a very clever man, and a very good fellow," except the Pompleys—and the Pompleys were frantic. Mr. Richard Avenel had forced his way into the aristocracy of the country. The husband of an Honorable—connected with peers!

"He will stand for our city—Vulgarian!" cried the Colonel.

"And his wife will walk out before me," cried the Colonel's lady—"nasty woman!" And she burst into tears.

The guests were gone; and Richard had now leisure to consider what course to pursue with regard to his sister and her son.

His victory over his guests had in much softened his heart toward his relations; but he still felt bitterly aggrieved at Mrs. Fairfield's unseasonable intrusion, and his pride was greatly chafed by the boldness of Leonard. He had no idea of any man whom he had served, or meant to serve, having a will of his own—having a single thought in opposition to his pleasure. He began, too, to feel that words had passed between him and Leonard which could not be well forgotten by either, and would render their close connection less pleasant than heretofore. He, the great Richard Avenel, beg pardon of Mrs. Fairfield, the washerwoman! No; she and Leonard must beg his. "That must be the first step," said Richard Avenel; "and I suppose they have come to their senses." With what expectation, he unlocked the door of his parlor, and found himself in complete solitude. The moon, lately risen, shone full into the room, and lit up every corner. He stared round, bewildered—the birds had flown. "Did they go through the key-hole?" said Mr. Avenel. "Ha! I see—the window is open!" The window reached to the ground. Mr. Avenel, in his excitement, had forgotten that easy mode of egress.

"Well," said he, throwing himself into his easy chair, "I suppose I shall soon hear from them; 'they'll be wanting my money fast enough, I fancy.'" His eye caught sight of a letter, unsealed, lying on the table. He opened it, and saw bank-notes to the amount of £50—the widow's forty-five country notes, and a new note, Bank of England, that he had lately given to Leonard. With the money were these lines, written in Leonard's bold, clear writing, though a word or two here and there showed that the hand had trembled—

"I thank you for all you have done to one whom you regarded as the object of charity. My mother and I forgive what has passed. I depart with her. You bade me make my choice, and I have made it. LEONARD FAIRFIELD."

The paper dropped from Richard's hand, and he remained mute and remorseful for a moment. He soon felt, however, that he had no help for it but working himself up into a rage. "Of all people in the world," cried Richard, stamping his foot on the floor, "there are none so disagreeable, insolent, and ungrateful as poor relations. I wash my hands of them!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

UNITED STATES.

FROM the abstract of the Seventh Census of the United States, and from the returns of the previous decennial periods, we compile the following table and statements, setting forth the principal features of the increase of the population of the country. The manner of apportioning the Congressional representation was fixed by an Act passed May 23, 1850. From and after March 3, 1853, the House of Representatives, unless otherwise ordained by Congress, is to consist of 233 members. The apportionment is made by adding to the number of free persons three-fifths of the number of slaves: the representative

population, thus found, divided by 233, gives the ratio of apportionment: the representative population of each State, divided by this ratio, shows the number of Representatives to which the State is entitled. To the aggregate thus obtained is added a number sufficient to make up the whole number of 233 members; this additional number is apportioned among the States having the largest fractions. It is, however, provided by the Constitution that each State shall be entitled to at least one Representative. The representative population being 21,832,521, the ratio of representation is 93,702. The States which have a Representative for a fraction of the ratio are indicated in the table by a *. Those whose population is estimated are designated by a †.

STATES.	POPULATION IN 1850.			INCREASE SINCE 1840.			REP. POP.	REPS.	
	Free.	Slave.	Total.	Free.	Slave.	Total.		1853.	1851.
Alabama*	428,765	342,894	771,659	91,541	89,362	180,903	634,501	7	7
Arkansas	162,658	46,983	209,641	85,019	27,048	112,067	190,848	2	1
California†	200,000	----	200,000	200,000	----	200,000	200,000	2	2
Connecticut*	370,604	----	370,604	60,596	[dec. 17]	60,579	370,604	4	4
Delaware	89,239	2,289	91,528	13,759	[dec. 316]	13,443	90,612	1	1
Florida	48,046	39,341	87,387	19,286	13,624	32,910	71,650	1	1
Georgia*	515,669	362,966	878,635	105,221	82,022	187,243	733,448	8	8
Illinois	858,298	----	858,295	382,446	[dec. 331]	382,115	858,298	9	7
Indiana*	988,734	----	988,734	302,871	[dec. 3]	302,868	988,734	11	10
Iowa	192,122	----	192,122	149,027	[dec. 16]	149,011	192,122	2	2
Kentucky*	779,728	221,768	1,001,496	182,158	39,510	221,668	912,788	10	10
Louisiana	269,956	230,807	500,762	85,996	62,355	148,351	408,440	4	4
Maine	583,232	----	583,232	81,439	----	81,439	583,232	6	7
Maryland*	492,706	89,800	582,506	112,424	63	112,487	546,586	6	6
Massachusetts*	994,271	----	994,271	256,572	----	256,572	994,271	11	10
Michigan	395,703	----	395,703	183,427	----	183,427	395,703	4	3
Mississippi	292,434	300,419	592,853	111,994	105,208	217,202	472,685	5	4
Missouri*	594,843	89,289	684,132	269,381	31,049	300,430	648,416	7	5
New Hampshire	317,831	----	317,831	33,258	[dec. 1]	33,257	317,831	3	4
New Jersey	488,552	119	488,671	115,801	[dec. 555]	115,246	488,623	5	5
New York*	3,090,022	----	3,090,022	661,105	[dec. 4]	661,101	3,090,022	33	34
N. Carolina	580,458	288,412	868,470	72,856	42,595	115,451	753,505	8	9
Ohio	1,977,031	----	1,977,031	457,567	[dec. 3]	457,564	1,977,031	21	21
Pennsylvania*	2,311,681	----	2,311,681	587,712	[dec. 64]	587,648	2,311,681	25	24
Rhode Island*	147,555	----	147,555	38,730	[dec. 5]	38,725	147,555	2	2
S. Carolina	283,554	384,925	668,469	16,184	57,887	74,071	514,499	5	7
Tennessee*	773,599	249,519	1,023,118	127,448	66,460	193,908	923,310	10	11
Texas*	134,057	53,346	187,403	134,057	53,346	187,403	166,064	2	2
Vermont	313,466	----	313,466	21,518	----	21,518	313,466	3	4
Virginia	948,055	473,026	1,421,081	157,245	24,039	181,284	1,231,870	13	15
Wisconsin	304,226	----	304,226	273,292	[dec. 11]	273,281	304,226	3	3
Dist. Columbia	48,000	3,687	51,687	8,982	[dec. 1,007]	7,975	----	----	----
Minnesota	6,192	----	6,192	6,192	----	6,192	----	----	----
New Mexico	61,632	----	61,632	61,632	----	61,632	----	----	----
Oregon†	20,000	----	20,000	20,000	----	20,000	----	----	----
Utah†	25,000	----	25,000	25,000	----	25,000	----	----	----
	20,087,909	3,179,589	23,267,498	5,511,911	692,234	6,204,145	21,832,521	233	233

The Free Colored population, included in the above, numbers 419,173; of whom 184,882 are in the Free States, and 234,291 in the Slave States. Maryland has the highest number, 73,943. They have increased during the last ten years only 32,880, or 7.84 per cent. At the six previous enumerations respectively, there were returned 40,370, 35,946, 27,505, 18,148, 3553, and 1129 slaves from the Free States. The published abstract of the recent census shows only 119, all in New Jersey. The population, and the increase since 1840, are made up of the following elements; the total population of the territories

not included in the census of 1840 being considered as increase:

Free States:	Free Inhabitants13,646,152	
	Slaves119—	13,646,271
Slave States:	Free Inhabitants6,441,757	
	Slaves3,179,470—	9,621,227
Total Population			23,267,498
Free States:	Increase of free Inhab.	3,927,362	
	Less decrease of Slaves	1,010—	3,926,352
Slave States:	Increase of free Inhab.	1,584,549	
	Increase of Slaves	693,244—	2,277,793
Total Increase..			6,704,145

At the last apportionment, the House of Representatives consisted of 223 members, of whom 135 were from the Free States, and 88 from the Slave States; a Free State majority of 47. By the next apportionment there will be 233 members, of whom 144 will be from the Free States, and 89 from the Slave States; a Free State majority of 55: being an increase of 8 above that at the previous apportionment.

The projected invasion of Cuba has entirely miscarried. The bands of adventurers who had been collected at various points have dispersed, none of them having succeeded in getting away from the United States. At Jacksonville, Florida, where some hundreds were at different times congregated, many were indebted to charity for the means of returning to their homes. A number of persons have been arrested on charge of participation in the proposed expedition.

After the celebration of the opening of the New York and Erie Railroad, noticed in our Record of last month, President FILLMORE returned to Washington by way of Rochester, Albany, New York, and Philadelphia. He reached the seat of Government on the 24th of May, after an absence of twelve days. Mr. WEBSTER remained behind for a few days, and delivered, at Buffalo, Syracuse, and Albany, a series of elaborate speeches, setting forth his views of the state of public affairs, and explaining and vindicating his course and principles. He expressed his entire and hearty concurrence in all the prominent measures adopted by the Administration. The question, as far as related to the North, was not one of Union or Disunion; but whether the Constitution should be so administered that all the members of the Confederacy could remain within it. He disclaimed, most emphatically all idea of concession; the South should not have a hair's-breadth of concession from him; but he would maintain, to the utmost of his power, and in the face of all danger, the rights, under the Constitution, of the South as well as of the North; "and God forsake me and my children, if I ever be found to falter in one or the other." He gave a sketch of the historical relations of slavery to the Constitution; and insisted that the meaning and intent of the clause providing for the return of fugitives from labor, was so plain and evident, that not an attorney could be found who could raise a doubt about it. It was assumed in many quarters, that if a colored man comes to the North, he comes as a free-man; but, according to the Constitution, if he comes as a fugitive from service or labor, he is not a free-man, and must be delivered up, upon claim of those who are entitled to his services. There was not a man who held office under the General or State Government who was not bound by solemn oath to support and carry out this clause of the Constitution. Mr. W. asserted most emphatically, that he was and ever had been opposed to the admission of new slave territory into the Union, believing that it was beyond the power and against the provisions of the Constitution. He would never consent that there should be one foot of slave-territory beyond what the old Thirteen States had at the time of the formation of the Union. He was not in Congress at the time of the acquisition of Louisiana and Florida. But when the project of the annexation of Texas was about to be brought forward, he had gone out of his way, in a speech at New York, in 1837, to denounce, in advance the annexation of Texas as slave territory to the United States. He then expressed the opinion

that the people of the United States would not, and ought not to consent to bring this territory into the Union. But he had proved a false prophet. The State of New York consented to it, and the vote of her Senators decided the question. In Congress, before the final consummation of the deed, he fought against the measure, and he would not now, before the country or the world, consent to be numbered among those who introduced new slave power into the Union. He disliked the Mexican war, and disliked the peace still more, because it brought in new territories. The rush of Northern men to California made it of necessity a Free State. As to New Mexico and Utah, he saw that the existence of slavery there was impossible; and as the South thought that the application of the Wilmot Proviso was irritating and disrespectful, he voted against it; for he was not disposed to give offense without cause. Mr. W. discussed at length the question of the Texas boundary, and proclaimed it as his solemn belief that unless it had been settled by Congress, a civil war would have ensued. The other great question, in 1850, was that of the Fugitive Slave Law. Under the provisions of the Constitution a law for the delivery of fugitives had been passed in 1793, by general consent. It answered its purpose till 1841 or 1842, when the States began to make enactments in opposition to it. Mr. W. was in favor of a proper law; he had, indeed, proposed a different one; he was of the opinion that a trial by jury might be had. But the law of 1850, passed, and he would undertake to say, that it was more favorable to the fugitive than that of 1793; since it placed the matter within the jurisdiction of a higher tribunal. Mr. W. denounced in the severest terms those who counseled resistance to the law; and defended his own course in advocating the compromise measures. He felt that he had a duty to perform to exert every power to keep the country together, and if the fate of John Rogers had been presented to him, if he had heard the thorns crackling, by the blessing of Almighty God, he would have gone on and discharged the duty which he thought his country called upon him to perform.

No little interest has been awakened by a legal suit brought by the Methodist Episcopal Church South, to recover a portion of the "Book Fund" belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church before its division. This fund, arising from the sale of books and publications, and devoted to the benefit of traveling, supernumary, superannuated, and worn-out preachers, their wives, widows, and children, amounted, in 1845, when the division in the Church took place, to about \$750,000. It was under the charge of the General Conference, with the restriction that they should appropriate it to no other purpose than that above specified, except by a vote of two-thirds, upon the recommendation of three-fourths of the members of the Annual Conferences. In 1844, when it seemed apparent that the diversities of opinion in the Church on the subject of slavery, would render a separation advisable, the General Conference recommended to the Annual Conferences to pass resolutions authorizing it to make proper arrangements as to the Fund; and in anticipation of such authorization, appointed a committee to meet one from the South, to make the necessary arrangements for an equitable division. But the separation, thus amicably proposed, did not take place without great exasperation on both sides. In the Annual Conferences the vote authorizing the division was 2135 out of 3205, lacking 269 of the requisite majority of three-fourths. The Northern

Commissioners, therefore, decided that they had no authority to act. The separation was formally effected in 1845. In May, 1848, the General Conference, held at Pittsburgh, authorized the Book Agents in New York and Cincinnati, to submit the matter to arbitration, provided that, upon consultation with eminent counsel, they should be satisfied they had the legal power so to do, when clothed with all the authority the General Conference could confer. If the Agents should find that they had no such legal power, they were authorized, in the event of a suit being instituted by the Southern Church, to submit the claims to a legal arbitration, under the authority of a competent court. And in case no suit should be commenced, the General Conference recommended to the Annual Conferences so to suspend the "restrictive clause" as to authorize a voluntary arbitration. Previous to the commencement of this suit, the Bishops had begun to lay the above recommendation before the Annual Conferences. When, however, in June, 1849, a suit was instituted, this proceeding was suspended. The suit came on, upon the 19th of May, in the United States Circuit Court, before Judges NELSON and BETTS. It lasted eight days, four of which were occupied with the arguments of counsel—Messrs. DANIEL LORD and REVERDY JOHNSON for the plaintiffs, and RUFUS CHOATE and GEO. WOOD for the defendants. On the part of the South it was claimed:—That the Fund was the property of those who received the benefit of it; of which they could not be deprived without clear proof of a breach of condition:—That there had been no forfeiture by the separation, because the General Conference, in the exercise of its legitimate authority, and for good and sufficient reasons, had assented to that division. They therefore ask that an equitable proportion of the capital, and of the profits of the concern since 1845, should be awarded to them. On the part of the North it was claimed:—That the Fund was the property of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the beneficiaries receiving the profits of it merely by way of charity:—That the Southern Conferences seceded from and so form, at the present time, no part of the Church; since the General Conference had no power to authorize a separation; and, in fact, did not authorize it, their action being prospective, and accompanied by conditions which had not been complied with. And even had the separation been legitimate, a division of the property could only be claimed in virtue of a special agreement—sanctioned by a competent court; and there was, moreover, if the action of the General Conference was available, a special agreement as to the property in question, in virtue of which the plaintiffs can have no claim upon it. At the close of the arguments, the Court announced that it would not give its decision for some time; and advised the parties, in the mean while, to make an amicable adjustment of the matter; intimating that such an adjustment, if made, would receive the sanction of the Court. The defendants, therefore, made proposals to the plaintiffs to submit the matter to a legal arbitration, under the sanction of the Court; without, however, conceding any thing as to the question before the Court. The plaintiffs, meanwhile, before this offer was communicated to them, made similar overtures to the defendants. There is, therefore, every reason to hope for an amicable adjustment of this vexatious case.

The General Assembly of the New School Presbyterian Church convened at Utica, May 15. Rev. ALBERT BARNES of Philadelphia was chosen Moderator by a unanimous vote. The chief topic of in-

terest discussed was a plan for the extension of the distinctive principles of the denomination, especially at the West. A few petitions on the subject of Slavery were presented. They were quietly disposed of by re-affirming the conciliatory action of the preceding General Assembly. Hon. J. R. GIDDINGS, of Ohio, who was elected as a delegate, and was expected to agitate this question, was prevented by an accident from being present. The city of Washington was selected as the place for the next meeting. —The General Assembly of the Old School Presbyterian Church met on the 20th of May at St. Louis. Rev. Dr. HUMPHREYS, of Kentucky, was chosen Moderator. The next meeting of the Assembly was appointed to be held at Charleston, upon the assurance of delegates from South Carolina that there was no danger of that city being at that time situated in a foreign country.

The question as to the comparative speed of the British and American Ocean Steamers has been settled for the present. The Pacific, of Collins's line, has made the four shortest passages, three of them consecutive, that have been made across the Atlantic. They were all performed within ten days, which has not been accomplished by any British steamer. The American Ocean Steamers now afloat number 74, with an aggregate tonnage of nearly 90,000. Of these, 9 ships, averaging about 2400 tons, cross the Atlantic; 25 vessels, averaging 1250 tons, ply between ports on the Atlantic and on the Gulf of Mexico; and 40 steamers, averaging 650 tons, are employed on the Pacific.

During the month of May 38,858 immigrants arrived at the port of New York. The arrivals in five months of the present year were 100,571, exceeding by 21,169 those of the corresponding period last year. The English and Irish papers announce the expected departure of increasing numbers of emigrants, of the most desirable class; to make amends for which, the local authorities are emptying the poor-houses upon our shores; it being found cheaper to export than to feed their paupers. This will be done, unless prevented, more extensively this year than ever before.

The Legislature of New York convened in Special Session on the 10th of June. In the House Hon. J. B. VARNUM of New York City was chosen Speaker, in place of Mr. RAYMOND, who is in Europe, and the organization was continued in other respects as before the adjournment. The twelve Senators who resigned in order to prevent the passage of the bill for the Enlargement of the Canals, were, with a single exception, nominated for re-election. The result of the special election was, that of the twelve vacancies, five were filled with advocates, and seven with opponents of the proposed measure; and in one district there was no choice. The Senate therefore stands at present twenty-two in favor, and nine opposed to the bill. The Message of Governor HUNT narrates the events which gave occasion to the Extra Session, and argues in favor of the constitutionality and expediency of the proposed measure for the enlargement of the canals.—An Address has been issued by 56 of the 112 members of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the State, whose names are appended to that document, in which, after examining the provisions of the Constitution, and of the proposed Enlargement Bill, they express it as their opinion that the bill violates the entire spirit and scope of the financial article of the Constitution, and is inconsistent with several of its express provisions.

A large number of Germans who had assembled at Hoboken, opposite to New York, on the 26th of

May, to celebrate their customary May-Festival, were attacked by a gang of desperadoes from New York, known as "Short Boys." The Germans repulsed their assailants, and made violent reprisals. In the course of the riot great damage was done to property, and one person lost his life, besides many being severely injured.

The Legislature of Massachusetts closed a very protracted session on the 24th of May. Among the measures passed, was a General Banking Act; a Homestead Exemption Law, with a limit of \$500; the Secret Ballot Law, requiring all ballots to be inclosed in envelopes; a law to take the sense of the people whether a Convention shall be called to revise the Constitution of the State; a law changing the composition of the Board of Overseers of Harvard University; the Plurality Act, in accordance with which members of Congress at the second trial, and Presidential electors at the first, are elected by a plurality of votes. At the special election to supply three vacancies in the Congressional representation, Mr. RANTOUL, Free-Soil Democrat, and Messrs. THOMPSON and GOODRICH, Whigs, received a plurality, and were elected. Mr. SUMNER has addressed to the Legislature a letter, accepting the office of United States Senator. He says that he will maintain the interests of all parts of the country, and oppose every effort to loosen the ties of the Union, as well as "all sectionalism, whether it appear in unconstitutional efforts by the North to carry freedom to the Slave States, or in unconstitutional efforts of the South, aided by Northern allies, to carry the sectional evil of slavery into the Free States; or in whatsoever efforts it may make to extend the sectional dominion of slavery over the United States." He looks upon the Union as the guardian of the repose of the States, and as the model of a future federation among nations; and he does not believe that any part of it can be permanently separated from the rest. Politics, he says, are simply morals applied to public affairs; and his political course shall be determined by those everlasting rules of right and wrong, which are a law alike to individuals and communities. An address from 170 members of the late Legislature has been published, denouncing, in the severest terms, the political combination which resulted in the election of the present Governor and Senator. The Supreme Court have pronounced a unanimous opinion, affirming the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave law. Several persons charged with aiding in the escape of Shadrach, the fugitive, have been tried; but the jury were unable to agree upon a verdict.

The Governor of Maine, in his Message to the Legislature, complains of the illiberal conduct of Massachusetts, in regard to the land-claims within the State of Maine; and especially in refusing to aid in the construction of the Aroostook road, which passes mainly through those claims. The Legislature, previous to its adjournment till January, passed a stringent law for the suppression of tippling-houses; and made an appropriation of \$2000 to circulate documents relating to the survey for the North American and European Railway. It is reported that gold has been discovered in the northern part of the State, bordering upon Canada. Companies have been formed for securing the treasures of this Northern Eldorado.

In New Hampshire Hon. SAMUEL DINSMOORE, Democrat, has been elected Governor by the Legislature, no choice having been made by the people. In his Inaugural Address, he speaks of the compromise measures as a part of the law of the land,

the maintenance of which is demanded by every consideration of good faith and sound policy. The Fugitive Slave law he says, "is painfully repugnant to the feelings of the North, but is designed to fulfill a plain constitutional obligation, deliberately and unanimously assumed, with a full knowledge of its import, by those who framed the Constitution, and since affirmed and enforced by our highest political and judicial authorities."

A new Constitution has been adopted in Maryland, of which, apart from the usual legislative, judicial, and executive formulas, the following are the principal provisions: The franchise is vested in all free white male citizens, who have resided a year within the State, and six months within the county. A conviction for larceny or any infamous crime operates as a disfranchisement. The only religious test for office is a declaration of belief in the Christian religion; or, in case of Jews, of a belief in a future state of rewards and punishments. Participation in a duel, or bribery, disqualifies from holding office. The Legislature has power to provide for the disposition or removal of the free colored population. Clergymen are not eligible as members of the Legislature. No religious sect or teacher, as such, without express Legislative permission, can receive any gift or sale of land, except five acres for a church, parsonage, or burial-ground. The Legislature can grant no divorces, nor pass any laws abolishing the relation of master and slave. The credit of the State can not be loaned. No State debt can be contracted without the imposition of a tax sufficient to meet the interest, and liquidate the debt in fifteen years. Corporations to be formed only under general laws; stockholders are liable to an amount equal to their shares; no officer of a corporation to borrow money of it. Imprisonment for debt is abolished. Lotteries are prohibited after 1858. Provisions are made for digesting and codifying the laws, and for simplifying the forms of legal procedure. The will of the people to be taken every ten years whether a Convention for amending the Constitution shall be called.

In Georgia Hon. HOWELL COBB, late Speaker of the House of Representatives, is the Union candidate for Governor. Ex-Governor CHARLES J. McDONALD, President of the late Nashville Convention, has been nominated by the secession party. In Georgia this party by no means assumes the extreme ground of their namesakes in South Carolina; they only advocate the absolute right of secession, and its expediency in certain contingencies. Party lines appear to be in a great measure lost sight of. Mr. Cobb, though a Democrat, is supported by no small portion of the Whig party, and denounced by a part of his own. In a recent speech at Savannah, he spoke in opposition to the course pursued by South Carolina, in assuming the sole decision of the momentous issues at stake, and endeavoring to drag the other Southern States into the gulf of disunion. He hoped that Georgia would give her to understand that no aid in such a project was to be expected from her.—In Mississippi Hon. H. S. FOOTE is the Union candidate for Governor, opposed by General QUITMAN, who has been nominated for re-election. He, however, emphatically repudiates the charge of being in favor of disunion.—In South Carolina the advocates for secession—immediate, unconditional, and at all hazards—for a time overbore all opposition. The cautious and skillful policy of Mr. CALHOUN, advocated by the cooler politicians of the State, was apparently abandoned.

Recent indications seem to show that the prominence assumed by the advocates of secession was out of all proportion to their real strength in the State. The glowing visions of commercial prosperity presented by Mr. RHETT, to be maintained by making South Carolina the great entrepôt from which contraband goods were to be poured into all the Southern States, are dissipated by a writer in a leading Charleston paper, who demonstrates that a commerce of five millions, affording a revenue, by the proposed duty, of half a million, is all that the nation of South Carolina could expect, even though unmolested by the United States. Hon. J. R. POINSETT has published a letter in relation to Mr. Rhett's notable project, in which he says, "The Senator tells us that 'safety and honor are on the one hand, danger and degradation on the other;' and I agree with him except as to on which side lie the danger and degradation." Jealousy begins to show itself on the part of the country party against the towns, which are represented to be influenced by a "foreign population," as Governor SEABROOK denominates citizens from other states. Every week shows an increase of strength and confidence in the party opposed to immediate secession, who for a time appeared completely overawed.

In the Constitutional Convention of Virginia the basis of representation has been settled by compromise. The House is to consist of 150 members; the Senate of 50. Eastern Virginia, with 401,540 whites, 45,783 free colored persons, and 409,793 slaves, in all 857,116 inhabitants, is to have 82 Representatives and 20 Senators. Western Virginia, with 492,609 whites, 8123 free colored, and 62,233 slaves, 563,965 in all, is to have 68 Representatives and 30 Senators. A new apportionment is to be made in 1865. A provision has been adopted prohibiting the Legislature from passing any law for the emancipation of slaves.

From Texas and New Mexico accounts continue to reach us of Indian depredations and murders. The Apaches commenced violating the treaty they had entered into within a month from its completion. Troops are to be posted in such a manner as to cover the water-courses along which the Indians take their way, ostensibly in pursuit of the buffalo, but really for plunder and murder. An encounter took place on the 9th of April between a body of Texan militia and a party of Indians, in which nine of the latter were killed; none of the whites were injured. A company of 200 dragoons has been ordered to assist the Indian Agents in procuring the release of captives, and punishing the Indians who have violated the treaty. A portion of the Mormons, known as the "Brewster branch," have purchased land and commenced a settlement in New Mexico.

From California we have intelligence to May 1. The Legislature adjourned on the last day of April. A law had been passed exempting homesteads and certain other property from legal seizure, in prescribed cases. The legal rate of interest is fixed at 10 per cent.; 18 per cent. may be taken by special agreement. In the municipal election at San Francisco the Whigs were successful. Large sums of money have been issued by private coiners, worth less than its nominal value. The refusal of the coiners to redeem this caused great dissatisfaction. There is little or no diminution in the frequency of outrages upon persons and property, or abatement in the determination to inflict summary and extrajudicial punishment upon the offenders. In San Francisco a prison is in course of erection by the labor of felons condemned to the chain-gang. The

amount of gold produced in the course of the current year is expected to be very large. The great desideratum at present is to find some cheap and effective method of disengaging the microscopic gold contained in the auriferous quartz. The methods now in use fail to extricate more than one-fifth of the amount contained in many of the richest veins. A treaty has been negotiated with six Indian tribes numbering some 15,000 souls, who have been the chief annoyance in the region of the Mariposa and Merced rivers. A territory twelve miles square has been assured to them forever, together with the privilege of hunting up to the Sierra Nevada, and of fishing and gathering gold in the rivers. Supplies to a limited amount, together with teachers and mechanics, are to be provided for them by the United States Government.

The tide of emigration has begun to set once more strongly toward Oregon. A late arrival brought out six female teachers sent under the auspices of a society at the East. Discoveries of coal have been made at various points along the Pacific coast. Steam communication has been established between the mouth of the Columbia and the Willamette.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In MEXICO Congress has been endeavoring to devise some means to raise funds to meet the current expenses of Government. Among other expedients it was proposed to withhold from the public creditors the balance of the United States indemnity remaining in the treasury, and to impose indirect contributions on the departments. An unsuccessful attempt was made to invest the President with full powers to raise funds as he could, without the concurrence of the legislative authority. Congress, however, adjourned on the 23d of May, leaving affairs in the utmost confusion and uncertainty. The late resignation of Señor Esteva, the Minister of Finance, was occasioned by his inability, from want of funds, to effect the consolidation of the interior debt. He wished the indemnity to be withheld from the public creditors, and a suspension of payments till 1852 to be decreed. The Indians in Yucatan have suffered severe checks, and are giving up hostilities. Claims to a large amount have been presented against the Government of the United States, for damages arising from failure to prevent Indian depredations, according to the stipulations of the treaty.

In BRAZIL warlike preparations are still carried on against Buenos Ayres, or rather against Rosas, the President, who has made himself especially obnoxious to all the States on the Parana. Little apprehensions of actual hostilities are entertained.

In PERU Gen. Echenique, who had been chosen President by 2392 out of 3804 votes, entered upon his office on the 20th of April. He is the first President who has attained the post by election; his predecessors owing their elevation to the sword. He nominated Gen. Vivanco, his principal opponent, as Minister to Washington, perhaps as a kind of honorable banishment. The appointment was declined. An insurrection was attempted, and Vivanco was named by the insurgents as their leader, apparently without his direct concurrence. He was, however, arrested and imprisoned.

In CHILI a tumult arising out of political feeling, in view of the approaching election, broke out on the 20th of April. Some regiments, headed by Col. Urricola, took up arms. The insurrection was suppressed in a few hours; some 20 were killed, among whom was Urricola. Valparaiso and Santiago were put under martial law. A series of severe shocks of an earthquake have taken place, commencing on the

2d of April. For three days the shocks averaged one an hour. One on the 2d lasted 55 seconds, by which many houses in Valparaiso were thrown down. So severe an earthquake has not been felt in Chili since 1822.

In CENTRAL AMERICA discontent is felt at the unsettled state of affairs. Permission has been accorded by the British authorities for the election of a municipal council in the city of San Juan de Nicaragua. Of the five members chosen two were Americans. This is hailed as the initiatory step toward the withdrawal of the British protectorate. A violent earthquake occurred in Costa Rica on the 8th of March.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations has succeeded beyond all anticipations. Long after every other doubt had been removed, its financial success was considered problematical, and it was feared that application must be made to Government to supply a large deficiency in the amount of funds. A writer in the *Times*, who professed to speak after careful investigation, estimated the expenditures at £120,000; the receipts from subscriptions at £60,000, and the utmost that could be hoped from visitors at £25,000, leaving a deficit of £35,000. This estimate of expenses did not include the absolute purchase of the building, which was hoped rather than expected by the most sanguine friends of the enterprise. But the three first weeks of the Exhibition have placed its financial success beyond a question. From subscriptions and season tickets £130,000 have been realized; and nearly £40,000 have been received for admissions at the doors. It is not believed that the receipts for the next hundred days can fall short of £1500 a day. The total receipts will thus amount to some £320,000, which will enable the Committee to purchase the building for the permanent use of the nation, and graduate all the expenditures on a much more liberal scale than was at first thought possible. The value of the articles exhibited is variously estimated at from twelve to thirty millions of pounds. The condensed Catalogue, which merely gives the names of the articles and of the exhibitors, forms a volume with fully three times the amount of matter contained in a Number of our Magazine. The large Catalogue will extend to a number of volumes, and will constitute a comprehensive Cyclopædia of the Industry of the Nineteenth Century. The American contributions do not fulfill the expectations that had been raised. From the amount of space asked, it was supposed that the contributions from the United States would exceed those from any other foreign country with the exception of France, which proves to be by no means the case; apart from their number, the American contributions, consisting to a considerable extent of raw materials, are not of a nature to be fully appreciated by ordinary visitors when brought into immediate contact with the more ornamental products of European industry. Mr. Riddle, the American commissioner, notwithstanding the sneers of the English press, writes that in every respect save that of number these contributions are worthy of the country. He urges that immediate and strenuous exertions be made to supply the deficiency, stating that the Exhibition will remain open till late in the autumn, and articles will be received until the first of August. The effect of the Exhibition has been in many respects different from what was anticipated. Those who had expected to make fortunes by supplying the wants of visitors have been woefully disappointed. The current sets from London almost as rapidly as

to it, so that at no time is the population sensibly augmented. The visitors spend comparatively little, and the shopkeepers complain of unusual dullness. The Exhibition has taken the place of theatres and other places of amusement, which are, to a great extent, kept open at a loss. Some apprehensions were felt of tumult, or at least of an inconvenient pressure, when the price of admission should be reduced to a shilling; and a few precautions were taken to prevent the evil. These fears were found to be altogether gratuitous. On the first day only about 20,000 visitors were present, though the building will amply accommodate 60,000 at a time. As apprehension wore off the number rapidly rose to upward of 50,000 a day. The order and decorum observed by those who paid the reduced price has not been inferior to that of those who paid the highest. The Queen makes visits to the Exhibition, even on the shilling days.

In Parliament the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill advances slowly through the House of Commons, opposed most pertinaciously at every step by a small band of members, mostly Irish Catholics, who take every occasion to embarrass its progress by calls for a division, and motions for adjournment. As it is not made a question between the great parties, the majorities in its favor are very large; at the final vote the majority can not well be less than ten to one. The Ministers are alternately victorious and beaten on subordinate questions, but there seems a tacit understanding on the part of the Opposition, that no measure of sufficient importance to force them to resign shall be pressed against them; and on the part of the Ministers, that they will not abandon the conduct of affairs on account of minor checks. The motion for a vote of censure on Lord Torrington, as Governor of Ceylon, the last important measure to be brought forward, was lost, by a majority of 80, so that the position of the Ministers is assured for the remainder of the session. The bill to appoint visitors to inspect female convents and religious houses has been rejected.

The decision of the Courts, made last year, adverse to copyrights of foreigners, has been reversed. The decision now is, that a foreigner who publishes a book originally in Great Britain, whether it be written there or abroad, is entitled to a copyright. This decision is not absolutely final, as an appeal is open to the House of Lords. At a meeting of publishers interested in cheap reprints it was resolved to bring the matter before the Lords, with a view to a final decision of the question. A subscription was entered into to defray the expenses of the procedure.

A Protectionist meeting and dinner was held at Tamworth, the residence of the late Sir Robert Peel. It was looked upon as a wanton insult to the memory of the great Free Trade statesman, and was attacked by a mob and dispersed.

THACKERAY, the most brilliant writer of the day, Dickens, in our judgment, not excepted, is delivering a course of lectures on the English Humorists. The lectures are received with great favor by an audience fit and not few. The first was upon Swift, and was a striking portraiture of that able, unscrupulous, and baffled clerical adventurer. The second lecture was upon Congreve, the most worthless, and Addison, the most amiable of the English Humorists. His treatment of Addison is characterized as more brilliant than any thing Addison himself ever produced. His appearance is thus described: "Thackeray in the rostrum is not different from Thackeray any where else. It is the same strange, anomalous, striking aspect: the face and contour of a child—of the

round-cheeked humorous boy, who presumes so saucily on being liked, and liked for his very impudence—grown large without losing its infantile roundness or simplicity; the sad grave eyes looking forth—through the spectacles that help them, but baffle you with their blank dazzle—from the deep vaults of that vast skull, over that gay, enjoying smile; the curly hair of youth, but gray with years, brought before their time by trouble and thought. Those years, rich in study, have produced the consummate artist.”

FRANCE.

The revision of the Constitution occupies public attention to the almost entire exclusion of every other topic. On the 28th of May the National Assembly entered upon the third year of its existence, when by the Constitution it is competent to consider the question of revision. Some very exciting and stormy debates have occurred. The plans and wishes of parties begin to develop themselves. The Bonapartists desire an alteration in but a single point: that which renders the President ineligible for a second term at the conclusion of the first. The Monarchists are in favor of a revision, by which they mean an entire abolition of the republican Constitution, and the establishment of a monarchy. The Legitimists are eager for the restoration of the Bourbons; the Orleanists for the elevation of the heir of Louis-Philippe. A union of these two branches of the Monarchists is not impossible, since the Count of Chambord, the Bourbon heir, is childless, and his elevation to the throne would be only a postponement of the claims of the House of Orleans. The Revolutionists of all classes have a large majority in the Assembly, but not the requisite constitutional three-fourths. The Republicans of all shades, who unite to oppose the revision, number fully 250 members, and 188 is all that they need to prevent its accomplishment without a violation of the Constitution. They announce their determination to defend the Constitution at all hazards. Petitions pour in from all quarters in favor of a revision, and it is hoped that they will be sufficiently numerous to declare that the will of the nation is in favor of it; in which case the Assembly may take upon itself the responsibility of setting aside the letter of the Constitution, and appealing to the nation for a vindication of its course. In the event of the calling of a Convention a further question is to be considered as to whether the delegates shall be elected by universal suffrage, or under the present restrictive laws. The Ministry now in office seem pledged to the latter, while the *Constitutionnel*, understood to be the organ of the President, advocates universal suffrage. From this it is inferred that Bonaparte intends to keep the choice open to himself of selecting either scheme which events shall indicate to be most favorable to his interests. The probabilities now are that the national desire will be found to be so decidedly in favor of the continuance of the President in office, that the prohibitory article will be altered in his favor. He has this great advantage over his opponents, that he is one and they are many.

In Algeria some severe encounters have recently taken place. Early in May the French troops entered Kabylia, and a series of engagements took place in which the Kabyles were defeated with great loss.

The editor of the *Charivari* has been condemned to an imprisonment of six months and a fine of 2000 francs for having published a caricature representing the Constitution set up as a mark, and the President offering a reward to the person who should shoot it down. The artist who designed the print was also

sentenced to a fine of 200 francs, and imprisonment for two months.

GERMANY.

The Dresden Conference closed on the 4th of May. The Frankfort Diet recommenced its sittings with as little formality as though the last three years had never existed, and it was re-assembling after an ordinary adjournment. The sovereigns of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, have had a fraternal meeting at Warsaw, preparatory to a more formal conference at Olmutz. The Emperor of Russia was especially gracious to the King of Prussia. The Prussian Chambers adjourned on the 11th, having rendered still more stringent the laws for the regulation of the press. The Royal speech was delivered by proxy. It stated that in whatever form revolution might show itself, the Government would be found firm, and Prussia armed. The threatening position assumed by the enemies of order rendered it the urgent duty of all German Governments no longer to leave Germany without a central power; and whether they returned to the old form of the Diet, or whether the plans of re-organization, by no means abandoned, should be carried into effect, the independent development of Prussia would in neither case be endangered. The Austrian Government was busy in endeavors to improve the financial condition of the empire, which is in a lamentable state of disorganization.

SOUTHERN EUROPE.

In PORTUGAL the insurrection under the Duke of Saldanha has proved entirely successful. His rival, the Count of Thomar has fled to England. The royal consort has been deprived of the command of the army. The Duke of Saldanha has formed a ministry of his partisans, he himself taking the post of President of the Council, with actual dictatorial authority.

In SPAIN the farce of an election of members of Cortes has been enacted. A large majority of the members returned are in favor of the Government. A *Concordat* with the Roman Court has been unofficially made public. Various ecclesiastical regulations are agreed upon. The Catholic religion is to be the only one tolerated. Public education and the superintendence of the press and of books introduced into the country are to be committed to the clergy. Serious disturbances had broken out among the students of the University of Madrid, which called for the intervention of the police, in the course of which a number of the students were severely injured. The tumult arose from personal, not political causes.

In ITALY the most prominent subject of interest is literally one of smoke. The various Governments derive a large revenue from the duties upon tobacco. The malcontents make a demonstration of their hatred to the Governments by abstaining from the use of the weed, and endeavoring to induce others, sometimes by no gentle means, to do the same. At Bologna the Austrian commandant was obliged to issue an ordinance threatening punishment upon those who offered violence to peaceable citizens by hindering them from using tobacco either for smoking or as snuff. At Rome the state of things is much the same. Continual encounters take place between the French soldiers and the Romans. The French commander has suppressed all permission to carry arms in consequence. Fire-arms, swords, and poinards, were ordered to be surrendered by a certain day, after which domiciliary visits would be made, and all persons found having weapons in their possession, were to be tried by court-martial. Persons carrying sword canes to be arrested and fined.

Literary Notices.

Memoirs of William Wordsworth, Vol. I., by his nephew, CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, edited by HENRY REED, and published by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, will disappoint those who have anticipated an abundance of interesting personal details in the biography of its illustrious subject. It is the history of his mind, not of his external life. The incidents of his peculiar career were the successive births of his poems. No man ever led a more self-contained, interior, subjective life than Wordsworth, and hence the development of thought takes the place in his biography which is usually occupied by the flow of events. Every object was valued by him in proportion as it furnished the materials of poetry. The aspects of the glorious mountain region in which he had established his household gods, the intercourse of society in which, during the later portion of his life, he took a conspicuous part, on account of the influx of visitors that besieged his retired, contemplative haunts, the manifestations of the contemporary literature of the day in its wonderful, pregnant phases, and the strong current of political excitements throughout a most eventful period of English history, never disturbed the deep, placid stream of the poet's existence, or seduced him from the exclusive communion with the realms of fancy and reflection, to which he was wedded by ties of indissoluble fealty. His biographer has been true to this cardinal fact, which characterizes the identity of Wordsworth. He has aimed only to explain the genesis of his poems, in a manner to make them the historians of their author. The critical disquisitions which thus arise often possess great interest, and furnish suggestive lessons which few living poets can study without profit. Numerous extracts from the correspondence of Wordsworth are given in this volume, which are marked by his usual gravity and intenseness of reflection, but are destitute of the spontaneous ease which forms the chief beauty of epistolary writing. On the whole, we regard this biography as eminently instructive, presenting many noticeable facts in psychology and literary history, and well rewarding an attentive study, but of so uniformly a didactic cast as to grow tedious in perusal, and likely to find few readers beyond the circle of Wordsworth's enthusiastic admirers.

The Religion of Geology and its Connected Sciences, by EDWARD HITCHCOCK, President of Amherst College (published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co.), presents in a compact, popular form, the latest established results of geological investigation, in connection with their bearings on revealed religion. In the opinion of President Hitchcock, a large proportion of the works which have been written within the last thirty years on this subject, excepting those of J. Pye Smith, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Harris, Dr. Buckland, Professor Sedgewick, Professor Whewell, Dr. King, Dr. Anderson, Hugh Miller, and similar writers, have shown a deficiency of the knowledge essential to a mastery of the question. A number of authors, though familiar with the Bible, had no accurate knowledge of geology, and by resorting to the denunciation of their opponents, have excited a gross and unfounded prejudice against the cultivators of that science, and at the same time have awakened a disgust among intelligent students, who have inferred the weakness of their cause from the folly of its defense. The subject is discussed in the present volume with a large, philosophical comprehension, and with distinguished ability. Faithful to the substantial deductions of science, it strenuously defends the received principles of reli-

gion, and presents, from its elevated point of view, a variety of conclusions of no less importance to natural theology, than to a lucid conception of the structure of the material universe.

The Glens (published by Charles Scribner) is a new novel, by J. L. M'CONNEL, the author of "Grahame," and "Talbot and Vernon," who now comes before the public for the first time under his own name. The plot and execution of "The Glens" sufficiently resemble his former productions to betray the identity of their origin. With greater compression of style, and a more natural development of incident, it exhibits the same passion for dealing with legal evidence, and the same acute and comprehensive analysis of character, which distinguish the other writings of the author. He certainly possesses a rare power of clothing the darker emotions of the soul with a life-like naturalness, and depicting the excesses of stern and sullen passion in colors that are no less abhorrent than truthful. The plot of this novel is one of terrible intensity, though it can not be charged with extravagance. The prevailing gloom of the story is happily relieved by the descriptions of Western manners and scenery, which are lively and picturesque, and at the same time, as we have reason to believe, remarkable for their exact fidelity. We think the success of this work must decide the vocation of the author. He has already gained a reputation in American literature of which he may justly be proud. We shall look with interest for the future creations of his genius, which with the increasing polish of their execution, we are confident, will not lose their natural fragrant freshness, nor their bold masculine vitality.

The History of Cleopatra, by JACOB ABBOTT, a new volume of his Historical Series, publishing by Harper and Brothers, presents a subject of considerable delicacy for the pen of its grave and highly ethical author. He seems to be aware of the difficulty at the outset. "The story of Cleopatra," he observes, "is a story of crime. It is a narrative of the course and the consequences of unlawful love. In her strange and romantic history we see this passion portrayed with the most complete and graphic fidelity, in all its influences and effects, its uncontrollable impulses, its intoxicating joys, its reckless and mad career, and the dreadful remorse, and ultimate despair and ruin in which it always and inevitably ends." But Mr. Abbott has disposed of the uncongenial theme with his accustomed ingenuity and good sense. Without veiling the character of the voluptuous queen, or concealing the poetical aspects of her romantic history, he delineates the events in her life, for which she is now chiefly remembered, with a naïve simplicity that becomes piquant from its apparent artlessness. Nor does he indulge, to any disagreeable excess, in the superfluous moralizing which a less shrewd writer would have deemed essential to the effect. He leaves the story to assert its own moral. The reader, who chooses, may find it for himself.

C. S. Francis and Co. have republished a new volume of *Poems*, by ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, containing "Prometheus Bound," "A Lament for Adonis," "Casa Guidi Windows," and a variety of miscellaneous pieces. They bear the authentic impress of Mrs. Browning's peculiar genius, abounding in bursts of noble inspiration, combined with the workings of earnest reflection, and expressed in a style which is no less remarkable for the richness of its classic adornings, than for its wild, erratic strength, and its frequent displays of an almost pu-

erile simplicity. The typographical appearance of this volume is very neat.

The Third and last Volume of HUMBOLDT'S *Cosmos*, in Otté's translation, is issued by Harper and Brothers, embracing a general view of the discoveries of astronomical science, considered in two divisions, namely, the region of the fixed stars, and our solar and planetary system. This portion of Humboldt's great work is characterized by the sublime brevity, the profound comprehensiveness, the affluence of physical facts, and the reverent modesty of speculation which distinguish the philosophical writings of the author, and which are in such admirable harmony with the impressive dignity of the theme. In the Introduction to the present volume, Humboldt gives an historical review of the attempts to reduce the phenomena of the universe to a grand central unity, including the labors of Anaxagoras, Aristotle, Giordano Bruno, Descartes, and Sir Isaac Newton. The problem, as he conclusively shows, still remains to be solved. The present imperfect state of physical science offers insuperable obstacles to a speedy solution. New substances and new forces are constantly brought to light, nor can we escape from the conviction that no observation or analysis has yet exhausted the number of impelling, producing, and formative agencies. "The great and solemn spirit," Humboldt remarks, "which pervades the intellectual labor in question arises from the sublime consciousness of striving toward the infinite, and of grasping all that is revealed to us amid the boundless and inexhaustible fullness of creation, development, and being." The fidelity to this sentiment which is every where apparent in "*Cosmos*," is no less remarkable than the compactness of its reasoning and the wealth of its details, and to the mind imbued with the genuine spirit of science, invests this extraordinary work with a perpetual charm.

A useful educational work has just been issued by A. S. Barnes and Co., entitled *The Orthoepist*, by JAMES H. MARTIN, comprising a selection of nearly two thousand English words, which are supposed to be especially liable to an incorrect pronunciation. The tables of words are illustrated by exercises in reading, which exhibit both the diligence and the ingenuity of the author in a favorable light. We have no doubt that this little work might be used to great advantage by a skillful instructor, besides forming a convenient manual for private consultation.

The Heir of Wast-Wayland, by MARY HOWITT (published by Harper and Brothers), is the latest production of its charming author, written with more vigor and not less sweetness than the popular stories which have given her such a beautiful fame as a writer of graceful and touching fiction. The best-drawn character in this tale is Richard Ellworthy, a designing, subtle villain, whose bold and crafty manœuvres are depicted in striking contrast with several admirable specimens of feminine loveliness, and a few touches of Quaker life, which pervade the volume with their pure, refreshing influence. The unmistakable power of this story, no less than its delightful domestic spirit, will win a heart-felt welcome for it among the numerous American friends of Mary and William Howitt.

A Grandmother's Recollections, by ELLA RODMAN (published by Charles Scribner), is a natural, affectionate, and delightful narrative of early days, purporting to be from a charming old lady, who has both a retentive memory and an enviable gift of genial, winning expression.

MAYHEW'S *London Labor and the London Poor*, of which we have the seventh number, from the press of

Harper and Brothers, continues to exhibit an appalling picture of the lower strata of civilization in London society. In connection with the magnificent displays of English industry and art, which are exciting the admiration of the world in the Crystal Palace, Mr. Mayhew's disclosures afford a pregnant commentary on the moral effects of the present intensely competitive system of labor and commerce. His revelations are startling, at times almost incredible, but always instructive. His facts are arranged, no doubt, with a view to effect, but they are sustained by ample evidence, and are more impressive, from being free from theory or speculation. They are fruitful of suggestion to every thinking mind.

Ida is the title of an anonymous poem in three books, published by James Monroe and Co., Boston. Polished and graceful to an uncommon degree in its versification, this little poem exhibits a fine contemplative vein, and a pervading tone of genuine pathos. The influence of favorite authors is too perceptible in its composition for entire originality, many of the lines sounding like reminiscences of favorite strains.

Land and Lee in the Bosphorus and Egean, is a new volume of Rev. WALTER COLTON'S Collected Works, edited by Rev. HENRY T. CHEEVER, and published by A. S. Barnes and Co. It is the substance of a work published during Mr. Colton's life-time, under the title of "Visit to Athens and Constantinople," with additions from the original manuscripts of the author, and revised and condensed by the editor. Mercurial, sketchy, and incoherent, tasting strongly of the salt water and the ship's-cabin, enlivened with occasional flashes of harmless vanity, it rewards the attention of the reader by its lively, rapid descriptions, its unfailing fund of good humor, and its local and geographical details, which are frequently instructive and entertaining. The snatches of common-place sentimentality, which the author appears to indulge in both as a matter of taste and from a sense of duty, might safely be dispensed with.

History of the Protestants of France, by G. DE FELICE, translated by HENRY LOBDELL, M.D. (published by Edward Walker), is a lucid, popular narrative of the development of French Protestantism from the Reformation to the present time. The author is well-known among the living religious writers of France, as a man of learning, ability, and zeal. His style combines great vivacity of expression with a tone of earnest and profound reflection. The present work is evidently the fruit of conscientious research, and though making no pretensions to impartiality, is written without bitterness. The translation is executed with care, and although by no means a model in its kind, is generally free from glaring faults. Some general views are advanced in the Preface which will be read with interest in the present state of the Catholic controversy.

Para ; or, Scenes and Adventures on the Banks of the Amazon, by JOHN ESAIAS WARREN (published by G. P. Putnam), is a spirited volume of travels in Brazil, by a very susceptible observer and fluent writer. The pictures of South American life which he delineates with enthusiastic unction, are soft and sunny, presenting a delicious profusion of enchantments. According to his mellow descriptions, the equator has a decided advantage over these dull, temperate, hyperborean regions.

The edition of *The Life and Writings of George Herbert*, published by James Munroe and Co., contains the Life of Herbert, abridged from Izaak Walton, The Temple, and The Country Parson, together

with the Synagogue, an imitation usually accompanying his works. The quaint felicities and pious unction of this earnest-minded old English poet and divine, with his sweet and saintly spirit, will always keep his memory fresh among the readers of the best contemplative literature. We are glad to possess his inimitable productions in such a convenient and beautiful American edition.

Caleb Field, by the author of "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland" (published by Harper and Brothers), is a religious story of the English Puritan age, distinguished for the characteristic sweetness and pathos of the earnest and powerful writer. The heroine, Edith Field, is a charming creation. The daughter of a stern Puritan clergyman, who devotes himself to the spiritual care of his flock during the prevalence of the Great Plague, she ministers to their temporal needs with the constancy of a martyr, and the gentleness of an angel. Her beautiful nature presents an admirable relief to the scenes of stern and dark passion which are portrayed. The lights and shades of the story are managed with genuine artistic effect. Though constructed of slight materials, and absolutely without pretension, it must be regarded as a truly exquisite gem.

First Things, by GARDINER SPRING, D.D. (published by M. W. Dodd), is the title of a series of lectures upon a number of great facts and moral lessons contained in the early portions of the Scriptures, composed in a style of grave and harmonious beauty, characteristic of the venerable author. The distinguishing features of the theological school to which Dr. Spring belongs are brought unshrinkingly forward, constituting as they do, in his opinion, vital and essential portions of the system of revealed religion. We meet with occasional interpretations and expositions of Scripture which, though formerly accepted, had, we supposed, been generally set aside by the investigations of modern criticism; and some of the topics treated of, while essential to the plan of the work, require a degree of violence to comprise them under the somewhat fanciful title selected. These volumes are dedicated to the flock under the pastoral care of the author, and can not fail to prove a welcome and appropriate memorial, to the two generations to whom his unbroken ministrations have been addressed, of one of the ablest and most honored divines who have adorned the American pulpit.

Yeast. A Problem. (Harper and Brothers.) Under this quaint title, the author of "Alton Locke" has collected into a volume a series of papers formerly contributed to Frazer's Magazine. Not so radical, so fantastic, nor so vigorous as many portions of the "Autobiography of a Tailor," dealing more with religious, and less with social questions, written in a more obscure and uncertain stage of experience, this production is a sparkling effervescent fragment, abounding in passages of singular beauty and heart-rending pathos, with some delineations of character, which, for originality of conception and force of coloring, can rarely be matched in contemporary literature. The work is abrupt, spasmodic, and, of course, very unequal in its execution; the plot serves only as an apology for the exhibition of psychological studies; and although it breaks off with little warning and no satisfaction, its perusal can not fail to touch the deepest sympathies of the reader.

Stanford and Swords have published a neat edition of *The Angel's Song, a Christmas Token*, by CHARLES B. TAYLOR, one of the best religious stories of that popular writer. His style is marked by a beautiful simplicity, which gives an unfailling freshness to his narrative, while his skill in availing himself of the

most effective incidents challenges the constant curiosity of the reader. The volume is got up in a uniform style with the seven preceding volumes, forming a valuable series for the family or parish library.

Stuart of Dunleath, by Mrs. NORTON. (Harper and Brothers.) With scarce an exception, no novel of the present season has received such enthusiastic praise from the English press as this brilliant production. The style is no less chaste and exquisite, than the plot is deep and absorbing. Variety, movement, passion, and intense interest, pervade the whole narrative, which, at the same time, is singularly natural, depending for its effect on its truthful revelations of character and life. In the profusion of superior novels which have recently made their appearance, we can not hesitate to yield the pre-eminence to "Stuart of Dunleath."

Isabella is the subject of the Sixth Tale in the *Girldhood of Shakspeare's Heroines*, by MARY COWDEN CLARKE, published by Geo. P. Putnam. The narrative shows the fertility of invention which characterizes all the Tales of the present series, and as an exercise of fanciful ingenuity, is not inferior to any which have preceded it. The reverence for Shakspeare, which is an inwrought element in the character of the author, may palliate, if it does not excuse the presumption of her enterprise. It must be confessed that her success thus far has to a great degree falsified the predictions which the announcement of her plan called forth.

The Solitary of Juan Fernandez, by the author of *Picciola*, translated from the French, by ANNE T. WILBUR (published by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields), is founded on the Life of Alexander Selkirk, whose adventures it employs to enforce the moral lesson of the importance of society. The story is constructed with the subtle delicacy of conception which pervades the charming *Picciola*, and contains several passages of exquisite beauty. In presenting a vivid picture of the pernicious influence of solitude on the human faculties, the author claims a greater fidelity to nature than was exercised by De Foe, whose Robinson Crusoe, he maintains, completely alters the mental physiognomy of his model. Robinson is not a man in a state of entire isolation, but is, in fact, a European developing the resources of his industry, while contending with a barren soil and ferocious enemies. Without comparing the present work with the immortal production of De Foe, which regards the history in another point of view, we must allow it the merit of a rich poetical fancy, and uncommon felicity of expression. The translation shows some marks of haste, but, on the whole, is gracefully executed.

Not so Bad as We Seem is the title of Sir E. BULWER LYTTON's new Comedy (published by Harper and Brothers), written for the benefit of the Guild of Literature and Art, and performed with brilliant eclat at Devonshire House, by a company of literary amateurs. The part taken in its representation by Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, John Forster, Marston, Wilkie Collins, and other men of prominent intellectual distinction, has given a remarkable prestige to this play, independent of its actual merits. It can not fail to be sought with avidity, both from interest in the occasion, and the popularity of the author. Nor is it altogether unworthy of his great reputation. The construction of the plot shows his usual fertility of resource, and the dialogue, which is various and spirited, is managed with no small skill. The scene is laid in London during the reign of George I., and the incidents are drawn from the political manœuvres of that day.

Editor's Drawer.

DOUBTLESS there are few men, who at all enjoy their own thoughts, or books, the printed thoughts of others, either of the past, or in the present, but have preserved in some form what impressed them favorably or interested them deeply. Some elaborate at night, after their hours of business are over, a daily record, or diary, in which are set down many of the "choice things" and all the "remarkable occurrences," to which the day may have given rise. Others—and they are not only wise but benevolent—do not selfishly shut up these things between the covers of a private manuscript-volume, but copy them off in a fair hand, and send them to the editor of some clever journal or magazine, where they are soon "known and read of all men"—and women. Now *we* have a collection of the kind to which we have alluded. When scribbled, they have been thrown into a drawer of the table whereon they were written. They are of all kinds and descriptions; of matters humorous and of matters pathetic: some have come warm from the heart—others come fresh from the fancy. Many things from the lips of others have been preserved, some of which drew tears from eyes unused to weep; while, on the other hand, and in respect of *other* things, the "water of nirth" has crept into the same eyes. Of such are the materials of our collection. There will be found in them no attempts at "fine writing;" for that is a thing as much beyond our inclination as our power. Simplicity, earnestness, a desire to put down plainly our own natural thoughts and meditations, and the brief, amusing, or instructive thoughts of others—these are the means and this the purpose of our "*Editor's Drawer.*" Wherefore, reader, perpend the first "batch," and patiently await a second and a better.

How much there is in the power of a single felicitous word in poetry, toward making a perfect picture to the mind of the reader! It often invests an inanimate object with almost actual life, and makes the landscape a sentient thing. Here are a few lines that live in our memory—from PROCTOR, BARRY CORNWALL, if we do not mistake—which are eminently in illustration of this. The poet is sitting at night-fall upon a green meadow-bank, with his little daughter by his side, looking at the setting sun, and the twilight exhalations colored by its evening beams:

"— Here will we sit,

The while the sun goes down the glowing west,
And drink the balmy air
Exhaling from the meadows; the nectarous breath
Which EARTH sends upward *when her lord, the Sun,*
Kisses her cheek at parting."

There is action as well as vitality in this beautiful simile. SHAKESPEARE paints similarly, when he says:

"How soft the moonlight *sleeps* upon yon bank!"

Now, suppose he had written "*rests* upon yon bank?" how tame, in comparison, would the word have been; and yet it would be equally "correct." What is it that gives to the following line from CAMPBELL'S "Battle of Hohenlinden" its almost terrific force, but a single word:

"Far flashed the *red* artillery!"

That little word of one syllable sets the distant horizon all a-glow with the bursting flames from the deep-mouthed ordnance. Wherefore, ye minor bards, look to your accessories.

It was impossible not to laugh when the following circumstance was mentioned the other day in our

hearing: A lady, whose little child had by accident partaken of something which it was feared would inflame or distend its bowels, was awakened in the night by the bursting of a yeast-bottle, in an adjoining closet. "Husband!" she exclaimed "get up! get up! BETSEY has exploded! I heard her explode this minute!"—and nothing short of lighting a candle, and going to the apartment where the little girl slept would convince her of the unreality of her ridiculous impression.

THE memories of childhood, after a mature age has been attained, are more powerful than many people are aware of. And especially is this the case, in reference to the religious observances which first arrest the attention of children. Our annual anniversaries, which bring to the Great Metropolis so many ministers of different denominations, are fruitful examples of the strong memories of children in this respect. With the familiar faces of the clergymen who ministered before him in holy things in his boyhood, come back to the city denizen fresh memories of his early life in the country; the plain village-church, with its farmer-occupants; the "tiding-men," who used to pull his ears, and make him change his seat, when he was restive under the delays and restraints of the sanctuary. "Do you see that white-haired old gentleman?" said a friend to us in the crowded Tabernacle, at a late religious anniversary, pointing to a venerable clergyman, the personification of solemn dignity. "He was our minister in the country nearly forty years ago, and he was called "*old Mr. L—*" then. How well I remember his baptizing my little sister!—and it seemed but a *dream* of time, afterward, when I saw him marry her to a young man who had won her heart; and in less than two years afterward he uncovered his white head at her grave, and endeavored to speak words of consolation to her bereaved friends. The last time I heard him in the country was at a conference-meeting, on a summer afternoon, at the little school-house; and well do I recollect how, as the late twilight drew on, and I was looking out upon the deepening green of the trees that surrounded the humble building, his voice trembled with emotion as he read the parting hymn:

'The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may we all remember well,
The night of DEATH draws near!

'We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So DEATH will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possessed.'

"I should like," continued our friend, as we walked away after the services were over; "I should like to go home to die, when it shall please God to call me away, and have that good old man, the friend and director of my boyhood, speak a few words over my last remains."

It is a pleasant thing, once in a while, to encounter a man of imperturbable good-nature; and such a one it was, who recently, at one of our hotels, after pulling some dozen of times at his bell, which continued unanswered, all at once said to a friend who was in his apartment: "I wonder if it's because I keep pulling at that bell so, that they don't come up! I'm afraid it is, really. Perhaps they're offended at me!" Even *such* patience is better than loud grumbling in a tavern-hall, and vociferous "bully-ragging" of servants.

SOMEBODY—and we know not whom, for it is an old faded yellow manuscript scrap in our drawer—thus rebukes an Englishman's aspiration to be "independent of foreigners:" A French cook dresses his dinner for him, and a Swiss valet dresses him for his dinner. He hands down his lady, decked with pearls that never grew in the shell of a British oyster, and her waving plume of ostrich-feathers certainly never formed the tail of a barn-door fowl. The viands of his table are from all countries of the world; his wines are from the banks of the Rhine and the Rhone. In his conservatory he regales his sight with the blossoms of South American flowers; in his smoking-room he gratifies his scent with the weed of North America. His favorite horse is of Arabian blood; his pet dog of the St. Bernard breed. His gallery is rich with pictures from the Flemish school, and statues from Greece. For his amusement he goes to hear Italian singers warble German music, followed by a French ballet. The ermine that decorates his judges was never before on a British animal. His very mind is not English in its attainments: it is a mere pic-nic of foreign contributions. His poetry and philosophy are from ancient Greece and Rome; his geometry from Alexandria; his arithmetic from Arabia, and his religion from Palestine. In his cradle, in his infancy, he rubbed his gums with coral from oriental oceans; and when he dies, he is buried in a coffin made from wood that grew on a foreign soil, and his monument will be sculptured in marble from the quarries of Carrara. A pretty sort of man this, to talk of being "independent of foreigners!"

PARODIES, as a general thing, are rather indifferent reading. The "Rejected Addresses" and "Warreniana," however, are brilliant exceptions to this remark. One of the most happy native exhibitions of this sort that we have seen, is a parody upon the Scottish song of "*Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane*," written by a distinguished jurist in Pennsylvania:

"OH, shweet ish de lily mit its prown yellow plossom,
Und so ish de meadow, all covered mit green;
But noding's so sweet, nor yet sticks in my posom,
Like sweet liddel KATY, vot lives on de plain:
She's pashful as any—like her dere's not many;
She's neider high-larnt, nor yet foolish, nor vain;
Und he's a great villain, mitout any feelin',
Dat vould hurt vonce my KITTY, vot lives on de plain."

IN a story which we once heard related by an Englishman, there seemed to us so good an exemplification of one phase of human incredulity, overcome by superior cunning, that we could not resist the inclination to "make a note of it." A fat, burly English landlord was sitting one afternoon at the door of his inn, in a provincial town not a hundred miles from London, when a person entered the house, and after complimenting its cleanliness and snug appearance, ordered a good dinner and a bottle of wine. The dinner, when ready, was laid in an upper apartment, looking out upon a pleasant garden; and after it had been thoroughly discussed, and the wine sipped luxuriously to the bottom of the bottle, the satisfied guest sent for his host, and when he entered the room, thus addressed him: "You have a fine inn here, landlord—a *very* fine inn: every thing is particularly nice—in fact, what *I* call comfortable." The landlord expressed his gratification. "I shall have great pleasure," continued the guest, without noticing the interruption, "in recommending your house to my friends in town. There remains only *one* thing more to mention, landlord; and as the subject is one which I have reason to think will be

as unpleasant to you as to myself, I will express it in a few words. I have not, at this moment, any money; but I will be here again in—" "*No money!*" exclaimed the landlord, in a voice husky with anger. "*NO MONEY!!* then why did you come to the 'Hen-and-Chickens' and run up a bill that you can't pay? Get out of my house this instant! Go! walk!" "I expected this," replied the guest, rising; I anticipated this treatment; nor can I much blame you, landlord, to tell you the truth, for you don't *know* me. Because you sometimes meet with deception, you think *I* am deceiving you; but I pledge you my honor that a fortnight from this day I will be with you again, and you will confess your self ashamed of your suspicions." "Bah! you're a swindler!" ejaculated Boniface; "this will be the last of you: take *that!*" and with a vigorous *coup de pied*, was "sped the parting guest." "You will live to regret this, landlord, I am sure; but I do not blame you, for you are ignorant of my character," was the meek reply to this gross indignity. Just two weeks from that day, this same ill-used gentleman (with a traveling friend), was, with many apologies and protestations, shown into the best room of the celebrated "Hen-and-Chickens" inn. The landlord's profuse apologies were accepted; he was forgiven; and even invited to dine with the two friends upon the best dinner, flanked by the very choicest wines which his house afforded. When all was finished, and while the landlord, who had become exceedingly mellow, was protesting that he should never be so suspicious of a "real gentleman" again, he was interrupted by his first guest with: "But, landlord, there is *one* thing which we ought, in justice to you, to mention. *I* do not happen to have, at this moment, a single penny; and, I grieve to say, that my companion, who is a *good* man, but in a worldly point of view, very poor, is not a whit better off. Under these unpleasant circumstances, *i* becomes, as it were, a necessity, to bid you a very good evening!" "'Done' twice! the 'Hen and Chickens' 'done' twice!—and both times exactly alike!" said the landlord, as he went down to see the swindle to the account of "Profit and Loss."

A FORCIBLE example of the necessity of observing accent and punctuation in reading, was afforded by the careless reader who gave the passage from the Bible, with the following pauses: "And the old man said unto his sons, 'Saddle *me*, the ass;' and they saddled *him!*"

THE following specimen of sepulchral literature was copied literally from an old tombstone in Scotland:

"Here lies the body of ALEXANDER MACPHERSON,
Who was a very extraordinary person:
He was two yards high in his stocking-feet,
And kept his accoutrements clean and neat:
He was slew
At the battle of Waterloo:
He was shot by a bullet
Plumb through his gullet;
It went in at his throat,
And came out at the back of his coat."

THERE is something very ludicrous in the specimens of inanimate personation mentioned by DICKENS in one of his sketches. One Vauxhall waiter in London bawls out to another: "I say, look out, BILL; there's a Brandy-and-water a-gettin' over the railing, and a Go-o'-gin-and-a-Muffin a-slinkin' out o' the back-gate! Stop 'em, Bill—stop 'em!"

A Leaf from Punch.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

BY MR. PUNCH.

THERE has lately been started a new steam-boat, with the odd title of the *Emmet*. It certainly is the very worst name for a sea-going craft, since no one will go on board the *Emmet* without thinking of an *Emetic*. . . . There was a thorough specimen of American Independence exhibited at the Botanical Gardens by the celebrated American plants, which were advertised to appear in full bloom, at least three weeks earlier than they condescended to show themselves. Every one was asking how it was that the American plants did not show themselves, according to promise. But they obstinately remained shut up in their buds, as if when looked for to blossom, their reply had been, "If I do, I'm blowed." . . . The French Republic is always represented as wearing the Cap of Liberty.

A fitter head-dress would be a *mob-cap*. . . . If you wish to hear all your faults fully canvassed, have your portrait taken, and invite your friends to come and keep you company. . . . I hate parrots, parroquets, and cockatoos. They are odious creatures (screechers)! . . . The Dictionary puts down *make* and *construct* as synonymous. They do not, however, mean precisely the same, for an omnibus, which is *constructed* to hold twelve persons, is *made* to hold fourteen, and sometimes more, especially on wet nights. . . . The new process of cooking by gas is a splendid triumph of gas-tronomy. . . . The reason why lightning turns milk and beer sour, probably is, that the electric fluid does not know how to conduct itself any better. . . . Philosophers have often tried to explain why a cat runs after a mouse; the reason undoubtedly is, because the mouse runs away from the cat.



COMPARATIVE LOVE.

Papa.—"So, CHARLEY, YOU REALLY ARE IN LOVE WITH THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED GIRL YOU MET LAST NIGHT?"

Charley—"Yes, PAPA, I LOVE HER DEARLY!"

Papa.—"HOW MUCH DO YOU LOVE HER, CHARLEY? DO YOU LOVE HER AS MUCH AS PUDDING?"

Charley.—"O YES, PAPA! AND A GREAT DEAL BETTER THAN PUDDING. BUT—(pausing to reflect)—I DO NOT LOVE HER—SO MUCH AS—JELLY!"



Wife of his Bosom.—"UPON MY WORD, MR. PEEWITT! IS THIS THE WAY YOU FILL UP YOUR CENSUS PAPER? SO YOU CALL YOURSELF THE 'HEAD OF THE FAMILY'—DO YOU—AND ME A 'FEMALE?'"



First Frenchman.—"MON DIEU, ALPHONSE! LOOK THERE! WHAT DO YOU CALL THAT MACHINE?"
Second Frenchman.—"I SEE! IT'S A VERY DROLL AFFAIR, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS."

Summer Fashions.



BRIDAL, MOURNING, AND VISITING COSTUMES.

THE Summer in all its fervor is now prevailing; and the dictations of fierce Leo may not be disregarded with impunity. Light textures, only, are seasonable, and the genius of modists has wrought out beautiful and appropriate patterns for dresses, bonnets, mantelets, &c. The textures most in vogue are light silks, taffetas, *barèges*, *mousseline de soie*, valenciens, plain and printed cambric muslins, jaconets, &c. Our first Illustration exhibits appropriate costume for three phases in the character of fashion; a bride's dress, a morning costume, and a visiting dress.

The BRIDAL DRESS, seen on the left, is extremely elegant. The hair is in short bandeaux and very large. The veil of illusion silk net, is embroidered above the hem with twelve rows of narrow silk braid put very near together. It is laid flat on the head and incloses the back hair. The edge comes on the forehead. The crown is composed of double laurel flowers, bunches of lilies of the valley, and reed leaves. It goes round the head behind, and does not meet in front. The foliage reaches forward and falls all round the head.

The under-dress is of white silk, the upper of

India muslin, open in front, in the body and skirt, so as to show one width of the silk. The body is almost high. A deep *valenciennes*, scalloped, forms a lapel down the body and the edges of the skirt. The short pagoda sleeves are trimmed with rows of *valenciennes*. The body and skirt have several rows of narrow *valenciennes*, three together at intervals, and so arranged as to form undulations. These trimmings are fixed to one insertion: they are not loose, but so fastened as to follow all the motions of the folds of the skirt. The cross-bands are ornamented on the body with a silk bow in the middle; on the skirt, with two others placed at the extremities. A bow on each arm holds up the pagodas. The collar is plaited; an embroidered insertion, and three rows of *valenciennes*, undulated like the trimming of the dress. The under-sleeves, of embroidered muslin at the bottom, are straight, and rather loose at the wrist. They have an insertion and three rows of *valenciennes*.

The sitting figure shows a MORNING COSTUME composed of taffeta and other light materials. An elegant and rather gay style is taffeta of a light gray ground, striped broad, with intervening wreaths of roses. The body three-quarter height at the back. It opens in a large lapel down each side of the *tablier*, which is trimmed with fringe, of hues corresponding with the dress. The fringe is continued from the bottom of the lapel down each side of the *tablier*. Sleeves are funnel-shaped, rather more than a half-length, and finished with fringe. Cambric chemisette, made quite up to the throat, and cambric under-sleeves. Lemon colored silk or drawn bonnet, the brim very open at the sides. The interior is trimmed in cap style with tulle; lemon colored *brides* or strings.

The figure on the right shows a VISITING DRESS. The body is *à la Louis XV.*; demi-long sleeves of the small pagoda form. A *pardessus* like a little pelisse; a close fitting body, moderately open on the bosom; bordered with a very rich fancy trimming. Wide sleeves descending to the hand, and terminated with fancy trimming and a rich fringe. The skirt is short behind, but nearly a half length in front, open before, and trimmed round the bottom with three rows of fringe laid on as flounces. Rice straw bonnet; a very small open brim, the interior trimmed with tufts of red and yellow roses and their foliage, and white *brides*. The exterior of the bonnet is decorated with a wreath of the same flowers, intermixed with thin foliage, and light sprigs of small white flowers and buds.

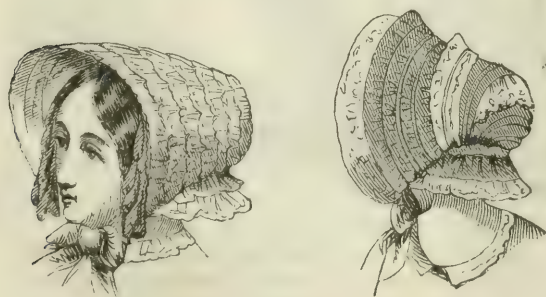


FIG. 2.—BONNETS.

BONNETS continue to be made small and very open in front. Light silks are fashionable. These are covered by rows of white festooned ribbon, as seen in the second illustration of Fig. 2. Others have white lace on the front, over the centre, and upon the crown and curtain, as seen in the other illustration. Florence straw, gauze, tulle, crape, and capelisse, are more fashionable and much

more seasonable. Rice straw bonnets are very much in vogue this season. The general forms of bonnets have not much changed since our last report.



TURKISH COSTUME.

There appears to be a decided and growing tendency on the part of our countrywomen, to wear the trowsers. If *properly* done, we certainly can not object. For some time past indications of an invasion, by the ladies, of men's peculiar domain in dress, incited by the strong-minded Miss Webers of the day, have been tangible, but the frowns of Fashion have hitherto kept the revolutionists quiet, and ladies' dresses have every month been increasing in longitude, until train-bearers are becoming necessary. It is conceded by all that the dresses of prevailing immoderate length, sweeping the ground at every step, are among the silliest foibles of Fashion; expensive, inconvenient, and untidy. Recently, in several places, practical reformers, as bold as Joan d'Arc, have discarded the trailing skirts, and adopted the far more convenient, equally chaste, and more elegant dresses of Oriental women. Some ridicule them; others sneer contemptuously or laugh incredulously, and others commend them for their taste and courage. We are disposed to be placed in the latter category; and to show our goodwill, we present, above, a sketch of ORIENTAL COSTUME, as a model for our fair reformers. What can be more elegant and graceful, particularly for young ladies? The style is based upon good taste, and, if the ladies are in earnest, it must prevail. A crusty cynic at our elbow who never believed in progress in any thing, thinks so too; and has just whispered in our ear of woman, that

"If she will, she will, you may depend on't,

And if she won't, she won't—so there's an end on't."

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NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

I. CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

THE island of Corsica, sublimely picturesque with its wild ravines and rugged mountains, emerges from the bosom of the Mediterranean Sea, about one hundred miles from the coast of France. It was formerly a province of Italy, and was Italian in its language, sympathies, and customs. In the year 1767 it was invaded by a French army, and after several most sanguinary conflicts, the inhabitants were compelled to yield to superior power, and Corsica was annexed to the empire of the Bourbons.

At the time of this invasion there was a young lawyer, of Italian extraction, residing upon the island, whose name was Charles Bonaparte. He was endowed with commanding beauty of person, great vigor of mind, and his remote lineage was illustrious, but the opulence of the noble house had passed away, and the descendant of a family, whose line could be traced far back into the twilight of the dark ages, was under the fortunate necessity of being dependent for his support upon the energies of his own mind. He had married Letitia Raniolini, one of the most beautiful and accomplished of the young ladies of Corsica. Of thirteen children born to them eight survived to attain maturity. As a successful lawyer the father of this large family was able to provide them with an ample competence. His illustrious descent gave him an elevated position in society, and the energies of his mind, ever in vigorous action, invested him with powerful influence.

The family occupied a town house, an ample stone mansion, in Ajaccio, the principal city of the island. They also enjoyed a very delightful country retreat near the sea-shore, a few miles from Ajaccio. This rural home was the favorite resort of the children during the heats of summer. When the French invaded Corsica, Charles Bonaparte, then quite a young man, having been married but a few years, abandoned the peaceful profession of the law, and grasping his sword, united with his countrymen, under the banner of General Paoli, to resist the invaders. His wife, Letitia, had then but one child, Joseph. She was expecting soon to give birth to another. Civil war was desolating the little island. Paoli and his band of patriots, defeated again and again, were retreating before their victorious foes into the fastnesses of the mountains. Letitia followed the fortunes of her husband, and,

notwithstanding the embarrassment of her condition, accompanied him on horseback in these perilous and fatiguing expeditions. The conflict, however, was short, and, by the energies of the sword, Corsica became a province of France, and the Italians who inhabited the island became the unwilling subjects of the Bourbon throne. On the 15th of August, 1769, in anticipation of her confinement, Letitia had taken refuge in her town house at Ajaccio. On the morning of that day she attended church, but, during the service, admonished by approaching pains, she was obliged suddenly to return home, and throwing herself upon a couch, covered with an ancient piece of tapestry, upon which was embroidered the battles and the heroes of the Illiad, she gave birth to her second son, Napoleon Bonaparte. Had the young Napoleon seen the light two months earlier he would have been by birth an Italian, not a Frenchman, for but eight weeks had then elapsed since the island had been transferred to the dominion of France.

The father of Napoleon died not many years after the birth of that child whose subsequent renown has filled the world. He is said to have appreciated the remarkable powers of his son, and, in the delirium which preceded his death, he was calling upon Napoleon to help him. Madame Bonaparte, by this event, was left a widow with eight children, Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Jerome, Eliza, Pauline, and Caroline. Her means were limited, but her mental endowments were commensurate with the weighty responsibilities which devolved upon her. Her children all appreciated the superiority of her character, and yielded, with perfect and unquestioning submission, to her authority. Napoleon in particular ever regarded his mother with the most profound respect and affection. He repeatedly declared that the family were entirely indebted to her for that physical, intellectual, and moral training, which prepared them to ascend the lofty summits of power to which they finally attained. He was so deeply impressed with the sense of these obligations that he often said, "My opinion is that the future good or bad conduct of a child, depends entirely upon its mother." One of his first acts, on attaining power, was to surround his mother with every luxury which wealth could furnish. And when placed at the head of the government of France, he immediately and energetically established schools for female education, remarking that France needed nothing so much to promote its regeneration as good mothers.

Madame Bonaparte after the death of her husband, resided with her children in their country house. It was a retired residence, approached by an avenue overarched by lofty trees and bordered by flowering shrubs. A smooth, sunny lawn, which extended in front of the house, lured these children, so unconscious of the high destinies which awaited them, to their infantile

sports. They chased the butterfly; they played in the little pools of water with their naked feet; in childish gambols they rode upon the back of the faithful dog, as happy as if their brows were never to ache beneath the burden of a crown. How mysterious the designs of that inscrutable Providence, which, in the island of Corsica, under the sunny skies of the Medi-



THE BIRTH-HOUSE OF NAPOLEON.

terranean, was thus rearing a Napoleon, and far away, beneath the burning sun of the tropics, under the shade of the cocoa groves and orange-trees of the West Indies, was moulding the person and ennobling the affections of the beautiful and lovely Josephine. It was by a guidance, which neither of these children sought, that they were conducted from their widely separated and obscure homes to the metropolis of France. There, by their united energies, which had been fostered in solitary studies and deepest musings they won for themselves the proudest throne upon which the sun has ever risen; a throne which in power and splendor eclipsed all that had been told of Roman, or Persian, or Egyptian greatness.

The dilapidated villa in Corsica, where Napoleon passed his infantile years, still exists, and the thoughtful tourist loses himself in pensive reverie as he wanders over the lawn where those children have played—as he passes through the vegetable garden in the rear of the house, which enticed them to toil with their tiny hoes and spades, and as he struggles through the wilderness of shrubbery, now running to wild waste, in the midst of which once could have been heard the merry shouts of these infantile kings and queens. Their voices are now hushed in death. But the records of earth can not show a more eventful drama than that enacted by these

young Bonapartes between the cradle and the grave.

There is, in a sequestered and romantic spot upon the ground, an isolated granite rock, of wild and rugged form, in the fissures of which there is something resembling a cave, which still retains the name of "Napoleon's Grotto." This solitary rock was the favorite resort of the pensive and meditative child, even in his earliest years. When his brothers and sisters were in most happy companionship in the garden, or on the lawn, and the air resounded with their mirthful voices, Napoleon would steal away alone to his loved retreat. There, in the long and sunny afternoons, with a book in his hand, he would repose, in a recumbent posture, for hours, gazing upon the broad expanse of the Mediterranean, spread out before him, and upon the blue sky, which overarched his head. Who can imagine the visions which in those hours arose before the expanding energies of that wonderful mind?

Napoleon could not be called an amiable child. He was silent and retiring in his disposition, melancholy and irritable in his temperament, and impatient of restraint. He was not fond of companionship nor of play. He had no natural joyousness or buoyancy of spirit, no frankness of disposition. His brothers and sisters were not fond of him, though they admitted his superiority. "Joseph," said an uncle at that time,

"is the eldest of the family, but Napoleon is its head." His passionate energy and decision of character were such that his brother Joseph, who was a mild, amiable, and unassuming boy, was quite in subjection to his will. It was observed that his proud spirit was unrelenting under any severity of punishment. With stoical firmness, and without the shedding of a tear, he would endure any inflictions. At one time he was unjustly accused of a fault which another had committed. He silently endured the punishment and submitted to the disgrace, and to the subsistence for three days on the coarsest fare, rather than betray his companion; and he did this, not from any special friendship for the one in the wrong, but from an innate pride and firmness of spirit. Impulsive in his disposition, his anger was easily and violently aroused, and as rapidly passed away. There were no tendencies to cruelty in his nature, and no malignant passion could long hold him in subjection.

There is still preserved upon the island of Corsica, as an interesting relic, a small brass cannon, weighing about thirty pounds, which was the early and favorite plaything of Napoleon. Its loud report was music to his childish ears. In imaginary battle he saw whole squadrons mown down by the discharges of his formidable piece of artillery. Napoleon was the favorite child of his father, and had often sat upon his knee; and, with a throbbing heart, a heaving bosom, and a tearful eye, listened to his recital of those bloody battles in which the patriots of Corsica had been compelled to yield to the victorious French. Napoleon hated the French. He fought those battles over again. He delighted, in fancy, to sweep away the embattled host with his discharges of grape-shot; to see the routed foe, flying over the plain, and to witness the dying and the dead covering the ground. He left the bat and the ball, the kite and the hoop for others, and in this strange divertisement found exhilarating joy.

He loved to hear, from his mother's lips, the story of her hardships and sufferings, as, with her husband and the vanquished Corsicans, she fled from village to village, and from fastness to fastness before their conquering enemies. The mother was probably but little aware of the warlike spirit she was thus nurturing in the bosom of her son, but with her own high mental endowments, she could not be insensible of the extraordinary capacities which had been conferred upon the silent, thoughtful, pensive listener. There were no mirthful tendencies in the character of Napoleon; no tendencies in childhood, youth, or manhood to frivolous amusements or fashionable dissipation. "My mother," said Napoleon, at St. Helena, "loves me. She is capable of selling every thing for me, even to her last article of clothing." This distinguished lady died at Marseilles in the year 1822, about a year after the death of her illustrious son upon the island of St. Helena. Seven of her children were still living, to each of whom she bequeathed nearly two millions of dollars; while

to her brother, Cardinal Fesch, she left a superb palace, embellished with the most magnificent decorations of furniture, paintings, and sculpture which Europe could furnish. The son, who had conferred all this wealth—to whom the family was indebted for all this greatness, and who had filled the world with his renown, died a prisoner in a dilapidated stable, upon the most bleak and barren isle of the ocean. The dignified character of this exalted lady is illustrated by the following anecdote: Soon after Napoleon's assumption of the imperial purple, he happened to meet his mother in the gardens of St. Cloud. The Emperor was surrounded with his courtiers, and half playfully extended his hand for her to kiss. "Not so, my son," she gravely replied, at the same time presenting her hand in return, "it is your duty to kiss the hand of her who gave you life."

"Left without guide, without support," says Napoleon, "my mother was obliged to take the direction of affairs upon herself. But the task was not above her strength. She managed every thing, provided for every thing with a prudence which could neither have been expected from her sex nor from her age. Ah, what a woman! where shall we look for her equal? She watched over us with a solicitude unexampled. Every low sentiment, every ungenerous affection was discouraged and discarded. She suffered nothing but that which was grand and elevated to take root in our youthful understandings. She abhorred falsehood, and would not tolerate the slightest act of disobedience. None of our faults were overlooked. Losses, privations, fatigue had no effect upon her. She endured all, braved all. She had the energy of a man, combined with the gentleness and delicacy of a woman."

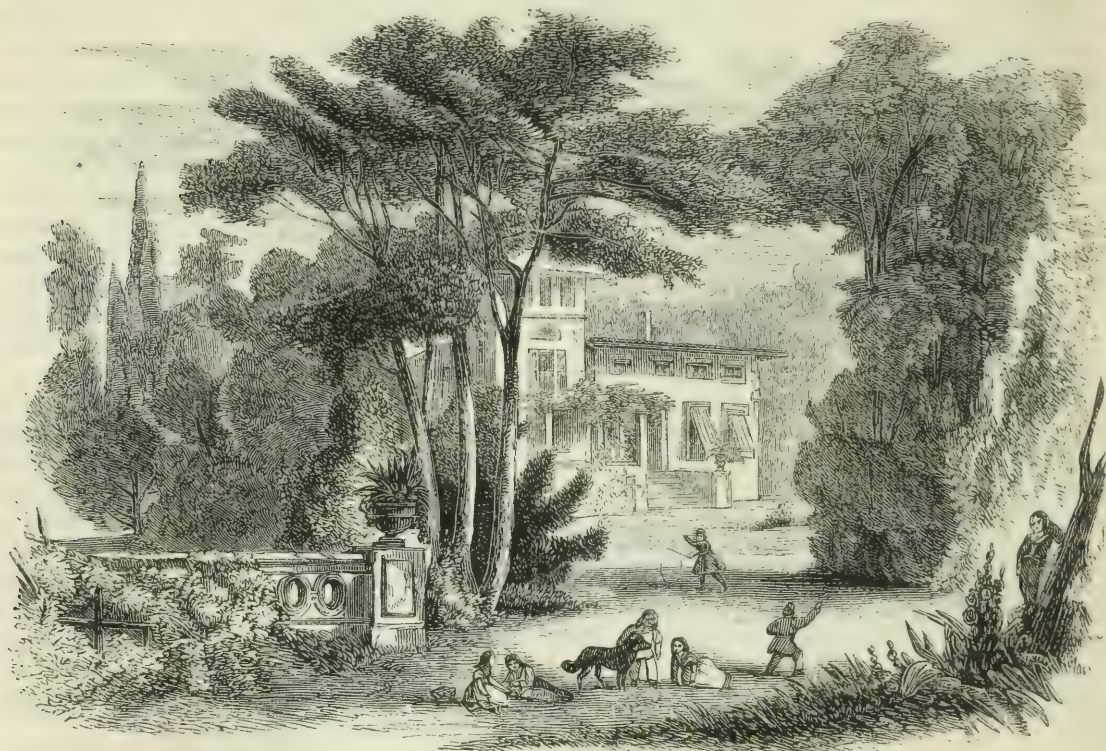
A bachelor uncle owned the rural retreat where the family resided. He was very wealthy, but very parsimonious. The young Bonapartes, though living in the abundant enjoyment of all the necessities of life, could obtain but little money for the purchase of those thousand little conveniences and luxuries which every boy covets. Whenever they ventured to ask their uncle for coppers, he invariably pleaded poverty, assuring them that though he had lands and vineyards, goats and poultry, he had no money. At last the boys discovered a bag of doubloons secreted upon a shelf. They formed a conspiracy, and, by the aid of Pauline, who was too young to understand the share which she had in the mischief, they contrived, on a certain occasion, when the uncle was pleading poverty, to draw down the bag, and the glittering gold rolled over the floor. The boys burst into shouts of laughter, while the good old man was almost choked with indignation. Just at that moment Madame Bonaparte came in. Her presence immediately silenced the merriment. She severely reprimanded her sons for their improper behavior, and ordered them to collect again the scattered doubloons.

When the island of Corsica was surrendered to the French, Count Marbœuf was appointed.

by the Court at Paris, as its governor. The beauty of Madame Bonaparte, and her rich intellectual endowments, attracted his admiration, and they frequently met in the small but aristocratic circle of society, which the island afforded. He became a warm friend of the family, and manifested much interest in the welfare of the little Napoleon. The gravity of the child, his air of pensive thoughtfulness, the oracular style of his remarks, which characterized even that early period of life, strongly attracted the attention of the governor, and he predicted that

Napoleon would create for himself a path through life of more than ordinary splendor.

When Napoleon was but five or six years of age, he was placed in a school with a number of other children. There a fair-haired little maiden won his youthful heart. It was Napoleon's first love. His impetuous nature was all engrossed by this new passion, and he inspired as ardent an affection in the bosom of his loved companion as that which she had enkindled in his own. He walked to and from school, holding the hand of Giacominetta. He abandoned



THE HOME OF NAPOLEON'S CHILDHOOD.

all the plays and companionship of the other children to talk and muse with her. The older boys and girls made themselves very merry with the display of affection which the loving couple exhibited. Their mirth, however, exerted not the slightest influence to abash Napoleon, though often his anger would be so aroused by their insulting ridicule, that, regardless of the number or the size of his adversaries, with sticks, stones, and every other implement which came in his way, he would rush into their midst and attack them with such a recklessness of consequences, that they were generally put to flight. Then, with the pride of a conqueror, he would take the hand of his infantile friend. The little Napoleon was, at this period of his life, very careless in his dress, and almost invariably appeared with his stockings slipped down about his heels. Some witty boy formed a couplet, which was often shouted upon the play-ground, not a little to the annoyance of the young lover.

Napoleone di mezza calzetta
Fa l'amore à Giacominetta.
Napoleon with his stockings half off
Makes love to Giacominetta.

When Napoleon was about ten years of age, Count Marbœuf obtained for him admission to the military school at Brienne, near Paris. Forty years afterward Napoleon remarked that he never could forget the pangs which he then felt, when parting from his mother. Stoic as he was, his stoicism then forsook him, and he wept like any other child. His journey led him through Italy, and crossing France, he entered Paris. Little did the young Corsican then imagine as he gazed awe-stricken upon the splendors of the metropolis, that all those thronged streets were yet to resound with his name, and that in those gorgeous palaces the proudest kings and queens of Europe were to bow obsequiously before his unrivaled power. The ardent and studious boy was soon established in school. His companions regarded him as a foreigner, as he spoke the Italian language, and the French was to him almost an unknown tongue. He found that his associates were composed mostly of the sons of the proud and wealthy nobility of France. Their pockets were filled with money, and they indulged in the most extravagant expenditures. The haughtiness with which these worthless sons of imperious but debauched and enervated

sires, affected to look down upon the solitary and unfriended alien, produced an impression upon his mind which was never effaced. The revolutionary struggle, that long and lurid day of storms and desolation was just beginning darkly to dawn; the portentous rumblings of that approaching earthquake, which soon upthrew both altar and throne, and overthrew all of the most sacred institutions of France in chaotic ruin, fell heavily upon the ear. The young noblemen at Brienne taunted Napoleon with being the son of a Corsican lawyer; for in that day of aristocratic domination the nobility regarded all with contempt who were dependent upon any exertions of their own for support. They sneered at the plainness of Napoleon's dress, and at the emptiness of his purse. His proud spirit was stung to the quick by these indignities, and his temper was roused by that disdain to which he was compelled to submit, and from which he could find no refuge. Then it was that there was implanted in his mind that

hostility which he ever afterward so signally manifested to rank founded not upon merit but upon the accident of birth. He thus early espoused this prominent principle of republicanism: "I hate those French," said he, in an hour of bitterness, and I will do them all the mischief in my power."

Thirty years after this Napoleon said, "Called to the throne by the voice of the people, my maxim has always been, '*A career open to talent,*' without distinction of birth."

In consequence of this state of feeling, he secluded himself almost entirely from his fellow-students, and buried himself in the midst of his books and his maps. While they were wasting their time in dissipation and in frivolous amusements, he consecrated his days and his nights with untiring assiduity to study. He almost immediately elevated himself above his companions, and, by his superiority, commanded their respect. Soon he was regarded as the brightest ornament of the institution, and Napoleon exulted in his



NAPOLEON AT BRIENNE.

conscious strength and his undisputed exaltation. In all mathematical studies he became highly distinguished. All books upon history, upon government, upon the practical sciences he devoured with the utmost avidity. The poetry of Homer and of Ossian he read and re-read with great delight. His mind combined the poetical and the practical in most harmonious blending. In a letter written to his mother at this time, he says, "With my sword by my side, and Homer in my pocket, I hope to carve my way through the world." Many of his companions regarded him as morose and moody, and though they could not but respect him, they still disliked his recluse habits and his refusal to participate in their amusements. He was

seldom seen upon the play-ground, but every leisure hour found him in the library. The Lives of Plutarch he studied so thoroughly, and with such profound admiration, that his whole soul became imbued with the spirit of these illustrious men. All the thrilling scenes of Grecian and Roman story, the rise and fall of empires, and deeds of heroic daring absorbed his contemplation. Even at this early period of his life, and in all subsequent years, he expressed utter contempt for those enervating tales of fiction, with which so many of the readers of the present day are squandering their time and enfeebling their energies. It may be doubted whether he ever wasted an hour upon such worthless reading. When afterward seated

upon the throne of France, he would not allow a novel to be brought into the palace; and has been known to take such a book from the hands of a maid of honor, and after giving her a severe reprimand to throw it into the fire. So great was his ardor for intellectual improvement, that he considered every day as lost in which he had not made perceptible progress in knowledge. By this rigid mental discipline he acquired that wonderful power of concentration by which he was ever enabled to simplify subjects the most difficult and complicated.

He made no efforts to conciliate the good-will of his fellow-students; and he was so stern in his morals and so unceremonious in his manners that he was familiarly called the Spartan. At this time he was distinguished by his Italian complexion, a piercing eagle eye, and by that energy of conversational expression which, through life, gave such an oracular import to all his utterances. His unremitting application to study, probably impaired his growth, for his fine head was developed disproportionately with his small stature. Though stubborn and self-willed in his intercourse with his equals, he was a firm friend of strict discipline, and gave his support to established authority. This trait of character, added to his diligence and brilliant attainments, made him a great favorite with the professors. There was, however, one exception. Napoleon took no interest in the study of the German language. The German teacher consequently, entertained a very contemptible opinion of the talents of his pupil. It chanced that upon one occasion Napoleon was absent from the class. M. Bouer, upon inquiring, ascertained that he was employed that hour in the class of engineers. "Oh! he does learn something, then," said the teacher, ironically. "Why, sir!" a pupil rejoined; "he is esteemed the very first mathematician in the school." "Truly," the irritated German replied, "I have always heard it remarked, and have uniformly believed, that any fool, and none but a fool, could learn mathematics." Napoleon afterward relating this anecdote, laughingly said, "It would be curious to ascertain whether M. Bouer lived long enough to learn my real character, and enjoy the fruits of his own judgment."

Each student at Brienne had a small portion of land allotted to him, which he might cultivate, or not, as he pleased. Napoleon converted his little field into a garden. To prevent intrusion, he surrounded it with palisades, and planted it thickly with trees. In the centre of this, his fortified camp, he constructed a pleasant bower, which became to him a substitute for the beloved grotto he had left in Corsica. To this grotto he was wont to repair to study and to meditate, where he was exposed to no annoyances from his frivolous fellow-students. In those trumpet-toned proclamations which subsequently so often electrified Europe, one can see the influence of these hours of unremitting mental application.

At that time he had few thoughts of any glory but military glory. Young men were taught

that the only path to renown was to be found through fields of blood. All the peaceful arts of life, which tend to embellish the world with competence and refinement, were despised. He only was the chivalric gentleman, whose career was marked by conflagrations and smouldering ruins, by the despair of the maiden, the tears and woe of widows and orphans, and by the shrieks of the wounded and the dying. Such was the school in which Napoleon was trained. The writings of Voltaire and Rousseau had taught France, that the religion of Jesus Christ was but a fable; that the idea of accountability at the bar of God was a foolish superstition; that death was a sleep from which there was no awaking; that life itself, aimless and objectless, was so worthless a thing that it was a matter of most trivial importance how soon its vapor should pass away. These peculiarities in the education of Napoleon must be taken into account in forming a correct estimate of his character. It could hardly be said that he was educated in a Christian land. France renounced Christianity and plunged into the blackest of Pagan darkness, without any religion, and without a God. Though the altars of religion were not, at this time, entirely swept away, they were thoroughly undermined by that torrent of infidelity which, in crested billows, was surging over the land. Napoleon had but little regard for the lives of others and still less for his own. He never commanded the meanest soldier to go where he was not willing to lead him. Having never been taught any correct ideas of probation or retribution, the question whether a few thousand illiterate peasants, should eat, drink, and sleep for a few years more or less, was in his view of little importance compared with those great measures of political wisdom which should meliorate the condition of Europe for ages. It is Christianity alone which stamps importance upon each individual life, and which invests the apparent trivialities of time with the sublimities of eternity. It is, indeed, strange that Napoleon, graduating at the schools of infidelity and of war, should have cherished so much of the spirit of humanity, and should have formed so many just conceptions of right and wrong. It is, indeed, strange that surrounded by so many allurements to entice him to voluptuous indulgence and self-abandonment, he should have retained a character, so immeasurably superior in all moral worth, to that of nearly all the crowned heads who occupied the thrones around him.

The winter of 1784 was one of unusual severity. Large quantities of snow fell, which so completely blocked up the walks, that the students at Brienne could find but little amusement without doors. Napoleon proposed, that to beguile the weary hours, they should erect an extensive fortification of snow, with intrenchments and bastions, parapets, ravelins, and horn-works. He had studied the science of fortification with the utmost diligence, and, under his superintendence the works were conceived and executed according to the strictest rules of art. The power

of his mind now displayed itself. No one thought of questioning the authority of Napoleon. He planned and directed while a hundred busy hands, with unquestioning alacrity, obeyed his will. The works rapidly rose, and in such perfection of science, as to attract crowds of the inhabitants of Brienne for their inspection. Napoleon divided the school into two armies, one being intrusted with the defense of the works, while the other composed the host of the besiegers. He took upon himself the command of both bodies,

now heading the besiegers in the desperate assault, and now animating the besieged to an equally vigorous defense. For several weeks this mimic warfare continued, during which time many severe wounds were received on each side. In the heat of the battle, when the bullets of snow were flying thick and fast, one of the subordinate officers, venturing to disobey the commands of his general, Napoleon felled him to the earth, inflicting a wound which left a scar for life.

In justice to Napoleon it must be related that



THE SNOW FORT.

when he had attained the highest pitch of grandeur, this unfortunate school-boy, who had thus experienced the rigor of Napoleon's military discipline, sought to obtain an audience with the Emperor. Calamities had darkened the path of the unfortunate man, and he was in poverty and obscurity. Napoleon, not immediately recalling his name to mind, inquired if the applicant could designate some incident of boyhood which would bring him to his recollection. "Sire!" replied the courtier; "he has a deep scar upon his forehead which he says was inflicted by your hand." "Ah!" rejoined Napoleon, smiling; "I know the meaning of that scar perfectly well. It was caused by an ice bullet which I hurled at his head. Bid him enter." The poor man made his appearance, and immediately obtained from Napoleon every thing that he requested.

At one time the students at Brienne got up a private theatre for their entertainment. The wife of the porter of the school, who sold the boys cakes and apples, presented herself at the door of the theatre to obtain admission to see the play, of the death of Cæsar, which was to be performed that evening. Napoleon's sense of decorum was shocked at the idea of the presence of a female among such a host of young

men, and he indignantly exclaimed, in characteristic language, "Remove that woman, who brings here the license of camps."

Napoleon remained in the school at Brienne for five years, from 1779 till 1784. His vacations were usually spent in Corsica. He was enthusiastically attached to his native island, and enjoyed exceedingly rambling over its mountains, and through its valleys, and listening at humble firesides to those traditions of violence and crime with which every peasant was familiar. He was a great admirer of Paoli, the friend of his father and the hero of Corsica. At Brienne the students were invited to dine, by turns, with the principal of the school. One day when Napoleon was at the table, one of the professors, knowing his young pupil's admiration for Paoli, spoke disrespectfully of the distinguished general, that he might tease the sensitive lad. Napoleon promptly and energetically replied, "Paoli, sir, was a great man! he loved his country; and I never shall forgive my father, for consenting to the union of Corsica with France. He ought to have followed Paoli's fortunes and to have fallen with him."

Paoli, who upon the conquest of Corsica had fled to England, was afterward permitted to re-

turn to his native island. Napoleon, though in years but a boy, was, in mind a full-grown man. He sought the acquaintance of Paoli, and they became intimate friends. The veteran general and the manly boy took many excursions together over the island; and Paoli pointed out to his intensely-interested companion, the fields where sanguinary battles had been fought, and the positions which the little army of Corsicans had occupied in the struggle for independence. The energy and decision of character displayed by Napoleon produced such an impression upon the mind of this illustrious man, that he at one time exclaimed, "Oh, Napoleon! you do not at all resemble the moderns. You belong only to the heroes of Plutarch."

Pichegru, who afterward became so celebrated as the conqueror of Holland and who came to so melancholy a death, was a member of the school at Brienne at the same time with Napoleon. Being several years older than the young Corsican, he instructed him in mathematics. The commanding talents and firm character of his pupil deeply impressed the mind of Pichegru. Many years after, when Napoleon was rising rapidly to power, the Bourbons proposed to Pichegru, who had espoused the royalist cause, to sound Napoleon and ascertain if he could be purchased to advocate their claims. "It will be but lost time to attempt it," said Pichegru: "I knew him in his youth. His character is inflexible. He has taken his side, and he will not change it."

One of the ladies of Brienne, occasionally invited some of the school-boys to sup with her at her chateau. Napoleon was once passing the evening with this lady, and, in the course of conversation, she remarked, "Turenne was certainly a very great man: but I should have liked him better had he not burned the Palatinate." "What signifies that," was Napoleon's characteristic remark, "if the burning was necessary to the object he had in view?"* This sentiment, uttered in childhood, is a key to the character of Napoleon. It was his great moral defect. To attain an end which he deemed important, he would ride over every obstacle. He was not a cruel man. He was not a malignant man. It was his great ambition to make himself illustrious by making France the most powerful, enlightened, and happy empire upon the surface of the globe. If, to attain this end, it was necessary to sacrifice a million of lives, he would not shrink from the sacrifice. Had he been educated in the school of Christianity, he might have learned that the end will not sanctify the means. Napoleon was not a Christian.

His character for integrity and honor ever stood very high. At Brienne he was a great favorite with the younger boys, whose rights he defended against the invasions of the older.

* Turenne was a marshal of France, and a distinguished military leader in the reign of Louis XIV. He marched an invading army into the Palatinate, a province of Germany, on the Rhine, and spread devastation every where around him. From the top of his castle at Mannheim, the Elector of the Palatinate, at one time saw two of his cities and twenty-five of his villages in flames.

The indignation which Napoleon felt at this time, in view of the arrogance of the young nobility, produced an impression upon his character, the traces of which never passed away. When his alliance with the royal house of Austria was proposed, the Emperor Francis, whom Napoleon very irreverently called "an old granny,"* was extremely anxious to prove the illustrious descent of his prospective son-in-law.

He accordingly employed many persons to make researches among the records of genealogy, to trace out the grandeur of his ancestral line. Napoleon refused to have the account published, remarking, "I had rather be the descendant of an honest man than of any petty tyrant of Italy. I wish my nobility to commence with myself, and to derive all my titles from the French people. I am the Rodolph of Hapsburg of my family. My patent of nobility dates from the battle of Montenotte."†

Upon the occasion of this marriage the Pope, in order to render the pedigree of Napoleon more illustrious, proposed the canonization of a poor monk, by the name of Bonaparte, who for centuries had been quietly reposing in his grave. "*Holy Father!*" exclaimed Napoleon, "*I beseech you, spare me the ridicule of that step. You being in my power, all the world will say that I forced you to create a saint out of my family.*" To some remonstrances which were made against this marriage Napoleon coolly replied, "I certainly should not enter into this alliance, if I were not aware of the origin of Maria Louise being equally as noble as my own."

Still Napoleon was by no means regardless of that mysterious influence which illustrious descent invariably exerts over the human mind. Through his life one can trace the struggles of those conflicting sentiments. The marshals of France, and the distinguished generals who surrounded his throne, were raised from the rank and file of the army, by their own merit; but he divorced his faithful Josephine, and married a daughter of the Cæsars, that by an illustrious alliance he might avail himself of this universal and innate prejudice. No power of reasoning can induce one to look with the same interest upon the child of Cæsar and the child of the beggar.

Near the close of Napoleon's career, while Europe in arms was crowding upon him, the Emperor found himself in desperate and hopeless conflict on that very plain at Brienne, where in childhood he had reared his fortification of snow. He sought an interview with the old woman, whom he had ejected from the theatre, and from whom he had often purchased milk and fruit.

* Some one repeated, to Maria Louisa, this remark of Napoleon. She did not understand its meaning, and went to Talleyrand, inquiring, "What does that mean, Monsieur, *an old granny*, what does it mean?" "It means," the accomplished courtier replied, with one of his most profound bows, "it means a venerable sage."

† Rodolph of Hapsburg, was a gentleman, who by his own energies had elevated himself to the imperial throne of Germany; and became the founder of the house of Hapsburg. He was the ancestor to whom the Austrian kings looked back with the loftiest pride.

"Do you remember a boy by the name of Bonaparte," inquired Napoleon, "who formerly attended this school?" "Yes! very well," was the answer. "Did he always pay you for what he bought?" "Yes;" replied the old woman, "and he often compelled the other boys to pay, when they wished to defraud me." "Perhaps he may have forgotten a few sous," said Napoleon, "and here is a purse of gold to discharge any outstanding debt which may remain between us." At this same time he pointed out to his companion a tree, under which, with unbounded delight, he read, when a boy, Jerusalem Delivered, and where, in the warm summer evenings, with indescribable luxury of emotion, he listened to the tolling of the bells on the distant village-church spires. To such impressions his sensibilities were peculiarly alive. The monarch then turned away sadly from these reminiscences of childhood, to plunge, seeking death, into the smoke and the carnage of his last and despairing conflicts.

It was a noble trait in the character of Napoleon, that in his day of power he so generously remembered even the casual acquaintances of his early years. He ever wrote an exceedingly illegible hand, as his impetuous and restless spirit was such that he could not drive his pen with sufficient rapidity over his paper. The poor writing-master at Brienne was in utter despair, and could do nothing with his pupil. Years after, Napoleon was sitting one day with Josephine, in his cabinet at St. Cloud, when a poor man, with threadbare coat, was ushered into his presence. Trembling before his former pupil, he announced himself as the writing-master of Brienne, and solicited a pension from the Emperor. Napoleon affected anger, and said, "Yes, you were my writing-master, were you? and a pretty chirographist you made of me, too. Ask Josephine, there, what she thinks of my handwriting!" The Empress, with that amiable tact, which made her the most lovely of women, smilingly replied, "I assure you, sir, his letters are perfectly delightful." The Emperor laughed cordially at the well-timed compliment, and made the poor old man comfortable for the rest of his days.

In the days of his prosperity, amidst all the cares of empire, Napoleon remembered the poor Corsican woman, who was the kind nurse of his infancy, and settled upon her a pension of two hundred dollars a year. Though far advanced in life, the good woman was determined to see her little nursling, in the glory of whose exaltation her heart so abundantly shared. With this object in view she made a journey to Paris. The Emperor received her most kindly, and transported the happy woman home again with her pension doubled.

In one of Napoleon's composition exercises at Brienne, he gave rather free utterance to his republican sentiments, and condemned the conduct of the royal family. The professor of rhetoric rebuked the young republican severely for the offensive passage, and to add to the severity of

the rebuke, compelled him to throw the paper into the fire. Long afterward, the professor was commanded to attend a levee of the First Consul to receive Napoleon's younger brother Jerome as a pupil. Napoleon received him with great kindness, but at the close of the business, very good-humoredly reminded him that times were very considerably changed since the burning of that paper.

Napoleon remained in the school of Brienne for five years, from 1779 till 1784. He had just entered his fifteenth year, when he was promoted to the military school at Paris. Annually, three of the best scholars, from each of the twelve provincial military schools of France, were promoted to the military school at Paris. This promotion, at the earliest possible period in which his age would allow his admission, shows the high rank, as a scholar, which Napoleon sustained. The records of the Minister of War contain the following interesting entry:

"State of the king's scholars eligible to enter into service, or to pass to the school at Paris. Monsieur de Bonaparte (Napoleon), born 15th August, 1769; in height five feet six and a half inches; has finished his fourth season; of a good constitution, health excellent, character mild, honest, and grateful; conduct exemplary; has always distinguished himself by application to mathematics; understands history and geography tolerably well; is indifferently skilled in merely ornamental studies, and in Latin, in which he has only finished his fourth course; would make an excellent sailor; deserves to be passed to the school at Paris."

The military school at Paris, which Napoleon now entered, was furnished with all the appliances of aristocratic luxury. It had been founded for the sons of the nobility, who had been accustomed to every indulgence. Each of the three hundred young men assembled in this school had a servant to groom his horse, to polish his weapons, to brush his boots, and to perform all other necessary menial services. The cadet reposed on a luxurious bed, and was fed with sumptuous viands. There are few lads of fifteen who would not have been delighted with the dignity, the ease, and the independence of this style of living. Napoleon, however, immediately saw that this was by no means the training requisite to prepare officers for the toils and the hardships of war. He addressed an energetic memorial to the governor, urging the banishment of this effeminacy and voluptuousness from the military school. He argued that the students should learn to groom their own horses, to clean their armor, and to perform all those services, and to inure themselves to those privations which would prepare them for the exposure and the toils of actual service. No incident in the childhood or in the life of Napoleon shows more decisively than this his energetic, self-reliant, commanding character. The wisdom, the fortitude, and the foresight, not only of mature years, but of the mature years of the most powerful intellect, were here exhibited. The military school which he

afterward established at Fontainebleau, and which obtained such world-wide celebrity, was founded upon the model of this youthful memorial. And one distinguishing cause of the extraordinary popularity which Napoleon afterward secured, was to be found in the fact, that through life he called upon no one to encounter perils, or to endure hardships which he was not perfectly ready himself to encounter or to endure.

At Paris the elevation of his character, his untiring devotion to study, his peculiar conversational energy, and the almost boundless information he had acquired, attracted much attention. His solitary and recluse habits, and his total want of sympathy with most of his fellow students in their idleness, and in their frivolous amusements, rendered him far from popular with the multitude. His great superiority was, however, universally recognized. He pressed on in his studies with as much vehemence as if he had been forewarned of the extraordinary career before him, and that but a few months were left in which to garner up those stores of knowledge with which he was to remodel the institutions of Europe, and almost change the face of the world.

About this time he was at Marseilles on some day of public festivity. A large party of young gentlemen and ladies were amusing themselves with dancing. Napoleon was rallied upon his want of gallantry in declining to participate in the amusements of the evening. He replied, "It is not by playing and dancing that a *man* is to be formed." Indeed he never, from childhood, took any pleasure in fashionable dissipation. He had not a very high opinion of men or women in general. He was perfectly willing to provide amusements which he thought adapted to the capacities of the masculine and feminine minions flitting about the court; but his own expanded mind was so engrossed with vast projects of utility and renown, that he found no moments to spare in cards and billiards, and he was at the furthest possible remove from what may be called a lady's man.

On one occasion a mathematical problem of great difficulty having been proposed to the class, Napoleon, in order to solve it, secluded himself in his room for seventy-two hours; and he solved the problem. This extraordinary faculty of intense and continuous exertion both of mind and body, was his distinguishing characteristic through life. Napoleon did not blunder into renown. His triumphs were not casualties; his achievements were not accidents; his grand conceptions were not the brilliant flashes of unthinking and unpremeditated genius. Never did man prepare the way for greatness by more untiring devotion to the acquisition of all useful knowledge, and to the attainment of the highest possible degree of mental discipline. That he possessed native powers of mind, of extraordinary vigor it is true; but those powers were expanded and energized by Herculean study. His mighty genius impelled to the sacrifice of every indulgence, and to sleepless toil.

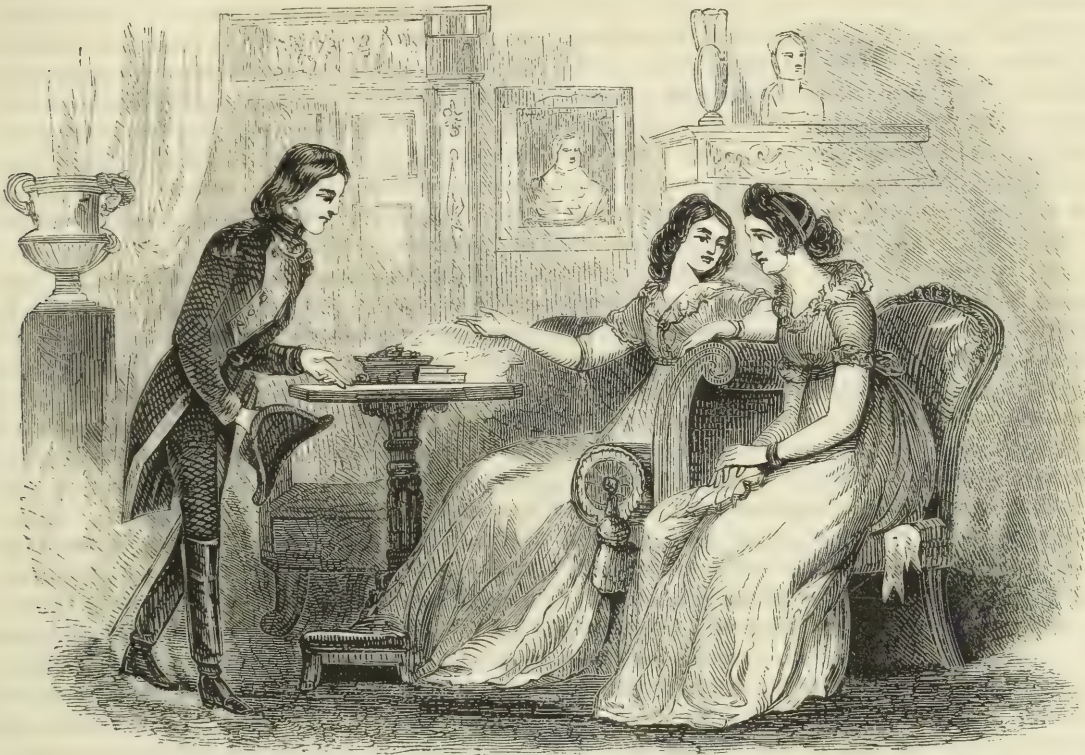
The vigor of Napoleon's mind, so conspicuous in conversation, was equally remarkable in his exercises in composition. His professor of Belles-Lettres remarked that Napoleon's amplifications ever reminded him of "flaming missiles ejected from a volcano." While in the military school at Paris the Abbé Raynal became so forcibly impressed with his astonishing mental acquirements, and the extent of his capacities, that he frequently invited him, though Napoleon was then but a lad of sixteen, to breakfast at his table with other illustrious guests. His mind was at that time characterized by great logical accuracy, united with the most brilliant powers of masculine imagination. His conversation, laconic, graphic, oracular, arrested every mind. Had the vicissitudes of life so ordered his lot, he would undoubtedly have been as distinguished in the walks of literature and in the halls of science, as he became in the field and in the cabinet. That he was one of the profoundest of thinkers all admit; and his trumpet-toned proclamations resounded through Europe, rousing the army to almost a frenzy of enthusiasm, and electrifying alike the peasant and the prince. Napoleon had that comprehensive genius which would have been pre-eminent in any pursuit to which he had devoted the energies of his mind. Great as were his military victories, they were by no means the greatest of his achievements.

In September, 1785, Napoleon, then but sixteen years of age, was examined to receive an appointment in the army. The mathematical branch of the examination was conducted by the celebrated La Place. Napoleon passed the ordeal triumphantly. In history he had made very extensive attainments. His proclamations, his public addresses, his private conferences with his ministers in his cabinet, all attest the philosophical discrimination with which he had pondered the records of the past, and had studied the causes of the rise and fall of empires. At the close of his examination in history, the historical professor, Monsieur Keruglion, wrote opposite to the signature of Napoleon, "A Corsican by character and by birth. This young man will distinguish himself in the world if favored by fortune." This professor was very strongly attached to his brilliant pupil. He often invited him to dinner, and cultivated his confidence. Napoleon in after years did not forget this kindness, and many years after, upon the death of the professor, settled a very handsome pension upon his widow. Napoleon, as the result of this examination, was appointed second lieutenant in a regiment of artillery. He was exceedingly gratified in becoming thus early in life an officer in the army. To a boy of sixteen it must have appeared the attainment of a very high degree of human grandeur.

That evening, arrayed in his new uniform with epaulets and the enormous boots which at that time were worn by the artillery, in an exuberant glow of spirits, he called upon a female friend, Mademoiselle Permon, who afterward became Duchess of Abrantes, and who was re-

garded as one of the most brilliant wits of the imperial court. A younger sister of this lady, who had just returned from a boarding-school, was so much struck with the comical appearance of Napoleon, whose feminine proportions so little accorded with this military costume, that she

burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, declaring that he resembled nothing so much as "Puss in Boots." The railery was too just not to be felt. Napoleon struggled against his sense of mortification, and soon regained his accustomed equanimity. A few days after, to prove that he



LIEUTENANT BONAPARTE.

cherished no rancorous recollection of the occurrence, he presented the mirthful maiden with an elegantly bound copy of *Puss in Boots*.

Napoleon soon, exulting in his new commission, repaired to Valence to join his regiment. His excessive devotion to study had impeded the full development of his physical frame. Though exceedingly thin and fragile in figure, there was a girlish gracefulness and beauty in his form; and his noble brow and piercing eye attracted attention and commanded respect. One of the most distinguished ladies of the place, Madame du Colombier, became much interested in the young lieutenant, and he was frequently invited to her house. He was there introduced to much intelligent and genteel society. In after life he frequently spoke with gratitude of the advantages he derived from this early introduction to refined and polished associates. Napoleon formed a strong attachment for a daughter of Madame du Colombier, a young lady of about his own age and possessed of many accomplishments. They frequently enjoyed morning and evening rambles through the pleasant walks in the environs of Valence. Napoleon subsequently speaking of this youthful attachment said, "We were the most innocent creatures imaginable. We contrived short interviews together. I well remember one which took place, on a midsummer's morning, just as the light began to dawn. It will scarcely be credited that all our felicity consisted in eating cherries together." The vicissi-

tudes of life soon separated these young friends from each other, and they met not again for ten years. Napoleon, then Emperor of France, was, with a magnificent retinue, passing through Lyons, when this young lady, who had since been married, and who had encountered many misfortunes, with some difficulty gained access to him, environed as he was with all the etiquette of royalty. Napoleon instantly recognized his former friend and inquired minutely respecting all her joys and griefs. He immediately assigned to her husband a post which secured for him an ample competence, and conferred upon her the situation of a maid of honor to one of his sisters.

From Valence Napoleon went to Lyons, having been ordered, with his regiment, to that place in consequence of some disturbances which had broken out there. His pay as lieutenant was quite inadequate to support him in the rank of a gentleman. His widowed mother, with six children younger than Napoleon, who was then but seventeen years of age, was quite unable to supply him with funds. This pecuniary embarrassment often exposed the high-spirited young officer to the keenest mortification. It did not, however, in the slightest degree, impair his energies or weaken his confidence in that peculiar consciousness, which from childhood he had cherished, that he was endowed with extraordinary powers, and that he was born to an exalted destiny. He secluded himself from his brother officers, and, keeping aloof from all the haunts of

amusement and dissipation, cloistered himself in his study, and with indefatigable energy devoted himself anew to the acquisition of knowledge, laying up those inexhaustible stores of information and gaining that mental discipline which proved of such incalculable advantage to him in the brilliant career upon which he subsequently entered.

While at Lyons, Napoleon, friendless and poor, was taken sick. He had a small room in the attic of an hotel, where, alone, he lingered through the weary hours of hunger and pain. A lady from Geneva, visiting some friends at Lyons, happened to learn that a young officer was sick in the hotel. She could only ascertain, respecting him, that he was quite young—that his name was Bonaparte—then an unknown name; and that his purse was very scantily provided. Her benevolent feelings impelled her to his bedside. She immediately felt the fascination with which Napoleon could ever charm those who approached him. With unremitting kindness she nursed him, and had the gratification of seeing him so far restored as to be able to rejoin his regiment. Napoleon took his leave of the benevolent lady with many expressions of gratitude for the kindness he had experienced.

After the lapse of years when Napoleon had been crowned Emperor, he received a letter from this lady, congratulating him upon the eminence he had attained, and informing him that disastrous days had darkened around her. Napoleon immediately returned an answer, containing two thousand dollars, and expressing the most friendly assurances of his immediate attention to any favors she might in future solicit.

The Academy at Lyons offered a prize for the best dissertation upon the question: "What are the institutions most likely to contribute to human happiness?" Napoleon wrote upon the subject, and though there were many competitors, the prize was awarded to him. Many years afterward, when seated upon the throne, his Minister Talleyrand sent a courier to Lyons and obtained the manuscript. Thinking it would please the Emperor, he, one day, when they were alone, put the essay into Napoleon's hands, asking him if he knew the author. Napoleon immediately recognizing the writing, threw it into the flames, saying at the same time, that it was a boyish production full of visionary and impracticable schemes. He also, in these hours of unceasing study, wrote a History of Corsica, which he was preparing to publish, when the rising storms of the times led him to lay aside his pen for the sword.

Two great parties, the Royalists and the Republicans, were now throughout France contending for the supremacy. Napoleon joined the Republican side. Most of the officers in the army being sons of the Old Nobility, were of the opposite party; and this made him very unpopular with them. He, however, with great firmness, openly avowed his sentiments, and eagerly watched the progress of those events, which he thought would open to him a career of fame and

fortune. He still continued to prosecute his studies with untiring diligence. He was, at this period of his life, considered proud, haughty, and irascible, though he was loved with great enthusiasm by the few whose friendship he chose to cultivate. His friends appreciated his distinguished character and attainments, and predicted his future eminence. His remarkable logical accuracy of mind, his lucid and energetic expressions, his immense information upon all points of history and upon every subject of practical importance, his extensive scientific attainments, and his thorough accomplishments as an officer, rendered him an object of general observation, and secured for him the respect even of the idlers who disliked his unsocial habits.

About this time, in consequence of some popular tumults at Auxonne, Napoleon, with his regiment, was ordered to that place. He, with some subaltern officers, was quartered at the house of a barber. Napoleon, as usual, immediately, when off of duty, cloistered himself in his room with his law books, his scientific treatises, his histories, and his mathematics. His associate officers loitered through the listless days, coquetting with the pretty wife of the barber, smoking cigars in the shop, and listening to the petty gossip of the place. The barber's wife was quite annoyed at receiving no attentions from the handsome, distinguished, but ungallant young lieutenant. She accordingly disliked him exceedingly. A few years after as Napoleon, then commander of the army of Italy, was on his way to Marengo, he passed through Auxonne. He stopped at the door of the barber's shop and asked his former hostess, if she remembered a young officer by the name of Bonaparte, who was once quartered in her family. "Indeed, I do," was the pettish reply, "and a very disagreeable inmate he was. He was always either shut up in his room or, if he walked out, he never condescended to speak to any one." "Ah! my good woman," Napoleon rejoined; "had I passed my time as you wished to have me, I should not now have been in command of the army of Italy."

The higher nobility and most of the officers in the army were in favor of Royalty. The common soldiers and the great mass of the people were advocates of Republicanism. Napoleon's fearless avowal, under all circumstances, of his hostility to monarchy and his approval of popular liberty, often exposed him to serious embarrassments. He has himself given a very glowing account of an interview at one of the fashionable residences at Auxonne, where he had been invited to meet an aristocratic circle. The revolution was just breaking out in all its terror, and the excitement was intense throughout France. In the course of conversation Napoleon gave free utterance to his sentiments. They all instantly assailed him, gentlemen and ladies, pell-mell. Napoleon was not a man to retreat. His condensed sentences fell like hot shot among the crowd of antagonists who surrounded him. The battle waxed warmer and warmer. There was no one to utter a word in favor of Napoleon.

He was a young man of nineteen, surrounded by veteran generals and distinguished nobles. Like Wellington at Waterloo he was wishing that some "Blucher or night were come." Suddenly the door was opened, and the mayor of the city was announced. Napoleon began to flatter himself that a rescue was at hand, when the little great man in pompous dignity joined the assailants and belabored the young officer at bay, more mercilessly than all the rest. At last the lady of the house took compassion upon her defenseless guest, and interposed to shield him from the blows which he was receiving in the unequal contest.

One evening, in the year 1790, there was a very brilliant party in the drawing-rooms of M. Necker, the celebrated financier. The Bastille had just been demolished. The people, exulting in newly found power, and dimly discerning long-defrauded rights, were trampling beneath their feet, indiscriminately, all institutions, good and bad, upon which ages had left their sanction. The gay and fickle Parisians, notwithstanding the portentous approachings of a storm, the most fearful earth has ever witnessed, were pleased with change, and with reckless curiosity awaited the result of the appalling phenomenon exhibited around them. Many of the higher nobility, terrified at the violence, daily growing more resistless and extended, had sought personal safety in emigration. The tone of society in the metropolis had, however, become decidedly improved by the greater commingling, in all the large parties, of men eminent in talents and in public services, as well as of those illustrious in rank.

The entertainments given by M. Necker, embellished by the presence, as the presiding genius, of his distinguished daughter, Madame de Staël,* were brilliant in the extreme, assembling all the noted gentlemen and ladies of the metropolis. On the occasion to which we refer, the magnificent saloon was filled with men who had attained the highest eminence in literature and science, or who, in those troubled times, had ascended to posts of influence and honor in the state. Mirabeau was there,† with his lofty brow and thun-

der tones, proud of his very ugliness. Talleyrand* moved majestically through the halls, conspicuous for his gigantic proportions and courtly bearing. La Fayette, rendered glorious as the friend of Washington and his companion in arms, had gathered around him a group of congenial spirits. In the embrasure of a window sat Madame de Staël. By the brilliance of her conversational powers she had attracted to her side St. Just, who afterward obtained such sanguinary notoriety; Malesherbes, the eloquent and intrepid advocate of royalty; Lalande, the venerable astronomer; Marmontel and Lagrange, illustrious mathematicians, and others, whose fame was circulating through Europe.

In one corner stood the celebrated Alfieri, reciting with almost maniacal gesticulation his own poetry to a group of ladies. The grave and philosophical Necker was the centre of another group of careworn statesmen, discussing the rising perils of the times. It was an assemblage of all which Paris could afford of brilliance in rank, talent, or station. About the middle of the evening, Josephine, the beautiful, but then neglected wife of M. Beauharnais, was announced, accompanied by her little son Eugène. Madame de Genlis, soon made her appearance, attended by the brother of the king; and, conscious of her intellectual dignity, floated through that sea of brilliance, recognized wherever she approached, by the abundance of perfumery which her dress exhaled. Madame Campan, the friend and companion of Maria Antoinette, and other ladies and gentlemen of the Court were introduced, and the party now consisted of a truly remarkable assemblage of distinguished men and women. Parisian gayety seemed to banish all thoughts of the troubles of the times, and the hours were surrendered to unrestrained hilarity. Servants were gliding through the throng, bearing a profusion of refreshments consisting of delicacies gathered from all quarters of the globe.

As the hour of midnight approached there was a lull in the buzz of conversation, and the guests gathered in silent groups to listen to a musical entertainment. Madame de Staël took her seat at the piano, while Josephine prepared to accompany her with the harp. They both were performers of singular excellence, and the whole assembly was hushed in expectation. Just as they had commenced the first notes of a charm-

* Napoleon, at St. Helena, gave the following graphic and most discriminating sketch of the character of Madame de Staël. "She was a woman of considerable talent and great ambition; but so extremely intriguing and restless, as to give rise to the observation, that she would throw her friends into the sea, that, at the moment of drowning, she might have an opportunity of saving them. Shortly after my return from the conquest of Italy, I was accosted by her in a large company, though at that time I avoided going out much in public. She followed me every where, and stuck so close that I could not shake her off. At last she asked me, 'Who is at this moment the first woman in the world?' intending to pay a compliment to me, and thinking that I would return it. I looked at her, and replied, 'She, madame, who has borne the greatest number of children,' an answer which greatly confused her." From this hour she became the unrelenting enemy of Napoleon.

† "Few persons," said Mirabeau, "comprehend the power of my ugliness." "If you would form an idea of my looks," he wrote to a lady who had never seen him, "you must imagine a tiger who has had the small-pox." "The life of Mirabeau," says Sydney Smith, "should

embrace all the talents and all the vices, every merit and every defect, every glory and every disgrace. He was student, voluptuary, soldier, prisoner, author, diplomatist, exile, pauper, courtier, democrat, orator, statesman, traitor. He has seen more, suffered more, learned more, felt more, done more, than any man of his own or any other age."

* Talleyrand, one of the most distinguished diplomatists, was afterward elevated by the Emperor Napoleon to be Grand Chamberlain of the Empire. He was celebrated for his witticisms. One day Mirabeau was recounting the qualities which, in those difficult times, one should possess to be minister of state. He was evidently describing his own character, when, to the great mirth of all present, Talleyrand archly interrupted him with the inquiry, "*He should also be pitted with the small-pox, should he not?*"

ing duet the door of the saloon was thrown open, and two new guests entered the apartment. The one was an elderly gentleman, of very venerable aspect, and dressed in the extreme of simplicity. The other was a young man, very small, pale, and slender. The elderly gentleman was immediately recognized by all as the Abbé Raynal, one of the most distinguished philosophers of France; but no one knew the pale, slender, fragile youth who accompanied him. They both, that they might not interrupt the music, silently took seats near the door. As soon as the performance was ended, and the ladies had received those compliments which their skill and taste elicited, the Abbé approached Madame de Staël, accompanied by his young protégé, and introduced him as Monsieur Napoleon Bonaparte. Bonaparte! that name which has since filled the world, was then plebeian and unknown, and upon its utterance many of the proud aristocrats in that assembly shrugged their shoulders, and turned contemptuously away to their conversation and amusement.

Madame de Staël had almost an instinctive perception of the presence of genius. Her attention was instantly arrested by the few remarks with which Napoleon addressed her. They were soon engaged in very animated conversation. Josephine and several other ladies joined them. The group grew larger and larger as the gentlemen began to gather around the increasing circle. "Who is that young man who thus suddenly has gathered such a group around him?" the proud Alfieri condescended to ask of the Abbé Raynal. "He is," replied the Abbé, a protégé of mine, and a young man of very extraordinary talent. He is very industrious, well read, and has made remarkable attainments in history, mathematics, and all military science." Mirabeau came stalking across the room, lured by curiosity to see what could be the source of the general attraction. "Come here! come here!" said Madame de Staël, with a smile, and in an under tone. "We have found a little great man. I will introduce him to you, for I know that you are fond of men of genius."

Mirabeau very graciously shook hands with Napoleon, and entered into conversation with the untitled young man, without assuming any airs of superiority. A group of distinguished men now gathered round them, and the conversation became in some degree general. The Bishop of Autun commended Fox and Sheridan for having asserted that the French army, by refusing to obey the orders of their superiors to fire upon the populace, had set a glorious example to all the armies of Europe; because, by so doing, they had shown that men by becoming soldiers did not cease to be citizens.

"Excuse me, my lord," exclaimed Napoleon, in tones of earnestness which arrested general attention, "if I venture to interrupt you; but as I am an officer I must claim the privilege of expressing my sentiments. It is true that I am very young, and it may appear presumptuous in me to address so many distinguished men; but

during the last three years I have paid intense attention to our political troubles. I see with sorrow the state of our country, and I will incur censure rather than pass unnoticed principles which are not only unsound but which are subversive of all government. As much as any one I desire to see all abuses, antiquated privileges, and usurped rights annulled. Nay! as I am at the commencement of my career, it will be my best policy as well as my duty to support the progress of popular institutions, and to promote reform in every branch of the public administration. But as in the last twelve months I have witnessed repeated alarming popular disturbances, and have seen our best men divided into factions which threaten to be irreconcilable, I sincerely believe that now *more than ever*, a strict discipline in the army is absolutely necessary for the safety of our constitutional government and for the maintenance of order. Nay! if our troops are not compelled unhesitatingly to obey the commands of the executive, we shall be exposed to the blind fury of democratic passions, which will render France the most miserable country on the globe. The ministry may be assured that if the daily increasing arrogance of the Parisian mob is not repressed by a strong arm, and social order rigidly maintained, we shall see not only this capital, but every other city in France, thrown into a state of indescribable anarchy, while the real friends of liberty, the enlightened patriots, now working for the best good of our country, will sink beneath a set of demagogues, who, with louder outcries for freedom on their tongues, will be in reality but a horde of savages worse than the Neros of old."

These emphatic sentences uttered by Napoleon, with an air of authority which seemed natural to the youthful speaker, caused a profound sensation. For a moment there was perfect silence in the group, and every eye was riveted upon the pale and marble cheek of Napoleon. Neckar and La Fayette listened with evident uneasiness to his bold and weighty sentiments, as if conscious of the perils which his words so forcibly portrayed. Mirabeau nodded once or twice significantly to Tallyrand, seeming thus to say "that is exactly the truth." Some turned upon their heels, exasperated at this fearless avowal of hostility to democratic progress. Alfieri, one of the proudest of aristocrats, could hardly restrain his delight, and gazed with amazement upon the intrepid young man. "Condorcet," says an eye witness, "nearly made me cry out, by the squeezes which he gave my hand at every sentence uttered by the pale, slender, youthful speaker."

As soon as Napoleon had concluded, Madame de Staël, turning to the Abbé Raynal, cordially thanked him for having introduced her to the acquaintance of one, cherishing views as a statesman so profound, and so essential to present emergencies. Then turning to her father and his colleagues, she said, with her accustomed air of dignity and authority, "Gentlemen, I hope

that you will heed the important truths which you have now heard uttered." The young Napoleon, then but nineteen years of age, thus suddenly became the most prominent individual in that whole assembly. Wherever he moved many eyes followed him. He had none of the airs of a man of fashion. He made no attempts at displays of gallantry. A peaceful melancholy seemed to overshadow him, as, with an abstracted air, he moved through the glittering throng, without being, in the slightest degree dazzled by its brilliance. The good old Abbé Raynal appeared quite enraptured in witnessing this triumph of his young protégé.

Soon after this, in September, 1791, Napoleon, then twenty years of age, on furlough, visited his native island. He had recently been promoted to a first-lieutenancy. Upon returning to the home of his childhood, to spend a few months in rural leisure, the first object of his

attention was to prepare for himself a study, where he could be secluded from all interruption. For this purpose he selected a room in the attic of the house, where he would be removed from all the noise of the family. Here, with his books spread out before him, he passed days and nights of the most incessant mental toil. He sought no recreation; he seldom went out; he seldom saw any company. Had some guardian angel informed him of the immense drafts which, in the future, were to be made upon his mind, he could not have consecrated himself with more sleepless energy, to prepare for the emergency. The life of Napoleon presents the most striking illustration of the truth of the sentiment,

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

One cloudless morning, just after the sun had



THE WATER-EXCURSION.

risen, he was sauntering along by the sea-shore, in solitary musings, when he chanced to meet a brother officer, who reproached him with his unsocial habits, and urged him to indulge, for once, in a pleasure excursion. Napoleon, who had, for some time, been desirous of taking a survey of the harbor, and of examining some heights, upon the opposite side of the gulf, which, in his view, commanded the town of Ajaccio, consented to the proposal, upon the condition that his friend should accompany him upon the water. They made a signal to some sailors on board a vessel riding at anchor, at some distance from the shore, and were soon in a boat propelled by vigorous rowers. Napoleon seated himself at the stern, and taking from his pocket a ball of pack-thread, one end of which he had fastened upon the shore, commenced the

accurate measurement of the width of the gulf. His companion, feeling no interest in the survey, and seeking only listless pleasure, was not a little annoyed in having his amusement thus converted into a study for which he had no relish. When they arrived at the opposite side of the bay, Napoleon insisted upon climbing the heights. Regardless of the remonstrances of his associate, who complained of hunger, and of absence from the warm breakfast which was in readiness for him, Napoleon persisted in exploring the ground. Napoleon in describing the scene says: "My companion, quite uninterested in researches of this kind, begged me to desist. I strove to divert him, and to gain time to accomplish my purpose, but appetite made him deaf. If I spoke to him of the width of the bay, he replied that he was hungry, and that his warm

breakfast was cooling. If I pointed out to him a church steeple or a house, which I could reach with my bomb-shells, he replied, "Yes, but I have not breakfasted." At length, late in the morning, we returned, but the friends with whom he was expecting to breakfast, tired of the delay, had finished their repast, so that, on his arrival he found neither guests nor banquet. He resolved to be more cautious in future as to the companion he would choose, and the hour in which he would set out, on an excursion of pleasure."

Subsequently the English surmounted these very heights by a redoubt, and then Napoleon had occasion to avail himself very efficiently of the information acquired upon this occasion.

THE SOMNAMBULE.

ABOUT twelve months ago André Folitton, a horticulturist and herbalist of St. Cloud, a young man of worth and respectability, was united in marriage to Julienne, daughter of an apothecary of the same place. André and Julienne had long loved each other, and congeniality of disposition, parity of years, and health and strength, as well as a tolerably comfortable set-out in the world, seemed to promise for them many years of happiness. Supremely contented, and equally disposed to render life as pleasant and blithe as possible, the future seemed spread before them, a long vista of peace and pleasantness, and bright were the auguries which rose around them during the early days of their espousal.

Though he loved mirth and fun as much as any one, André was extremely regular in his habits, and every engagement he made was pretty sure of being punctually attended to. Julienne quickly discovered that thrice every week, precisely at seven o'clock in the evening, her husband left his home, to which he returned generally after the lapse of two hours. Whither he went she did not know, nor could she find out.

André always parried her little inquiries with jokes and laughter. She perceived, however, that his excursions might be connected with business in some way or other, for he never expended money, as he would had he gone to a café or estaminet. Julienne's speculations went no further than this. As to the husband and wife, had they been left to themselves, not the slightest interruption of mutual good-feeling would ever have arisen out of this matter.

But it is a long lane which has no turning, and a very slight circumstance gave an unhappy twist to the path which had promised such a direct and pleasant voyage through life. Julienne had almost ceased to puzzle herself about her husband's periodical absences, indeed had ceased to joke when he returned from them, having easily learned—the good-tempered little woman—to consider them as nothing more than some engagement connected with the ordinary course of business. One night, however, a neighbor, Madame Margot, stepped into the bowery cottage

of the young pair to have a chat and a cup of coffee with Madame Folitton. Madame Margot, though she had more words than Julienne, and could keep the conversation going at a more rattling pace, had by no means so sweet and gracious a presence. Her sharp eye and thin lips were true indices to a prying and somewhat ill-natured disposition; and the fact is, that Madame Margot, having several times seen André pass her house alone in the evening, as if taking a walk by himself, had been seized with a strong desire to know "how things were going on" between him and his wife. Madame Margot had never joined other folks in their profuse prophecies of future happiness when André and Julienne were wedded. She was not the woman to do it; her temper had spread her own bed, and her husband's too, with thorns and briars, and so she declared that the happiness of wedded life was something worse than a *mauvaise plaisanterie*. "Eh, bien!" she exclaimed, when folks spoke of André and his wife. "I wish them well, but I have lived too long to suppose that such a beginning as theirs can hold on long! We shall hear different tales by and by!" So Madame Margot, with her sharp eye and thin lips, eager to verify her prognostications, had visited André's house to reconnoitre.

"M. Folitton? he is not here?" said she, in the course of conversation.

"He is from home," answered Julienne; and as she saw the peering expression of Madame Margot's face, she answered in such a manner as to check further inquiry.

"I knew it!" thought Madame Margot. "I was sure there was something wrong!"

"André will be in presently," added Julienne.

"Ah, well," exclaimed her companion, with the look of one resigned to the inconveniences of life. "it is well that he is so attentive to business; and very glad I am to see how much he has upon his hands: early in the morning till late at night. Fortune and leisure await those who work like him."

"You are kind," said Julienne. "It is true that André works very hard. Let me fill your cup."

"Ah, Julienne! On your wedding-day, my dear, all the songs were hosannas and jubilates, and it really does seem that you are very happy and comfortable. Is it not so?"

"You are right, Madame Margot. André and I are very happy, and we have many blessings to be thankful for."

"There is one thing," rejoined the wily lady, "which, allow me to say, people who have businesses to look after feel rather strongly. Ay, well do I and Margot know that business interferes terribly with domestic happiness."

"In what manner?" asked Julienne, in some surprise, for Madame Margot's experience did not "come home" to her. "I have never thought so, nor André either, I believe."

"Why, my dear, when people are abroad they can't be at home," continued the inquisitress. "And as I and Margot feel that it is hard we

can be so very little together, I naturally think that other people must feel the same. But, however, we *can* enjoy our little walk in the evening. I am sure, my dear, you would like it all the better if you could do the same."

"I should," said Julianne; "but as André's time is occupied, there is no use thinking about it. I can't think where he goes," added she, unguardedly and pensively.

Madame Margot pricked up her ears.

"Why, my dear!" exclaimed she, lowering her voice, as if about to say something of momentous importance, "do you mean to say that you don't know where he goes so many evenings in the week?" The good lady had always exercised a sharp scrutiny over the movements of her lord, and the bare idea of Julianne being ignorant of André's proceedings excited her indignation and pity.

"I don't know, nor have I ever taken any trouble to know," answered Julianne, frankly and carelessly.

"Well, it's very good of you, I daresay," returned her visitor, with something like contemptuous commiseration in her tone. "But, my friend, you should think how necessary it is that husband and wife should be as one person. It vexes me to find that André does not acquaint you with all his doings—especially with that to which he seems to pay such unflinching attention. You shouldn't let it go on any longer, my dear, for you don't know what may happen. It never smokes but there is fire. No one can tell what might have happened between me and Margot had I not always kept my eyes open: a little watchfulness has saved us worlds of annoyance and trouble." Observing that Julianne looked offended, and was about to say something, Madame Margot dextrously handed her cup with a most gracious and winning bow, and launched into another topic, resolving by all means not to spoil the effect of the stimulants and hints she had let fall.

When André returned this night, Julianne, to his surprise, asked him where he had been, and implored him to tell her. With a serious look he answered that it was impossible, and begged her not to inquire into a matter which in nowise concerned her, and which would cause her no sort of surprise if she knew all. As usual, the two bantered each other over the mystery, and the subject was dropped. But Madame Margot, though she had not succeeded in setting the young folks by the ears, had nevertheless implanted in a woman's breast an ardent desire to probe a secret. Julianne, good as she was, could not vanquish nature, and a curiosity possessed her as strong as Fatima's.

One day as she was glancing over the columns of a newspaper of which André was a constant reader, an advertisement of a peculiar description met her eye. It was headed *La Somnambule*, and announced that Mademoiselle Trompere, whose *prodigieuses facultés* and *lucidité extrême* had caused the greatest astonishment and excitement, continued to give mesmeric

séances on such and such days. Julianne then turned the paper and read other matters, but now and then she looked back at this advertisement, read it again and again, and presently laid it down with a merry little laugh. There was a promise of inviolable secrecy at the end of the announcement: that she regarded particularly. She had heard stories of the wonders of clairvoyance, she was artless, and knew little or nothing of the world, and thought it would be a capital joke to try the power of Mademoiselle Trompere's *lucidité*. She was going into Paris on business the very next day, and she resolved to put her project into execution. She laughed gayly as she anticipated the astonishment her husband would evince while she might let fall, some of these days, when they were alone, that she knew his secret.

Behold the young wife, with sparkling eyes, and a smile upon her fresh lips, wending her way up the long and narrow Rue St. Nicholas in Paris! Arrived at the house of the clairvoyante, she asked at the concierge for Mademoiselle Trompere.

"*Quatrième à gauche!*" cried the porter, and Julianne hurried up the narrow staircase. Arrived at the fourth story, she rang the bell at the door on the left, and awaited the issue of the summons in something like trepidation. The door was opened, and there came forth an old man of really venerable and imposing appearance. Thick locks of curling silver hair were combed back off a high and well-formed forehead; and beneath this appeared a countenance pale, but clear, and of serious and benign expression. Thin, and of middle height, a long dark-green robe-de-chambre made him appear tall, and the little Julianne thought she had never seen so grand an old man before. From his slightly-abstracted air, and a pair of silver-rimmed spectacles still resting on his visage, one would have fancied he had just risen from profound study. Julianne felt quite abashed that she should have interrupted the labors of one who looked so much like a good seer, especially as she thought what a trumpery and childish errand she had come upon. It was with a faltering voice and a deprecating smile that she asked for Mademoiselle Trompere.

"Ah!" exclaimed the old man, as if just awakened to full presence of mind; "you wish to see her? Wait one moment, my child."

He spoke softly and tenderly, conveying the idea that he was good and wise as well as aged. Julianne waited in the lobby of the suite of apartments while he entered the salon. He returned after the lapse of a few minutes, which seemed hours to the visitor, who began to grow nervous, and to feel, to use a common phrase, "ashamed of herself."

"I am sorry," said the old man as he returned, "Mademoiselle is fully engaged to-day. I might have told you so before, but I am forgetful. Can your business be postponed, my child?"

"Oh, indeed, yes!" answered Julianne, readily.

"It is well," continued he. "To-day is Fri-

day: can you return on Monday? Mademoiselle will be most happy to assist in any investigation you may wish to make."

"Really"—commenced Julienne, intending, as haply Mademoiselle Trompere was engaged at present, to have postponed her contemplated interview *sine die*.

"I will tell her to expect you on Monday," said the old man, gently shaking Julienne's unresisting hand. "Pray, what may be your name?"

"Foliton."

"Married, I see," added he, looking at the ring upon her finger. "It is well! Of the Folitons of the Rue St. Lazare?"

"No," said Julienne; "I live at St. Cloud, where M. Foliton is a florist and botanist."

"Ah, I know him: a worthy and clever young man!" answered the seer. And thus, holding her hand, they enjoyed a pleasing and confidential chat.

Julienne, wishing she had never undertaken her adventure, or that, being commenced, it were well over, kept her appointment on the Monday—it being a very common thing for her in the summer-time to start off to Paris. Something was continually being wanted from the vast storehouses of the metropolis. Thus her journey attracted no attention.

When she rang Mademoiselle Trompere's bell this second time, the summons was answered by a little girl, who conducted her into the salon. On entering, she perceived the old man whom she had before seen, writing at a table covered with papers and large books, many of the latter being open. A young woman, dressed in black, and of genteel appearance, but the expression of whose features Julienne did not altogether like, was sitting by the window busied with her crotchet-needles. The latter personage rose from her seat, and inclined her head to Julienne.

"Madame Foliton?"

"Yes."

"My father has prepared me to expect you. I was much engaged when you came the other day, but now I am at your service." She touched the old man whom she called father upon the shoulder, but she had to repeat the operation twice or thrice ere he turned his eyes from his manuscript, so profoundly was his attention engaged thereon. He shifted his position, slowly, raised his spectacles, and rubbed his eyes like one awakened from a dream.

"He studies much," said Mademoiselle Trompere to Julienne, as if by way of apology for the old man's abstraction. "Do you see?—here is Madame Foliton."

"Ah, it is well!" exclaimed he, as, with half sigh half smile, he advanced to the young visitor and shook her hand. "She comes to consult you, my child, as I have told you; and I half suspect the little lady is not so anxious for the mere solving of what seems a riddle to her, as she is to test the truth of clairvoyance; so we must be upon our metal. Saucy little bird! She is not the only one who doubts the wondrous insight

into the mysteries of nature which science has in our day obtained."

Mademoiselle Trompere, the somnambule, then deposited herself in a large and handsome arm-chair, softly cushioned in crimson velvet. She sat upright for a while, and the old man and his daughter looked fixedly at each other, while the former passed his right hand slowly up and down before her face. After eight or ten "passes," her eyes suddenly closed, her face grew white as death, and she sank back in an attitude of complete repose. The old man continued making the "passes" for a minute or two longer, and then going softly round to the back of the somnambule, laid his hand lightly upon her head.

"Mademoiselle is now ready for your interrogations," said he to Julienne.

Poor Julienne was frightened, and had she known beforehand that such a mysterious operation as she had just witnessed would have been necessary to the gratification of her whim, she would rather a thousand times have let it remain unsatisfied. So flurried was she, that she knew not what to ask, and would have been very glad to have paid her fee at once and gone home again without testing the *lucidité extrême*. As if divining her thoughts, the old man turned them into a different channel by himself asking the question which Julienne had intended.

"Can you give your visitor any information respecting M. Foliton at St. Cloud?"

"At St. Cloud say you?" said the somnambule, in a low, dreamy voice. "Wait one moment. Ah! now I see him. He is in a large garden. There are workmen round him who ask him questions respecting the labor next to be taken in hand. Now they leave him, each proceeding to his appointed task. M. Foliton goes into his house. He takes a billet from his breast and reads it. I can see the signature: it is *Marie Colonne*."

Julienne started. The old man looked toward her wistfully, and then, as if interpreting her thoughts, asked the somnambule, "Can you read the contents of the billet?"

"It is not very distinct," was the reply; "apparently written in haste. The words are—'*Your fears, Andrè, are needless. What matters it that Fate would seem to demand our eternal separation? Can we not be superior to Fate? Have we not proved it? Do not fail to-night: but this I need not tell you, for since you first discovered the grand mistake of your life, you have not wavered.*'" Monsieur Foliton reads it again and again, and replaces it in his breast. He opens his desk and examines something. I see it now: it is the miniature of a lady. She is young: her hair is very long, her eyes dark and bright."

"It is enough," said Julienne, rising quickly. "Be it true or false, I will hear no more." She moved hurriedly toward the door, as if to escape as quickly as possible from a cruel torment. The old man followed her.

"I forgot," exclaimed the agitated girl, as she

paused and drew from her little glove the stipulated fee.

That very evening Madame Margot repeated her visit, and requested to see Julienne alone. She found her alone, but, as if she had something too weighty to be said in the *salle-à-manger*, she insisted that they should shut themselves up in Julienne's bedroom, while she relieved her loaded mind.

"Ah, poor Julienne!" said she, "I never come to see her of an evening but I find her alone! Poor child! so innocent and unsuspecting too! Well, we all have our trials; but to see one whom I love as if she were my own child so treated, is enough to drive me mad!"

"What do you mean?" asked Julienne, nervously, for her adventure with the clairvoyante had given her a shock.

"My dear, do you mean still to say that you don't know where your husband spends his evenings?"

"It is true; I do not know," said Julienne, blushing deeply; then adding, in a tone which, though meant to be firm and resolute, was painfully faint and timid—"nor do I wish to—"

"Well, my child, *I* happen to know!" exclaimed Madame Margot, her sharp eyes flashing with eager excitement. "By the merest chance in the world I have made the discovery, and I considered it my duty to speak to you directly, in the hope of saving you and your husband, if possible, from much future misery. My love, prepare yourself for what I have to tell:—Your husband repairs to M. Colonne's nearly every evening, and is always admitted and let out by Mademoiselle Marie! She is the one who gives him welcome, and bids him *adieu*! Oh, it is enough to drive one crazy! My tears flowed for you last night, poor Julienne!"

"Oh, *restez tranquille*!" said Julienne, coldly. She had started and trembled upon hearing a tale which coincided so completely with the revelations of the somnambule, but Madame Margot's acrid and triumphant manner roused her indignation, and whether the story she told and the inference she so readily founded upon it were true or false, Julienne heartily wished her away—never to see her malignant eyes or hear her bitter voice again. She was too proud to ask any questions for the sake of proving what foundation her sympathizing companion had for her suspicions. She loved André warmly, and sincerely believed him to be worthy of her love; but there was something in his own secrecy and in the similarity of the different reports which had reached her ears this day which staggered her earnest faith. A dreary feeling overcame her: the radiance of her life was clouded over. The anchor which had held her safely in a tranquil and beautiful bay seemed to have lost its hold suddenly, and now she was tossing upon a strange and restless sea. And Madame Margot watched the quivering of her lip and the fevered flushing of her face, and gloated upon the agony she had caused.

"I have done my errand," said she, "and

now my mind is a little more at ease. Take what steps you think proper, my poor child; the sooner the matter is settled the better for all parties; and if you should have any difficulty, pray do not hesitate to apply to me. It might not yet be too late to prevent mischief."

André came home that night as hearty and good-tempered as ever. He saw that his little wife looked but poorly, and he affectionately inquired what ailed her; caressed her, and tried to comfort and revive her. Indescribably oppressed, she burst into tears. This relieved her, but she was silent and *triste* the rest of the evening. She could not bear to think of telling him what she had heard, and what she felt. Indeed a deep feeling of reproach rose up in her heart as she looked in his frank and sympathetic face; but she could not comprehend the mystery, and felt miserable and crushed.

The days passed on, and André grieved to find his young wife grow no better. At length, satisfied, from the peculiarity of her malady, from her silent behavior, and the strange brooding manner in which he sometimes found her regarding him—feeling assured that the change owed its existence to something relating to himself—he gravely asked her what had brought it about, and solemnly conjured her to conceal nothing from him. So repugnant to her, however, was the idea of exhibiting a feeling so gross, and so unjust to her husband, as she determined to think, was her jealousy, that she still withheld the secret.

She seemed to be pining day by day. André's pain and vexation were as deep as her own sadness. A mutual dissatisfaction was fast springing up between them. While matters were at this pass, Madame Margot, who, like the bats, rarely moved out before the evening, paid her third visit to the house of the botanist. André coming home earlier than usual this night, she spent some time with the husband as well as the wife. Eagerly she watched the behavior of the two, and acutely she judged how things stood. Supper passed, however, without any allusion thereto, and André led madame to the door.

"Poor Julienne!" said she when they were alone. "You do not take care of her; she is looking very so-so."

"It is true," said André, sadly; "I can not understand it. She says she is well, but there is something the matter I am sure."

"Ah! don't tell me!" exclaimed Madame Margot, lifting her right arm, protruding her head, and shaking her forefinger at him. "You can not understand, eh? Ah, I'm too old a bird for that, and I haven't forgotten how *I* was treated once by Margot!"

"What do you mean?" inquired André, seriously.

"Mean! Ah, ah! it is very good, M. Foliton! You should have been made an actor!"

"Madame Margot, I can not joke with you, nor read your riddles. Julienne's ailment is a serious matter to me."

"Well, well! It is amusing to hear him!

But one word in your ear, my good Andrè. How can you expect your poor wife to look happy and pleased when it is known all over St. Cloud that you are forever with Marie Colonne? There!"

"What—what!" cried Andrè; but Madame Margot was off, muttering and tittering as she walked rapidly home. Andrè was thunderstruck. The conversation between him and his young wife when he returned to the room was any thing but satisfactory. He wished to draw from her all she knew; but Julianne was cold and mysterious; and at length the husband became angry, or else feigned to do so, as she half-suspected, by way of a cloak for his misdeeds.

"It seems we did not know much of each other after all," said Andrè, ruefully one day. "After being together so many years too! Had any one told me that so shortly after our marriage my house would be filled with gloom and grief, I should have laughed finely, or taken offense."

"Oh, Andrè, Andrè, Andrè!" cried poor Julianne, laying her face upon his breast, while her tears flowed fast and thick—all the inward pride, which, though creditable to her heart, was capable of effecting so much misunderstanding, completely vanquished. "Why have there been secrets between us? Why have we sought to conceal any thing from each other? I am sure that our love is not dried up, and that there is something mysterious to each of us in the bitterness of these days! We have both had secrets: let me have what blame I may for mine—I can keep it no longer." And then, with some shame and humiliation, she recounted to Andrè the little history of her own feelings and doings—how at first she cared nothing whither he went, or what he did, satisfied that he was good, and that he loved her truly; how Madame Margot had paid her a visit, and had stimulated her curiosity by sarcasm and pity; how she came, after seeing an advertisement in the newspaper, to think of visiting the somnambule, more by way of a joke than any thing else; the revelations that were made to her, and the apparent confirmation they received from what Madame Margot afterward told her. She was in too much fear of making him angry to tell him before; but how could her little head be expected to see through all this, and how withstand the inevitable influences of such a trial?

Andrè was aghast. Trembling with excitement, and muttering imprecations against the clairvoyante and Madame Margot, he bade Julianne quickly prepare to accompany him to Paris. He got his horse and gig ready, and in a few minutes himself and his wife, the latter greatly agitated and alarmed, were proceeding at a rapid pace along the road to Paris. Andrè drove his good horse as he had never been driven before, and the five miles betwixt St. Cloud and the capital were quickly passed. The Rue St. Nicholas was presently gained, and the bell of the somnambule's apartment sharply rung. The old man appeared, looking sage and benev-

olent as ever. His attitude and aspect, imposing and tranquil, somewhat checked the impetuosity of the angry husband. The latter even bowed, and took off his hat as he asked to see Mademoiselle Trompere, but his voice and quick breathing still betrayed his excitement. His eagerness appeared to take the old man by surprise; he looked at Julianne; but her head being turned away, he did not recognize her; and after an instant of consideration, bade them enter. Mademoiselle the clairvoyante was discovered sitting in the same place, and occupied in the same manner, as she had before been found by Julianne. She looked up from her employment, and scanned both husband and wife with a quick, penetrating glance as they advanced toward her. Her features for an instant betrayed some excitement as she noted the flushed cheek and wrathful eye of the former. It was but for an instant, however: almost immediately they were resolved into an expression of perfect nonchalance.

"Woman, your second-sight has cost us dear!" cried Andrè.

"Monsieur!" interrupted Mademoiselle Trompere, sternly.

"Your impositions will bring you into trouble, as they do other people," continued Andrè. "Your lies bear seed—do you know it?—and grow into poison, blighting and working mischief wherever you spread them. If you do not fully contradict the tale you told my silly wife the other day, I will let you know that you carry on a dangerous trade."

"Your wife! My good man, you are mad!" returned the somnambule.

"I am nearly so," said Andrè; "so take care what you say. My wife—look at her—you have seen her before; you need not attempt to deny that. She, in a foolish whim, came to you the other day, and you told her certain falsehoods respecting me, which I now demand that you own to be such. Acknowledge your trick, and I will have no more to say; but refuse, and I go instantly to the préfet of police." The old man stood by with a wandering look, as if stricken with sudden imbecility; but his bolder companion regarded the furious visitor with absolute *sang-froid*, fixing upon him a glance that never wavered.

"My profession, my good man," said she, coldly, leaning back in her cushioned chair, "is to discover truth, not to deny it. People consult me when they find the course of their lives disturbed by secret causes, and when the clearing up of such little mysteries is desirable. Your wife, prompted by a very justifiable and proper curiosity, has availed herself of the grand discovery of which I am an exponent. M. Folitton, you accuse me of falsehood, and ask me to deny what I know to be true. Of course I refuse to do any thing of the sort. Doubtless you think to make yourself appear guiltless in the eyes of the wife whom you have wronged, by frightening a woman, and forcing her to declare that you are perfectly faithful and true. Impostor as you

style me, I am neither weak nor wicked enough for that!"

"Then I must consult the *préfet*," said André.

"And I also," said the clairvoyante. "If necessary, I will not scruple to make manifest to the whole world the truth of the revelations your wife heard from me."

"You are bold, woman!"

"Yes, in common with the meanest living thing, I am bold when attacked. You will not find it easy to turn me to your own account. Try, if you are so disposed, by all means; but as surely as I know the truth, you had better not!" This was uttered with such complete assurance, so firmly and hardily, and her whole demeanor exhibited such supreme defiance of him and reliance upon herself, that André's indignation was turned into bewilderment and perplexity. He abruptly seized the arm of his agitated wife, and drawing it within his own, strode out of the room, telling his contemptuous opponent that she should soon hear what step he would take next. As yet, not a word of reconciliation or explanation had passed between himself and Julianne. He was too proud to make his peace with her before he had fully justified himself, do it how he could.

But the same evening he brought Mademoiselle Marie Colonne and her father and mother to his house, and to them, in the presence of his wife, related the story of his troubles, up to the passage between himself and the lady of vaunted *lucidité* that morning. The worthy family were highly indignant, but displayed much good-feeling toward Julianne, who, sick at heart, was really deserving of commiseration. She in her turn warmly denied that she had been actuated by any feeling of suspicion or jealousy in consulting Mademoiselle Trompere: she had done a very silly thing, and should repent it as long as she lived; but it was merely a careless whim, and indeed was contemplated more as a joke than any thing else, for being sure that André was faithful to her, she never had an idea that misunderstanding and misery to herself, induced by remarkable coincidences, would result from what she did. She was now perfectly satisfied, and trusted that Marie and her husband would forgive her.

"That all may be made perfectly clear," said André, "let me now say that, in thinking over it, as I never happened to do before, I can hardly wonder Julianne took my frequent absences and my secrecy concerning them amiss. I never dreamed that misery would happen from a husband concealing so small a matter from his wife; but I now see how very possible it is, and in future am resolved never to refuse to answer when she inquires where I have been."

He then explained to his wife that he had been a member of one of those secret clubs which sprang up in such numbers all over France, but especially in the neighborhood of Paris, immediately after the Revolution of 1848. M. Colonne was the president of that club, and at his house its meetings were held. All society

was one great vortex of antagonistic parties; and this club, consisting of several of the substantial inhabitants of St. Cloud, owed its birth to the anxiety so very commonly felt by the lovers of order and quiet to lay down for themselves some unanimous and practical course of conduct in the event of another outbreak. The continuance of tranquillity had for the present, however, caused its dissolution, until, mayhap, another season of disorder and violence should occur; "so in future," said André, "I shall spend my evenings at home!"

Julienne heard this explanation with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret. She humbly asked Marie to forgive her, and was quickly in the embrace of the sympathizing young girl.

M. Colonne, exceedingly wounded by the imputations which had been cast upon the character of his daughter, of whom he was at once fond and proud, paid Madame Margot a visit on his way home, and talked to the old lady in a manner which caused her considerable trepidation, and no doubt went far to check the propensity so strongly developed in the composition of her character for picking holes in her neighbors' jackets. He also resolved to prosecute Mademoiselle Trompere and her confederate. This André was hardly ready to do, being perfectly satisfied, now the misunderstanding was cleared up; but M. Colonne declared that no member of his family should be aspersed with impunity; and even if it were solely on public grounds, to protect the ungarded and the credulous from imposition and misery, he would spend a thousand francs to make an example of the pair. André was very reluctant, however, to carry the affair before the public, and persuaded M. Colonne, in the first place, to visit Mademoiselle Trompere with Marie, and force her to contradict her tale; "Indeed," said he, "they had better all go together, and then the woman would have no possible room for subterfuge or persistence in her calumnies."

They were off to Paris the next day. As it happened, M. Colonne and his daughter preceded André and Julianne at the house of the somnambule. M. Colonne was a man of warm and quick temperament.

"My name is Colonne," said he abruptly, the moment he stood before the somnambule and her father; "this is my daughter Marie. We have made a journey from St. Cloud purposely to inform you that your clairvoyance is defective, and to warn you that, not being overskilled in the profession you now follow, you had better choose another—a more honest and safe one; for when people deal in slanders and lies, they risk intimate acquaintance with police-officers and jails."

"Ah, my father, did I not say so?" exclaimed Mademoiselle Trompere, turning tranquilly to the old man. "I told you we should shortly have a little sequel to the romance of the poor Folittons."

"There will be another little sequel, mademoiselle, unless you quickly apologize to my daughter!" said M. Colonne, warmly.

"M. Colonne," returned the somnambule, coolly, and even dictatorially, "you have no doubt been induced to come here by a parental and honorable feeling; but perhaps you are not aware that you yourself have been duped."

"No, indeed!" said M. Colonne, with a smile; "I am not so easily duped."

"You think so, no doubt," continued Mademoiselle Trompere, smiling in her turn. "Still, it is true: you are a dupe all the time. Your daughter and M. Folitton know it well. They seek to escape suspicion of intrigue—the one from her father, the other from his wife—by boldly facing it out, and seeking to compel me, who happen to know all concerning it, to declare that their virtue and honor are unimpeachable. That I do not choose to do. They might content themselves, if they were wise, with the satisfaction of knowing that such matters as I am engaged to discover, do not go forth to the world, but remain solely betwixt myself and them."

"Admirable!" cried M. Colonne, amazed at this immense impudence.

"Yes," said Mademoiselle Trompere, smiling ironically, "the case is so. Poor M. Folitton the other day was going to turn the world upside down because I would not contradict what I revealed to his wife. He threatened me with the police, and I know not what more. Let him do it: the result will be, that I shall be obliged to prove to the world the truth of all I have said, and in doing that I should not have much difficulty."

"Well, well!" cried M. Colonne, fairly overcome. "Talking is of no use here, I perceive!" and as he and his daughter hurried down the stairs, the triumphant and derisive laughter of the somnambule tended by no means to the restoration of their good temper.

Andrè and his wife were just about to ascend as they arrived at the bottom of the staircase, and to them they related the result of their visit.

Proceedings were now immediately commenced against Mademoiselle Trompere and her alleged father, and the latter shortly found themselves before the tribunal of correctional police. The case was made out so very clearly—Julienne, Marie, and Andrè, the sole parties whom the revelations of the sybil concerned, being arrayed against her—that she was immediately convicted of imposture, and the old man as a confederate. In the course of the trial the wig of silver hair was unceremoniously lifted from the head of the male prisoner by an officer of police. The change effected in his appearance by this simple operation was remarkable, and greatly to his disadvantage. The officer then read from his police record a list of no fewer than nine convictions for imposition and misconduct against the aged sinner. The female was truly, it appeared, his daughter. They had visited many parts of France and Belgium under different names, and the diligent inquiries of the police had been successful in establishing against them a long course of guilt—one scheme of imposture having been

tried after another, and each terminated by disgrace and punishment. They were now sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a thousand francs' fine.

All has gone brightly and pleasantly at Andrè's house since this unpleasant affair, and so will continue, it is my belief. Husband and wife seem on better terms with each other than ever. Madame Margot sedulously keeps herself out of the way of the Folittons and the Colonnees, nor do I suppose she will ever take coffee with Julienne any more.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THO^s. MORE.*

LIBELLUS A MARGARETA MORE,
QUINDECIM ANNOS NATA, CHELSEIÆ INCEPTVS.

"Nulla dies sine linea."

SOE my fate is settled. Who knoweth at sunrise what will chance before sunsett? No; the Greeks and Romans mighte speake of chance and of fate, but we must not. Ruth's *hap* was to light on y^e field of Boaz: but what she thought casual, y^e Lord had contrived.

Firste, he gives me y^e marmot. Then, the marmot dies. Then, I, having kept y^e creature soe long, and being naturallie tender, must cry a little over it. Then Will must come in and find me drying mine eyes. Then he must, most unreasonable, suppose that I c^d not have loved the poor animal for its owne sake soe much as for his; and thereupon, falle a love-making in such downrighte earnest, that I, being already somewhat upset, and knowing 'twoulde please father . . . and hating to be perverse . . . and thinking much better of Will since he hath studded soe hard, and given soe largelie to y^e poor, and left off broaching his heteroclitie opinions. . . I say, I supposed it must be soe, some time or another, soe 'twas noe use hanging back for ever and ever, soe now there's an end, and I pray God give us a quiet life.

Noe one w^d suppose me reckoning on a quiet life if they knew how I've cried alle this forenoon, ever since I got quit of Will, by father's carrying him off to Westminster. He'll tell father, I know, as they goe along in the barge, or else coming back, which will be soone now, though I've ta'en no heed of the hour. I wish 'twere cold weather, and that I had a sore throat or stiff neck, or somewhat that might reasonable send me a-bed, and keep me there till to-morrow morning. But I'm quite well, and 'tis the dog-days, and cook is thumping the rolling-pin on the dresser, and dinner is being served, and here comes father.

Father hath had some words with the Cardinall. 'Twas touching the draught of some forayn treaty which y^e Cardinall offered for his criticism, or rather, for his commendation, which father c^d not give. This nettled his Grace, who exclaimed,—“By the mass, thou art the veriest fool of all the council.” Father, smiling, rejoined, “God be thanked, the King our master hath but one fool therein.”

* Continued from the July Number.

The Cardinall may rage, but he can't rob him of the royal favour. The King was here yesterday, and walked for an hour or soe about the garden, with his arm round father's neck. Will coude not help felicitating father upon it afterwards; to which father made answer, "I thank God I find his Grace my very good lord indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as any subject within this realm. Howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee between ourselves, I feel no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France, it shoulde not fail to fly off."

—Father is graver than he used to be. No wonder. He hath much on his mind; the calls on his time and thoughts are beyond belief: but God is very good to him. His favour at home and abroad is immense: he hath good health, soe have we alle; and his family are established to his mind and settled alle about him, still under y^e same fostering roof. Considering that I am the most ordinarie of his daughters, 'tis singular I s^d have secured the best husband. Daisy lives peaceable with Rupert Allington, and is as indifferent, me seemeth, to him as to all y^e world beside. He, on his part, loves her and their children with devotion, and woulde pass half his time in y^e nurserie. Dancey always had a hot temper, and now and then plagues Bess; but she lets noe one know it but me. Sometimes she comes into my chamber and cries a little, but the next kind word brightens her up, and I verilie believe her pleasures far exceed her payns. Giles Heron lost her through his own fault, and might have regained her good opinion after all, had he taken half the pains for her sake he now takes for her younger sister: I cannot think how Cecy can favour him; yet I suspect he will win her, sooner or later. As to mine own deare Will, 'tis the kindest, purest nature, the finest soul, the . . . and yet how I was senselesse enow once to undervalue him.

Yes, I am a happy wife; a happy daughter; a happy mother. When my little Bill stroaked dear father's face just now, and murmured "pretty!" he burst out a-laughing, and cried,—

"You are like the young Cyrus, who exclaimed, —'Oh! mother, how pretty is my grandfather!' And yet, according to Xenophon, the old gentleman was soe rouged and made up, as that none but a child woulde have admired him!"

"That's not the case," I observed, "with Bill's grandfather."

"He's a More all over," says father, fondly. "Make a pun, Meg, if thou canst, about Amor, Amore, or Amores. 'Twill onlie be the thousand and first on our name. Here, little knave, see these cherries: tell me who thou art, and thou shalt have one. 'More! More!' I knew it, sweet villain. Take them all."

I oft sitt for an hour or more, watching Hans Holbein at his brush. He hath a rare gift of limning; and has, besides, the advantage of deare Erasmus his recommendation, for whom he hath alreddie painted our likenesses, but I think he has made us very ugly. His portraiture

of my grandfather is marvellous; ne'erthelesse, I look in vayne for y^e spirituellitie which our Lucchese friend, Antonio Bonvisi, tells us is to be found in the productions of y^e Italian schools.

Holbein loves to paint with the lighte coming in upon his work from above. He says a lighte from above puts objects in their proper lighte, and shews their just proportions; a lighte from beneath reverses alle y^e naturall shadows. Surelie, this hath some truth if we spirituallize it?

Rupert's cousin, Rosamond Allington, is our guest. She is as beautiful as . . . not as an angel, for she lacks the look of goodness, but very beautiful indeed. She cometh hither from Hever Castle, her account of y^e affairs whereof I like not. Mistress Anne is not there at present; indeed, she is now always hanging about court, and followeth somewhat too literallie the Scripturall injunction to Solomon's spouse—to forget her father's house. The King likes well enow to be compared with Solomon, but Mistress Anne is not his spouse yet, nor ever will be, I hope. Flattery and Frenchified habitts have spoilt her, I trow.

Rosamond says there is not a good chamber in the castle; even y^e ball-room, which is on y^e upper floor of alle, being narrow and low. On a rainy day, long ago, she and Mistress Anne were playing at shuttlecock therein, when Rosamond's foot tripped at some unevennesse in y^e floor, and Mistress Anne, with a laugh, cried out, "Mind you goe not down into y^e dungeon"—then pulled up a trap-door in the ball-room floor, by an iron ring, and made Rosamond look down into the unknown depth; alle in y^e blacknesse of darkness. 'Tis an awfule thing to have onlie a step from a ball-room to a dungeon. I'm glad we live in a modern house, we have noe such fearsome sights here.

Rosamond is sociable with alle, and mightilie taken with my husband, who, in his grave way, jests with her pleasantlie enough. Daisy, who seldom thinks anything worth giving an opinion on, said yestereven, when they were bantering eache other in Robin Hood's Walk, "I'm glad, Meg, she fancies your husband insteade of mine." 'Twas a foolish speech, and had better have beene left unsaid. What a pity that folks who say soe little shoulde say aught amiss. I have noe jealousy in my composition.

Father, hearing little Tom Allington hammering over y^e 34th Psalm this morning,—

"Child," says he, "don't say O! as unemphaticallie as if 'twere A, E, I, or U. David is labouring to expresse a thought too big for utterance. . . . 'Oh,—*taste* and *see* that the Lord is good.' Try it agayn. That's better, my little man. Yet once more."

I'm glad Rosamond is going. That tiresome saying of Daisy's rankles. A poisoned shaft will infect the soundest flesh. What a pity we ever use such. I never will.

Yes, she's gone, but Will is not happy. Oh,

God, that I should ever know this feeling! We can never be sure of ourselves; we can never be sure of one another; we can never be sure of any but Thee. For Thou art love itself, without a shadowe of turning; and dost even condescend, in Thine exquisite tendernes, to call Thyself a *jealous* God . . . for of whom are we jealous but of those whom we passionately love? And such is the love, not the sternnesse, wherewith Thou sayest unto our souls, "Thou shalt not love any God but me! thou shalt not make to thyself anie earthlie idol! for I the Lord *thy* God am . . . a *jealous* God,"—I cannot bear a rival on my throne, which is your heart. Love me firste, him next, even as much as you love yourself; and then I will bless you both.

Fecisti nos, etc.

Sancta mater, ora pro nobis, ora, ora.

Alas! am I awake, or dreaming still? He beganne to talk indistinctlie in his sleep last night, and as I cannot beare to heare people speak when they sleep but their heart waketh, I gently shooke him, and made him turn about; but not until that he had distinctlie exclaimed, "Tu, Jesu, es justicia mea." Thereon, a sudden light broke in on me, and I felt, I know not how to expresse what sense of relief, at the apprehension that his disquietation was not for Rosamond, but on y^e old count of justification by faith. Waking up, he says,—“Oh, sweet Meg, I am soe unhappy,” and gives way to tears; but I try to relieve him. But the matter is too hard for me; we cannot unravel it, soe he holds his peace, and sleeps, or affects to sleep, the while I pray to every saint in y^e calendar.

I am glad I did him injustice; which is a strange thing for a wife to say.

How many, many tears have I shed! Poor, imprudent Will!

To think of his escape from y^e Cardinall's fangs, and yet that he will probablie repeat y^e offence. This morning father and he had a long, and, I fear me, fruitless debate in the garden; on returning from which, father took me aside and said,—

“Meg, I have borne a long time with thine husband; I have reasoned and argued with him, and still given him my poor, fatherly counsel; but I perceive none of alle this can call him home agayn. And therefore, Meg, I will no longer dispute with him.” . . . “Oh, father!” . . . “Nor yet will I give him over; but I will set another way to work, and get me to God and pray for him.”

And have I not done so alreadie?

I feare me they parted unfriendlie; I hearde father say, “Thus much I have a right to bind thee to, that thou indoctrinate not her in thine own heresies. Thou shalt not imperill the salvation of my child.”

Since this there has beene an irresistibile gloom on our spiritts, a cloud between my husband's

soul and mine, without a word spoken. I pray, but my prayers seem dead.

. . . Last night, after seeking unto this saint and that, methought “why not applie unto y^e fountain head? Maybe these holy spiritts may have limitations sett to y^e power of theire intercessions—at anie rate, the ears of Mary-mother are open to alle.”

Soe I beganne, “Pia mater, fons amoris.” . . .

Then, methoughte, “but I am onlie asking *her* to intercede—I'll mount a step higher still.” . . .

Then I turned to y^e great Intercessor of alle. But methought, “Still he intercedes with another, although the same. And his owne saying was, ‘In that day ye shall ask *me* nothing. Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, *he* will give it you.’” Soe I did.

I fancy I fell asleep with y^e tears on my cheek. Will had not come up stairs. Then came a heavie, heavie sleep, not such as giveth rest; and a dark, wild dream. Methought I was tired of waiting for Will, and became alarmed. The night seemed a month long, and at last I grew soe weary of it, that I arose, put on some clothing, and went in search of him whom my soul loveth. Soon I founde him, sitting in a muse; and said, “Will, deare Will?” but he hearde me not; and, going up to touch him, I was amazed to be brought short up or ever I reached him, by something invisible betwixt us, hard, and cleare, and colde, . . . in short, a wall of ice! Soe it seemed, in my strange dreame. I pushed at it, but could not move it; called to him, but could not make him hear: and all y^e while my breath, I suppose, raised a vapor on the glassy substance, that grew thicker and thicker, soe as slowlie to hide him from me. I could discern his head and shoulders, but not see down to his heart. Then I shut mine eyes in despair, and when I opened 'em, he was hidden altogether.

Then I prayed. I put my hot brow agaynst y^e ice, and I kept a weeping hot tears, and y^e warm breath of prayer kept issuing from my lips; and still I was persisting, when, or ever I knew how, y^e ice beganne to melt! I felt it giving way! and, looking up, could in joyfulle surprise, just discern the lineaments of a figure close at t'other side; y^e face turned away, but yet in the guise of listening. And, images being apt to seem magnified and distorted through vapours, methought 'twas altogether bigger than Will, yet himself, nothingthelesse; and, y^e barrier between us having sunk away to breast-height, I layd mine hand on's shoulder, and he turned his head, smiling, though in silence; and . . . oh, heaven! 'twas not Will, but —.

What could I doe, even in my dreame, but fall at his feet? What could I doe, waking, but the same? 'Twas grey of morn; I was feverish and unrefreshed, but I wanted noe more lying-abed. Will had arisen and gone forthe; and I, as quicklie as I could make myself readie, sped after him.

I know not what I expected, nor what I meant to say. The moment I opened the door of his closett, I stopt short. There he stooode, in the

centre of the chamber; his hand resting flat on an open book, his head raised somewhat up, his eyes fixed on something or some one, as though in speaking communion with 'em; his whole visage lightened up and glorified with an unspeakable calm and grandeur that seemed to transfigure him before me; and, when he heard me away, he turned about, and 'steade of histing me away, helde out his arms. . . . We parted without neede to utter a word.

Events have followed too quick and thick for me to note 'em. Firste, father's embassade to Cambray, which I shoulde have grieved at more on our owne accounts, had it not broken off alle further collision with Will. Thoroughlie homesick, while abroad, poor father was; then, on his return, he noe sooner sett his foot a-land, than y^e King summoned him to Woodstock. 'Twas a couple o' nights after he left us, that Will and I were roused by Patteson's shouting beneath our window, "Fire, fire, quoth Jeremiah!" and the house was a-fire sure enow. Greate part of y^e men's quarter, together with alle y^e out-houses and barns, consumed without remedie, and alle through y^e carelessness of John Holt. Howbeit, noe lives were lost, nor any one much hurt; and we thankfullie obeyed deare father's behest, soe soone as we received y^e same, that we woulde get us to church, and there, upon our knees, return humble and harty thanks to Almighty God for our late deliverance from a fear-fulle death. Alsoe, at father's desire, we made up to y^e poor people on our premises theire various losses, which he bade us doe, even if it left him without soe much as a spoon.

But then came an equallie unlookt for, and more appalling event: y^e fall of my Lord Cardinall, whereby my father was shortlie raised to y^e highest pinnacle of professional greatnesse, being made Lord Chancellor, to y^e content, in some sort, of Wolsey himself, who sayd he was y^e onlie man fit to be his successor.

The unheard-of splendour of his installation dazzled the vulgar; while the wisdom that marked y^e admirable discharge of his daylie duties, won y^e respect of alle thinking men, but surprized none who alreadie knew father. On y^e day succeeding his being sworn in, Patteson marched hither and thither bearing a huge placard, inscribed, "Partnership Dissolved;" and appparelled himself in an old suit, on which he had bestowed a coating of black paint, with weepers of white paper; assigning for't that "his brother was dead." "For now," quoth he, "that they've made him Lord Chancellor, we shall ne'er see Sir Thomas more."

Now, although y^e poor Cardinal was commonlie helde to shew much judgment in his decisions, owing to y^e naturall soundness of his understanding, yet, being noe lawyer, abuses had multiplied during his chancellorship, more especiallie in y^e way of enormous fees and gratuities. Father, not content with shunning base lucre in his proper person, will not let anie one under him, to his knowledge, touch a bribe; whereat Dan-

cey, after his funny fashion, complains, saying:

"The fingers of my Lord Cardinall's veriest door-keepers were tipt with gold, but I, since I married your daughter, have got noe pickings; which in your case may be commendable, but in mine is nothing profitable." Father, laughing, makes answer:

"Your case is hard, son Dancey, but I can onlie say for your comfort, that, soe far as honesty and justice are concerned, if mine owne father, whom I reverence dearly, stode before me on y^e one hand, and the devil, whom I hate extremely, on y^e other, yet, the cause of y^e latter being just, I shoulde give the devil his due."

Giles Heron hath found this to his cost. Presuming on his near connexion with my father, he refused an equitable accommodation of a suit, which, thereon, coming into court, father's decision was given flat against him.

His decision against mother was equallie impartiall, and had something comique in it. Thus it befelle. A beggar-woman's little dog, which had beene stolen from her, was offered my mother for sale, and she bought it for a jewel of no greate value. After a week or soe, the owner finds where her dog is, and cometh to make complain't of y^e theft to father, then sitting in his hall. Sayth father, "Let's have a faire hearing in open court; thou, mistress, stand there where you be, to have impartiall justice; and thou, Dame Alice, come up hither, because thou art of y^e higher degree. Now, then, call each of you the puppy, and see which he will follow." Soe Sweetheart, in spite of mother, springs off to y^e old beggar-woman, who, unable to keep from laughing, and yet moved at mother's losse, sayth:

"Tell'ee what, mistress . . . thee shalt have 'un for a groat."

"Nay," saith mother, "I won't mind giving thee a piece of gold;" soe the bargain was satisfactorily concluded.

Father's despatch of business is such, that, one morning before the end of term, he was tolde there was no other cause nor petition to be sett before him; the which, being a case unparalleled, he desired mighte be formally recorded.

He ne'er commences businesse in his owne court without first stepping into y^e court of King's Bench, and there kneeling down to receive my grandfather's blessing. Will sayth 'tis worth a world to see y^e unction with which the deare old man bestows it on him.

In Rogation-week, following the Rood as usuall, round y^e parish, Heron counselled him to go a horseback for y^e greater seemlinesse, but he made answer that 'twoulde be unseemlie indeede for y^e servant to ride after his master going a-foot.

His grace of Norfolk, coming yesterday to dine with him, finds him in the church-choir, singing, with a surplice on.

"What!" cries y^e Duke, as they walk home together, "my Lord Chancellor playing the parish clerk? Sure, you dishonor the King and his office."

"Nay," says father, smiling, "your grace must not deem that the King, your master and mine, will be offended at my honoring *his* Master."

Sure, 'tis pleasant to heare father taking y^e upper hand of these great folks: and to have 'em coming and going, and waiting his pleasure, because he is y^e man whom y^e King delighteth to honor.

True, indeede, with Wolsey 'twas once y^e same; but father neede not feare y^e same ruin; because he hath Him for his friend, whom Wolsey said would not have forsaken him had he served Him as he served his earthly master. 'Twas a misproud priest; and there's the truth on't. And father is not misproud; and I don't believe we are; though proud of him we cannot fail to be.

And I know not why we may not be pleased with prosperitie, as well as patient under adversitie; as long as we say, "Thou, Lord, hast made our hill soe strong." 'Tis more difficult to bear with comelinesse, doubtlesse; and envious folks there will be; and we know alle things have an end, and everie sweet hath its sour, and everie fountain its fall; but . . . 'tis very pleasant for all that

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REMINISCENCES OF AN ATTORNEY.

THE CHEST OF DRAWERS.

I AM about to relate a rather curious piece of domestic history, some of the incidents of which, revealed at the time of their occurrence in contemporary law reports, may be in the remembrance of many readers. It took place in one of the midland counties, and at a place which I shall call Watley; the names of the chief actors who figured in it must also, to spare their modesty or their blushes, as the case may be, be changed; and should one of those persons, spite of these precautions, apprehend unpleasant recognition, he will be able to console himself with the reflection, that all I state beyond that which may be gathered from the records of the law courts will be generally ascribed to the fancy or invention of the writer. And it is as well, perhaps, that it should be so.

Caleb Jennings, a shoemaker, cobbler, snob—using the last word in its genuine classical sense, and by no means according to the modern interpretation by which it is held to signify a genteel sneak or pretender—he was any thing but that—occupied, some twelve or thirteen years ago, a stall at Watley, which, according to the traditions of the place, had been hereditary in his family for several generations. He may also be said to have flourished there, after the manner of cobblers; for this, it must be remembered, was in the good old times, before the gutta-percha revolution had carried ruin and dismay into the stalls—those of cobblers—which in considerable numbers existed throughout the kingdom. Like all his fraternity whom I have ever fallen in with or heard of, Caleb was a sturdy Radical of the Major Cartwright and Henry

Hunt school; and being withal industrious, tolerably skillful, not inordinately prone to the observance of Saint Mondays, possessed, moreover, of a neatly-furnished sleeping and eating apartment in the house of which the projecting first floor, supported on stone pillars, overshadowed his humble workplace, he vaunted himself to be as really rich as an estated squire, and far more independent.

There was some truth in this boast, as the case which procured us the honor of Mr. Jennings's acquaintance sufficiently proved. We were employed to bring an action against a wealthy gentleman of the vicinity of Watley for a brutal and unprovoked assault he had committed, when in a state of partial inebriety, upon a respectable London tradesman who had visited the place on business. On the day of trial our witnesses appeared to have become suddenly afflicted with an almost total loss of memory; and we were only saved from an adverse verdict by the plain, straightforward evidence of Caleb, upon whose sturdy nature the various arts which soften or neutralize hostile evidence had been tried in vain. Mr. Flint, who personally superintended the case, took quite a liking to the man; and it thus happened that we were called upon some time afterward to aid the said Caleb in extricating himself from the extraordinary and perplexing difficulty in which he suddenly and unwittingly found himself involved.

The projecting first floor of the house beneath which the humble work-shop of Caleb Jennings modestly disclosed itself, had been occupied for many years by an ailing and somewhat aged gentleman of the name of Lisle. This Mr. Ambrose Lisle was a native of Watley, and had been a prosperous merchant of the city of London. Since his return, after about twenty years' absence, he had shut himself up in almost total seclusion, nourishing a cynical bitterness and acrimony of temper which gradually withered up the sources of health and life, till at length it became as visible to himself as it had for some time been to others, that the oil of existence was expended, burnt up, and that but a few weak flickers more, and the ailing man's plaints and griefs would be hushed in the dark silence of the grave.

Mr. Lisle had no relatives at Watley, and the only individual with whom he was on terms of personal intimacy was Mr. Peter Sowerby, an attorney of the place, who had for many years transacted all his business. This man visited Mr. Lisle most evenings, played at chess with him, and gradually acquired an influence over his client which that weak gentleman had once or twice feebly but vainly endeavored to shake off. To this clever attorney, it was rumored, Mr. Lisle had bequeathed all his wealth.

This piece of information had been put in circulation by Caleb Jennings, who was a sort of humble favorite of Mr. Lisle's, or, at all events, was regarded by the misanthrope with less dislike than he manifested toward others. Caleb cultivated a few flowers in a little plot of

ground at the back of the house, and Mr. Lisle would sometimes accept a rose or a bunch of violets from him. Other slight services—especially since the recent death of his old and garrulous woman-servant, Esther May, who had accompanied him from London, and with whom Mr. Jennings had always been upon terms of gossiping intimacy—had led to certain familiarities of intercourse; and it thus happened that the inquisitive shoe-mender became partially acquainted with the history of the wrongs and griefs which preyed upon, and shortened the life of the prematurely-aged man.

The substance of this every-day, commonplace story, as related to us by Jennings, and subsequently enlarged and colored from other sources, may be very briefly told.

Ambrose Lisle, in consequence of an accident which occurred in his infancy, was slightly deformed. His right shoulder—as I understood, for I never saw him—grew out, giving an ungraceful and somewhat comical twist to his figure, which, in female eyes—youthful ones at least—sadly marred the effect of his intelligent and handsome countenance. This personal defect rendered him shy and awkward in the presence of women of his own class of society; and he had attained the ripe age of thirty-seven years, and was a rich and prosperous man, before he gave the slightest token of an inclination toward matrimony. About a twelvemonth previous to that period of his life, the deaths—quickly following each other—of a Mr. and Mrs. Stevens threw their eldest daughter, Lucy, upon Mr. Lisle's hands. Mr. Lisle had been left an orphan at a very early age, and Mrs. Stevens—his aunt, and then a maiden lady—had, in accordance with his father's will, taken charge of himself and brother till they severally attained their majority. Long, however, before she married Mr. Stevens, by whom she had two children—Lucy and Emily. Her husband, whom she survived but two months, died insolvent; and in obedience to the dying wishes of his aunt, for whom he appears to have felt the tenderest esteem, he took the eldest of her orphan children to his home, intending to regard and provide for her as his own adopted child and heiress. Emily, the other sister, found refuge in the house of a still more distant relative than himself.

The Stevenses had gone to live at a remote part of England—Yorkshire, I believe—and it thus fell out, that till his cousin Lucy arrived at her new home he had not seen her for more than ten years. The pale, and somewhat plain child, as he had esteemed her, he was startled to find had become a charming woman; and her naturally gay and joyous temperament, quick talents, and fresh young beauty, rapidly acquired an overwhelming influence over him. Strenuously but vainly he struggled against the growing infatuation—argued, reasoned with himself—passed in review the insurmountable objections to such a union, the difference of age—he leading toward thirty-seven, she barely twenty-one; he crooked, deformed, of reserved, taciturn

temper—she full of young life, and grace, and beauty. It was useless; and nearly a year had passed in the bootless struggle when Lucy Stevens, who had vainly striven to blind herself to the nature of the emotions by which her cousin and guardian was animated toward her, intimated a wish to accept her sister Emily's invitation to pass two or three months with her. This brought the affair to a crisis. Buoying himself up with the illusions which people in such an unreasonable frame of mind create for themselves, he suddenly entered the sitting-room set apart for her private use, with the desperate purpose of making his beautiful cousin a formal offer of his hand. She was not in the apartment, but her opened writing-desk, and a partly-finished letter lying on it, showed that she had been recently there, and would probably soon return. Mr. Lisle took two or three agitated turns about the room, one of which brought him close to the writing-desk, and his glance involuntarily fell upon the unfinished letter. Had a deadly serpent leaped suddenly at his throat, the shock could not have been greater. At the head of the sheet of paper was a clever pen-and-ink sketch of Lucy Stevens and himself; he, kneeling to her in a lovelorn ludicrous attitude, and she laughing immoderately at his lachrymose and pitiful aspect and speech. The letter was addressed to her sister Emily; and the engaged lover saw not only that his supposed secret was fully known, but that he himself was mocked, laughed at for his doting folly. At least this was his interpretation of the words which swam before his eyes. At the instant Lucy returned, and a torrent of imprecation burst from the furious man, in which wounded self-love, rageful pride, and long pent-up passion, found utterance in wild and bitter words. Half an hour afterward Lucy Stevens had left the merchant's house—forever, as it proved. She, indeed, on arriving at her sister's, sent a letter supplicating forgiveness for the thoughtless, and, as he deemed it, insulting sketch, intended only for Emily's eye; but he replied merely by a note written by one of his clerks, informing Miss Stevens that Mr. Lisle declined any further correspondence with her.

The ire of the angered and vindictive man had, however, begun sensibly to abate, and old thoughts, memories, duties, suggested partly by the blank which Lucy's absence made in his house, partly by remembrance of the solemn promise he had made her mother, were strongly reviving in his mind, when he read the announcement of her marriage in a provincial journal, directed to him, as he believed, in the bride's hand-writing; but this was an error, her sister having sent the newspaper. Mr. Lisle also construed this into a deliberate mockery and insult, and from that hour strove to banish all images and thoughts connected with his cousin from his heart and memory.

He unfortunately adopted the very worst course possible for effecting this object. Had he remained amid the buzz and tumult of active

life, a mere sentimental disappointment, such as thousands of us have sustained and afterward forgotten, would, there can be little doubt, have soon ceased to afflict him. He chose to retire from business, visited Watley, and habits of miserliness growing rapidly upon his cankered mind, never afterward removed from the lodgings he had hired on first arriving there. Thus madly hugging to himself sharp-pointed memories which a sensible man would have speedily cast off and forgotten, the sour misanthrope passed a useless, cheerless, weary existence, to which death must have been a welcome relief.

Matters were in this state with the morose and aged man—aged mentally and corporeally, although his years were but fifty-eight—when Mr. Flint made Mr. Jennings's acquaintance. Another month or so had passed away when Caleb's attention was one day about noon claimed by a young man dressed in mourning, accompanied by a female similarly attired, and from their resemblance to each other, he conjectured, brother and sister. The stranger wished to know if that was the house in which Mr. Ambrose Lisle resided. Jennings said it was; and with civil alacrity left his stall and rang the front-door bell. The summons was answered by the landlady's servant, who, since Esther May's death, had waited on the first-floor lodger; and the visitors were invited to go up-stairs. Caleb, much wondering who they might be, returned to his stall, and from thence passed into his eating and sleeping room just below Mr. Lisle's apartments. He was in the act of taking a pipe from the mantle-shelf, in order to the more deliberate and satisfactory cogitation on such an unusual event, when he was startled by a loud shout, or scream rather, from above. The quivering and excited voice was that of Mr. Lisle, and the outcry was immediately followed by an explosion of unintelligible exclamations from several persons. Caleb was up-stairs in an instant, and found himself in the midst of a strangely-perplexing and distracted scene. Mr. Lisle, pale as his shirt, shaking in every limb, and his eyes on fire with passion, was hurling forth a torrent of vituperation and reproach at the young woman, whom he evidently mistook for some one else; while she, extremely terrified, and unable to stand but for the assistance of her companion, was tendering a letter in her outstretched hand, and uttering broken sentences, which her own agitation and the fury of Mr. Lisle's invectives rendered totally incomprehensible. At last the fierce old man struck the letter from her hand, and with frantic rage ordered both the strangers to leave the room. Caleb urged them to comply, and accompanied them down stairs. When they reached the street, he observed a woman on the other side of the way, dressed in mourning, and much older apparently, though he could not well see her face through the thick veil she wore, than she who had thrown Mr. Lisle into such an agony of rage, apparently waiting for them. To her the young people immediately hastened, and after a brief

conference the three turned away up the street, and Mr. Jennings saw no more of them.

A quarter of an hour afterward the house-servant informed Caleb that Mr. Lisle had retired to bed, and although still in great agitation, and, as she feared, seriously indisposed, would not permit Dr. Clarke to be sent for. So sudden and violent a hurricane in the usually dull and drowsy atmosphere in which Jennings lived, excited and disturbed him greatly: the hours, however, flew past without bringing any relief to his curiosity, and evening was falling, when a peculiar knocking on the floor overhead announced that Mr. Lisle desired his presence. That gentleman was sitting up in bed, and in the growing darkness his face could not be very distinctly seen; but Caleb instantly observed a vivid and unusual light in the old man's eyes. The letter so strangely delivered was lying open before him; and unless the shoemender was greatly mistaken, there were stains of recent tears upon Mr. Lisle's furrowed and hollow cheeks. The voice, too, it struck Caleb, though eager, was gentle and wavering. "It was a mistake, Jennings," he said; "I was mad for the moment. Are they gone?" he added in a yet more subdued and gentle tone. Caleb informed him of what he had seen; and as he did so, the strange light in the old man's eyes seemed to quiver and sparkle with a yet intenser emotion than before. Presently he shaded them with his hand, and remained several minutes silent. He then said with a firmer voice: "I shall be glad if you will step to Mr. Sowerby, and tell him I am too unwell to see him this evening. But be sure to say nothing else," he eagerly added, as Caleb turned away in compliance with his request; "and when you come back, let me see you again."

When Jennings returned, he found to his great surprise Mr. Lisle up and nearly dressed; and his astonishment increased a hundredfold upon hearing that gentleman say, in a quick but perfectly collected and decided manner, that he should set off for London by the mail-train.

"For London—and by night!" exclaimed Caleb, scarcely sure that he heard aright.

"Yes—yes, I shall not be observed in the dark," sharply rejoined Mr. Lisle; "and you, Caleb, must keep my secret from every body, especially from Sowerby. I shall be here in time to see him to-morrow night, and he will be none the wiser." This was said with a slight chuckle; and as soon as his simple preparations were complete, Mr. Lisle, well wrapped up, and his face almost hidden by shawls, locked his door, and assisted by Jennings, stole furtively down stairs, and reached unrecognized the railway station just in time for the train.

It was quite dark the next evening when Mr. Lisle returned; and so well had he managed that Mr. Sowerby, who paid his usual visit about half an hour afterward, had evidently heard nothing of the suspicious absence of his esteemed client from Watley. The old man exulted over the success of his deception to Caleb the next

morning, but dropped no hint as to the object of his sudden journey.

Three days passed without the occurrence of any incident tending to the enlightenment of Mr. Jennings upon these mysterious events, which, however, he plainly saw had lamentably shaken the long-since failing man. On the afternoon of the fourth day, Mr. Lisle walked, or rather tottered, into Caleb's stall, and seated himself on the only vacant stool it contained. His manner was confused, and frequently purposeless, and there was an anxious, flurried expression in his face which Jennings did not at all like. He remained silent for some time, with the exception of partially inaudible snatches of comment or questionings, apparently addressed to himself. At last he said: "I shall take a longer journey to-morrow, Caleb—much longer: let me see—where did I say? Ah, yes! to Glasgow; to be sure, to Glasgow!"

"To Glasgow, and to-morrow!" exclaimed the astounded cobbler.

"No, no—not Glasgow; they have removed," feebly rejoined Mr. Lisle. "But Lucy has written it down for me. True—true; and to-morrow I shall set out."

The strange expression of Mr. Lisle's face became momentarily more strongly marked, and Jennings, greatly alarmed, said: "You are ill, Mr. Lisle; let me run for Dr. Clarke."

"No—no," he murmured, at the same time striving to rise from his seat, which he could only accomplish by Caleb's assistance, and so supported, he staggered in-doors. "I shall be better to-morrow," he said faintly, and then slowly added: "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow! Ah, me! Yes, as I said, to-morrow, I—" He paused abruptly, and they gained his apartment. He seated himself, and then Jennings, at his mute solicitation, assisted him to bed.

He lay some time with his eyes closed; and Caleb could feel—for Mr. Lisle held him firmly by the hand, as if to prevent his going away—a convulsive shudder pass over his frame. At last he slowly opened his eyes, and Caleb saw that he was indeed about to depart upon the long journey from which there is no return. The lips of the dying man worked inarticulately for some moments; and then with a mighty effort, as it seemed, he said, while his trembling hand pointed feebly to a bureau chest of drawers that stood in the room: "There—there, for Lucy; there, the secret place is—" Some inaudible words followed, and then after a still mightier struggle than before, he gasped out: "No word—no word—to—to Sowerby—for her—Lucy."

More was said, but undistinguishable by mortal ear; and after gazing with an expression of indescribable anxiety in the scared face of his awestruck listener, the wearied eyes slowly re-closed—the deep silence flowed past; then the convulsive shudder came again, and he was dead!

Caleb Jennings tremblingly summoned the house-servant and the landlady, and was still con-

fusedly pondering the broken sentences uttered by the dying man, when Mr. Sowerby hurriedly arrived. The attorney's first care was to assume the direction of affairs, and to place seals upon every article containing or likely to contain any thing of value belonging to the deceased. This done, he went away to give directions for the funeral, which took place a few days afterward; and it was then formally announced that Mr. Sowerby succeeded by will to the large property of Ambrose Lisle; under trust, however, for the family, if any, of Robert Lisle, the deceased's brother, who had gone when very young to India, and had not been heard of for many years—a condition which did not at all mar the joy of the crafty lawyer, he having long since instituted private inquiries, which perfectly satisfied him that the said Robert Lisle had died, unmarried, at Calcutta.

Mr. Jennings was in a state of great dubiety and consternation. Sowerby had emptied the chest of drawers of every valuable it contained; and unless he had missed the secret receptacle Mr. Lisle had spoken of, the deceased's intentions, whatever they might have been, were clearly defeated. And if he had *not* discovered it, how could he, Jennings, get at the drawers to examine them? A fortunate chance brought some relief to his perplexities. Ambrose Lisle's furniture was advertised to be sold by auction, and Caleb resolved to purchase the bureau chest of drawers at almost any price, although to do so would oblige him to break into his rent-money, then nearly due. The day of sale came, and the important lot in its turn was put up. In one of the drawers there were a number of loose newspapers, and other valueless scraps; and Caleb, with a sly grin, asked the auctioneer if he sold the article with all its contents. "Oh yes," said Sowerby, who was watching the sale; "the buyer may have all it contains over his bargain, and much good may it do him." A laugh followed the attorney's sneering remark, and the biddings went on. "I want it," observed Caleb, "because it just fits a recess like this one in my room underneath." This he said to quiet a suspicion he thought he saw gathering upon the attorney's brow. It was finally knocked down to Caleb at £5, 10s., a sum considerably beyond its real value; and he had to borrow a sovereign in order to clear his speculative purchase. This done, he carried off his prize, and as soon as the closing of the house for the night secured him from interruption, he set eagerly to work in search of the secret drawer. A long and patient examination was richly rewarded. Behind one of the small drawers of the *secrétaire* portion of the piece of furniture was another small one, curiously concealed, which contained Bank-of-England notes to the amount of £200, tied up with a letter, upon the back of which was written, in the deceased's handwriting, "To take with me." The letter which Caleb, although he read print with facility, had much difficulty in making out, was that which Mr. Lisle had struck from the young woman's hand a few weeks before.

and proved to be a very affecting appeal from Lucy Stevens, now Lucy Warner, and a widow, with two grown-up children. Her husband had died in insolvent circumstances, and she and her sister Emily, who was still single, were endeavoring to carry on a school at Bristol, which promised to be sufficiently prosperous if the sum of about £150 could be raised, to save the furniture from her deceased husband's creditors. The claim was pressing, for Mr. Warner had been dead nearly a year, and Mr. Lisle being the only relative Mrs. Warner had in the world, she had ventured to entreat his assistance for her mother's sake. There could be no moral doubt, therefore, that this money was intended for Mrs. Warner's relief; and early in the morning Mr. Caleb Jennings dressed himself in his Sunday's suit, and with a brief announcement to his landlady that he was about to leave Watley for a day or two on a visit to a friend, set off for the railway station. He had not proceeded far when a difficulty struck him: the bank-notes were all twenties; and were he to change a twenty-pound note at the station, where he was well known, great would be the tattle and wonderment, if nothing worse, that would ensue. So Caleb tried his credit again, borrowed sufficient for his journey to London, and there changed one of the notes.

He soon reached Bristol, and blessed was the relief which the sum of money he brought afforded Mrs. Warner. She expressed much sorrow for the death of Mr. Lisle, and great gratitude to Caleb. The worthy man accepted with some reluctance one of the notes, or at least as much as remained of that which he had changed; and after exchanging promises with the widow and her relatives to keep the matter secret, departed homeward. The young woman, Mrs. Warner's daughter, who had brought the letter to Watley, was, Caleb noticed, the very image of her mother, or rather of what her mother must have been when young. This remarkable resemblance it was, no doubt, which had for the moment so confounded and agitated Mr. Lisle.

Nothing occurred for about a fortnight after Caleb's return to disquiet him, and he had begun to feel tolerably sure that his discovery of the notes would remain unsuspected, when, one afternoon, the sudden and impetuous entrance of Mr. Sowerby into his stall caused him to jump up from his seat with surprise and alarm. The attorney's face was deathly white, his eyes glared like a wild beast's, and his whole appearance exhibited uncontrollable agitation. "A word with you, Mr. Jennings," he gasped—"a word in private, and at once!" Caleb, in scarcely less consternation than his visitor, led the way into his inner room, and closed the door.

"Restore—give back," screamed the attorney, vainly struggling to dissemble the agitation which convulsed him—"that—that—which you have purloined from the chest of drawers!"

The hot blood rushed to Caleb's face and temples; the wild vehemence and suddenness of

the demand confounded him; and certain previous dim suspicions that the law might not only pronounce what he had done illegal, but possibly felonious, returned upon him with terrible force, and he quite lost his presence of mind.

"I can't—I can't," he stammered. "It's gone—given away—"

"Gone!" shouted, or more correctly howled, Sowerby, at the same time flying at Caleb's throat as if he would throttle him. "Gone—given away! You lie—you want to drive a bargain with me—dog!—liar!—rascal!—thief!"

This was a species of attack which Jennings was at no loss how to meet. He shook the attorney roughly off, and hurled him, in the midst of his vituperation, to the further end of the room.

They then stood glaring at each other in silence, till the attorney, mastering himself as well as he could, essayed another and more rational mode of attaining his purpose.

"Come, come, Jennings," he said, "don't be a fool. Let us understand each other. I have just discovered a paper, a memorandum of what you have found in the drawers, and to obtain which you bought them. I don't care for the money—keep it; only give me the papers—documents."

"Papers—documents!" ejaculated Caleb in unfeigned surprise.

"Yes—yes; of use to me only. You, I remember, can not read writing; but they are of great consequence to me—to me only, I tell you."

"You can't mean Mrs. Warner's letter?"

"No—no; curse the letter! You are playing with a tiger! Keep the money, I tell you; but give up the papers—documents—or I'll transport you!" shouted Sowerby with reviving fury.

Caleb, thoroughly bewildered, could only mechanically ejaculate that he had no papers or documents.

The rage of the attorney when he found he could extract nothing from Jennings was frightful. He literally foamed with passion, uttered the wildest threats; and then suddenly changing his key, offered the astounded cobbler one—two—three thousand pounds: any sum he chose to name, for the papers—documents! This scene of alternate violence and cajolery lasted nearly an hour; and then Sowerby rushed from the house, as if pursued by the furies, and leaving his auditor in a state of thorough bewilderment and dismay. It occurred to Caleb, as soon as his mind had settled into something like order, that there might be another secret drawer; and the recollection of Mr. Lisle's journey to London recurred suggestively to him. Another long and eager search, however, proved fruitless; and the suspicion was given up, or, more correctly, weakened.

As soon as it was light the next morning, Mr. Sowerby was again with him. He was more guarded now, and was at length convinced that Jennings had no paper or document to give up. "It was only some important memoranda," observed the attorney carelessly, "that would save

me a world of trouble in a lawsuit I shall have to bring against some heavy debtors to Mr. Lisle's estate; but I must do as well as I can without them. Good-morning." Just as he reached the door, a sudden thought appeared to strike him. He stopped, and said: "By the way, Jennings, in the hurry of business I forgot that Mr. Lisle had told me the chest of drawers you bought, and a few other articles, were family relics which he wished to be given to certain parties he named. The other things I have got; and you, I suppose, will let me have the drawers for—say a pound profit on your bargain?"

Caleb was not the acutest man in the world; but this sudden proposition, carelessly as it was made, suggested curious thoughts. "No," he answered; "I shall not part with it. I shall keep it as a memorial of Mr. Lisle."

Sowerby's face assumed, as Caleb spoke, a ferocious expression. "Shall you?" said he. "Then be sure, my fine fellow, that you shall also have something to remember me by as long as you live!"

He then went away, and a few days afterward Caleb was served with a writ for the recovery of the two hundred pounds.

The affair made a great noise in the place; and Caleb's conduct being very generally approved, a subscription was set on foot to defray the cost of defending the action—one Hayling, a rival attorney to Sowerby, having asserted that the words used by the proprietor of the chest of drawers at the sale barred his claim to the money found in them. This wise gentleman was intrusted with the defense; and, strange to say, the jury—a common one—spite of the direction of the judge, returned a verdict for the defendant, upon the ground that Sowerby's jocular or sneering remark amounted to a serious, valid leave and license to sell two hundred pounds for five pounds ten shillings!

Sowerby obtained, as a matter of course, a rule for a new trial; and a fresh action was brought. All at once Hayling refused to go on, alleging deficiency of funds. He told Jennings that in his opinion it would be better that he should give in to Sowerby's whim, who only wanted the drawers in order to comply with the testator's wishes. "Besides," remarked Hayling in conclusion, "he is sure to get the article, you know, when it comes to be sold under a writ of *fi fa*." A few days after this conversation, it was ascertained that Hayling was to succeed to Sowerby's business, the latter gentleman being about to retire upon the fortune bequeathed him by Mr. Lisle.

At last Caleb, driven nearly out of his senses, though still doggedly obstinate, by the harassing perplexities in which he found himself, thought of applying to us.

"A very curious affair, upon my word," remarked Mr. Flint, as soon as Caleb had unburdened himself of the story of his woes and cares; "and in my opinion by no means explainable by Sowerby's anxiety to fulfill the testator's wishes. He can not expect to get two hundred pence out

of you; and Mrs. Warner, you say, is equally unable to pay. Very odd indeed. Perhaps if we could get time, something might turn up."

With this view Flint looked over the papers Caleb had brought, and found the declaration was in *trover*—a manifest error—the notes never admittedly having been in Sowerby's actual possession. We accordingly demurred to the form of action, and the proceedings were set aside. This, however, proved of no ultimate benefit: Sowerby persevered, and a fresh action was instituted against the unhappy shoemender. So utterly overcrowded and disconsolate was poor Caleb, that he determined to give up the drawers, which was all Sowerby even now required, and so wash his hands of the unfortunate business. Previous, however, to this being done, it was determined that another thorough and scientific examination of the mysterious piece of furniture should be made; and for this purpose Mr. Flint obtained a workman skilled in the mysteries of secret contrivances, from the desk and dressing-case establishment in King-street, Holborn, and proceeded with him to Watley.

The man performed his task with great care and skill: every depth and width was gauged and measured, in order to ascertain if there were any false bottoms or backs; and the workman finally pronounced that there was no concealed receptacle in the article.

"I am sure there is," persisted Flint, whom disappointment as usual rendered but the more obstinate; "and so is Sowerby: and he knows, too, that it is so cunningly contrived as to be undiscoverable, except by a person in the secret, which he no doubt at first imagined Caleb to be. I'll tell you what we'll do: You have the necessary tools with you. Split the confounded chest of drawers into shreds: I'll be answerable for the consequences."

This was done carefully and methodically, but for some time without result. At length the large drawer next the floor had to be knocked to pieces; and as it fell apart, one section of the bottom, which, like all the others, was divided into two compartments, dropped asunder, and discovered a parchment laid flat between the two thin leaves, which, when pressed together in the grooves of the drawer, presented precisely the same appearance as the rest. Flint snatched up the parchment, and his eager eye had scarcely rested an instant on the writing, when a shout of triumph burst from him. It was the last will and testament of Ambrose Lisle, dated August 21, 1838—the day of his last hurried visit to London. It revoked the former will, and bequeathed the whole of his property, in equal portions, to his cousins Lucy Warner and Emily Stevens, with succession to their children; but with reservation of one-half to his brother Robert or children, should he be alive, or have left offspring.

Great, it may be supposed, was the jubilation of Caleb Jennings at this discovery; and all Watley, by his agency, was in a marvelously short space of time in a very similar state of ex-

citement. It was very late that night when he reached his bed; and how he got there at all, and what precisely had happened, except, indeed, that he had somewhere picked up a splitting headache, was, for some time after he awoke the next morning, very confusedly remembered.

Mr. Flint, upon reflection, was by no means so exultant as the worthy shoemender. The odd mode of packing away a deed of such importance, with no assignable motive for doing so, except the needless awe with which Sowerby was said to have inspired his feeble-spirited client, together with what Caleb had said of the shattered state of the deceased's mind after the interview with Mrs. Warner's daughter, suggested fears that Sowerby might dispute, and perhaps successfully, the validity of this last will. My excellent partner, however, determined, as was his wont, to put a bold face on the matter; and first clearly settling in his own mind what he should and what he should *not* say, waited upon Mr. Sowerby. The news had preceded him, and he was at once surprised and delighted to find that the nervous, crest-fallen attorney was quite unaware of the advantages of his position. On condition of not being called to account for the moneys he had received and expended, about £1200, he destroyed the former will in Mr. Flint's presence, and gave up at once all the deceased's papers. From these we learned that Mr. Lisle had written a letter to Mrs. Warner, stating what he had done, and where the will would be found, and that only herself and Jennings would know the secret. From infirmity of purpose, or from having subsequently determined on a personal interview, the letter was not posted; and Sowerby subsequently discovered it, together with a memorandum of the numbers of the bank notes found by Caleb in the secret drawer—the eccentric gentleman appears to have had quite a mania for such hiding-places—of a writing-desk.

The affair was thus happily terminated: Mrs. Warner, her children, and sister, were enriched, and Caleb Jennings was set up in a good way of business in his native place, where he still flourishes. Over the centre of his shop there is a large nondescript sign, surmounted by a golden boot, which, upon close inspection, is found to bear some resemblance to a huge bureau chest of drawers, all the circumstances connected with which may be heard, for the asking, and in much fuller detail than I have given, from the lips of the owner of the establishment, by any lady or gentleman who will take the trouble of a journey to Watley for that purpose.

VILLAGE LIFE IN GERMANY.

THE CLUB.

LESMONA possesses a club. Its meetings are suspended during summer, but are resumed as autumn wanes. Professedly, it is a whist club; but card-playing is in reality the least of its objects, its chief intention being to cultivate a kindly feeling among the inhabitants of the village and the neighborhood, by bringing them periodically together. I was duly balloted for

and admitted. On the Friday evening after this honor was conferred on me, I was introduced. The meetings were held in Meyerholz's inn, and in the same apartment which had served as a ball-room. Here I found a dozen or fifteen of the notabilities of the place assembled. In a short time they assorted themselves, and sat down, some to whist, some to chess, while others contented themselves with looking on. The points at whist were fixed at a *grote*, about equivalent to a halfpenny—any higher play would have been considered gambling, and would have been regarded with extreme disfavor. Doctor W——'s phrase, "To be, or not to be," was, I now found, the usual signal for the end as well as the beginning of the game. Wine, and still more commonly beer, were imbibed during the course of it. The wine usually drank in that part of the world is French wine—St. Julian or some other Bordeaux wine is the commonest. Rhenish wine is very rare. Some indulged in what they called "grogs"—a "grog" is a small tumbler of brandy-punch. Almost all smoked; indeed the pastor of the village was the only person in it who never did. The pipe was much preferred to the cigar, the smoke from the latter being apt to be troublesome when the hands are engaged. Of course the pipe was the long German one, consisting of mouth-piece, flexible tube, polished or cherry-tree stem, schwammdose or receiver, and the more or less ornamented head or bowl. Since I am speaking of pipes, I may mention that in Germany every smoker possesses several—and these, of course, vary much in length, calibre, and value. There is abundant opportunity of displaying the owner's taste. Some have their armorial bearings painted on the bowl. Among students, again, it is common to present a friend with a bowl bearing one's likeness, the said likeness being a *silhouette* or shade in profile. There are, of course, all the other varieties of bowl; some have female figures, others landscapes or public buildings, others the likenesses of well-known characters—John Ronge was rather a favorite at the time I speak of. As to the stem, the most esteemed are those of the cherry-tree, brought from the Vistula. These stems disengage a pleasant odor.

But to return. "To be, or not to be," says Dr. W—— as he rises. The rest of the party finish their games, and think of supper. It is a slight repast; each orders what he chooses, and there is no set table. A beefsteak or a sandwich are the most common viands. The German expression for sandwich, by the way, is rather circumlocutory—the literal translation of it is, "a butter-bread-with-meat;" it is like some of the other composite terms in that language which strike a beginner as being so odd—*hand-shoes*, for instance, or *finger-hat*, for gloves and a thimble.

The club used to meet every Friday. Each alternate week, however, we had what was called a ladies' club. On these occasions, the female portions of the families of members were entitled to be present. The only other difference was, that, when ladies came, the gentlemen abstained

from smoking pipes, and confined themselves to cigars.

But it is time to break up. Cloaks and great-coats are donned. There is a lighting of lanterns, for the roads are dark, and some of us have a considerable way to go. We separate with a simultaneous "Good-night—may you sleep well."

A TEMPERANCE MEETING.

A temperance meeting was announced as being about to be held at a village called Blumenthal, situated a few miles from Lesmona. On the appointed day, I proceeded thither with some friends. On our arrival at the place, we found a large canvas-covered booth erected on the border of an extensive wood; this booth was open on every side, being meant as a protection only against the rays of the sun. Adjacent was an inn, a solitary house, the village being at some little distance. Entering here, I was not a little surprised to find the majority of the promoters of temperance drinking wine. It was just ten o'clock of the forenoon. The fact, however, was, first, that many had come from a considerable distance, and stood in need of some refreshment, and secondly, that the pledge given on entering the society went no further than a promise to abstain from ardent spirits. Total abstinence seems not to find much favor in Germany, and the efforts of the Mässigkeit-Verein are directed almost entirely against the use of the deadly *branntwein* of the country. * This *branntwein* is made from the potato, and is not merely intoxicating, but, even in small quantities, is of a most pernicious effect on the human system, destroying the stomach, and affecting the nerves, even when far from being indulged in to any thing like excess.

At last the meeting began. A clergyman opened it with a short prayer, and then the assembly sang a temperance hymn. The air to which it was adapted was no other than our National Anthem—which, by the way, the Germans fondly but erroneously claim as a German composition. Then came the usual succession of speeches, then another hymn, and then the meeting, it being past noon, adjourned for dinner. The meal was served in the inn, and also in booths similar to that constructed for the meeting; but many had brought their provisions with them, and stretched themselves on the turf under the shade of the forest. Altogether—and especially as a large number of women had attended, and these of all classes, from the peasant in gaudy colors to the more simply-dressed lady—the scene was most picturesque: it looked like a pic-nic on a great scale. After dinner, there were more speeches and more music. The speeches tired me, and I wandered into the wood, where I found the music much improved by being heard at a distance. The fact is, that the country people in this part of Germany are any thing but the proficient in music, which, according to the idea commonly entertained on the subject in Britain, all Germans are. They, on the contrary, know scarcely any thing whatever of the art; even in the churches, part-singing is un-

known. While I was at Lesmona, the pastor of that place had indeed begun to instruct the children of his parish in psalmody, and, as he is perfectly competent to do so, a change may ultimately be effected; but in my time the church music was absolutely painful to listen to; the vocal was deafening and discordant, and, as for the instrumental, I shall not to my dying day forget the inhuman turn which old Mr. Müller the organist introduced, and with evident complacency, too, at the end of every two or three bars. Even among the upper classes in the country, music is but scantily cultivated. In Lesmona, for instance, one family, and one alone, paid any attention to the art. That family, however—all its members included—had attained to a very high degree of excellence in it. In the large towns, on the other hand, the case is very different. In Bremen, for example, I heard the Paulus of Mendelssohn given entirely by amateurs, and both in the choruses, and in the solos, the finish of the performance was perfect. In the neighborhood of Hamburg, too, I have met small companies of workmen from the town enjoying a short walk into the country, and singing in parts with admirable precision and *ensemble*.

But to return to Blumenthal. The meeting at last broke up. As soon as it did, a fire balloon was sent up. What connection, however, this had with the objects of the assembly, I never was able to ascertain.

Since I have introduced the word Verein—union, or society—I may notice one of another kind, a branch of which had its head-quarters at Lesmona. I mean the Gustavus-Adolphus Society. Its object is to unite by a common bond the common Protestantism of Germany. I have not heard lately of its progress and success, but I always greatly doubted of its possibility, and am convinced it can not endure, on its original footing at least. On what common ground (unless it be a negative one, and that is worth nothing), can the evangelical party and the rationalists take their stand? Even while I was in Lesmona, the elements of discord had begun to show themselves; for in that remote nook were found keen partisans; and it was only by a compromise effected with the greatest difficulty that the Lesmona branch of the union did not fall to pieces before it was completely established. And, as for the compromise, such things never last long.

EVENING PARTIES.

I found the inhabitants of Lesmona exceedingly hospitable. It is the custom in that part of the world for any new-comer to pay a visit to those people of the place, to whom he desires to make himself known. It is in their option to return the visit or not. If the visit is not returned, it is understood that the honor and pleasure and so forth of your visit is declined; if, on the contrary, even a card is left for you within a few days, you may count on the friendship of the family.

One of the first visits I made was to Dr. W—

As is usual, I was offered coffee and a cigar. When they were finished, and my small-talk exhausted, I took my leave, after what I thought a somewhat stiff interview. Indeed I almost regretted I had gone. So much for first impressions. I changed my mind, when within a very few days I received a kind invitation to an evening party at the worthy doctor's house. Doctor W——, as I found out when I came to know him, was quite a *character*. Bred to the bar, he was soon found totally unqualified for his profession, from the extraordinary benevolence of his nature. Instead of seeking for practice, he did all he could to prevent his clients from going to law. The consequence was, that, whatever may have been the rewards of his conscience, his profession gave him but few. Finding, therefore, that he had mistaken his vocation, and that his purse remonstrated strongly against his continuing in the pursuit of forensic distinction, he wisely abandoned the line he had at first chosen, and accepted the post of chief custom-house-officer on the frontier of Hanover and Bremen. Here, modestly but comfortably settled, he gave his leisure hours to the study of history, and, in a congenial retirement, soon found himself quite happy. He soon became remarkable for the accuracy of his information, and more especially for his acquaintance with minute points and details. Thus, for example, when on his return from his journey to Marienbad, to which I have already alluded, he visited the town and field of battle of Leipsic, he found himself as much at home, with regard to the topography, as did the very guide he had engaged to point out the places rendered famous by the great fight.

On the evening appointed, I duly made my appearance in Madame W——'s saloon or drawing-room. It was the handsomest I saw in the country, and possessed a carpet. In general, this article, so indispensable to English comfort, is represented, and that indeed but barely, by a few straw mats scattered about. Tea was handed round. This the Germans drink with cream, or wine, or neither. It is esteemed a great luxury, as it costs dear, but they make it so weak, that there is not an old woman in England who would not regard it with contempt. After tea, we began to play at what they call company-games. Many of these are identical with our own inn-door amusements. Thus, they have hide-the-handkerchief, blind-man's-buff (which they call *the blind cow*), and many others. One, however, seems to me quite peculiar, not merely to Germany, but to this part of it. It is called *Luitye lebt noch*—literally, *the little fellow is still alive*. *Luitye* is Plattdeutsch, or low German, the dialect, as I have already said, of this district. The game is played thus: The party form a circle. Some splints of wood, three or four inches long, have been provided. One of these is lighted, and blown out again in a few seconds. This is *luitye*. There is, of course, for some little time, a part of the charcoal which remains red. The stick is passed from hand to hand,

each player, as he gives it to his neighbor, exclaiming, "*Luitye lebt noch!*" He or she in whose hands it is finally extinguished has to pay a forfeit. No one can refuse it when offered; and one of the most amusing parts of the matter is to hold *luitye*—the little fellow—till he is on the very point of expiring, and then to force him on the person next you, so that he goes out before he can get him further. It is, however, more amusing still, when he who would thus victimize his friend delays too long, and is himself caught.

After this, and some other German games, which I did not much enjoy, as they consisted chiefly in the repetition of certain formal phrases, without much meaning, we acted charades—not very successfully, I must admit. Then we seated ourselves round a table, in the middle of which a piece of light cotton was placed. At this we all began to blow fiercely, and a tempest arose, on which the cotton was tossed about in all directions. When it finally found refuge on the person of any of us, the recipient was condemned to a forfeit. This game is entertaining enough, and was carried on amidst much boisterous puffing and laughing, till suddenly the cotton mysteriously disappeared. It appeared it had actually been carried into the open mouth of a gentleman, whose powers had been so severely taxed that he had lost his wind. This put an end to the amusement, and we proceeded to draw the forfeits.

Then we had supper. It was a less substantial and more judicious meal than I had generally seen in the neighborhood. It was also a more ambitious one; not a few of the dishes were disguised with the artistic skill which is the pride of modern cookery. In particular, I remember that I accepted a spoonful of what I thought was a composition of raspberries, strawberries, and red currant jelly. It turned out to be a sort of hashed lobster pickle. Shortly after supper we broke up.

In such parties, I should remark that all present took part in them, from the oldest to the youngest. What distinguished them most, besides this, was a kind of homely cheerfulness that was quite delightful. Every one came in good humor, and resolved to enjoy himself. And in this it was very evident all succeeded. I never saw any dancing at any of these soirées, and rarely was there any music. When, however, there was any of the latter, it was excellent. I shall not soon forget the way in which the music of Schiller's "*Founding of the Bell*" was performed by some of my Lesmona and Ritterhude friends.

A PEEP AT THE "PERAHARRA."

OF the religious festivals of the Buddhists of Ceylon, that known as the Peraharra is the most important. It is observed at Kandy, the capital of the ancient kings of Ceylon, and at Ratnapoora, the chief town of the Saffragam district. Few good Buddhists will be absent from these religious observances; and whole families may be seen journeying on foot for many

miles, over mountains, through dense jungles and unwholesome swamps, across rapid and dangerous streams, along hot sandy pathways, loaded with their pittance of food and the more bulky presents of fruit, rice, oil, and flowers, to lay at the foot of the holy shrine of Buddha, to be eventually devoured by the insatiable priests.

In the month of July, 1840, I had a peep at the celebrated Peraharra of Ratnapoora, where the shrine sacred to the memory of *Saman* rivals in attraction the great *Dalada Maligawa* of Kandy. Like its mountain competitor, it has its relic of Buddha enshrined in a richly-jeweled casket, which is made an object of especial veneration to the votaries of that god. *Saman* was the brother of the famed Rama, the Malabar conqueror who invaded Ceylon in ages long past, and extirpated from its flowery shores the race of mighty giants who had held its people in subjection for many centuries—a sort of Oriental King Arthur. To *Saman* was given the district of Saffragam; and the people of that country at his death, promoted him to the dignity of a deity, as a slight token of their regard.

The Ratnapoora festival is the more attractive by reason of its being made the occasion of a large traffic in precious stones, with which the neighborhood abounds. In this way the great part of the Buddhists manage to combine commerce with devotion.

The road to the Saffragam district was, in the time at which I traveled it, a very barbarous and dangerous affair, differing widely from the excellent traces which existed through most of the maritime provinces of Ceylon. It was then, in fact, little more than a mere bullock-track, or bridle-path, with no bridges to aid in crossing the streams which intersect it. The journey from Colombo to Ratnapoora may now be easily performed in one day: at that time it required a good nag and careful diligence to accomplish it in two.

Day dawned as I got clear of the Pettah, or Black Town of Colombo, and crossed a small stream which led me to the jungle, or village road, I was to follow. In England, we should call such a muddy lane; but here one knows little between the good high roads and the bullock-track. Strange as it may sound to home travelers, one is often glad to see the sun rise, and feel it warm the heavy, damp air in the tropics. Before me lay a long straggling line of low jungle, indicating the road: far away in the distance rose the high, bluff hill and rocks towering over the once royal domain of *Avishawella*. Around, on every side, was water, completely hiding the fields from view, and only allowing a bush, or a tree, or a hut-top, to be seen peeping up through the aqueous vail, dotting the wide expanse like daisies in a field. The rains had flooded the whole of the low country, which, inundated by many mountain torrents, could not discharge the mass of streams nearly so fast as it received them. Over and across all this watery wilderness huge masses of misty vapor came rolling and tumbling along, as though shrouding some

Titanic water-sprites who had been keeping it up rather late the night before, and were not quite sure of the way home. One might have imagined, indeed, that it was some universal washing-day, and that the great lid of the national copper had just been lifted up.

As the sun rose above the line of black rocks in the distance, its rays lit up those misty monsters of the flood, imparting to them life-like tints, which gave them beauty, and forms they had not known before. As these sun-lit fogs rolled on, a thousand shapes moved fitfully among them: troops of wild horsemen; crystal palaces with gilded gates; grim figures playing at bo-peep; hills, towns, and castles; with many a ship at sea, and lovely cottages in quiet, sunny glades; all these, and more, seemed there. With the sea-breeze, all that array of cloudy creatures departed, leaving the air hot and stifling from the reflection of the sun's rays in the endless flood above me. But where were the poor Singalese villagers, their families, and their goods, amidst all this wreck? As I jogged along, the cry of a child, the crowing of a cock, the bark of a dog, floated across the ocean of mist, but whence came they? I looked to the right and to the left. I strained my eyes straightforward, but not a soul, or a feather, or a snout was to be seen. Presently the fog cleared away, and I could see overhead into the trees. There, chairs, tables, chatties, paddy-pounders, boxes of clothes, children in cots, men, women, cats, dogs, all were there in one strange medley, curiously enconced among the wide-spreading branches of the trees. Over their heads, and on each side, mats and cocoa-nut leaves were hung to keep off rain and damp fogs, while against each side of the tree was placed a thick notched stick, which served as a ladder for the whole party. Here and there canoes were to be seen paddled across the fields to keep up communication between the different villages. It was a strange but desolate spectacle, and I was glad to find myself, at last, free from the watery neighborhood, and once more riding on *terra firma*.

During the heat of the next day I turned aside to a shady green lane. A mile along this quiet pathway I was tempted to rest myself at the mouth of a dark-looking cave, by the side of a running stream of beautiful water. Tying my pony to a bush, I entered at the low archway, and found myself at once in utter darkness; but after a short time I began to distinguish objects, and then saw, close to me, one whom I should have least looked for in that strange, desolate spot. It was a Chinese, tail and all. My first idea was, as I looked at the figure through the dim light of the cave, that it was nothing more than a large China jar, or perhaps a huge tea-chest, left there by some traveler; but, when the great, round face relaxed into a grin, and the little pea-like eyes winked, and the tail moved, and the thick lips uttered broken English, I took a proper view of the matter, and wished my cavern acquaintance "good-morning." I soon gathered the occupation of See Chee in

this strange place; the cave we were then in was one of the many in that neighborhood, in which a particular kind of swallow builds the edible nests so highly prized by the Chinese and Japanese for conversion into soups, stews, and, for aught we know, into tarts. The Chinaman told me, what I was scarcely prepared to learn, that he rented from the Ceylon government the privilege to seek these birds' nests in this district, for which he paid the yearly sum of one hundred dollars, or seven pounds, ten shillings. Procuring a *chule*, or native torch, the Chinese nest-hunter showed me long ledges of shelving rock at the top of the cavern, whereon whole legions of curious little gummy-like excrescences were suspended; some were perfect nests, others were in course of formation, and these latter I learned were the most valued; those which had had the young birds reared in them being indifferently thought of, and were only bought by the lower orders of soup-makers. Having rested myself and pony, I once more pushed on for Ratnapoora, where I arrived, heated, jaded, and dusty, by high noon.

A chattie bath seldom fails to refresh the Indian traveler, and fit him for the enjoyment of his meal. In the cool of the evening I strolled out to watch the preparations for the nightly festivities. These continue for about a fortnight, chiefly after sunset, though devotees may be seen laying their simple offerings at the foot of the shrine, during most part of the afternoon. The little bazaar of the town was alive with business; all vestiges of its wonted filth and wretchedness were hidden beneath long strips of white linen, and garlands of cocoa-nut leaves and flowers hung round by bands of bright red cloth. Piles of tempting wares were there; beads, bangles, and scarfs to decorate; rice, jaggery, and sweetmeats to eat, and innumerable liquors to drink, were placed in profuse array. The streets and lanes poured forth long strings of human beings, heated with the sun, flushed with drink, and bedizened with trumpery jewelry and mock finery. Poor tillers of the soil; beggarly fishermen; mendicant cinnamon peelers; half-starved coolies; lean, sickly women, and poor, immature children, passed onward in the motley throng, burying their every-day misery beneath the savage mirth of a night or two at the Peraharra.

Following the living, dark stream, as closely as the heat, dust, and strange odors would allow me, I arrived, at length, near to the Temple of Saman. The edifice, of which I caught a distant glimpse, was half concealed beneath the heavy, luxuriant foliage of cocoa-nut topes, arekas, plantains, and banyan trees. An ocean of human heads filled up the space around the building, from which proceeded the well-known sounds of the reed and the tom-tom. Gay flags fluttered from the four corners, and the lofty pinnacle in the centre; wreaths of flowers, plaited leaves and ribbons of many colors, waved jauntily from roof to door; while round the pillars of the walls and door posts clustered rich bunches of most tempting fruit.

Close by this busy scene, another group was forming under a large and lofty *Pandahl*, or open bungalow. Forcing my way to one corner of the shed, I found a company of Indian jugglers consisting of two men, a girl, and a child of perhaps three years. The men were habited in strange uncouth dresses, with large strings of heavy black beads round their necks; the girl was simply and neatly clad in white, with silver bangles and anklets, and a necklace of native diamonds. It would be impossible to detail all their extraordinary performances, which far exceeded any thing I had ever read of their art. The quantity of iron and brass ware which they contrived to swallow was truly marvelous; ten-penny nails, clasp-knives, gimlets, were all treated as so many items of pastry or confectionary, and I could but picture to myself the havoc a dozen of these cormorants would commit in an ironmonger's shop. Not the least remarkable of their feats was that of producing a sheet of water upon the sand close at our feet; and, after conjuring upon its clear surface half-a-dozen young ducks and geese, suddenly causing it to freeze in such a solid mass as to allow of our walking across it without causing so much as a crack in its crystal body. One more feat I must relate; which was that of suspending the girl while seated on a sort of ottoman, to the ridge-pole of the shed; and, at a given signal, removing the rope by which she hung, leaving her still suspended in the air—not with a regular apparatus, such as is used by the performers of a similar trick in London and Paris, but apparently with no apparatus at all! For, to my exceeding amazement, a sword was given to me, as the only European of the company, and I was told to cut and slash as much as I pleased above and around the girl. After some hesitation, I hacked and hewed the air in every direction, around and close to the suspended maiden with a vigor which would inevitably cut asunder any means of support; yet there she swung unmoved, without any sort of apparent agent of suspension except the air itself! Snake-charming and dancing completed the entertainment. When I left the place it was night.

Near the temple, all was noise and confusion, and it was with some difficulty that I forced my way through the dense crowd, and reached the steps of the venerated shrine. The priest stationed at the entrance made a way in for me as well as he could, but the pressure inside was intense. Hundreds of men and women pressed eagerly forward to reach the flight of huge stone stairs which led up to the sacred depositary. It was as bad as a crush to get into the Crystal Palace. My passage was so slow that I had time to examine and admire the fine antique carved work on the pillars and ceiling of the entrance-hall, as well as on the tall pilasters which lined the ample staircase. There was a beauty of style and a high degree of finish about this work that could not be attained in Ceylon in the present day. Arrived, at length, at the inner temple or sacred shrine above, I passed with the

rest, between a richly brocaded curtain which hung in folds across the entrance at the top of the stairs, and stood before the famed relic of Buddha, or rather the jeweled casket which contained it. I felt disappointed at the spectacle here, arising, perhaps, from my taking no interest in the exhibition as a religious ceremony, and looking at it merely as an empty show, not far removed from the status of Bartholemew Fair. The strong glare of a hundred lights, the heat and crowd of so many in so small a place, the sickly perfume of the piles of Buddha flowers heaped before the shrine by the pilgrims, the deafening, discordant din of a score of tom-toms, and vile screeching pipes, made me glad enough to descend the stairs, and, flinging a rupee into the poor-box of the god, to escape once more into the fresh air.

From the votaries of Saman I entered another crowd, assembled round a gayly decorated building, which I at once perceived was a Hindoo temple. Here, to the sound of much music, and by the light of many lamps, a group of young dancing-girls were delighting the motley crowd. There were but three of them, one a finely-made, tall, sylph-like creature, with really graceful movements; the others younger, stouter, and far less pleasing. A good deal of pains had evidently been taken with their dress, which sparkled at all points with what I was assured were precious stones. I have heard that it is not uncommon for these Nautch girls to have jewelry about their dress to the value of twenty thousand pounds. The graceful little jacket which the chief dancer wore over her flowing white robes sparkled and glistened with something which was quite new to me as articles of ornament: along the edge of her pure white garment, shone a whole host of fire-flies, which by some ingenious arrangement had been secured to the dress, and gave a strange and pleasing novelty to the appearance of her attire, as she swept gracefully round in slow and measured steps. The music to which these people dance is any thing but pleasing to an English ear: indeed, there is scarcely a trace of rhythm in it; yet they contrive to measure their mazy and difficult dance by its notes with admirable precision. Long custom has so attached them to their empty meaningless music that they can appreciate no other. I am certain that M. Julien's band would scarcely be listened to by the Singalese if there were a few tom-toms within hearing. It is a curious fact that in the districts in which these Nautch girls are brought up, education is so rare, that these dancers are generally the only lay persons within many days' journey who can either read or write. The priests can all read, if not write, and they take care to instruct the temple-girls in order to enable them to learn the various songs and legends for recital at their periodic festivals. The rest of the population they keep in the densest ignorance.

Leaving the dancers and priests, I strolled toward the river Kaloo-ganga, whose quiet, palm-shaded banks stood out in sweetest contrast to

the noisy revelry I had just beheld. The moon was near the full, and rising high above the many rich green topes of palms, and gorgeous plantains, lit up the peaceful scene with radiance not of earth. It is hardly possible to conceive the magic beauty of moonlight in the tropics; those who have witnessed it, can never forget their feelings under its influence. The master hand of our finest painters might attempt to depict it, but the affair would be a dead failure; and did it succeed, strangers to these climes would pronounce it an unnatural painting. Even in its reality, it bears the impress of something half unearthly, and it requires the testimony of the huge fanery leaves, as they wave to the breeze, to assure one that the whole scene is not imaginary. Fully as bright and radiating, though softer in its hue, than the broad sunshine, the moon poured down in living streams its gifts of ether-light. The monster palms, the slender arekas, the feathery bamboos and tamarinds, reveled in the harmony and glow of radiant moonlight, which leaping down in phosphorescent waves, sprang on from leaf to flower, from bud to herb, and streaming through the waving seas of giant, emerald grass, died sparkling at its feet.

Some of the topes along this gentle river grew so thickly that not the faintest ray of light found its soft way among them; the deepest shade was there, and only in one of these could I trace any vestiges of living beings. A little hut was buried far away in the inmost recesses of a tope—all bright above, all gloom below. The door was open, and from it shone a faintly glimmering light; so tiny was the ray amidst that heavy shade, so distant did it seem, that it defied all conception of space, and made my eyes ache to gaze at it. I, at length, distinguished faint sounds proceeding from it. They were those of a regular harmony. Strolling nearer, I heard that they proceeded from cultivated voices. What a sensation! The music was that of the "Evening Hymn!" and it came upon me with the echoes of the uncouth Babel of Heathenism I had just left still ringing in my ears, like the sunlight on a surging sea. When I recovered from the delightful surprise, I found that the singers were the family of a native missionary who had embraced Christianity.

The next day the bazaar was crowded with dealers in and diggers for precious stones. Hundreds of Moormen, Chitties, Arabs, Parsees, and Singalese were busily employed in barter; and a most noisy operation it was. In the neighborhood of Ratnapoora exist many tracts of clayey and gravelly land, rich in rubies, sapphires, garnets, turquoise, and cat's-eyes. For the privilege of digging for these, or of sifting them from the sands of some of the rivers, the natives pay heavy rents to Government; often sub-letting the ground, at large profits, to needy speculators. Their harvest is usually offered for sale during the Peraharra; and, be their gains what they may, they are generally rid of the whole amount before the end of the festival.

The existence of this source of wealth is, unfortunately, a bane, rather than a blessing, to the district; for whole villages flock to the ruby-grounds, delving and sifting for weeks together, utterly neglecting their rice-fields and gardens. Arrack taverns have multiplied, intemperance has increased, long tracts of fertile land have ceased to be sown with paddy, and the country-people now buy their food from strangers, in place of growing it, as formerly. It will be a happy time for Saffragam when its stores of precious stones shall be exhausted; for not till then will peaceful industry be once more sought.

Struggling and forcing a way through the busy crowd were to be seen one or two Hindoo fakeers, most repulsive objects, depending for subsistence on the alms of pilgrims and others. One of these wretched creatures, in the fulfillment of a vow, or as an act of fancied righteousness, had held his left arm for so many years erect above his head, that it could not now be moved—and grew transfixed, emaciated, and bony. It seemed more like a dry, withered stick tied to the body than a part of itself. The other fakeer had closed his hands so long that the finger-nails had grown quite through the palms, and projected at the back of them; these miserable-looking objects appeared to reap a tolerable harvest, and seemed to be then in no pain.

Under the shade of a banyan tree, a grave-looking Moorman was amusing a crowd of boys and women with the recital of some wonderful or silly legend. The trade of story-telling, in the East, is still a profitable one, if I might judge from the comfortable appearance of this well-clad talker.

When I left Ratnapoorra crowds were still flocking into the town, for on the morrow the huge temple elephants were expected to march in procession through the place, decked out in all sorts of finery, and bearing the casket and relic; but it was a wearisome spectacle, and I was heartily glad to find myself once more on my pony, quietly winding through green paddy-fields and under shady topes.

A TOBACCO FACTORY IN SPAIN.

THIS is the most immense establishment of the kind in Spain, and is devoted exclusively to the manufacture of snuff and cigars. "Chewing" is a habit to which the Spaniards are not addicted. Tobacco, being a government monopoly, yields an enormous revenue to the crown; the factories being the most extensive in the world, and the demand for the weed even greater than the supply. The Fabrica of Seville, though utterly devoid of architectural merit, is only surpassed in size by the famous monastery of the Escorial. It is six hundred and sixty-two feet in length, by five hundred and twenty-four in width: having been erected by a fat Dutchman about the middle of the last century, its slight claims to symmetry and elegance are in no degree to be wondered at. Its substantiality, however,

and excellent adaptation to the purposes for which it was intended, render it well worthy of a careful examination, either by the fastidious cigar-smoker or indefatigable snuff-taker. For the edification of such in particular have we undertaken this brief description of the edifice.

Within its walls it has twenty-eight courts, while externally the building is encompassed by a deep moat, in order to guard against the possibility of smuggling on the part of the operatives. The number of persons usually employed, ranges from five to six thousand, though several thousand additional hands are sometimes called into requisition in years of extraordinary demand. By far the greater proportion of these are females, perhaps even four-fifths. Our application for admission was readily granted, and such was the politeness of the managers, that they put us immediately under the charge of a young Spaniard connected with the building, with instructions to him to show us every part of the establishment which we might desire to see. This mission he performed to our entire satisfaction. We soon dispatched the snuff department which occupies the ground floor, and which gave us such a terrible fit of sneezing, that we were somewhat fearful our nasal organs would never recover from the severe shock they had experienced. None but males were employed in the snuff rooms, another wretched-looking objects I think I never saw.

They were frightfully cadaverous and pale, showing distinctly in their countenances the pernicious influence of such a poisoned and tobacco-impregnated atmosphere upon their constitutions. Their appearance was more like that of demons than human beings, and it was with a sense of the deepest aversion, that we left their dark and dismal quarters. Ascending to the upper story, we entered an immense hall, running nearly the whole length of the building, in which between three and four thousand females, seated at tables, were busily engaged in the manufacture of cigars. It was indeed a strange spectacle. Not a man was to be seen among the enormous concourse, and even had there been half a dozen, well might we have exclaimed, "What are these among so many?" The females were of every age, from childhood upward, and, as a general rule, their complexions were characterized by a sallow and unhealthy look. The animation which prevailed among them on our sudden advent, was perfectly overwhelming: such a din and clattering of voices were absolutely deafening. Every mouth was in rapid motion, and quite rivaled in its vibrations the meteoric movements of their hands. We were evidently the engrossing subject of conversation, and our vanity was consequently on the alert to overhear some of the remarks that were made, and thus discover what impression our appearance had caused upon the thickly-clustered damsels around us. But to our great dismay, we heard but little of a complimentary nature, which aroused our indignation to such a height, that

we were half inclined to make a terrific charge amid the mighty throng, and seek revenge by kissing in turn each beautiful culprit upon whom we could lay our hands. But seriously, we saw very little beauty among them, which we attributed in a great measure to the unwholesome nature of their occupation. Certainly I never saw such a striking want of good looks among any other class in Spain. In Seville these girls are termed *cigarreras*, and they have a not very enviable reputation.

INFIRMITIES OF GENIUS.

WE must, in the first place, deny that there is any *necessary* connection between genius and vice, or madness, or eccentricity. Genius is a ray from heaven; and is naturally akin to all those things on earth "which are lovely and pure, and of a good report." Its very name shows its connection with the *genial* nature; its main moral element is love. Men are now in their hearts so conscious of this, that when they hear of instances of disconnection between genius and virtue, it is with a start of surprise and horror; and we believe that though all the men of genius who ever lived had been tainted with vice, still the *thoughtful* would have been slow of drawing the horrible inference, that the brightest and most divine-seeming power in the human mind was a fiend in the garb of a radiant angel, and would have sought elsewhere for the real solution of the problem. But when we remember that so many of this gifted order *have* been true to themselves and to their mission, the belief is strengthened, that the instances of a contrary kind can be accounted for upon principles or facts which leave intact alike the sanity, the health, and the morality, of genius *per se*.

Such principles and facts there do exist; and we now proceed to enumerate some of them. And first, some of the most flagrantly bad of literary men have had no real pretensions to genius. Savage, for example, Boyce, and Dermody, were men of tolerable talent, and intolerable impudence, conceit, and profligacy. Churchill was of a higher order, but has been ridiculously overrated by whoever it was that wrote a paper on him, not long since, in the "Edinburgh Review"—a disgraceful apology for a disgraceful and disgusting life. Swift and Chatterton, with all their vast talents, wanted, we think, the fine differentia, and the genial element of real poetic genius. And time would fail us to enumerate the hundreds of lesser spirits who have employed their small modica of light, which they mistook for genius, as lamps allowing them to see their way more clearly down to the chambers of death. Talent, however great, is not genius. Wit, however refined, is not genius. Learning, however profound, is not genius. But genius has been confounded not only with these respectable and valuable powers, but with glibness of speech, a knack of rhyming, the faculty of echoing others, elegance of language, fury of excitation, and a hundred other qualities, either mechanical or morbid, and then the faults of such feeble or

diseased pretenders have been gravely laid down at the door of the insulted genius of poetry.

Secondly, real genius has not always received its due meed from the world. Like real religion, it has found itself in an enemy's land. Resisted, as it has often been, at every step, it has not been able uniformly to maintain the dignity, or to enjoy the repose, to which it was entitled. Men of genius have occasionally soured in temper, and this has bred now the savage satisfaction with which Dr. Johnson wrote and printed, in large capitals, the line in his "London"—

"Slow rises worth by poverty depressed ;"

and now feelings still fiercer, more aggressive, and more destructive to the moral balance of the soul. It is a painful predicament in which the man of genius has often felt himself. Willing to give to all men a portion of the bread of life, and unable to obtain the bread that perisheth—balked in completing the unequal bargain of light from heaven with earthly pelf—carrying about fragments of God's great general book of truth from reluctant or contemptuous bookseller to bookseller—subject even after his generous and noble thoughts are issued to the world, to the faint praise, or chilly silence, or abusive fury of oracular dunces—to the spurn of any mean slave who can find an assassin's cloak in the "Anonymous," and who does not even, it may be, take the trouble of looking at the divine thing he stabs, but strikes in blind and brutal fury; such has been and is the experience of many of whom the world is not worthy; and can it be wondered at, that some of them sink in the strife, and that others, even while triumphing, do so at the expense of much of the bloom, the expansive generosity, the all-embracing sympathy which were their original inheritance? Think of Byron's first volume, trampled like a weed in the dust—of Shelley's magnificent "Revolt of Islam," insulted and chased out of public view—of Keats's first volume and its judicial murder—of other attempts, less successful, such as the treatment of Carlyle's "French Revolution," at its first appearance, by a weekly journal (the "Athenæum"), which *now* follows his proud path with its feeble and unaccepted adulation, and then speak with more pity of the aberrations into which the weaker sons of the muse have been hurried, and with more respect of the stern insulation and growing indifference to opinion and firmness of antagonistic determination which characterize her stronger children.

Thirdly, the aberrations of genius are often unduly magnified. The spots in a star are invisible—those in a sun are marked by every telescope. No man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*. And the reason often is, the valet is an observant but malicious and near-sighted fool. He sees the spots without seeing their small proportion to the magnitude of the orb. Nay, he creates spots if he can not see them. The servants of Mrs. Siddons, while she was giving her famous private readings from Milton and Shakspeare, thought their mistress mad, and used to say, "There's the old lady making as

much noise as ever." Many and microscopic are the eyes which follow the steps of genius; and, too often, while they mark the mistakes, they are blind to the motives, to the palliations, to the resistance, and to the remorse. The world first idolizes genius—rates it even beyond its true worth—calls it perfect—remembers its divine derivation, but forgets that it must shine on us through earthly vessels, and then avenges on the earthly vessels the disappointment of its own exaggerated expectations. Hence each careless look, or word, or action of the hapless son of publicity, is noted, and, if possible, misinterpreted; his occasional high spirits are traced to physical excitement; his occasional stupidity voted a sin; his rapture and the reaction from it are both called in to witness against him: nay, an entire class of creatures arises, whose instinct it is to discover, and whose trade it is to tell his faults as a writer, and his failings as a man. It is under such a broad and searching glare, like that of a stage, that many men of warm temperament, strong passions, and sensitive feelings, have been obliged to play their part. And can we wonder that—sometimes sickened at the excessive and unnatural heat, sometimes dazzled by the overbearing and insolent light, and often disgusted at the falsehood of their position, and the cruelty or incompetence of their self-constituted judges—they have played it ludicrously or woefully ill?

But again, till of late, the moral nature, and moral culture of genius, were things ignored by general opinion, by critics, and even by men of genius themselves. Milton and a few others were thought lucky and strange exceptions to the general rule. The general rule was understood to be that the gifted were most apt to go astray—that the very light that was in them was darkness—that aberration, in a word, was the law of their goings. One of their own number said that

"The light that led astray,
Was light from heaven."

Critics, such as Hazlitt, too well qualified to speak of the errors of the genius which they criticised, were not content to palliate those by circumstances, but defended them on the dangerous principle of necessary connection. The powers of high intellect were magnified—its errors excused—and its solemn duties and responsibilities passed over in silence. The text, "Where much is given, much also shall be required," was seldom quoted. Genius was regarded as a chartered libertine—not as a child of divine law—guided, indeed, rather by the spirit than the letter, but still in accordance with law, as well as with liberty—as a capricious comet, not a planet, brighter and swifter than its fellows. Now, we think all this is changing, and that the true judges and friends of the poet, while admitting his fallibility, condemning his faults, and forewarning him of his dangers, are ever ready to contend that his gift is moral, that his power is conferred for holy purposes, that he is a missionary of God, in a lower yet lofty sense

—and that if he desecrate his powers, he is a traitor to their original purposes, and shall share in the condemnation of that servant who "was beaten with many stripes." But must not the long—the written—the sung, the enacted prevalence of a contrary opinion—of a false and low idea of genius, as a mere minister of enjoyment, or child of impulse, irresponsible as the wind, have tended to perpetuate the evils it extenuated, and to render the gifted an easier prey to the temptations by which they were begirt, and infinitely less sensible to the mischiefs which their careless or vicious neglect of their high stewardship was certain to produce? Must THEY bear the whole blame? Must not a large portion of it accrue to the age in which they lived, and to that public opinion which they breathed like an atmosphere?

We attribute the higher and purer efforts which genius is *beginning* to make, both in art and in life, to the growing prevalence of a purer opinion, and of a more severe, yet charitable criticism. The *public*, indeed, has, as we have intimated above, much to learn yet, in its treatment of its gifted children; but the wiser and better among the critics have certainly been taught a lesson by the past. Into the judgment of literary works the consideration of their moral purpose has now entered as an irresistible element. And the same measure is also fast being applied, mercifully, yet sternly, to our literary men.

Finally, it follows from these remarks, that we expect every year to hear less and less of the aberrations of genius. And that for various reasons. First, fewer and fewer will, under our present state of culture, claim to be considered as men of genius, and the public is less likely to be troubled with the affected oddities of pretenders, and the *niaiserie* of monkeys run desperate. Then, again, the profession of letters is now less likely to be chosen by men of gifts, it is so completely overdone; and need we say, that as a profession, its exceeding precariousness and the indefinite position it gives to the literary man have been very pernicious to his morals and his peace. Then

"The old world is coming right,"

and as it rights, is learning more to respect the literary character, to understand its peculiar claims, and to allow for its SINLESS infirmities. Lastly—and chief of all, men of letters are *beginning* to awaken—are feeling the strong inspiration of common sense—are using literature less as a cripple's crutch and more as a man's staff—are becoming more charitable to each other, and are sensible with a profounder conviction that literature, as well as life, is a serious thing, and that for all its "idle words" they must give an account at the day of judgment. May this process be perfected in due time. And may all, however humble, who write, feel that they have each his special part to play in this work of perfectionment!

We are very far from being blind worshippers of Thomas Carlyle. We disapprove of much

that he has written. We think, that unintentionally, he has done deep damage to the realities of faith, as well as to the "shams" of hypocrisy. He has gone out from the one ark and has not returned like the dove with the olive leaf—but rather, like the raven, strayed and croaked hopelessly over the carcasses of this weltering age. And our grief, at reading one or two of his recent pamphlets (which posterity will rank with such sins of power, as the wilder works of Swift and Byron), resembled that of a son whose father had disgraced his gray hairs by a crime or outrage. But even in the depth of this undiminished feeling of sorrow, we must acknowledge that no writer, save Milton and Wordsworth, has done so much in our country to restore the genuine respectability, and to proclaim the true mission of literature. In his hands and on his eloquent tongue it appears no idle toy for the amusement of the lovesick or the trifling—no mere excitement—but a profound, as well as beautiful reality—to be attested, if necessary, by a martyr's tears and blood, and at all events by the life and conversation of an honest and virtuous man. And he has himself so attested it. With Scott, literature was a great money-making machine. With Byron it was the trunk of a mad elephant, through which he squirted out his spite at man, his enmity at God, and his rage at even his own shadow. Carlyle has held his genius as a trust—has sought to unite it to his religion (whatever that may be)—has expressed it in the language of a determined life—and has made, by the power of his example, many to go and do likewise. If he has not produced a yet broader and more permanent effect—if Carlyleism, as a system, is fast weakening and dying away—if the young minds of the age are beginning to crave something better than a creed with no articles, a gospel of negations, a faith with no forms, a hope with no foundations, a Christianity without facts (like a man with life and blood, but without limbs)! the fault lies in the system, and not in the author of it. Although, to this also we are tempted to attribute his well-known disgust *latently* at literature. He has tried to form his own sincere love and prosecution of it into a religion, and has failed. And why? Literature is only a subjective, and not an objective reality. It is made to adorn and explain religion—but no sincerity of prosecution, or depth of insight can change it into a religion itself. *That* must have not only an inward significance, but an outward sign, more vital and lasting than the Nature of the Poet. This the Christian finds in Jesus, and the glorious facts connected with him. But Carlyle, with all his deep earnestness, and purity of life, has become, we fear, a worshiper without a God, a devotee with the object of the devotion extinct—a strong swimmer in a Dead Sea, where no arm can cleave the salt and sluggish waters—and although he seems to despise the mere adorer of beauty, yet nothing else does he adore, and nothing else has he hitherto taught, but this, that one may worship no distinctly objective Deity, and be, nevertheless, a sincere, worthy,

and high-minded man. But he has left the questions unanswered: Will such a faith produce results on the generality of men—will it *stand*? and, although it may so far satisfy the conscience as to produce in one man, or a few like unto him, the satisfaction of sincerity, can it produce the perseverance of action, the patience of hope, and the energy of faith, which have worked, and are working, in thousands and millions of Christian men—alike high and humble, rich and poor, ignorant and refined? Still, great should be the praise of a man who has redeemed literature from degradation, and changed it into a noble, if not a thoroughly religious thing, by the sheer force of genius, and rugged sincerity

RACE HORSES AND HORSE RACES.

IT is Monday—the Monday before the Derby Day, and a railway takes us, in less than an hour, from London Bridge to the capital of the racing world, close to the abode of its Great Man, who is—need we add! the Clerk of the Epsom Course. It is, necessarily, one of the best houses in the place; being—honor to literature—a flourishing bookseller's shop. We are presented to the official. He kindly conducts us to the Downs, to show how the horses are temporarily stabled; to initiate us into some of the mysteries of the "field;" to reveal to us, in fact, the private life of the race-horse.

We arrive at a neat farm-house, with more outbuildings than are usually seen appended to so modest a homestead. A sturdy, well-dressed, well-mannered, purpose-like, sensible-looking man, presents himself. He has a Yorkshire accent. A few words pass between him and the Clerk of the Course, in which we hear the latter asseverate with much emphasis that we are, in a sporting sense, quite artless—we rather think "green," was the exact expression—that we never bet a shilling, and are quite incapable, if even willing, to take advantage of any information, or of any inspection vouchsafed to us. Mr. Filbert (the trainer) hesitates no longer. He moves his hat with honest politeness; bids us follow him, and lays his finger on the latch of a stable.

The trainer opens the door with one hand; and, with a gentleman-like wave of the other, would give us the precedence. We hesitate. We would rather not go in first. We acknowledge an enthusiastic admiration for the race-horse; but at the very mention of a race-horse, the stumpy animal whose portrait headed our earliest lesson of equine history, in the chapters of the "Universal Spelling Book," vanishes from our view, and the animal described in the Book of Job prances into our mind's eye: "The glory of his nostril is terrible. He mocketh at fear and is not affrighted. He swalloweth the ground with the fierceness of his rage." To enjoy, therefore, a fine racer—not as one does a work of art—we like the point of sight to be the point of distance. The safest point, in case of accident (say, for instance, a sudden striking-out of the hinder hoofs), we hold to be the vanishing

point—a point by no means attainable on the inside of that contracted kind of stable known as a “loose-box.”

The trainer evidently mistakes our fears for modesty. We boldly step forward to the outer edge of the threshold, but uncomfortably close to the hind-quarters of Pollybus, a “favorite” for the Derby. When we perceive that he has neither bit nor curb; nor bridle, nor halter, that he is being “rubbed down” by a small boy, after having taken his gallops; that there is nothing on earth—except the small boy—to prevent his kicking, or plunging, or biting, or butting his visitors to death; we breathe rather thickly. When the trainer exclaims, “Shut the door, Sam!” and the little groom does his master’s bidding, and boxes us up, we desire to be breathing the fresh air of the Downs again.

“Bless you, sir!” says our good-tempered informant, when he sees us shrink away from Pollybus, changing sides at a signal from his cleaner; “these horses” (we look round, and for the first time perceive, with a tremor, the heels of another high-mettled racer protruding from an adjoining stall) “these horses are as quiet as you are; and—I say it without offense—just as well-behaved. It is quite laughable to hear the notions of people who are not used to them. They are the gentlest and most tractable creatures in creation. Then, as to shape and symmetry, is there any thing like them?”

We acknowledge that Pretty Perth—the mare in the adjoining box—could hardly be surpassed for beauty.

“Ah, *can* you wonder at noblemen and gentlemen laying out their twenty and thirty thousand a year on them?”

“So much?”

“Why, my gov’nor’s stud costs us five-and-twenty thousand a-year, one year with another. There’s an eye, sir!”

The large, prominent, but mild optics of Pretty Perth are at this moment turned full upon us. Nothing, certainly, can be gentler than the expression that beams from them. She is “taking,” as Mr. Filbert is pleased to say, “measure of us.” She does not stare vulgarly, or peer upon us a half-bred indifference; but, having duly and deliberately satisfied her mind respecting our external appearance, allows her attention to be leisurely diverted to some oats with which the boy had just supplied the manger.

“It is all a mistake,” continues Mr. Filbert, commenting on certain vulgar errors respecting race-horses; “thorough-breds are not nearly so rampagious as mongrels and half-breds. The two horses in this stall are gentlefolks, with as good blood in their veins as the best nobleman in the land. They would be just as back’ard in doing any thing unworthy of a lady or gentleman, as any lord or lady in St. James’s—such as kicking, or rearing, or shying, or biting. The pedigree of every horse that starts in any great race, is to be traced as regularly up to James the First’s Arabian, or to Cromwell’s White Turk, or to the Darley or Godolphin barbs, as

your great English families are to the Conqueror. The worst thing they will do, is running away now and then with their jockeys. And what’s that? Why, only the animal’s animal-spirit running away with *him*. They are not,” adds Mr. Filbert, with a merry twinkle in his eye, “the only young bloods that are fond of going too fast.”

To our question whether he considers that a race-horse *could* go too fast, Mr. Filbert gives a jolly negative, and remarks that it is all owing to high feeding and fine air; “for, mind you, horses get much better air to breathe than men do, and more of it.”

All this while the two boys are sibillating lustily while rubbing and polishing the coats of their horses; which are as soft as velvet, and much smoother. When the little grooms come to the fetlock and pastern, the chamois-leather they have been using is discarded as too coarse and rough, and they rub away down to the hoofs with their sleek and their plump hands. Every wish they express, either in words or by signs, is cheerfully obeyed by the horse. The terms the quadruped seems to be on with the small biped, are those of the most easy and intimate friendship. They thoroughly understand one another. We feel a little ashamed of our mistrust of so much docility, and leave the stable with much less awe of a race-horse than we entered it.

“And now, Mr. Filbert, one delicate question—What security is there against these horses being drugged, so that they may lose a race?”

Mr. Filbert halts, places his legs apart, and his arms akimbo, and throws into his reply a severe significance, mildly tinged with indignation. He commences with saying, “I’ll tell you where it is: there is a deal more said about foul play and horses going amiss, than there need be.”

“Then the boys are never heavily bribed?”

“Heavily bribed, sir!” Mr. Filbert contracts his eyes, but sharpens up their expression, to look the suspicion down. “Bribed! it may not be hard to bribe a man, but it’s not so easy to bribe a boy. What’s the use of a hundred-pound note to a child of ten or twelve years old? Try him with a pen’orth of apples, or a slice of pudding, and you have a better chance; though I would not give you the price of a sugar-stick for it. Nine out of ten of these lads would not have a hair of their horse’s tails ruffled if they could help it; much more any such harm as drugs or downright poison. The boy and the horse are so fond of one another, that a racing stable is a regular happy family of boys and horses. When the foal is first born, it is turned loose into the paddock; and if his mother don’t give him enough milk, the cow makes up the deficiency. He scampers about in this way for about a year: then he is ‘taken up;’ that is, bitted, and backed by a ‘dumb-jockey’—a cross of wood made for the purpose. When he has got a little used to that, we try him with a speaking jockey—a child some seven or eight years old, who has

been born, like the colt, in the stables. From that time till the horse retires from the turf, the two are inseparable. They eat, drink, sleep, go out and come in together. Under the directions of the trainer, the boy tells the horse what to do, and he does it; for he knows that he is indebted to the boy for every thing he gets. When he is hungry, it is the boy that gives him his corn; when he is thirsty, the boy hands him his water; if he gets a stone in his foot, the boy picks it out. By the time the colt is old enough to run, he and the boy have got to like one another so well that they fret to be away from one another. As for bribing! Why, you may as well try to bribe the horse to poison the boy, as the boy to let the horse be injured."

"But the thing *has* happened, Mr. Filbert?"

"Not so much as is talked about. Sometimes a likely foal is sent to a training stable, and cracked up as something wonderful. He is entered to run. On trial, he turns out to be next to nothing; and the backers, to save their reputation, put it about that the horse was played tricks with. There is hardly a great race, but you hear something about horses going amiss by foul play."

"Do many of these boys become jockeys?"

"Mostly. Some of them are jockeys already, and ride 'their own' horses as they call them. Here comes one."

A miniature man, with a horsewhip neatly twisted round the crop or handle, opens the gate.

"Well, Tommy, how are you, Tommy?"

"Well, sir, bobbish. Fine day, Mr. Filbert."

Although Mr. Filbert tells us in a whisper that Tommy is only twelve next birth-day, Tommy looks as if he had entered far into his teens. His dress is deceptive. Light trowsers terminating in buttons, laced shoes, long striped waistcoat, a cut-away coat, a colored cravat, a collar to which juveniles aspire under the name of "stick-ups," and a Paris silk hat, form his equipment.

"Let's see, Tommy; what stakes did you win last?"

Tommy flicks, with the end of his whip-crop, a speck of dirt from the toe of his "off" shoe, and replies carelessly, "The Great Northamptonshire upon Valentine. But then, I have won a many smaller stakes, you know, Mr. Filbert."

"Are there many jockeys so young as Tommy?"

"Not many so young," says Tommy, tying a knot in his whip thong, "but a good many smaller." Tommy then walks across the straw-yard to speak to some stable friend he has come to see. Tommy has not only the appearance, but the manners of a man.

"That boy will be worth money," says Mr. Filbert. "It is no uncommon thing for a master to give a lad like that a hundred pound when he wins a race. As he can't spend it in hard-bake, or ginger-beer, or marbles (the young rogue *does*, occasionally, get rid of a pound or two in cigars), he saves it. I have known a

racine-stable lad begin the world at twenty, with from three to four thousand pound."

Tommy is hopping back over the straw, as if he had forgotten something. "O, I beg your pardon for not asking before," he says, "but—how does Mrs. Filbert find herself?"

"Quite well, thank you, Tommy." Tommy says he is glad to hear it, and walks off like a family-man.

Our interview with Mr. Filbert is finished, and we pace toward the race-course with its indefatigable clerk. Presently, he points to a huge white object that rears its leaden roof on the apex of the highest of the "Downs." It is the Grand Stand. It is so extensive, so strong, and so complete, that it seems built for eternity, instead of for busy use during one day in the year, and for smaller requisitions during three others. Its stability is equal to St. Paul's, or the Memnonian Temple. Our astonishment, already excited, is increased when our cicerone tells us that he pays as rent and in subscriptions to stakes to be run for, nearly two thousand pounds per annum for that stand. Expecting an unusually great concourse of visitors this year, he has erected a new wing, extended the betting inclosure, and fitted up two apartments for the exclusive use of ladies.

Here we are! Let us go into the basement. First into the weighing-house, where the jockeys "come to scale" after each race. We then inspect the offices for the Clerk of the Course himself; wine-cellars, beer-cellars, larders, sculleries, and kitchens, all as gigantically appointed, and as copiously furnished as if they formed part of an ogre's castle. To furnish the refreshment-saloon, the Grand Stand has in store two thousand four hundred tumblers, one thousand two hundred wine-glasses, three thousand plates and dishes, and several of the most elegant vases we have seen out of the Glass Palace, decorated with artificial flowers. An exciting odor of cookery meets us in our descent. Rows of spits are turning rows of joints before blazing walls of fire. Cooks are trussing fowls; confectioners are making jellies; kitchen-maids are plucking pigeons; huge crates of boiled tongues are being garnished on dishes. One hundred and thirty legs of lamb, sixty-five saddles of lamb, and one hundred and thirty shoulders of lamb; in short, a whole flock of sixty-five lambs have to be roasted, and dished, and garnished, by the Derby Day. Twenty rounds of beef, four hundred lobsters, one hundred and fifty tongues, twenty fillets of veal, one hundred sirloins of beef, five hundred spring chickens, three hundred and fifty pigeons; a countless number of quartern loaves, and an incredible quantity of ham have to be cut up into sandwiches; eight hundred eggs have got to be boiled for the pigeon-pies and salads. The forests of lettuces, the acres of cress, and beds of radishes, which will have to be chopped up; the gallons of "dressings" that will have to be poured out and converted into salads for the insatiable Derby Day, will be best understood by a memorandum from the chief of that depart-

ment to the *chef de-cuisine*, which happened, accidentally, to fall under our notice: "Pray don't forget a large tub and a birch-broom for mixing the salad!"

We are preparing to ascend, when we hear the familiar sound of a printing machine. Are we deceived? O, no! The Grand Stand is like the kingdom of China—self-supporting, self-sustaining. It scorns foreign aid; even to the printing of the Racing Lists. This is the source of the innumerable cards with which hawkers persecute the sporting world on its way to the Derby, from the Elephant and Castle to the Grand Stand. "Dorling's list! Dorling's correct list! with the names of the horses, and colors of the riders!"

We are now in the hall. On our left, are the parlors—refreshment rooms specially devoted to the Jockey Club; on our right, a set of seats, reserved, from the days of Flying Childers, for the members of White's Club-house.

We step out upon the lawn; in the midst is the betting-ring, where sums of money of fabulous amounts change hands.

The first floor is entirely occupied with a refreshment-room and a police court. Summary justice is the law of the Grand Stand. Two magistrates sit during the races. Is a pick-pocket detected, a thimble-rigger caught, a policeman assaulted? The delinquent is brought round to the Grand Stand, to be convicted, sentenced, and imprisoned in as short a time as it takes to run a mile race.

The sloping roof is covered with lead, in steps; the spectator from that point has a bird's-eye view of the entire proceedings, and of the surrounding country, which is beautifully picturesque. When the foreground of the picture is brightened and broken by the vast multitude that assembles here upon the Derby Day, it presents a whole which has no parallel in the world.

On that great occasion, an unused spectator might imagine that all London turned out. There is little perceptible difference in the bustle of its crowded streets, but all the roads leading to Epsom Downs are so thronged and blocked by every description of carriage, that it is marvelous to consider how, when, and where they were all made—out of what possible wealth they are all maintained—and by what laws the supply of horses is kept equal to the demand. Near the favorite bridges, and at various leading points of the leading roads, clusters of people post themselves by nine o'clock to see the Derby people pass. Then come flitting by, barouches, phaetons, Broughams, gigs, four-wheeled chaises, four-in-hands, Hansom cabs, cabs of lesser note, chaise-carts, donkey-carts, tilted vans made arborescent with green boughs, and carrying no end of people, and a cask of beer—equestrians, pedestrians, horse-dealers, gentlemen, notabilities, and swindlers, by tens of thousands—gradually thickening and accumulating, until, at last a mile short of the turnpike, they become

wedged together, and are very slowly filtered through layers of policemen, mounted and a-foot, until, one by one, they pass the gate, and skurry down the hill beyond. The most singular combinations occur in these turnpike stoppages and presses. Four-in-hand leaders look affectionately over the shoulders of ladies, in bright shawls, perched in gigs; poles of carriages appear, uninvited, in the midst of social parties in phaetons; little, fast, short-stepping ponies run up carriage-wheels before they can be stopped and hold on behind like footmen. Now, the gentleman who is unaccustomed to public driving, gets into astonishing perplexities. Now, the Hansom cab whisks craftily in and out, and seems occasionally to fly over a wagon or so. Now the post-boy, on a jibbing or a shying horse, curses the evil hour of his birth, and is ingloriously assisted by the shabby hostler out of place, who is walking down with seven shabby companions, more or less equine, open to the various chances of the road. Now, the air is fresh, and the dust flies thick and fast. Now, the canvas booths upon the course are seen to glisten and flutter in the distance. Now, the adventurous vehicles make cuts across, and get into ruts and gravel-pits. Now, the heather in bloom is like a field of gold, and the roar of voices is like a wind. Now, we leave the hard road and go smoothly rolling over the soft green turf, attended by an army of importunate worshipers in red jackets and stable jackets, who make a very Juggernaut car of our equipage, and now breathlessly call us My Lord, and now, Your Honor. Now, we pass the outer settlements of tents, where pots and kettles are—where gipsy children are—where airy stabling is—where tares for horses may be bought—where water, water, water, is proclaimed—where the Tumbler in an old pea-coat, with a spangled fillet round his head, eats oysters, while his wife takes care of the golden globes, and the knives, and also of the starry little boy, their son, who lives principally upside-down. Now, we pay our one pound at the barrier, and go faster on, still Juggernautwise, attended by our devotees, until at last we are drawn, and rounded, and backed, and sidled, and cursed, and complimented, and vociferated, into a station on the hill opposite the Grand Stand, where we presently find ourselves on foot, much bewildered, waited on by five respectful persons, who will brush us all at once.

Well, to be sure, there never was such a Derby Day, as this present Derby Day! Never, to be sure, were there so many carriages, so many fours, so many twos, so many ones, so many horsemen, so many people who have come down by "rail," so many fine ladies in so many Broughams, so many of Fortnum and Mason's hampers, so much ice and champagne! If I were on the turf, and had a horse to enter for the Derby, I would call that horse Fortnum and Mason, convinced that with that name he would beat the field. Public opinion would bring him in somehow. Look where I will—in some con-

nection with the carriages—made fast upon the top, or occupying the box, or tied up behind, or dangling below, or peeping out of window—I see Fortnum and Mason. And now, Heavens! all the hampers fly wide open, and the green Downs burst into a blossom of lobster-salad!

As if the great Trafalgar signal had been suddenly displayed from the top of the Grand Stand, every man proceeds to do his duty. The weaker spirits, who were ashamed to set the great example, follow it instantly, and all around me there are table-cloths, pies, chickens, hams, tongues, rolls, lettuces, radishes, shell-fish, broad-bottomed bottles, clinking glasses, and carriages turned inside out. Amid the hum of voices a bell rings. What's that? What's the matter? They are clearing the course. Never mind. Try the pigeon-pie. A roar. What's the matter? It's only the dog upon the course. Is that all? Glass of wine. Another roar. What's that? It's only the man who wants to cross the course, and is intercepted, and brought back. Is that all? I wonder whether it is always the same dog and the same man, year after year! A great roar. What's the matter? By Jupiter, they are going to start.

A deeper hum and a louder roar. Every body standing on Fortnum and Mason. Now they're off! No. *Now* they're off! No. *Now* they're off! No. *Now* they are! Yes!

There they go! Here they come! Where? Keep your eye on Tattenham Corner, and you'll see 'em coming round in half a minute. Good gracious, look at the Grand Stand, piled up with human beings to the top, and at the wonderful effect of changing light as all their faces and uncovered heads turn suddenly this way! Here they are! Who is? The horses! Where? Here they come! Green first. No: Red first. No: Blue first. No: the Favorite first! Who says so? Look! Hurrah! Hurrah! All over. Glorious race. Favorite wins! Two hundred thousand pounds lost and won. You don't say so? Pass the pie!

Now, the pigeons fly away with the news. Now, every one dismounts from the top of Fortnum and Mason, and falls to work with greater earnestness than before, on carriage boxes, sides, tops, wheels, steps, roofs, and rumbles. Now, the living stream upon the course, dammed for a little while at one point, is released, and spreads like parti-colored grain. Now, the roof of the Grand Stand is deserted. Now, rings are formed upon the course, where strong men stand in pyramids on one another's heads; where the Highland lady dances; where the Devonshire Lad sets-to with the Bantam; where the Tumbler throws the golden globes about, with the starry little boy tied round him in a knot.

Now, all the variety of human riddles who propound themselves on race-courses, come about the carriages, to be guessed. Now, the gipsy woman, with the flashing red or yellow handkerchief about her head, and the strange silvery-hoarse voice, appears, My pretty gentleman, to tell your fortin, sir; for you have a merry eye,

my gentleman, and surprises is in store for you, connected with a dark lady as loves you better than you love a kiss in a dark corner when the moon's a-shining; for you have a lively 'art. my gentleman, and you shall know her secret thoughts, and the first and last letters of her name, my pretty gentleman, if you will cross your poor gipsy's hand with a little bit of silver, for the luck of the fortin as the gipsy will read true, from the lines of your hand, my gentleman, both as to what is past, and present, and to come. Now, the Ethiopians, looking unutterably hideous in the sunlight, play old banjos and bones, on which no man could perform ten years ago, but which, it seems, any man may play now, if he will only blacken his face, put on a crisp wig, a white waistcoat and wristbands, a large white tie, and give his mind to it. Now, the sickly-looking ventriloquist, with an anxious face (and always with a wife in a shawl) teaches the alphabet to the puppet pupil, whom he takes out of his pocket. Now, my sporting gentlemen, you may ring the Bull, the Bull, the Bull; you may ring the Bull! Now, try your luck at the knock-em-downs, my Noble Swells—twelve heaves for sixpence, and a pincushion in the centre, worth ten times the money! Now, the Noble Swells take five shillings' worth of "heaves," and carry off a halfpenny wooden pear in triumph. Now, it hails, as it always does hail, formidable wooden truncheons round the heads, bodies and shins of the proprietors of the said knock-em-downs, whom nothing hurts. Now, inscrutable creatures in smock frocks, beg for bottles. Now, a coarse vagabond, or idiot, or a compound of the two, never beheld by mortal off a race-course, minces about, with ample skirts and a tattered parasol, counterfeiting a woman. Now, a shabby man, with an overhanging forehead, and a slinking eye, produces a small board, and invites your attention to something novel and curious—three thimbles and one little pea—with a one, two, three—and a two, three, one—and a one—and a two—in the middle—right hand, left hand—go you any bet from a crown to five sovereigns you don't lift the thimble the pea's under! Now, another gentleman (with a stick) much interested in the experiment, will "go" two sovereigns that he does lift the thimble, provided strictly that the shabby man holds his hand still, and don't touch 'em again. Now, the bet's made, and the gentleman with the stick, lifts obviously the wrong thimble, and loses. Now, it is as clear as day to an innocent bystander, that the loser must have won if he had not blindly lifted the wrong thimble—in which he is strongly confirmed by another gentleman with a stick, also much interested, who proposes to "go him" halves—a friendly sovereign to *his* sovereign—against the bank. Now, the innocent agrees, and loses; and so the world turns round bringing innocents with it in abundance, though the three confederates are wretched actors, and could live by no other trade if they couldn't do it better.

Now, there is another bell, and another clearing of the course, and another dog, and another

man, and another race. Now, there are all these things all over again. Now, down among the carriage-wheels and poles, a scrubby growth of drunken post-boys and the like has sprung into existence, like weeds among the many-colored flowers of fine ladies in Broughams, and so forth. Now, the drinking-booths are all full, and tobacco-smoke is abroad, and an extremely civil gentleman confidentially proposes roulette. And now, faces begin to be jaded, and horses are harnessed, and wherever the old gray-headed beggarman goes, he gets among traces and splinter-bars, and is roared at.

So, now, we are on the road again, going home. Now, there are longer stoppages than in the morning; for we are a dense mass of men and women, wheels, horses, and dust. Now, all the houses on the road seem to be turned inside out, like the carriages on the course, and the people belonging to the houses, like the people belonging to the carriages, occupy stations which they never occupy at another time—on leads, on housetops, on out-buildings, at windows, in balconies, in doorways, in gardens. Schools are drawn out to see the company go by. The academies for young gentlemen favor us with dried peas; the Establishments for Young Ladies (into which sanctuaries many wooden pears are pitched), with bright eyes. We become sentimental, and wish we could marry Clapham. The crowd thickens on both sides of the road. All London appears to have come out to see us. It is like a triumphant entry—except that, on the whole, we rather amuse than impress the populace. There are little love-scenes among the chestnut trees by the roadside—young gentlemen in gardens resentful of glances at young ladies from coach-tops—other young gentlemen in other gardens, whose arms, encircling young ladies, seem to be trained like the vines. There are good family pictures—stout fathers and jolly mothers—rosy cheeks squeezed in between the rails—and infinitesimal jockeys winning in canthers on walking-sticks. There are smart maid-servants among the grooms at stable-doors, where Cook looms large and glowing. There is plenty of smoking and drinking among the tilted vans and at the public-houses, and some singing, but general order and good-humor. So, we leave the gardens and come into the streets, and if we there encounter a few ruffians throwing flour and chalk about, we know them for the dregs and refuse of a fine, trustworthy people, deserving of all confidence and honor.

And now we are at home again—far from absolutely certain of the name of the winner of the Derby—knowing nothing whatever about any other race of the day—still tenderly affected by the beauty of Clapham—and thoughtful over the ashes of Fortnum and Mason.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

WHILE reading Hartley Coleridge's life, we have been often grieved, but never for a moment have been tempted to anger. There is so much bonhomie, so much unaffected oddity, he is

such a queer being, such a *character*, in short, that you laugh more than you cry, and wonder more than you laugh. The judge would be a severe one who could keep his gravity while trying him. One mischief, too, which often attends faulty men of genius is wanting in him. He has not turned his "diseases into commodities"—paraded his vices as if they were virtues, nor sought to circulate their virus. He is, as the old divines were wont to say, a "*sensible sinner*," and lies so prostrate that none will have the heart to trample on him. His vices, too, were so peculiarly interwoven with his idiosyncrasy, which was to the last degree peculiar, that they can find no imitators. When vice seems ludicrous and contemptible, few follow it; it is only when covered with the gauzy vail of sentimentalism, or when deliberately used as a foil to set off brilliant powers, that it exerts an attraction dangerously compounded of its native charm, and the splendors which shine beside it. Men who are disposed to copy the sins of a gifted, popular, and noble poet like Byron, and who, gazing at his sun-like beams, absorb his spots into their darkened and swimming eyes, can only look with mockery, pity, and avoidance upon the slips of an odd little man, driveling amid the hedgerows and ditches of the lake country, even although his accomplishments were great, his genius undoubted, and his name Coleridge.

His nature was, indeed, intensely singular. One might fancy him extracted from his father's side, while he slept, and *dreamed*. He was like an embodied dream of that mighty wizard. He had not the breadth, the length, or the height of S. T. Coleridge's mind, but he had much of his subtlety, his learning, his occasional sweetness, and his tremulous tenderness. He was never, and yet always a child. The precocity he displayed was amazing—and precocious, and nothing more, he continued to the end. His life was a perpetual promise to *be*—a rich unexpanded bud—while his father's was a perpetual promise to *do*—a flower without adequate fruit. It was no wonder that when the father first saw his child his far-stretching eye was clouded with sorrow as he thought, If I—a whole, such as has seldom been created, have had difficulty in standing alone, how can this part of myself? If a frail tendency, running across my being, has damaged me, what is to become of one whose name is Frailty?" Some such thought was apparently in his prophetic mind when he wrote the sonnet beginning with

"Charles, my slow heart was only sad," &c.

Nor did the future history of the child belie the augury of this poetic sigh of a fond, yet fearing parent, over the extracted, embodied frailty and fineness of his own being.

Indeed, a circle of evil auguries surrounded the childhood of little Hartley. The calm, quiet eye of Wordsworth surveyed the sports of the child, and finding them those of no common infant, he wrote the poem to "H. C., six years old," where he says—

"Thou art a dew-drop which the morn brings forth,
Ill-fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth."

His power of youthful fancy and language was wonderful. Not even Scott's story-telling faculty was equal to his. He delighted in recounting to his brother and companions, not a series of tales, but "one continuous tale, regularly evolved, and possessing a real unity, enchainning the attention of his auditors for a space of years." "This enormous romance, far exceeding in length the compositions of Calprenede, Scudery, or Richardson, though delivered without premeditation, had a progressive story with many turns and complications, with salient points recurring at intervals, with a suspended interest varying in intensity, and occasionally wrought up to a very high pitch, and at length a final catastrophe and conclusion." While constructing this he was little more than twelve years of age.

A *curiosity*, Hartley Coleridge commenced life by being—and a curiosity, somewhat battered and soiled, he continued to the end. His peculiarity lay in such a combination of wonderful powers and wonderful weaknesses, of the mind of a man, the heart of a child, and the body of a dwarf, of purposes proud and high, and habits mean and low—as has seldom been witnessed. The wild disorganization produced by such a medley of contradictory qualities, no discipline, no fortunate conjuncture of circumstances, nothing, perhaps, but death or miracle could have reconciled. He was not *deranged*—but he was *disarranged* in the most extraordinary degree. And such dark disarrangements are sometimes more hopeless than madness itself. There is nothing for them but that they be taken down, and cast into the new mould of the grave.

This original tendency and formation are thus described by his brother: "He had a certain infirmity of will—the specific evil of his life. His sensibility was intense, and he had not wherewithal to control it. He could not open a letter without trembling. He shrank from mental pain—he was beyond measure impatient of constraint. He was liable to paroxysms of rage, often the disguise of pity, self-accusation, or other painful emotion—anger it could hardly be called—during which he bit his arm or finger violently. He yielded, as it were unconsciously, to slight temptations, slight in themselves, and slight to him, as if swayed by a mechanical impulse apart from his own volition. It looked like an organic defect—a congenital imperfection."

"Of such materials wretched men are made."

And so it fared with poor Hartley Coleridge. Up, indeed, to the time (1814) when he left school, he seems to have been as happy as most schoolboys are—nay, happier than most, in constant intercourse with Mr. Wordsworth, carrying on his English studies in his library at Alnbank, in the vale of Grasmere, and having become acquainted with John Wilson, then residing at his beautiful seat, Elleray, on the banks

of Windermere, who became from that time, and continued to the last, one of his kindest friends. Through Mr. Southey's active intervention, he was sent to Merton College, Oxford. His curriculum there was at first distinguished. If inferior in scholarship to many, he yielded to none in general knowledge, in genius, and, above all, in conversation. Ultimately he gained a fellowship in Oriel, with high distinction. But his powers of table-talk became snares to him, and at the close of his probationary year he "was judged to have forfeited his fellowship on the ground mainly of intemperance." Great efforts were made by his father and others to reverse the sentence—but in vain. His ruin was now only a question of time. He repaired to London, but the precarious life of a man of letters was fitted to nurse instead of checking his morbid tendencies and unhappy habits. He next returned to the Lake country, commenced a school in conjunction with another gentleman, and even talked of entering into holy orders. But nothing would prosper with him. His school dwindled away, and he was reduced to make a scrambling livelihood by contributing to periodicals; domesticated the while at Grasmere, in the house of a farmer's widow. Various attempts were made, ever and anon, to make him useful—by taking him to Leeds to edit a biographical work; assisting a friend in teaching school at Ledbergh, &c; but all in vain. To Grasmere he as uniformly found his way back, to resume his erratic existence. In 1845, his mother's death brought him an annuity, which placed him on a footing of complete independence. During all this time he was employed fitfully in literary effort, wrote poems, contributed papers to "Blackwood's Magazine," and delivered occasional addresses to literary societies. He was gentle, amiable, frank; and, notwithstanding his oddities and errors, was a great favorite with all classes in Cumberland. He was, as a churchman and politician, liberal, almost radical, in his opinions. He was a daily reader of his Bible. To the last, he struggled sore to unloose the accursed bands of indolence and sensualism which bound him; but to little purpose.

At length, in the beginning of 1849, he departed this life, after giving various evidences of a penitent spirit. He lies now in a spot, beside which, in little more than a year, the dust of one—alike, but oh, how different!—Wordsworth, was to be consigned. He was in his fifty-second year. "His coffin, at the funeral, was light as that of a child." "It was," says his brother, "a winter's day when he was carried to his last earthly home, cold, but fine, with a few slight scuds of sleet and gleams of sunshine, one of which greeted us as we entered Grasmere, and another smiled brightly through the church-window. May it rest upon his memory!"

THE ORIENTAL SALOONS IN MADRID.

"COME," said Don Philippe to us one evening, "come with me to a ball at the Salon de Oriente, where you will see a picture of

Madridenian life, too characteristic to be overlooked—a miniature of its beauty, its taste, and its profligacy combined, which no stranger who visits the metropolis should fail to note, and studiously observe.” Having nothing of greater importance before us, we assented forthwith to the proposal of our entertaining teacher, who escorted us thither, as soon as we could put ourselves in proper trim for the occasion. The first glimpse of the ball-room was like a fairy scene. It was built in imitation of an Oriental palace, tastefully painted and illuminated with glittering chandeliers, in the most brilliant manner. The hall was quite thronged with persons of both sexes, a large proportion of whom were engaged in dancing the “Polka Mazurka,” to the inspiring music of a full and splendid band. So exciting was the spectacle, that it was with the greatest difficulty we restrained ourselves for a few moments from rushing into the midst of the throng, and finally we broke from all restraint, and bade defiance to the counsels of Don Philippe, who evidently regarded us in the light of a couple of hot headed youths, whose harvest of wild oats had not yet been fully gathered. Away we dashed into the very midst of the merry sport as if, with military ardor, we intended to carry the place by storm; having secured a pair of female prizes, whose brilliant eyes, like lodestones, had drawn us toward them, while under our sudden spell of excitement we mingled with the concourse of laughing dancers, and became ourselves the gayest of the gay. The bright glances which gleamed around us, from every female eye, were softer than the blushes of the moonbeams! Every cheek was flushed with pleasure; every lip was red with joy! The men were wild with frolic, and the youthful damsels intoxicated with delight. Among the former, whom should I recognize, to my infinite surprise and astonishment, but my faithful guide to Segovia and the Escorial. In his dress he was completely metamorphosed into a fashionable gentleman, with white waistcoat and gloves, and the remainder of his suit of fine black broadcloth. In manners, he had not a superior in the room. Approaching me with respect, but with the polished ease of a man well acquainted with the world, he saluted us with unaffected cordiality, and then invited us to partake of some refreshments with him in an adjoining apartment, expressly intended and adapted for this purpose. We did not wish to offend him by a refusal, and therefore assented to his desire. Seating ourselves at a table together, we called for a favorite beverage among the Spaniards, composed of small-beer and lemon, mixed in proportions to suit the taste of those desiring it. An immense bowl, supplied with a certain quantity of iced lemonade, was first brought and placed in the centre of the table before us. Two or three bottles of beer were then opened and poured into this general receptacle, the contents of which were stirred up briskly with a kind of ladle or large spoon.

Each of us then helped himself to the frothy compound, which, at the same time that it is very agreeable to the palate, does not produce the slightest inebriating effect.

Turning to me, my quondam guide asked if I had passed a pleasant evening. I replied in the affirmative, and told him I had been much struck with his skillful performance upon “the light fantastic toe.” He seemed delighted with the compliment, and praised us highly in return, for the manner in which we had conducted ourselves throughout the entertainment. “These saloons,” said he, “are resorted to by all classes of gentlemen in the metropolis, without distinction of rank or station, though they do not sustain so high a public reputation now as they possessed in former years. This is owing to the fact, that ladies of station no longer honor them with their presence, save during the period of the ‘masquerades,’ when it is said that even the queen herself has mingled among the general throng, confident that her disguise would secure her from either scrutiny or recognition. The females whom you have seen here to-night,” continued my guide, “notwithstanding their modest appearance and genteel manners, are most of them either kept-mistresses or public courtesans, while the younger ones, apparently under the protection of their mothers and aunts, by whom they are accompanied, have been brought hither as to a market, in order to secure an ‘*amante*’ or lover, and make the most profitable sale of their charms! This may sound very horrible to your ears, yet I assure you that it is truth. You can scarcely have any conception of the extent of vice which prevails in Madrid, nor of the lightness and indifference with which it is regarded by the community. She who would be called by an evil name in any other country, is only regarded as a gay and lively girl in Spain, so low is the general standard of women. Absolute penury, and the want of respectable employment, have tended to produce this deplorable result, which must necessarily ensue, wherever the poverty and mismanagement of a Government, and the consequent inactivity of industry and commerce, does not create sufficient occupation for the poorer classes, to keep them above starvation, without having recourse to vice. It really offends me,” continued my guide, with considerable warmth, “to hear a noble people abused for the existence of faults which do not properly belong to them.” “Bravo,” cried Don Philippe, “good, good, good! Down with the government! Send the cursed ministers to the infernals, and we’ll have a grand Spanish republic. Then you’ll see if the Spaniards are not as industrious and brave, and the women as virtuous and chaste, as those of any other land under the sun. Give the people a fair chance, and they will rise, like the bird you call a phoenix, and become a great and powerful nation. Success, I say, to the glorious cause of liberty and republicanism in Spain!”

PHANTOMS AND REALITIES.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*
PART THE THIRD—NIGHT.

IV.

THE interval of suspense to which we were doomed before we received any tidings of Forrester seemed to us interminable; and our speculations on the cause of his silence did not contribute to make our solitude the more endurable. We clung together, it is true; but it was like people on a raft, with our heads stretched out, looking apart into the distance for succor.

At last, at the end of a fortnight, there came a note in Forrester's handwriting (which I well remembered), signed only with an initial letter, requiring to see me alone in a roadside hostelry about half a mile inland. The note was cautiously worded, so that if it fell into other hands, its purport would be unintelligible.

I thought this strange; but Forrester was always fond of a little mystery, and on the present occasion there might be a necessity for it. I am ashamed to say, that after I had read this note two or three times, I felt some hesitation about giving him the meeting. The doubt was unworthy of us both; yet I could not help asking myself, over and over again, why he wished me to go alone?—why he appointed to meet me at night?—why he should act under a mask in an affair which demanded the utmost candor on all sides?—and a hundred other uncomfortable questions. Circumstances had made me anxious and distrustful; and I was so conscious of the irritable state of my nerves, that, even while these suspicions were passing through my brain, I made an effort to do justice to my friend by recalling to mind the incidents of our former intercourse, throughout which he had displayed a fidelity and steadfastness that entitled him to my most implicit confidence. Even if it had been otherwise, I had no choice but to trust to him; it was indispensable that we should know the determination of our implacable enemy, and it was through Forrester alone we could obtain that information.

The night was dark and stormy. The solitary walk to the little inn afforded me time to collect myself for an interview which I approached with no slight uneasiness. I had left Astræa behind me in a depressed and fretful mood. She could not comprehend why she was excluded from our councils, and seemed to regard it as a sort of conspiracy to dishonor and humiliate her. Every trifling circumstance that affected her personally was viewed in the same light, with jealousy and suspicion. Poor Astræa! Her life was already beginning to jar with mental discords, and the shadows of the future were falling thickly upon her, and darkening her path.

The hostelry at which I had the appointment with Forrester stood on the edge of a bleak common. In that part of the country there are many similar wastes, stretching a half mile or more into the interior, covered with a scant and sickly herbage, and presenting on the surface an arid

picture of sand, stones, and shells, as if these great, unprofitable pastures had been redeemed from the sea without being converted into available land. There is a salt flavor in the air over these wild inland stretches; the sea seems to pursue you with its saline weeds, its keen winds, and measured murmurs; and the absolute solitude of a scene in which you very rarely meet a house or a tree, is calculated to make a dismal impression on a person otherwise out of humor with the world. I felt it forcibly that night. I thought the northeast wind that swept diagonally across the common was more wintry and biting than usual; and the red light in the distant window of the "Jolly Gardeners" (of all conceivable signs for such a spot!) looked as if it were dancing away further and further from me as I advanced across the heath.

At last I reached the inn—a low tiled house, with a tattered portico jutting out upon the road some ten or twelve feet, a few latticed windows, and a narrow passage, lighted by a single candle in a sconce on the wall, leading into a sanded parlor beyond a little square "bar" that looked like the inside of a cupboard, decorated with a variety of jugs, teacups, saucers, and other ware hung up in rows all round. The house was altogether a very tolerable specimen of what used to be called an ale-house in remote country districts; a place suggestive of the strictest caution about liquors, but where you might repose with confidence on an impromptu entertainment of rashers and eggs. It was exactly the sort of house that Forrester would have preferred to a well-appointed hostel in the days of our summer vagrancy, when we used to wander toward Hampstead and Highgate, avoiding beaten tracks and crowded localities, and seeking out for ourselves, whenever we could find it, a secluded "Barley Mow" shut up in a nest of orchards. He had not lost his early tastes—nor had I! That little "bar," with its innumerable samples of delft, threw me back sundry years of my life, to the time when I was free to dream or idle, to go into the haunts of men, or to desert them at will. The incident was a trifling one in itself; but it shot through my heart like a bolt of fire. It was the first time I had gone out and left Astræa alone behind me. I thought of her, seated in her lonely room, brooding over her desolation, and torturing herself with speculations upon the business in which I was engaged: while I?—I was out again on the high road, exulting in a man's privilege to act for myself, with her destiny, for good or evil, at my disposal, and possessing the power of returning into the world from whence I had drawn her, and in which she could never again appear! I?—I was at large once more, with the memories of the freedom and tranquillity I had relinquished tempting my thoughts into rebellion. And she?—alas! she never seemed in my eyes so forlorn and lost as at that moment!

A single glance at the boxed-up "bar," and the honest round face, with a skin-cap over it, that gaped at me behind a complete breastwork of pewter and glass, awakened me from the state

* Concluded from the July Number.

of reverie in which I had entered the house. I dare say I looked rather bewildered, like a man just shaking off a fit of abstraction, for the honest round face immediately started out of the chair which served as a socket for the body to which it belonged, and without waiting to hear me ask any questions, instantly proposed to conduct me to the gentleman up-stairs, who had been for some time expecting my arrival.

I found Forrester in a small room which was reached by a flight of stairs, so sharp and precipitate, that they looked as if they were inserted on the face of the wall. Having lighted me into the room, the honest face disappeared, and left us alone together.

Forrester stretched out his hand, as I thought, somewhat formally; then motioning me to a seat opposite to him, waited in silence till the landlord had left the room.

"You are surprised I should have asked you to come here," he said.

"No," I replied, interrupting him, hastily; "but I am surprised we did not hear from you sooner. In the name of Heaven, what can have been the cause of your silence?"

"How long is it since I saw you?"

"How long? Upward of a fortnight, and we expected a letter every day. But the world forgets us when we forget ourselves."

"It might be well with some people, if the world *did* forget them," he rejoined; "but that is no affair of mine. I have not forgotten you, whatever you may have deserved from others."

This was uttered in a tone of asperity unusual with Forrester. But I felt that I had provoked it by the unacknowledging spirit in which I had met him after all the trouble he had taken on my account, and I was proceeding to make the best apology I could, when he cut me short with a wave of his hand, and entered upon the business that brought us together.

"You were aware when I undertook to negotiate between you and the husband of Astræa, that I was his friend as well as yours. He had even stronger claims upon my friendship; I had known him in our boyhood; and when I returned, after an interval of years, and found him bereaved, as I had been myself—and by the same person—you can not be astonished that I should feel some interest in his situation."

"I do not blame you for that," I returned, hardly knowing what I said, I was so amazed by the tone and substance of this unexpected opening.

"Blame me?" reiterated Forrester. "Blame me for sympathizing with an early friend, whose life, like my own, had been blasted to the root? You must suppose my nature to be something different from that of other men, if you imagine I could witness his sufferings unmoved."

"To what is this intended to lead?" I demanded. "When I saw you last, your sympathies were not so exclusive. You were then, Forrester, the friend of both?"

"Am I not so still? What brings me here? It is not exactly the sort of weather a man would

select for a trip of pleasure into the country. What brings me here? Your business. Does this look like a failure of friendship? You are soured—isolation and self-reproaches, which pride will not suffer you to acknowledge, have turned your blood to acid. You are ready to quarrel for straws, and your whole care is how to escape the responsibility which passion and selfishness have brought upon you."

I leaped from my chair at these words, and looked fiercely at Forrester. He was perfectly calm, and continued to speak in a voice of freezing quietness.

"Pray, resume your seat. It is sheer waste of time to lose your temper with me. Either I must speak candidly to you, or there is an end to our intercourse."

"Yes—candidly, but not insultingly," I replied, seizing my chair, and, after giving it a very ill-tempered fling upon the ground, throwing myself into it.

"How foolish it is in you to exhibit this humor to me," he resumed after a short pause. "I imagine I have a right to speak to you exactly what I think, and that the interest I have taken in your concerns ought to protect me from the suspicion of desiring to insult you. Were it my cue to insult you, it is not in this affair I should look for the grounds of quarrel. But let that pass. I have seen the man whom you have made your mortal enemy, and have endeavored to prevail upon him to break the marriage. I have failed."

"Failed? How? Why? What does he say? He is a fiend!"

"Strange that he should have just the same opinion of you. Beelzebub is rather a respectable and virtuous person in his estimation compared with you. Just possible both may be right!"

I never saw Forrester in this sort of vein before. It was as if he were determined to lacerate my feelings and lay them bare; and yet there was a certain eccentric kindness under this rough treatment, which helped to reconcile me to it. At all events, I was bound to endure it; I knew that if I outraged him by any show of distrust or violence, his lips would be closed forever. I felt, too, that I had given him some provocation in the first instance by the temper I had betrayed; and that the fault was at least as much mine as his.

"Well," I cried, "you must forgive me, Forrester, if I am a little chafed and galled, and, as you say, soured. Circumstances have pressed hardly upon me. Remember how long I have been shut out from communication with society—and the state of anxiety and suspense in which I have lived. You must make allowances for me."

"Exactly. I must make allowances for you. But when I ask *you* to make allowances for *him*, who has gone through sufferings a hundred-fold more acute, which you have inflicted upon him, what kind of response do I receive? No matter. I do make allowances for you. If you are not entirely absorbed by selfish considerations, you

will endeavor to comprehend the wrong you have committed, and do what you can to avoid making it worse."

"Wrong? Premeditated wrong I never will admit. My conscience is clear of that. But I will not argue with you. What would you have me do?"

"Leave the country. You have no other alternative."

"What? Fly from this demon, who first tempted me, and who now wants to triumph over my ruin?"

"You say your conscience is clear of wrong. You have a happy conscience. But it deceives you. It is true, that when you first knew Astræa, you were ignorant of his rights; but you were not ignorant of them when he found you together and claimed her. Up to that moment, you might have had some excuse. There was yet time to save her, yourself, and him. How did you act, then? If we are to discuss this matter with any hope of arriving at a rational conclusion, you must rid yourself of the flattering deception that you have been doing no wrong. We are not children, but grown-up men and responsible agents."

"Well, I put myself in your hands. But that I should become an exile because this man chooses to pursue me with vindictive feelings, *does* seem something monstrous."

"From your point of sight, I dare say it does. Just change places with him. A man who desires to decide justly will always endeavor to look at both sides of a question. Put yourself in his position. He loves this woman. I am satisfied he loves her more truly and tenderly, and less selfishly now than he ever loved her from the beginning. You sneer at that. You do not credit the possibility of such a thing. It is a constitutional fallacy of yours to believe that no man loves as you do—that there is a heaven of earth in other men which mixes with their devotion and corrupts it. You have nursed this creed all your life, and it has grown with your growth. You alone are pure and spiritual. I remember you had that notion once before. I remember how you exalted yourself on the intensity and endurance of your passion. Surely by this time you should have outlived that delusion; for even then you might have seen men with hearts as— But I am wandering from the subject."

"I understand you. I was young, superstitious, ignorant—"

"I will speak plainly. You are not capable of a great devotion. Your character is not strong enough. You have none of the elements of power necessary to the maintenance of the martyrdom of love. In a nature constituted like yours, passion burns up fiercely, and goes out suddenly. I have heard you say—some years gone by!—that you were consumed by a love which would end only with your life. I was silent. I loved, too; but I veiled my eyes, and spoke not, as the coffin which contained all I cherished in the world was lowered into the

grave. Hope—affection—the desire of life, were buried with it. You see me now wasted, haggard, solitary, a wreck upon the waters. And you? I find you plunged into the ecstasies of a new passion. And what of the old one? Where are the traces of it now? Some men can not live except in this condition of excitement. You are one of them. But do not deceive yourself into the belief that others have not hearts, because they do not show them in spasms such as these. Do not despise the faithful agonies even of the dwarf!"

I felt the severe justice of the reproach less in Forrester's words than in his pallid face, and the pangs he struggled to conceal. I was even secretly compelled to admit that there was a miserable truth in what he said about Mephistophiles; yet it was difficult for me to give utterance to the expression of any sympathy in the sufferings of a man who seemed to have directed his whole energies to the pursuit of an insane and unprofitable vengeance.

"The portrait is not flattering," I observed. "But why do you thus put me on the rack? What has all this to do with the matter that has brought us together?"

"It has every thing to do with it. The instability of your character—the certainty of remorse and disappointment, passion sated and exhausted, romance broken up, and nothing left but mutual reproaches, which will not be the less bitter because they may not find expression in words—the certainty that such is the fate to which Astræa is doomed under your protection, justifies me in laying before you those secrets of your nature which, without the help of some friendly monitor like me, you would never be able to discover."

This was said in a tone of sarcasm. No man knows himself. With much modesty and humility in some things (springing, perhaps, from weakness rather than discretion or reserve), I had always overrated myself in others. I had a strong faith in my own constancy of purpose—in the steadfastness of my principles and feelings. But it was true that I was self-deceived, if Forrester and Astræa had read my character accurately. Their agreement was something wonderful. They used almost the very same words in describing the points on which my strength was likely to break down. I was beginning to fear that they were right; but I owed a grave responsibility to Astræa, and could not yet be brought to admit, even to myself, that it was possible I should fail in it.

"You judge from the rest of the world, and not from me, Forrester," I replied. "But granted that it is as you say, how can that mend the business? Believe me, you are ignorant of Astræa's character and mine. No matter—let that pass. Suppose we should hereafter find our lives wearisome and joyless, may we not justly trace the cause to the malice that will not suffer us to redeem ourselves?"

"Is your redemption, by the strength of your own efforts, so sure, then? Neither he whom

you have wronged, nor I, have any faith in your fortitude. We believe that if you were free to marry Astræa, a certain sense of justice would induce you at once to make her your wife; but we believe also, that the enchantment would perish at the altar. Attachments that begin in one form of selfishness generally end in another—even with people of the most amiable intentions."

There was a scoff in his voice that made my blood tingle; but I subdued myself. "Pray, come to the point," I exclaimed, impatiently.

"The point is simple enough," he returned. "My mission has failed. He will make no terms, take no steps for a divorce, listen to no expostulations until a separation shall have taken place between you and Astræa."

"A separation?"

"It is clear to me that, in looking forward to such a contingency, it is not because he hopes or desires, under such circumstances, to see her again; but because it would enable him, without pain or humiliation, to become the guardian of her future life. It is the passion of his soul to dedicate himself, unseen, to the sacred duty of watching over her."

"Preposterous. He watch over her? The recollection of his former guardianship is not so agreeable as to induce her to trust herself under it again. As to separation, her devotion to me would make her spurn such a proposition."

"H—m! It is because I believed her pride would make her spurn it that I recommended you to go abroad."

"And why should we go abroad on that account?"

"Because his revenge, sleepless and insatiable, will render it impossible for you to remain in England."

"His revenge! Pshaw! I am sick of hearing of it. Believe me, the word has lost its terrors—if it ever had any."

"You are wrong. My advice is prudent, and is given honestly, for both your sakes. In England there is danger; abroad, you will be beyond his reach."

"Why," answered I, with a forced smile, "one would suppose that you were speaking of the Grand Inquisition, or the Council of Ten, and that we lived in a country where there was neither law nor social civilization. What do you imagine I can possibly have to fear from him?"

"A vengeance that you can not evade, so subtle and unrelenting as to leave no hour of your existence free from dread and misery. Can you not understand how a man whose life you have laid waste may haunt you with his curse? Can you not comprehend the workings of a mortal hate, ever waiting for its opportunity, patient, silent, untiring, never for an instant losing sight of its object, and making all things and all seasons subservient to its deadly purpose? I can understand this in the most commonplace natures, when they are strongly acted upon; but in him, fiery, self-willed, and vindictive, it is inevitable."

"Is this an inference of your own, drawn from

your knowledge of his character, or has he confided his intentions to you?"

"Even if he had not confided his intentions to me, I know him too well not to foresee the course he will take; but he has concealed nothing of his designs from me, except the mode in which he intends to work them out. Of that I know nothing. But it is enough, surely, that such a man should swear an oath of vengeance in my presence, to justify me in the warning I have given you."

"I thank you. And this warning—upon which we seem to put very different valuations—is the result of your friendly interference?"

"You are at liberty to doubt my friendship; but I will not leave my motives open to misconception. I repeat to you that I give you this warning, for *his* sake as much as for yours."

"And why for his sake?"

"Because if you avoid him you may save him from the perpetration of a crime. The whole energies of his mind are directed to one end. He lives for nothing else, and will pursue it at any cost or peril to himself. I know him. If you are wise, you will heed my warning. If not, take your own course. I have discharged my conscience, and have done."

As he spoke these words, he drew his chair toward the fire, and sat musing as if he had dropped out of the conversation.

"Forrester," I exclaimed, "one question more! Why did you not communicate this to Astræa yourself? Why did you leave to me the pain of carrying home such ill news?"

"Home!" repeated Forrester, involuntarily; then, raising his voice, he went on: "Why did I not go to her, and tell her that she ought to separate from you, if she had any regard for her own future security? What should you have thought of my friendship if I had done that? Why, you distrust me as it is."

"No—I have no distrusts. It is evident on which side your sympathies are engaged."

"With whom should I sympathize—the wronged, or the wrong-doer?"

"When we parted last, I believed that you felt otherwise."

"When we parted last, you had made impressions upon me which I have since found to be deceptive. I do not blame you for that. You told your story in your own way, from your own point of sight: I believed it to be true. Nor had I then looked into this man's heart—this suffering man in his agony, whom you painted as a monster: I did not then know how capable he was of loving and of suffering for love's sake—the noblest and the most sorrowful of all suffering! nor how gently that heart, crushed and struck to the core, had risen again to life, strengthened and sweetened by the injuries it had learned to forgive! You can not judge of that tenderness of soul, out of which a happier fortune and a prosperous love might have drawn a life of kindness and charity. You—who, having accomplished your desires, are now reposing in the lull of your sated passions—you

can see nothing in him but the evil which you have helped to nourish; his sacrifices and magnanimity are all darkness to you."

"I will listen no longer," I said, starting up from my chair. "I see distinctly what is before me. Old friends fall from us in our adversities. Well! new ones must be made. It is some comfort that the world is wide enough for us all, and that the loss, even of such a friend as you, is not irreparable."

"H—m! a successful epitome of your creed and character! You can cast old affections and memories from you with as little emotion as a bird moults its feathers; and having got rid of one set of sensations, you can begin again, and so go on, destroying and renewing, and still thinking yourself misunderstood and injured, and taking your revenge in fresh indulgences."

"I will endure no more of this," I exclaimed, seizing my hat and going toward the door; "let us part, before I forget the ties that once bound us together."

"Forget them?" he echoed, and his face grew ghastly pale; but, forcibly controlling his agitation, he went on, in a low voice: "Have you not forgotten them already? Have you not shaken them off like dust from your feet? Ay, let us part; I am unfit to be your friend or companion. Leave me to mate with him you have bereaved, and whose heart is desolate like mine! There, at least, I shall find a community of feeling on one point—the blight which we both owe to you. Go! Leave me—no words—no words!"

Had I spoken it would have been angrily. But although my pride was wounded, and I was bitterly mortified and disappointed at the result of a meeting, which, instead of alleviating my anxiety, had only loaded me with miseries, I felt that it would have been barbarous at that moment, had I given way to my own feelings. I stood and gazed upon him in silence while I held the half-opened door in my hand.

The old feeling was all at once revived, and as he buried his head in his broad, shapeless hands, and bent over the table, the night when he related to me the singular history with which he prefaced the introduction to Gertrude, came back upon me with all its agonies and terrors as freshly as if but a few weeks, instead of long and checkered years, had elapsed in the interval. His great anguish on that occasion, and the grandeur of the sacrifice he made to what he hoped would have been the foundation of the life-long happiness of her he loved, returned with painful distinctness. He was changed in nothing since, except in the haggard expression of his face and figure. His heart—his strong, manly heart—was still the same. His affections were in the grave with Gertrude; he had traversed half the world, had been thrown into trying circumstances, and doubtless, like other men, had been exposed to many temptations, yet he had never swerved from his early attachment, and had brought back with him from his wanderings the same truthfulness and the same sorrow he had

carried with him into exile. How strange it was that he, of all men, should be cast by the force of accidental occurrences into close communion with the dwarf! that the only men on earth who in the depths of their hearts could—whether justly or unjustly, mattered little—find a cause for hating and denouncing me, should be drawn together, not by any sympathy of their own, but by a common resentment against me! these two men, so utterly unlike each other in every thing else, whose natures were as widely different and opposed as night and day! And then in the midst of this rose up the memory of Gertrude, of whom I could recollect nothing but a macilent figure, stretched upon a sofa and scarcely breathing. The lineaments were gone, but there were the spirit and the reproach, and the gloom that had settled on the opening of my life, making all the rest wayward, fantastical, and unreasoning.

I paused at the door, looked for the last time on Forrester, and noiselessly leaving the room, descended the stairs. In the next moment I was out again on the bleak heath.

v.

On my return, I found Astræa pacing up and down the room in a state of nervous irritation at my long absence. Her usual self-command was broken down. The grace and dignity that once imparted to her an aspect of calmness and power, were gone. Isolation was doing its work upon her! Isolation and the feeling of banishment and disgrace which we struggled with darkly in our minds, but which were slowly and surely destroying our confidence in ourselves, and our trust in the future.

She was impatient to hear what I had to relate to her, yet was so ruffled by it, that she constantly interrupted me by exclamations of scorn and anger. The suggestion of our separation, and the subsequent guardianship of the dwarf, which I stated simply, without coloring or comment, affected her differently. She looked at me in silence, as I slowly repeated the words of Forrester, her lips trembled slightly, and a faint flush spread over her face and forehead. There was a great conflict going on, and I could see that her strength was unequal to it. Gradually the flush deepened, and tears sprang into her eyes. I shall never forget it! A sob broke from her, and crushing up her face in her outspread hands with a wildness that almost terrified me, she exclaimed:

"I never was humiliated till now! never till now! till now! O God! what have I done that this bitterness should come upon me?"

"Astræa! for Heaven's sake do not give way to these violent emotions. After all, what does it come to?"

She threw back her head with an expression of fierce reproach in her eyes, and replied:

"Disgrace! *You*, do not feel it. *You* are safe, free, unscathed; but *I—I*—and this is what women suffer who sacrifice themselves as I have done!"

"Come, you are nervous and desponding, Astræa. Why do you talk of suffering? No

body has the power to inflict suffering upon you now."

"It is idle—idle—idle!" she answered, moving to and fro; "you can not comprehend it. Men have no sense of these things. Happy for them it is so. I believe you mean all in kindness—I believe your manhood, your pride would not allow you to see me unprotected, lost, degraded so early! No! don't speak! Let me go on. He makes a condition that I should leave you—that I should violate the most solemn obligation of my life, and proclaim myself that which my soul recoils from, and my lips dare not utter; then, when I shall have damned myself, he will protect me! With a forbearance, for which I ought to be thankful he will watch over me unseen—provide for my wants—take care that I am fed and housed; and having secured my dependence on him, and broken my rebellious heart, he will take infinite credit to himself for the delicacy and magnanimity with which he has treated me. Oh man—man! how little you know our natures, and how superior we are to you, even in our degradation! I ask you, in what light must he regard me who could presume to make such a proposition? And in what light should I deserve to be regarded if I accepted it?"

"It is quite true, Astræa. I feel the whole force of your observations. The proposition is an insult."

"Thank you—thank you, for that word!" she exclaimed, throwing herself into my arms, and bursting into a flood of tears. "There is something yet left to cling to. Thank God, I am not yet so lost but that you should feel it to be an insult to me. It is something not to be yet quite beyond the reach of insult."

"Astræa," I said, folding her tenderly in my arms, "compose yourself, and trust to me. We must trust to each other. There—there—dear Astræa!"

"What a wretch should I be," she replied, "if *this* were all—if it were for *this* I forfeited every thing; no, no, *you* don't think so. It is my last hold—self-respect!—and it is in your keeping. For you I gave up all—and would have given up life itself—it would be hard if I should perish in my sin by his hands for whom I sinned!" Then releasing herself from me, she grasped my arm, and looking earnestly into my face, she demanded, "And what answer did you give to this proposal?"

"Why, what answer should I give, but that I knew you would spurn it?"

"That was right!" she cried; "right—manly—honest. We must let him know that I am not the defenseless outcast he supposes; he must see and feel that we can walk abroad as proudly in the open day as he or his. *His* vengeance! What have we to fear? Let us cast the shame from us and show ourselves to the world. We make our own disgrace by hiding and flying from our friends. You see how our forbearance has been appreciated, and what a charitable construction has been put upon our

conduct. We owe it to ourselves to vindicate ourselves. I will endure those dismal whispers that carry a blight in every word no longer. I would rather die! Come—let us decide once and forever our future course!"

These were brave words, and bravely uttered. Toward the close, Astræa had regained much of her original power; the strength of purpose and towering will, which I remembered so well in former days, and which gave so elevated a character to her beauty, came back once more, and lighted up her fine features.

It was late; but what were hours to us? Day or night made little difference. We had no objects to call us up early—we had no occupations for the next day—it was immaterial whether we retired or sat up; and so in this listless mode of life we always followed the immediate impulse, whatever it might be. When we found ourselves weary, we betook ourselves to repose; when we felt inclined to talk and maunder over the fire, we never troubled ourselves to ask what o'clock it was. In short, time had no place in our calendar, which was governed, not by the revolutions of the earth, but by our own moods and sensations.

We discussed a great question that night. No theme before a debating club—such as the choice between Peace and War, between Society or Solitude, or any of those grand abstract antitheses that agitate nations—was ever more completely exhausted in all its details than the question—Whether we should leave England, or remain at home, and go boldly into public, with the determination to live down the persecutions of the dwarf.

It was a question of life or death with us. We both felt that any fate would be more welcome than the life to which we were then condemned. We pined for human faces and human voices. We were sick at heart of eternal loneliness. We longed for free intercourse with educated people like ourselves, who would sympathize with our intellectual wants, and talk to us in our own language. We had arrived at the discovery that the solitude we had colored so brightly in those happy hours of romance which love takes such pains in filling up with delusions, would be rendered much more agreeable by an occasional variety, or an incidental shock from without—any thing that would stir the pulses and awaken the life-blood that was growing stagnant in our veins. We were not weary of each other; on the contrary, anxiety had brought our hearts more closely together; but we had drunk all the light out each other's eyes, and our aspects were becoming wan and passionless from lack of change and movement; we yearned for the presence even of strangers, to break up the dullness and uniformity, and make us feel that we had an interest in the living world, and that our love, sweet as it was in seclusion, was sweeter still as a bond that linked us to the great family, from which in our desolate retreat we felt ourselves entirely cut off.

I need not detail the arguments by which our

final resolution was determined. To go abroad, and embrace a voluntary banishment, would have looked like an admission of guilt, which Astræa persisted in repudiating. Whatever verdict society might choose to pronounce, Astræa would be governed only by her own. Her justice adapted itself expressly to the occasion, setting aside the larger views which laws designed for the general security must include. But such is woman's logic ever!—circumstantially sensitive, clear, and narrow! Her voice was for war. I had no motive for opposing her; my pride agreed with her—my reason took the other side; but, in reality, I saw no great choice either way. I knew, or felt, that society would never be reconciled to us. Men have instincts on such points; but women, with their wild sense of what may be called natural law, never can see these things in the same light. This was a matter I could not argue with Astræa. I merely told her that in our anomalous situation, we must not look for much sympathy or consideration; that, in fact, I had known similar cases (perhaps not quite so peculiar, but that made no difference in the eyes of society), and that the issue of the struggle to get back always ended in increased humiliation; yet I was, nevertheless, ready to adopt any plan of life that would satisfy her feelings. I was bound to think of that first, and perfectly willing to take chance for the rest.

It was settled at last, at the close of our long council, that we should adopt a sort of middle course; and before we returned to London, which we now fully resolved to do at the opening of the season, we projected a visit to Brighton, and one or two other places on the coast.

VI.

Talk of the sagacity of the lower animals, and the reasoning faculties of man! We are the most inconsistent of all creatures; we are perpetually contradicting ourselves, perpetually involved in anomalies of our own making. It is impossible to reconcile half the things we do with the exercise of that reason which we boast of as the grand distinction that elevates us above the horse, the dog, the elephant. We never find any of these animals doing unaccountable things, or practically compromising their sagacity.

For my part, looking back on my life, I feel that it is full of contradictions, which, although apparent to me now, were not so in the whirl of agitation out of which they surged. Here, for example, after a flight from the world, and nearly six months' burial in the severest solitude, behold us on a sudden in the midst of the gay crowds of Brighton. The transition is something startling. It was so to us at the time; and I confess that at this distance from the excitement which led to it, I can not help regarding it as an act of signal temerity, considering the circumstances in which we were placed.

Astræa's spirits grew lighter; she cast off her gloom and reserve, and surrendered herself to the full tide of human enjoyment in which we were now floating. Whatever might have been the terror or misgiving at either of our hearts,

we did not show it in our looks. We wore a mask to each other—a mask of kindness, each desiring to conceal the secret pang, and to convey to the other a notion that all was at peace within! We were mutually conscious of the well-meant deception, but thought it wiser and more generous on both sides to affect entire confidence in the gayety we assumed! Upon this hollow foundation we set about building the superstructure of our future lives.

We had a cheerful lodging facing the sea—rather a handsome and extravagant lodging; for being intent upon our project of asserting ourselves in the eyes of the world, we resolved to test any friends we might happen to meet, by inviting them to our house. The landlady, a respectable widow, was one of the most civil and obliging persons in the world. Her whole establishment was at our disposal, and she never could do too much to make us feel perfectly at our ease. Emerging as we had just done from utter loneliness, with a strong fear that the hand of the world was against us, all this attention and kindness touched us deeply. Slight an incident as it was, it made us think better of our species, and look forward more hopefully for ourselves. There was yet something to live for! There always is, if we will only suffer our hearts to explore for us, and find it out.

Any person who has moved much in the London circles is sure to find a numerous acquaintance at Brighton. We met several people we had known in the great maelstrom of the West End. It was pleasant to us to exchange salutes with them. It was like coming back after a long voyage, and finding one's self at home again among old faces and household scenes. We were intimate with none of these people; and as our knowledge of them did not justify more than a passing recognition, which was generally very cordial on both sides, we used to return from our drive every day, exulting in the success of our experiment upon society. The world, after all, was not so bad as we supposed.

One day, sauntering on the sands, Astræa saw a lady at a distance whose figure seemed to be familiar to her. She was an old schoolfellow of hers, who had been recently married. They flew into each other's arms. The meeting, indeed, was marked by such affectionate interest on the part of the lady, who was a stranger to me, that I apprehended she was entirely ignorant of our story. Almost the first question that passed between them determined that fact; and as they had a great deal of news to communicate to each other, it was arranged between them that they should meet the next morning for a long gossip.

"Astræa went alone, and staid away half the day. She returned to me full of glee. Her friend had listened to her history with the deepest interest, and entirely agreed with her that she could not have acted otherwise, adopting, at the same time, without hesitation, Astræa's opinion of the sanctity of our union. It was not our fault that we had not been married in a church:

and this generous lady, seeing the embarrassment of our situation, enthusiastically declared that the world might take its own course, but that *she*, at least, would never abandon a friend under such circumstances. This was very cheering. I must remark, however, that this lady was several years younger than Astræa, under whose protection she had been taken at school, where Astræa had been a resident for convenience, rather than a pupil, when she entered it. In this way their attachment originated. It would have been difficult for any young person to have been placed in such close and endearing intimacy with Astræa, and not to have acquired an enthusiastic regard for her. She always inspired that sort of feeling—a deep and passionate love, great admiration of her intellect, implicit respect for her judgment. In the eyes of her schoolfellow she was the model of all human excellence. As easily would she have believed in an error of the planetary system, as that Astræa could commit an aberration of any kind. Whatever Astræa did, appeared to her unimpeachable. A feeling of veneration like this carried away from school will stand many severe shocks in the mind of a true-hearted girl before it will give way.

This was all very well so far as the lady herself was concerned; but how could we answer for the view her husband might take of the matter? She volunteered in the most courageous way to take all that upon herself. She could answer for her husband. She was very young, and very pretty, and very giddy, and only just married, and her husband never denied her anything, and she ruled him with as queenly an influence as the heart of the most imperious little beauty could desire. Nor did she reckon without her host, as the event proved. Her husband, in the most good-humored way, fell into her view of the case. He was one of those easy-natured souls who, when they marry school-girls, feel themselves called upon to marry the whole school, and to take its romps, and its vows, and its bridesmaid pledges, to heart and home along with their wives. He had heard her speak of Astræa a thousand times, and professed to be very curious to see her; and so it was arranged that we should all meet, and make the merriest double-bridal party in the universe. The reunion was curious between these open-hearted, innocent young people, with their track of bright flowers before them, and those who sat opposite to them, with a terrible conviction that the path which lay before *them* was covered with ashes.

Our new friends had a large acquaintance at Brighton, and saw a great deal of company; yet they were always glad to get away when they could, and make a little holyday with us. Her husband entered into our meetings with an ease and friendliness that were quite charming. He was an indolent man, taking no trouble to look after pleasure, but ready to be pleased in a passive way with any thing that other people enjoyed. As for his wife, she was always in the highest spirits with Astræa. The chatter they made together was quite an ecstasy. It seemed

as if there was no end to the things they had to talk about. Poor Astræa had been shut up from her own sex so long, that the delight with which the companionship of this young creature inspired her appeared to me extremely pathetic and affecting.

One morning we were walking on the Parade as usual. Among the carriages that were flying about, we recognized the open phaeton of our friends. It passed quite close to us—so close that we could have shaken hands with them as they swept by. We expected that they would have stopped as usual, and we stood and put out our hands—but the carriage went on. There was a hasty bow from the lady, and then her head was quickly turned aside, as if something had suddenly attracted her attention. Astræa looked at me, and asked me what I thought of it? I evaded her question, by saying that they had other friends, and that we must not be too *exigeant*. Astræa made no remark, but merely shook her head and walked on.

In the afternoon we met them again. There was a gay crowd of people walking, and our friends, in the midst of a group, were coming up toward us. There was no possibility, at either side, of avoiding the meeting, for the place was narrow, and we were compelled to pass each other slowly. I could perceive, from the way in which Astræa's cheeks kindled, that she was resolved to put her schoolfellow's friendship to the proof at once. I anticipated the result, but thought it best not to interfere, lest Astræa might suppose I shrank from the ordeal. We met face to face. The lady grew very white, and then red, and then white again, and caught her husband by the arm, and moved her lips as if she wished to appear to be speaking to him, although she did not utter a word. Astræa looked full into her eyes. Had the young wife seen a spectre from the grave, she could not have been more effectually paralyzed. That look seemed to turn her to stone. Not a single expression of greeting took place between them. Upon the husband's part, the feeling was even less equivocal. There was a dark, scowling frown upon his face as we came up; he looked straight at us—and walked on. These *insouciant* men, who take the world so indifferently on ordinary occasions, are always the most fierce when roused. They hate the trouble of being obliged to act with decision, and when compelled to do so, they cut it short by an energetic demonstration, that they may fall back the sooner upon their habitual lassitude.

We returned to our lodging with a clear sense of our position. Galled as I was on my own account, I felt it a hundred times more acutely on account of Astræa. Here was her young friend and enthusiastic disciple, who had always looked up to her with confidence and admiration, who had heard her story, and clung all the more lovingly and protectingly to her in pity for the unhappy circumstances in which she was placed, and this friend had now abandoned and disowned her!—a blow under which some women would

have sunk at once, and which would have made others reckless and desperate. Upon Astræa it acted slowly and painfully. Externally it did not seem to affect her much; but I could perceive from that time a tendency to lapse into fits of silence, and a desire to be alone, which I had not noticed before. Whenever she alluded to her friend, she spoke of her as a weak person, who had never been remarkable for much character, with a kind heart and no understanding, and always carried away by the last speaker. Ascribing her inconsistency on this occasion to the influence of her husband, we agreed to dismiss the subject—not from our thoughts, that was impossible—but from our conversation. Astræa was bruised and hurt; and through all her efforts to conceal it, I saw that she suffered severely. It was the first touch she had directly experienced of the ice of the world's contumely, and it had struck in upon her heart.

A few days passed away, and we were reconciling ourselves by daily practice to the personal humiliation of passing and being passed in the streets by the friends with whom we had been recently on terms of absolutely hilarious alliance; when, on one occasion, on returning to our solitary lodging, we were received at the door by our obliging landlady in a manner which plainly showed that her opinion of us had undergone a most singular change during our absence. Her quiet, sleepy eyes scintillated with anger; her face was hot with excitement, and instead of the civility she had hitherto invariably shown us, she all at once broke out into a tirade which I will spare the reader the unpleasantness of hearing: there can be no difficulty in guessing what it was all about. This worthy woman had heard our history—falsified in detail, and blackened by the most venomous exaggeration; and being a very pure lodging-house keeper, standing upon the whiteness of her morals and her caps, and trusting much to the patronage of the rector, who allowed her to refer to him for the proprieties and respectabilities of her establishment, she thought that the best way to vindicate her own reputation was to assail ours in the most open and public manner. Accordingly, she took care that every word she said should be overheard by every body within reach, so that the whole neighborhood should know of her indignation, and report it to her friend the rector. There never was such a change in a woman; it was a saint turned into a demon. I demanded her authority for the injurious aspersions she cast upon us, and threatened her with a variety of tremendous, though exceedingly vague, legal consequences—but to no effect. She desired us to leave the house, and take our remedy; she would give us no satisfaction; she had good grounds for what she said; that was enough for her; she knew what “kind” we were; and a great deal more to the same purpose.

We were deeply aggrieved at discovering that our private affairs were talked of in this scandalous way. As to the vulgar violence of this woman, we thought no more of it after the im-

mediate irritation of her assault on us was over. It was one of those coarse incidents, which, like striking against an awkward person in the streets, happen to us all in life, and are forgotten with the momentary annoyance. But these reports of our situation being afloat, rendered it impossible to remain in Brighton; so that very night we moved down the coast to Worthing. In this dull little watering-place, where the people always seem bent on avoiding each other, we thought we should be secure from evil tongues.

It was late when we arrived, and we put up at the hotel, which, like every thing else in Worthing, has an air of languor and idleness about it. We liked the tone of the house. An eternal twilight brooded over the rooms and passages. Every chamber was occupied, yet the place was as still as a church. If you heard a footstep, it went stealthily as if it were muffled, or “shod with felt;” and the only signs of life you caught from the adjoining apartments, were when some noiseless lady in a morning dress glided into the balcony, and after a side-long look at the sea, glided back again. Out of doors, the order of the day was vigorous promenading, but even this was conducted almost speechlessly, except when a friendly group happened to collect and stop short, and then you could hear an occasional joke and burst of laughter. The promenade was the grand thing. It was not sauntering for relaxation, but brisk exercise, that threw the blood into activity and exhilarated the spirits. In the course of a week, we came to know every face in Worthing by the introduction which this lusty amusement afforded us, and every body in Worthing knew our faces. We were all out at a given hour, tramping up and down at a swinging pace, and passing and repassing each other so often, that we were as familiar with the whole guest population of the place, and the whole guest population with us, as if we had known each other all our lives. Every body had acquaintances there except ourselves. We could see them making up little parties for excursions, soirées, and other amusements; trifles that amused us as lookers-on, but, nevertheless, made us feel our loneliness. We were *in* the crowd, but not *of* it. Yet it was better to be in the open air among strangers than to dwell in the desert.

But it was not to be. Our story followed us. We began to perceive, after a little time, that we were observed and noticed, and that people used to turn and look after us. This was the first hint we received of what was now becoming rather an alarming fact to us—that we were known. To be known with us, was to be shunned, or impertinently gazed at, as if we were either great criminals, or notoriety of no very respectable order. At last, it became difficult for us to walk about, from the universality of the notice we attracted; and at the hotel there was no possibility of mistaking the nature of the curiosity, not of the most respectful kind, which tracked us up the stairs and down the stairs, and penetrated even to our rooms, in the person of a sinister-looking waiter, who had the oddest com-

ceivable way of looking at us out of the corner of one eye, which he pursed up and concentrated into a focus expressly for the purpose. This sort of persecution was wearing us out. It was like water dropped, drop by drop, upon a stone. The whisper of shame came after us wherever we went. There was no escaping it; and I began to suspect that there must be some mark upon us by which we were known and detected. I believe there is more truth in this than most people imagine. The habit of evasion and reserve, the apprehension of being watched, and the secret consciousness of having something to conceal, doubtless give an expression to one's entire action and physiognomy which is likely to suggest unfavorable speculations. The world is apt to think ill of the man who does not look it straight in the face; and, upon the whole, perhaps the world is right.

This doom pursued us wherever we went. We tried two or three other places on the coast with the same result. Within a week we were sure to be found out, and avoided or gazed at. The sight of human beings enjoying themselves, and the right of looking on at them, were dearly purchased at such a price as this. Our spirits were beginning to give way under it; our nerves were so affected by the minute persecution which we daily endured, that when we got into strange quarters, where we were as yet unknown, we fancied that all eyes were upon us. A little more of this sort of racking suspicion, mixed with fear and rage, and I think I should have gone mad.

Astræa bore it more heroically. She was tolerably calm, and used to smile while I was glowing over with anger. I frequently felt inclined to rush upon some of the people who stared at us, and demand of them what they meant; but Astræa always checked me, and reminded me, that in these small watering-places scandal was the entire occupation—that the visitors had, in fact, nothing else to do all day long; and that if every person who was tormented by their vicious curiosity were to indulge in resentment, three-fourths of the time of the community would be wasted in endeavoring to patch up the reputations that had been torn to bits in the remaining fourth.

Notwithstanding the courage with which she set herself against the waters that were visibly closing round us on all sides, and the light, yet earnest and fearful way she talked about it, her health was rapidly declining. Her color was gone. She was growing thin; there was a slight cough hovering upon her nerves; and she had become so fanciful, that she could not bear to go out in the dusk of the evenings, although that was the only time when we could walk out at our ease.

These changes brought others. Her temper was altered; she tried to subjugate herself, but could not; a notion seemed to have taken possession of her that she was a weight upon me, and that the necessity of sharing disgrace and exclusion with her was preying upon my mind.

In the first few months she was jealous of every hour I was absent from her, and used to consider it a slight, and a proof that I was becoming weary of her. Then all was new, and the gloss of novelty and enthusiasm was yet upon her feelings. Now it was totally different; she had no longer any care about herself; it was all for me. The dream of love had been dreamed out, and she had ceased to regard herself as the object of a devotion which was ready to incur shame and suffering for her sake. She had seen that delusion to an end; and, having a real fear that, being pent up continually with her, contracting the man's activity within the sphere of the woman's limited range, would make our way of life hateful to me at last, she now used to urge me to go out for long walks in the country, or to visit the reading-rooms, and keep myself *au courant* with the events of the day. Exercise, mental and physical, was healthful for me, and she would not have me moped to death in the house. For her own part, she would say to me, she rather liked having a little time to herself; a woman has always something to do, and is never at a loss for occupation; and while I was out, she hardly missed me till I came back—she was so busy! These professions and entreaties were kindly and judiciously meant, but the difficulty was to act upon them. She could not endure solitude. She always dreaded to be left alone, and, only that it was a greater dread to her to make a prisoner of me at the risk of rendering my existence wretched, nothing could have induced her to go through the hours of misery she suffered in my absence. This conflict made her temper unequal and sometimes unreasonable; but in such a situation, what else could be expected? We were haunted by shadows that were forever falling about our path; move where we would, these dark phantoms pursued us.

Our lives were not like the lives of other people: we had no kindred, no associations, no stir in the sad stagnation of day and night. Time seemed to be mantling over us, and the breath of heaven to be becoming less and less perceptible in our dreariness. Astræa was like a person who was dying from the heart; and with all the fortitude I could bring to my help, I felt it no easy task to lift myself out of the dismal depression which occasionally seized upon me. At last we agreed that our scheme of traveling about had disappointed our expectations, and that, after all, London was the best of all places for people who sought either of the extremes of society or seclusion. And so to London we forthwith repaired.

VII.

The heart of the town, or the suburbs? The question was speedily decided in favor of a small detached house; not very far from the Regent's Park. We had the whole park for a pleasure-ground, a little scrap of verdure of our own, and an open space and airy situation to regale our lungs in. We entered upon our new locality with sensations of security we had felt nowhere else. We seemed to have left behind us the

gloom and terror that had been so long dogging our footsteps. Even *Astræa* brightened, and grew better; her fretfulness was disappearing, and a tone of contentment and cheerfulness supervening upon it. We were each of us more free in our movements, and the dread of observation which had so long kept us in a state of perpetual alarm, was gradually passing away.

But what had become all this time of the vengeance of the dwarf? Had he abandoned his great plan of revenge? Had he thought better of it, and, finding that *Astræa* was immovable, addressed himself to some more sensible pursuit than that of plaguing us? I sometimes touched upon the subject to *Astræa*, but could not extract from her what her suspicions were. She did not like to talk about him. She seemed to be ruled by a superstitious fear of reviving the topic. It was like the old wives' adage, "Talk of the devil, and he'll appear!"

I can not exactly remember how long this lasted, or when it was that I first detected in *Astræa* the return of the nervousness which had in some degree abated upon our arrival in town. It could not, however, have been more than two or three months after we had taken this house, that I observed a striking change in her. Haggard lines seemed all of a sudden to have been plowed-round her eyes and cheeks, and her look had become wild and unsettled. I never saw any body so completely shattered in so short a time, and the transition from comparative tranquillity to a state of excessive nervous excitement was so alarming, that I thought there must have been some cause for it beyond that of mere physical illness. I questioned her upon it, but always got the same unsatisfactory answers, ending by entreating of me not to notice her, but to let her go on in her own way. I can not recall what there was about her manner—some strangeness in the way she looked at me or spoke to me—that aroused the most painful suspicions. I confess I did not know what to suspect; but there was a mental reservation of some kind, and I was resolved to ascertain what it was. I had the utmost confidence in *Astræa*; love with her was the most sacred of all obligations; and she loved me sincerely—at least, she had loved me enthusiastically in the beginning. What revolutions had since taken place in her heart, I could not answer for. She had passed through a chaos in the interval that might have destroyed the capacity of loving. That there was something more in her thoughts than she had revealed, I felt sure; and the first shape my suspicions took—natural enough in our circumstances, although not the more just on that account—was a shape of jealousy. My alarm immediately flew to the defense of my pride, or, as Forrester in his cauterizing way would have called it, my selfishness; I resolved to observe her closely, and I did so some time without being able to glean any thing further.

At last the secret of her wasting frame and pallid face was suddenly divulged.

One evening, toward the close of the summer,

she remained out longer and later than usual. Her walk, sometimes alone and sometimes with me, was through the more secluded parts of the park. On this occasion, the twilight was setting in, and she had not returned. With a dark and sulky apprehension brooding in my mind, I resolved to go out in search of her. We had not been confidential with each other of late; the old dreariness had come back upon us, embittered with a captiousness and acerbity which extracted all the sweets from our intercourse. A new element had found its way between us: we had thoughts which we concealed from each other: my distrust—her secret, whatever it was. This was a great evil; it filled every hour of the day with lurking jealousies on both sides, which one word would have dispelled forever.

I seized my hat, and was about to leave the house, when I heard a sudden noise at the street-door, and a flurry of agitated steps up the stairs. Immediately afterward, the door of the room was thrown violently open, and *Astræa* rushed in, pale and disheveled. She was evidently in a state of great alarm and consternation, and turning wildly round, beckoned me to see that the door was made fast. She could not speak, drawing her breath hysterically, like a person laboring under the effects of a serious fright.

"Tranquelize yourself, *Astræa*," I cried; "there is nothing to fear here. What is it? What has alarmed you?"

"It is *he*," she replied, fixing her eyes wildly upon me—"he is coming."

"Who?"

"He who has been upon our track ever and ever—who has never quitted us—who never will leave us till we are dead."

I did not dare to ask in words, but I asked with my eyes if it was the dwarf she meant.

"Ay, it is he. Be calm. It is your turn now to show your strength of mind—to show whether you value the life I have devoted to you. I hoped to have concealed this from you. We have suffered enough, and I hoped to have hidden from you what I have suffered. But it is too late now. Hush! O God!—that was his voice. You do not hear it—I do! It rings through and through my brain. He is here—he has followed me. If you ever loved me—and I know you did once!—prove it to me now. Go into the next room, and promise me to stay there whatever happens. Listen; but speak not—stir not. He is on the stairs!—will you not give me your promise? Trust all to me—rely on me—be sure of me. Let go the door—he is here!"

I made no answer, but conveying to *Astræa* by a searching look that it was my purpose to watch the issue, I withdrew by one door, while the dwarf entered by the other. His voice, as he approached her, sounded in my ears like the hiss of a serpent.

"I have found you, then, at last—and alone, *Astræa*!"

"Why do you follow me thus?" exclaimed *Astræa*, who stood motionless in the centre of

the room, making a great effort to appear bold and calm, but shuddering in every fibre beneath.

"Why do I follow you? What should I do else?"

"Live like other men. Seek occupation—any thing, rather than plunge your own life and mine into this eternal horror."

"Have I not occupation? Am I not attending you every where? Have I not enough to do in waiting upon you from place to place?"

"Abandon that fiendish mockery, and speak like a human being. What is it you want?"

The dwarf coiled himself up at this question, as if he were distilling all the venom out of his black heart into the answer.

"Revenge! It was for my revenge I hung upon your track, showed myself to you at all times and in all places, letting you know that the destroyer was at hand, so that you might go home and blast *his* happiness by your broken spirits and shattered nerves. I have seen it work; I see it now, in your quivering lip and emaciated hands. Where are the holiday roses now—the exulting lover—the secret blisses?"

Here, then, was poor Astræa's secret! The monster had been upon her steps wherever we went; and, as I afterward learned, used to start up suddenly before her in her solitary walks, to terrify her with threats of sleepless vengeance, knowing that her fear of consequences would prevent her from revealing to me the persecution under which she was sinking. This ghastly pursuit of us (to which we were also indebted for the scorn and obloquy we suffered) had gradually broken up Astræa's health, and made the strong mind almost weak and superstitious. But I must hasten on.

"And this," cried Astræa, "is the generosity I was to have received at your hands—this the magnanimity your friend gave you credit for!"

"There was a condition to my magnanimity which you have forgotten. Had you fulfilled that condition, I would have poured out my heart's blood at your feet, could it have made you more secure and happy. Why did you not forsake him, and trust to my generosity? No; you clung to him. You maddened me, and left me nothing but—revenge. Did you suppose he could escape me? I have no other life but this—to follow you as the executioner follows the condemned to the scaffold, and make *his* life a curse to *him*, as he has made *mine* to *me*. There's justice in that—call it cruel, if you please; 'tis just—just—just!"

"'Tis monstrous, and will draw down the punishment of Heaven on your head."

"Heaven will judge strictly between us. What am I? What have I to live for? You have poisoned the earth for me. Every spot where we have been together is accursed to me. I dare not look on the old haunts. I dare not seek new scenes, for my soul is lonely, and no pleasure or delight of nature can reach it. I should go mad were I not near you; it supplies me with work—something to employ me—to keep my

hands from self-destruction. I weave stratagems all night, and watch my time all day, day after day, patiently, to execute them. I have but one purpose to fulfill, and when that is done, life is over. If I live long enough to drive him mad, as he has maddened me, I shall be content, and go to my grave happy. And I will do it; every hour gives me more strength. I see the end nearer and nearer—it grows upon me. I awaken to my business early; it is my first thought—my last; it never leaves me. Day after day I have watched you, and have tracked you home at last. And here it is you live—you, Astræa, whom I loved—whom I still—no, not that! You live here with him—his wife! You call yourself his wife? Ha! ha! That is good—his wife! I wonder to see you living, Astræa. I should have looked for your corpse in this room rather than the living Astræa—the proud, soaring, ambitious Astræa! Why do you not die? It would be happier for you?"

During the latter part of this speech, Astræa, who had made a great struggle throughout to sustain the attitude she had "taken" in the first instance, grew weak from terror and exhaustion, and sunk or tottered upon a chair. The inflections of voice with which these inhuman taunts were delivered, ending in a tone that came apparently, if I may so express it, laden with tears from the heart of the speaker, were so ingeniously varied and so skillfully employed, that it would have been impossible, even for an indifferent listener, to have heard them without being alternately agitated and enraged. For my part, a kind of frenzy possessed me. I restrained myself as long as I could. I tried to obey poor Astræa's injunction, for, seeing how much I had wronged her in my thoughts, and what misery she must have suffered and concealed on my account, I felt that I ought to spare her any further alarm my forbearance could avert. But the harrowing scoffs of the fiend were beyond my endurance—my self-control gave way at last, and bursting open the door of the room in which I was concealed, I rushed out upon the malignant wretch, who, to do him justice, courageously turned upon me, and met me with his eyes glaring fiercely as of old.

"Devil!" I exclaimed, "what do you do here? What do you want? Revenge? Take it—in any shape you will. Only rid me of your presence, lest I spurn you with my foot, and trample upon you."

"You should have told me," he said, turning with an air of mockery to Astræa, "that he was listening in the next room. I would have dressed my phrases accordingly."

"Again, I ask you why you come here? Answer me, or leave the room at once."

"Why do I come here? To gladden myself by looking at your wretchedness. You are worse than I am—sunk below me a thousand fathoms deep in degradation—every finger is pointed at you—you are steeped in scorn—despised and loathed. I came to see this. It makes me supremely happy."

"Go—there is the door," I cried, the blood tingling in my ears, and in the tips of my fingers. Astræa saw that the excitement was rising, and looked at me imploringly; but it was too late to attend to her scruples. The dwarf looked at the door superciliously, and almost smiled when I repeated my warning.

"You will not leave the room? Be advised. I am not responsible for what may happen after this. I am not master of myself. Go—it is the last time I will utter the word. Go—or I will kill you on the spot!"

He did not move, but looked at me wondering-ly and incredulously. I rushed upon him and grappled him by the neck. Astræa sprang up, and begged of me to desist, for I was hanging over him, with my hand upon his throat.

"Let him go—let him go!" she exclaimed; "for my sake do not commit a murder. Loosen your hold—there—there—have mercy on him, for my sake—for the love of God, spare him—remember, we have injured him enough already—remember that!"

I would not loosen my hold; passion had given me the power and the cruelty of a demon. There was a brief struggle, in which I flung him heavily to the ground. I had seized his handkerchief, and twisted my hand in it—he was nearly choked—his face was growing black; but I was hardly conscious of all this, for the room was swimming round me as I knelt over him. Astræa saw the change in his color, and with a shriek of horror fell upon my arm. This action made me relax my hold. She had fainted on his body.

CONCLUSION.

Why should I dwell any longer on these painful events? Had I known then, as I afterward discovered, that the unhappy object of my wrath and hatred had, ever since the flight of Astræa, betrayed symptoms of aberration, and that the scheme of vengeance he nurtured so relentlessly, was the stratagem of a disordered brain, I should have treated him with mercy and compassion. But I was ignorant of the real condition of his mind, and dealt with him as I should have dealt with a responsible being. The violent excitement of that scene brought on a crisis, which ended in a seizure of insanity. He still lives; if that may be called living in which all memory of the past is extinguished, and the present is a mere tangled skein of day-dreams.

Astræa's health was utterly broken. It was not her physique that died, but her heart, her spirits, her self-reliance, and her hope of the future. She felt that there was nothing for her in this world but remorse. The desolation that was round her killed her. She braved it earnestly at first. Her noble heart and her true love she thought were proof against the world and its hollow scorn. Alas! for true love and noble hearts! They can not stand up alone in ice and storms. They must be out in the sun with their allies round them, like frailer loves and meaner hearts, or they will perish in their strength!

THE FEET-WASHING ON GOOD FRIDAY IN MUNICH.

I HAVE just witnessed the ceremony of the Feet-washing, which has been announced for this month past as one of the great sights of the season. My good friend at the *Kreigs Ministerium* kept his word faithfully about procuring tickets for us. Accordingly, Myra F. and I have seen the whole ceremony. At nine o'clock Myra was with me, and, early as it was, Madame Thekla advised us to set off to the Palace, as people were always wild about places, and if we came late, spite of our tickets, we should see nothing. The good old soul also accompanied us, on the plea that, as she was big and strong, she could push a way for us through the crowd, and keep our places by main force. She stood guard over us—the good creature!—for two mortal hours, and when the door at length was opened by a grand lacquey, had the satisfaction of seeing us step through the very first. But before this happy moment arrived, we had to wait, as I said, two hours; and leaving, therefore, the patient old lady as our representative before the little door which led into the gallery of the Hercules Hall, whither our tickets admitted us, and before which door no one but ourselves had yet presented themselves, Myra and I ranged along the queer whitewashed galleries of the old portion of the palace in which we were. Can not you see these vistas of whitewashed wall, with grim old portraits of powdered ladies and gentlemen, in hoops, ruffles, gold lace, and ermine, and framed in black frames, interspersed amid heavy wreaths and arabesques of stucco!—dazzlingly white walls, dazzlingly white arched ceilings, diminishing in long perspective! Now we came upon a strange sort of a little kitchen in the thick wall, where a quaint copper kettle, standing on the now cold hearth, told of coffee made for some royal servant some hours before; we were now before the door of some *Kammer-Jungfer*; now in the gallery with the whitewash, but without the portraits, where, opposite to every door, stood a large, white cupboard; a goodly row of them.

Once we found ourselves below stairs and in one of the courts. There, on passing through the door-way, you stood on a sort of terrace, above your head a ceiling rich with ponderous wreaths of fruit and flowers, and other stucco ornaments of the same style, which probably had once been gilt, and with fading frescoes of gods, goddesses, and Cupids!

This old part of the Royal Palace of Munich is quite a little town. We discovered also a little tiny chapel, now quite forgotten in the glory of Hess's frescoes, and the beauty of the new *Hof-Kapelle*. To-day this old chapel was open, hung with black cloth, and illuminated with numberless waxen tapers, and the altar verdant with shrubs and plants, placed upon the altar steps. There was, however, a remarkably mouldy, cold smell in the place; but I suppose the royal procession visited this old chapel as

well as the new one, on its way to the Hercules Hall. This *cortège*, with the king and his brother walking beneath a splendid canopy, and attended by priests and courtiers, went, I believe, wandering about a considerable time, to the edification of the populace, out of all this, excepting from hearsay, I can not speak, having considered it as the wiser thing for us to return to Madame Thekla and our door, rather than await it.

The Hercules Hall is rather small; and certainly more ugly than beautiful, with numbers of old-fashioned chandeliers hanging from the ceiling; a gallery at each end supported by marble pillars, with a row of tall windows on either side; a dark, inlaid floor of some brown wood; but with no sign whatever of Hercules to be seen. Suffice it to say, that having noticed all this at a glance, we observed, in the centre of the hall, a small altar covered with white linen, and bearing upon it golden candlesticks, a missal bound in crimson velvet, a veiled crucifix, and a golden ewer standing in a golden dish. On one side of the altar rose a tall reading-desk, draped with sulphur-colored cloth, upon which lay a large open book: a row of low, crimson stools stood along the hall, opposite the altar; on the other side, across the windows, ran a white and very long ottoman, raised upon a high step covered with crimson cloth, and chairs of state were arranged at either end of the hall below the galleries. The arrival of people below was gradual, although our gallery and the gallery opposite had been crowded for hours. We at length had the pleasure of seeing something commence.

The door at the further end opened, and in streamed a crowd. Then tottered in ancient representations of the twelve "apostles," clothed in long violet robes, bound round the waist with white bands striped with red, and with violet caps on their heads: on they tottered, supported on either side by some poor relative, an old peasant-woman, a stalwart man in a black velvet jacket, and bright black boots reaching to the knee, or by a young, buxom girl in her holiday costume of bright apron and gay boddice. On they come, feeble, wrinkled, with white locks falling on their violet apparel, with palsied hands resting on the strong arms that supported them—the oldest being a hundred and one, the youngest eighty-seven years old! My eyes swam with sudden tears. There was a deal of trouble in mounting them upon their long snowy throne; that crimson step was a great mountain for their feeble feet and stiff knees to climb. But at last they were all seated, their poor friends standing behind them. A man in black marshaled them like little school-children; he saw that all sat properly, and then began pulling off a black shoe and stocking from the right foot of each. There, with drooped heads and folded withered hands, they sat meekly expectant. A group of twelve little girls, in lilac print frocks and silver swallow-tailed caps, headed by an old woman in similar lilac and silver costume, took its place to

the right of the old men in a little knot; they were twelve orphans who are clothed and educated by the queen, and who receive a present on this day.

The hall at the further end was by this time filled with bright uniforms—blue, scarlet, white, and green. In front were seen King Max and his brothers, also in their uniforms; numbers of ladies and children; and choristers in white robes, who flitted, cloud-like, into a small raised seat, set apart for them in a dark corner behind the uniforms. A bevy of priests in gold, violet, blue, and black robes, with burning tapers and swinging censers, enter; prostrate themselves before the king of Bavaria, and before the King of Hosts, as typified to them on the altar; they chant, murmur, and prostrate themselves again and again. Incense fills the hall with its warm, odorous breath. They present open books to the king and princes. And now the king, ungirding his sword, which is received by an attendant gentleman, approaches the oldest "apostle;" he receives the golden ewer, as it is handed from one brother to another; he bends himself over the old foot; he drops a few drops of water upon it; he receives a snowy napkin from the princes, and lays it daintily over the honored foot; he again bows over the second, and so on, through the whole twelve; a priest, with a cloth bound round his loins, finishing the drying of the feet. A different scene must that have been in Jerusalem, some eighteen hundred years ago!

And now the king, with a gracious smile, hangs round the patient neck of each old man a blue and white purse, containing a small sum of money. The priests retire; the altar and reading-desk are removed. Six tables, covered with snowy cloths, upon each two napkins, two small metal drinking-cups, and two sets of knives, forks, and spoons, are carried in, and joined into one long table, placed before the crimson step. In the mean time the man in black has put on the twelve stockings and the twelve shoes; and, with much ado, has helped down the twelve "apostles," who now sit upon the step as a seat. Enter twelve footmen, in blue and white liveries, each bearing a tray, covered with a white cloth, upon which smoke six different meats, in white wooden bowls; a green soup—remember it is *green Thursday*—two baked fish; two brown somethings; a delicious-looking pudding; bright green spinach, upon which repose a couple of tempting eggs, and a heap of stewed prunes. Each footman, with his tray, is followed by a fellow-footman, carrying a large bottle of golden-hued wine, and a huge, dark, rich looking roll on silver waiters. The twelve footmen, with the trays, suddenly veer round, and stand in a line opposite to the table, and each opposite to an "apostle;" the twelve trays held before them, with their seventy-two bowls, all forming a kind of pattern—soup, fishes, spinach; soup, fishes, spinach; pudding, prunes, brown meats; puddings, prunes, brown meats—all down the room. Behind stand the other footmen, with

their twelve bottles of wine and their twelve rolls. I can assure you that, seen from the gallery above, the effect was considerably comic.

A priest, attended by two court-pages, who carry tall burning tapers, steps forth in front of the trays and footmen, and chants a blessing. The king and his brothers again approach the "apostles;" the choristers burst forth into a glorious chant, till the whole hall is filled with melody, and the king receives the dishes from his brothers, and places them before the old men. Again I felt a thrill rush through me; it is so graceful—though it be but a mere form, a mere shadow of the true sentiment of love—a gentle act of kindness from the strong to the weak, from the powerful to the very poor. As the king bowed himself before the feeble old man of a hundred—though I knew it to be but a mere ceremony—it was impossible not to recognize a poetical idea.

It took a long time before the seventy and two meats were all placed on the table, and then it took a very long time before the palsied old hands could convey the soup to the old lips; some were too feeble, and were fed by the man in black. It was curious to notice the different ways in which the poor old fellows received the food from the king; some slightly bowed their heads; others sat stolidly; others seemed sunk in stupor.

The Court soon retired, and twelve new baskets were brought by servants, into which the five bowls of untasted food were placed; these, together with the napkin, knife, fork, spoon and mug, bottle of wine, and bread, are carried away by the old men; or, more properly speaking, are carried away for them by their attendant relatives. Many of the poor old fellows—I see by a printed paper which was distributed about, and which contains a list of their names and ages—come from great distances; they are chosen as being the oldest poor men in Bavaria. One only is out of Munich, and he is ninety-three.

We went down into the hall to have a nearer view of the "apostles;" but, so very decrepit did the greater number appear, on a close inspection; their faces so sad and vacant; there was such a trembling eagerness after the food in the baskets, now hidden from their sight; such a shouting into their deaf ears; such a guiding of feeble steps and blinded, bleary eyes; that I wished we had avoided this painful part of the spectacle.

A PEDESTRIAN IN HOLLAND.

WHILE pacing along to Meppel, I made up my mind at all events to visit Ommerschans; instead, therefore, of halting on reaching the town about sunset, I left the main thoroughfare for a by-road, which, as usual, formed the towing-path of a canal. With the aid of a countryman going in the same direction, I passed for several miles through by-ways, and soon after dusk arrived at De Wyk. Almost the first house in the village was a *herbergje*; but there being no room,

I went further, and presently came to another—one of the long, low edifices which appear to be peculiar to the rural districts in the northern provinces, the same roof sheltering quadrupeds and bipeds. On opening the door, I found myself in a large kitchen, dimly lighted by a single candle standing on a table, round which sat a dozen rustics finishing their supper. Each one laid down his spoon, and stared at me vigorously, and for some time my question—"Kan ik hier overnachten?" ("Can I pass the night here?") remained unanswered: sundry ejaculations alone were uttered. By and by, both a mistress and maid appeared to minister to my needs, and tea and eggs were quickly in preparation. Meanwhile, the men at the table were making me the subject of discussion among themselves, and eying me with curious looks. At length one of them asked me whence I came, and why I was there; which queries were answered to their satisfaction, when another rejoined,

"And so mynheer comes from Fredericksoord, and is going to Ommerschans?"—an observation which elicited a grunt of approval from the whole company.

"But how does mynheer find his way?" inquired the first speaker.

"That is not very difficult. With a map in his pocket, and a tongue in his head, a man may go all over the world."

"Ja, that is good; but it is not easy sometimes to know which turning to take. What does mynheer do then?"

"I generally get to know the direction of the place I want to go to before starting, and then steer my way by the sun or wind; and seldom fail to arrive, as you may see by my being here."

This explanation sufficed them for a time as a topic for further discussion, and left me free to attend to my personal wants, which were in the imperative mood. Before long, however, one of them began again by asking, "What has mynheer to sell?"

"Nothing: my knapsack contains only articles for my own use." Here a brief confabulation followed, and I began to fancy the Dutchmen not less expert in gathering information than the New Englanders, when the question came.

"Mynheer travels, then, for his own pleasure?"

"Why not?"

"Ah, mynheer says why not; but when one travels for pleasure, he must have so much money in hand;" and, as he said this, the speaker tapped significantly the palm of one of his hands with the fingers of the other.

Whether it was that they voted such journeyings an unwholesome extravagance, or that their ideas were all exhausted, the group said no more; and shortly afterward kicking off their stained and clumsy sabots, they retired, without any further process of undressing, to their sleeping-lairs. Some crept into a loft, others into beds contrived, as berths in a ship, in recesses in the walls of the kitchen, two into each; and before I had finished my tea, a concert of snores was

going on, where the bass certainly had the best of it.

I have often found that a fatiguing walk on a hot day takes away all relish for ordinary food: the appetite seems to demand some novelty—and it was with no small pleasure that I accepted the landlady's offer to add a plate of *framboose* (raspberries) to my repast; their cool and agreeable flavor rendered them even more refreshing than the tea.

In the intervals of talking and eating I had taken a survey of the apartment, as far as it was illuminated by the solitary candle: it was one that carried you back a century or two. The large hearth projected several feet into the room, overhung by a canopy near the ceiling of equal dimensions; and the top and back being lined with glazed white, blue, and brown tiles, glistened as the light fell upon them from the turf fire, and presented a cheerful aspect. A wooden screen fixed at one side kept off draughts of air, and formed a snug corner for cold evenings. The tables and chairs had been fabricated in the days when timber was cheap, and strength was more considered than elegance. They had little to fear from contact with the uneven paved floor. A goodly array of bright polished cooking utensils hung upon the walls, and in racks overhead a store of bacon and salt provisions, and bags and bundles of dried herbs. Although rude in its appointments, and coarse in its accommodations, the dwelling betrayed no marks of poverty; it was perhaps up to the standard of the neighborhood, and in accordance with the thrift that considers saving better than spending. The greatest discomfort—to me at least—was the close, overpowering smell of cattle which pervaded the whole place, and made you long for an inspiration of purer air. From my seat I could see into an adjoining apartment, similar, but better in character to the one described: this was to be my *slaap-kamer*. I requested to have the window left partly open all night, and immediately a look of suspicion came over the old woman's face as she answered,

"Neen, mynheer, neen; best not to have the window open; thieves will come in."

"Surely," I replied, "there are no thieves in this little village?"

"Ah, but there were some thieves at Meppel last week."

The landlady's apprehensions seemed so painful to her, that I ceased to press the question, and followed her into the room, where she assured me I should find the air sufficiently respirable, and bade me *goede nacht*.

In this room there were several wall-recesses, as in the other, but cleaner and better fitted up. A bedstead at one corner, behind a narrow screen extending a few feet from the door, was intended for me; the sheets and coverlids, though coarse, were clean. Three wardrobes or presses stood against the walls, so richly dark and antique in appearance, and of such tasteful workmanship, that you at once knew the date to be assigned to their manufacture, probably about the time

that the Prince of Orange fell beneath Geraart' pistol-shot; at all events, when, instead of working by contract, artificers interfused a portion of their own spirit into the productions of their skill. The chairs, by their dimensions, had been clearly intended for the past generations, who wore the broad skirts at which we so often smile in prints of old costumes. The projection of the largest articles of furniture produced sundry picturesque effects of light and shade, relieved and diversified by the rows of polished pewter dishes ranged on racks against the wall alternately with dishes of rare old china, that would have gladdened the eyes of a virtuoso. There were rows of spoons, also, of shining, solid pewter, all betokening resources of substantial comfort, and assisting to give effect to a picture which fully occupied my attention while undressing.

The hostess, when she went out, had not closed the door; this I cared little about, as it afforded some facility for circulation of air; but her remark touching the thieves made me take the precaution to place my watch and purse under the pillow, leaving such loose florins as were in my pocket for any prowler who might think it worth while to pay me a visit, that, finding some booty, he might there cease his search for more. I left the candle burning on the table, and soon afterward the girl came in and wished me a *goede nacht* as she carried it away.

Presently all became still in the house, and as weariness softens the hardest bed, I was soon asleep, notwithstanding the annoyance from certain insects, which were neither bugs nor fleas, that came crawling over me. I had lain thus in quiet repose for two or three hours, when I was disturbed by a light shining in the room, and half-raising my eyelids, I saw a tall figure clothed in white, holding a candle in its hand, and gazing stealthily at me from behind the screen at the foot of the bed. I did not start up or cry out, for a sufficient reason—I was too drowsy. The figure withdrew; the room again became dark: I turned round, and slept soundly until morning.

I was up soon after five, being desirous to recommence my walk before the heat came on, and, it need scarcely be said, found all my property as I had left it. The old presses looked not less imposing than in the faintly-illuminated gloom some hours previously; and I could see in the daylight several articles which had then escaped my notice. Among them was the *grootte bijbel*, a portly folio in black letter, and in good condition. How many suffering hearts had found support and consolation in those ancient pages! When I went into the next room, the laborers had taken their breakfast, and gone to their work, and the old lady sat near the window mending stockings. She saluted me by inquiring if I had *wel geslaapt*, and what I would take for breakfast. I chose raspberries with milk and bread, and highly enjoyed the fresh-gathered fruit that looked so tempting, coated with its early bloom. It was the most acceptable breakfast of any which I ate in Holland. The hostess

chatted on various topics: in one of my replies, I chanced to mention the large Bible which I had seen in the other room—"Ah," she said, "it is the best of books: what should we do without it?" I then told her that a little Bible was part of the contents of my knapsack, and on hearing this her manner at once changed; the suspicion disappeared, and the benevolent demeanor resumed its place. My request of the night before concerning the window had made her very anxious; she had, it seemed, been led to regard me as a suspicious character—as one likely to let in a confederate, or to decamp myself surreptitiously. From this I at once understood it was she who, clad in white, and holding a candle, had come into my room during the night; perhaps to see whether her guest were lying still as an honest traveler ought. We became, however, very excellent friends, and I regretted not having time to stay two or three days, to get a little further insight into village life, and the pursuits and resources of its inhabitants: but that could not be. I was somewhat surprised on asking, "*Hoe veel betalen?*" (How much to pay?) at the cheapness of my lodging and entertainment: the charge was only eighteen stivers. I handed a florin to the old lady, with an intimation that the two stivers' change might go to the maid for her alacrity in raspberry plucking, on which she replied, "*Dank voor haar,*" with much emphasis. Then holding out her hand, after assisting to place my knapsack in position, she bade me good-by, with many wishes for a prosperous journey.

It was a pleasant morning, with a bright sky and a hot sun, and a feeling of exhilaration came over me as I left the close, sickening smell of the house for the free and fresh air outside. The aspect of the country was again different from that which I had already traversed. Willows, so plentiful in the southern provinces, are rare on the dry heath-lands of the north, while small plantations, and woods of birch, beech, and oak are frequently met with. At times the route led along narrow, winding lanes, between tangled hedges and overhanging trees, where the shade and coolness made you feel the contrast the greater on emerging upon the unsheltered and unfenced fields. Before long, I came to another village, where the houses were built at random around a real village green, such as you may see in some parts of Berkshire or Hampshire, with tall umbrageous trees springing from the soft turf, and old folk lounging, and children playing in their shadow. The post, which visits the towns of Holland every day throughout the year, comes to such villages as this two or three times a week, and thus keeps up its communications with the great social world around. In another particular they are well provided for—the means of instruction. Here, at one end of the green, stood the schoolhouse, built of brick, well lighted, and in good condition, decidedly the best building in the place. Indeed I do not remember to have seen a shabby schoolhouse in Holland. It was too early to see the scholars at their duties, but

I looked in at the windows, and saw that the interior was perfectly clean and well-ordered; fitted with desks, closets, and shelves, with piles of books placed ready for use on the latter, and maps hanging on the walls. How I wished for a six months' holiday, to be able to linger at will among these out-of-the-world communities, or wherever any thing more particularly engaged my attention! Something to inform the mind or instruct the heart is to be given or received wherever there are human beings. Soon after passing the village, the road terminated suddenly on a part of the wild heath, where the sand for nearly a mile on all sides lay bare, gleaming palely in the sun, and no sign of a track visible in any direction. For a few minutes I stood completely at fault, but at last bent my steps toward some scattered trees in the distance. The deserts of Africa can hardly be more dreary or trying to the wayfarer than that mile of sand was to me. On reaching the trees, I again found a lane leading through cultivated grounds; now a patch of grass, then barley, or wheat, or potatoes, or buckwheat—the delicate blossoms of the latter scenting the whole atmosphere, and alive with "innumerable bees." While standing still to listen to their labor-inspired hum, I heard the cuckoo telling his cheerful name to the neighborhood, although past the middle of July. Then followed homely farms, standing a little off the road, the homestead surrounded by rows of trees, somewhat after the fashion of Normandy; and in one corner of the inclosure the never-failing structure—four tall poles, erected in a parallelogram, with a square thatched roof fitted upon them, sloping down on each side to form a central point. The poles pass through the corners of this roof, which thus can be made to slide up and down, according as the produce stored beneath it is increased or diminished. Such a contrivance would perhaps be useful to small farmers in England, when straitened for room in their barns. Now and then I caught glimpses of haymakers working far off on a meadow patch, and more than once the signs of tillage disappeared, and there was the broad black heath under my feet, and stretching away to the horizon, here and there intersected by a series of drains, cut smooth and deep in the sandy soil, inclosing some acres of the barren expanse—the preliminaries of cultivation. Then would come a mile or so of woodland, with the thinnings and loppings of the trees cut into lengths, and piled in stacks ready for the market, as I had seen on the wharfs at Rotterdam, where firewood sells at eleven cents the bundle. A party of woodcutters, with their wives and children, were encamped at the entrance of a cross-road, disturbing the general stillness by the sound of their voices and implements. The men and women were alike tall and stout—remarkable specimens of the well-developed population of the province, and reminding you of the peasantry in Westmoreland. The stacks which they had set up were so long and high as to resemble a street with little alleys between, where the children

played while their fathers chopped and sawed, and their mothers tied the bundles, or tended the fire over which the round pot swung with the breakfast. They called out a friendly "Good-day, mynheer," as I passed.

As the day advanced, it became oppressively hot; not a drop of drinkable water was any where to be seen. I went to a cottage near the road to ask for a draught, when a pitcherful was given to me that looked like pale coffee, and was vapid and unrefreshing. The occupants of the cottage told me that they were always obliged to strain it before drinking, to free it from the fibres of turf held in suspension. These people, their child, and their house were positively dirty, and looked comfortless: the pigs lay in one corner of the kitchen, and the domestic utensils stood about in apparently habitual disorder. They, however, were kind in their manner, and wished me to sit down for a time and rest.

Besides these and the woodcutters, I scarcely met a soul during the walk, which lasted nearly four hours, by which time I came to the outskirts of Ommerschans. I went into the tavern that stood at the extremity of the long straight road leading through the centre of the colony, where, after half-an-hour's rest, ten minutes' sleep, and a cup of tea, I felt able to go and present myself to the director.

THE LAST PRIESTESS OF PELE.

MY erratic habits have led me through a variety of climes and scenes, and, on two occasions, to the distant regions of Polynesia, even to the shores of Hawaii, memorable as the death-scene of our famous navigator, Cook. Hawaii is the principal of the Sandwich Islands, a group not exceeded in interest by any which stud the broad bosom of the Pacific. Their local situation, advantageous for purposes of commerce, is highly important; but these remote shores present various subjects of interest besides geographical position. The primitive race who inhabit them, so long and totally isolated from the rest of the world, the enchanting beauty of their scenery, the luxurious productions of their salubrious climate, indicative of peace and plenty, furnish subjects worthy of investigation; while, strangely contrasted with these bounties of nature, is the awful sublimity of their volcanic mountains, that too often burst forth into eruptions which spread frightful devastation over scenes glowing with beauty, particularly the volcano of Kiranea, probably the largest in the world. Even the first view of this island struck me as remarkable, for it looks like congeries of mountains on one common base, heaving their huge cones to the height of fourteen or sixteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, while the lower grounds, every where irregular, were covered with trees and with the richest verdure. We were hospitably received by a native chief. An Englishman who had long resided on the island acted as interpreter, and by this means, as well as some knowledge which we had acquired of the Polynesian language during a visit

to Tahiti, my brother officers and I made arrangements for a visit to the great volcano. It is well I should here remind the reader of an event which proved to be an influential epoch in the history of the people we were now among—the abolition of their ancient and cruel system of idolatry, which was effected in the year 1819, by a king whose natural good sense had enabled him to perceive its absurdity and ill-consequences; so that when, some months after, a few missionaries arrived from America with the philanthropic intention of introducing the blessings of Christianity among them, they found, by what was unquestionably a providential interposition, the nation without any religion, released from the trammels of their ancient superstitions, and, so far, prepared to receive the truths which they were come to proclaim. These missionaries had been settled in the islands a few years when my visit took place, and had many converts.

The volcano we were desirous of seeing was thirty miles from the place of our landing, and we set out for it on the following day, attended by some of the natives, and also by the English settler, to act as interpreter. The commencement of our journey seemed auspicious, leading through a wood, where trees afforded a grateful shade from the heat of a tropical sun, while gorgeous birds fluttered among their boughs, or regaled us with the melody of their songs. The fragrant gardenia, and other beautiful flowers, so highly prized in our own country as hot-house plants, profusely adorned our path. But too soon the scene began to change. By degrees, trees, shrubs, and flowers disappeared—all traces of vegetation, except an occasional oasis. We were traversing a tract of lava that looked like an inland sea, over which the wand of an enchanter had suddenly waved while it was agitated by violent undulations, and turned it into stone. Not only were the swells and hollows distinctly marked, but the surface of the billows seemed covered by a smaller ripple. Our passage over this petrified ocean was most laborious, owing to the heat of the sun, the reflection of its light from the lava, and also the unevenness of the way, which was as slippery as glass.

Just as day declined, we hailed with pleasure the residence of a chief, where we were to pass the night, our friend at the harbor having commissioned our attendants to introduce us as strangers in need of the owner's hospitality, which was readily accorded. Our host and his establishment evinced that advancement toward civilization was not limited to the coast. His dwelling was divided into separate apartments by screens of native cloth, and we were ushered into a large, airy, reception-room, where we reposed our weary limbs on a divan covered with mats, which extended the whole length of the apartment. A feast was prepared for our entertainment; but I refrain from an account of the baked dogs, hogs, and other dainties which adorned the board. During the repast, a native bard sang, in a monotonous but sweet voice, "the deeds of the days of other years," accompanying

himself by beating a little drum formed of a beautifully stained calabash: and then a group of dancers were introduced for our amusement. But nothing interested me so much as our host, who sat next to me at supper, performing the duties of hospitality with an intuitive good-breeding and tact which I thought quite a sufficient substitute for the conventional usages of European society. He was, in common with all the aristocratic race of Hawaii, tall, well-formed, with fine, muscular limbs, and a commanding air; his complexion clear olive, and his handsome features wore an open and intelligent expression. To my surprise, he spoke very tolerable English; this was accounted for by long intimacy with our friend the interpreter, and with the missionaries, who, since their settlement in the island, had taught him to read. I was glad when he announced his intention of accompanying us to the volcano, our journey to which we recommenced the following morning. A toilsome one it proved, but Toleho, the young chief, stuck close to me, and from such snatches of conversation as I could hold with him, while we scrambled over masses of vitrified lava and basaltic blocks jumbled together in wild confusion, the interest I had felt in him at first sight was considerably increased. At length we reached the great plain of the volcano, and the mountain of Mauna Loa burst upon our view in all its magnificence, like an immense dome, of a bronze color, rising from a plain twenty miles in breadth; its head was covered with snow, the effect of which is peculiar when beheld under a tropical sun.

Nearly overcome with heat and fatigue, we lay down to rest. Through the fissures of the rocks, there grew an abundance of small bushes bearing fruit of a pleasant flavor, which we eagerly gathered to allay our thirst. To this some of the natives objected, asserting that the berries belonged to Pele, the goddess of the volcano, who would be much incensed by our eating them, until some had been thrown into the crater as a propitiatory oblation. The English settler who accompanied us, set about proving the absurdity of their fears, and, while the point was being discussed, I observed that Toleho, who was seated with me apart from the others, was quietly refreshing himself with the forbidden fruit. I inquired why he also did not fear the wrath of the formidable goddess?

"Toleho knows better," he replied. "Toleho knows that there is but one God; without His leave, the volcano can not hurt us. He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth; he toucheth the hills, and they smoke."

I now learned from him that, under the instruction of the missionaries, he had been led to embrace the truths of Christianity.

"I have lately avowed this conviction," he said; "and were I to remain in this country, would do my utmost to promote a knowledge of the Bible among my friends and people."

"And have you any idea of leaving this country?" I inquired, with surprise.

"Alas! yes, I *must* leave it," he replied, in a voice and with a look of such deep dejection, that I understood it to be a subject of too distressing a nature for further interrogatories, and we spoke about other matters until the party was sufficiently rested to proceed to the crater of Kiranea. I expected that we were for this purpose to ascend the mountain which stood before us in such majestic beauty, and, undaunted by the magnitude of the task, I longed to climb its stupendous sides, and to inhale the pure atmosphere at its summit, so that it was with a feeling of disappointment I heard myself called upon to behold the crater upon the very plain to which we had already attained. At first view, it seemed to be nothing but a huge black pit, totally different from all we had imagined. There were no jets of fire, nothing but a body of black smoke, rising high to the clear blue heavens, and then spreading widely over the hemisphere. We journeyed onward, till we found ourselves on the edge of a steep precipice inclosing a sunken plain, in the middle of which was the crater. Our guides led to a part of the precipice where descent was practicable, and, with some falls and bruises, we all reached the basin beneath, which sounded hollow under our tread, giving evidence, by smoking fissures here and there, of subterranean burnings. As we advanced, the impression of vastness and grandeur increased at every step; but, when we stopped at the edge of the great crater, the sight was appalling. There we stood, mute with astonishment and awe, transfixed like statues, our eyes riveted on the abyss below, a vast flood of burning matter rolling to and fro in a state of frightful ebullition. I know not how long we thus gazed, in speechless wonder; but the natives had, meanwhile, employed themselves in constructing, of branches of trees, ferns, and rushes, which, nourished by the moisture of vapors, grew in chasms of lava, huts to shelter us during the night, now fast approaching, and to them we were glad to repair, when our emotion had somewhat subsided. The attendants now cooked our supper in a crevice from which steam issued, and, after doing ample justice to their labors in this volcanic *cuisine*, I again walked to the edge of the crater, accompanied by Toleho.

It was now quite dark, and truly it has been said, that what is wonderful in the day becomes ten times more so at night. Now was the time for viewing the volcano in all its magnificence. We seated ourselves at a height of four or five hundred feet, directly over that lake of fire: its cherry-colored waves were rolling below, with billows crested and broken into sheets and spray of fire, like waters when the hurricane sweeps them over a reef of rocks. There was a low murmuring noise, and occasionally masses of red-hot matter were ejected seventy feet into the air, which fell back into the lake with a hissing sound. My companion, though accustomed from childhood to these wonders, seemed fully to participate in my feelings. He evidently possessed a soul susceptible of the sublime and beautiful.

and the scene on which we gazed was associated in his mind, as I afterward learned, with early and endearing recollections. He was gratified by my admiration of it, and this congeniality of taste soon led him to treat me with the confidence of an old friend. Presuming upon this, I ventured to recur to the hint he had dropped that morning of an intention to quit his native island, inquiring whether his profession of Christianity had subjected him to any kind of persecution? He told me in reply, that Hawaiian converts were nearly exempted from this ordeal of sincerity by the edict which had abolished idolatry before the missionaries' arrival. "But," he added, with intense feeling, "Toleho found the change hard, notwithstanding. No fear of Pele; even were there any such, what could that cruel goddess do to one who trusted in Jesus? But Pele's priestess—the last she will ever have, but the loveliest, the dearest of women—it was *that* Toleho found so hard." My expression of sympathy elicited his full confidence, and, in a conversation which followed, interrupted as our colloquial intercourse necessarily was by our imperfect acquaintance with each other's language, I became possessed of an outline of Toleho's previous history, which subsequent information enabled me to fill up, as I shall now give it in detail.

The young Hawaiian chief had, when a child, been betrothed to the hereditary priestess of Pele, the Goddess of Fire, supposed to inhabit the volcano of Kiranea. Whether this redoubtable deity be in any way related to Bel, the Oriental god of the same terrible element, greater scholars and antiquarians than I am must determine; but it seems to me that the similarity of the names is a curious coincidence, which would be not an uninteresting subject of investigation. The young priestess was the only child of the khan, or steward of Pele, an office of honor and emolument, his duty being to provide materials for the sacrifices, such as cloth, hogs, fowls, and fruit, with which he was abundantly furnished by her worshippers. The young lovers were constant companions during their childhood, and were linked together by the endearing bonds of early affection, which grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength. It appeared that the devotion of Toleho had never been so ardently rendered to the imaginary goddess as to her beautiful young priestess, for his natural acuteness often led him to skeptical conclusions when he considered the national system of theology; nor had his superior mind long dwelt upon such subjects, when, in the words of a poet who has well described a somewhat similar case,*

"The gods whom his deluded countrymen
Acknowledged, were no gods to him; he scorn'd
The impotence of skill that carved such figures,
And pitied the fatuity of those
Who saw not in the abortions of their hands,
The abortions of their minds."

It was, in truth, interesting to trace the history of

*J. Montgomery, in the "Pelican Island."

"This dark, edungeon'd spirit roused,
And struggling into glorious liberty."

Emancipated from the trammels of superstition, you will not wonder to hear that his mind joyfully received the truths which God has revealed to mankind, when, after the arrival of the missionaries, he had an opportunity of hearing them; and I had reason to believe, that not only was his understanding enlightened, but his heart deeply imbued with the spirit of the gospel. Toleho's first wish was, to lead her he loved to the joy and peace in believing which he now experienced. After a rumor of the young chief's apostasy from the religion of his fathers had gone forth, on returning one day from a visit to the missionary station, he hastened to the dwelling of the khan.

Oani was seated under the shade of a large eugenia tree, where she had often before awaited his arrival, but she did not now spring forward to meet him; her eyes were no longer lit up with joy when she beheld his approach, and, after one look, expressive of deep sorrow, were turned away. Toleho eagerly inquired if any misfortune had occurred? Was her father ill?

She burst into tears, and replied, "No—I weep because Oani must not love Toleho any longer."

He soon discovered that his change had awakened in the breast of the khan feelings of opposition beyond any he had anticipated. Ancestral pride—the office of khan being hereditary—early prejudices, strengthened by time and self-interest, often too influential over the actions of those who possess a better faith, exercised combined power on the old man's mind. Perhaps he was also stimulated by the more generous and romantic sentiment with which we are inclined to regard the decay of what has been hallowed by antiquity; and he stigmatized those who forsook the ancient idolatries as meanly subservient to the will of the great, endeavoring to imbue the mind of his daughter with similar feelings.

Poor Oani had neither ability nor inclination for controversial disquisitions. When her lover tried to lay before her the truths which had influenced him to the change she deplored, a knowledge of which would enable her to appreciate his motives, she would only weep, and say, "Toleho, I am sad—sleep has gone from me, and my food has lost its sweetness. If you do not worship Pele, her priestess must try not to love you. No more may I sing for you when you are weary; no more gather summer fruits to refresh you; nor bind sweet flowers in a chaplet for your brow."

When the chief remarked, that by her embracing Christianity these objections to their union would be obviated, her only answer was, "Could I leave my father? He never will forsake Pele. Could I—the only light of his eyes—the last flower left to gladden the winter of his life—could I leave his old age desolate?"

The separation of these Polynesian lovers was now inevitable, and it was a sore trial, for they were fondly attached. It was at this era of their

story that I became acquainted with the young chief, and great was the interest with which I listened to his simple narration, heightened, probably, by the extraordinary circumstances under which I heard it, seated together as we were, at midnight, upon the brink of the fiery abyss, contemplating a scene so stupendous, so "horribly beautiful," that probably no other in this world can compete with it.

I could now understand the cause of poor Toleho's intended expatriation. Oani would probably be given to another. Could he bear to witness it? to see her miserable? No; he would quit the scenes of his happy days, and, far away from objects which might agitate his mind, and interfere with duty, would spend his life in the service of Him who had graciously "called him from darkness to light." His friends at the mission-house had already arranged the matter with a captain, who would give him a passage in his ship to the American States, where he was to use every exertion in his power for the purpose of awakening an interest in the cause of the Polynesian mission. Toleho then informed me, that on the following morning would take place a great annual feast in honor of Pele, designed to deprecate the wrath of the volcanic goddess, and secure the country from earthquakes or inundations of lava, at which, of course, the khan and the young priestess would preside. This would afford him an opportunity of once more beholding the latter before he left the islands—the last time he could ever hope to do so; and, for the purpose of enjoying this melancholy pleasure, he had joined our party to the volcano.

We now returned to the hut, and I went to repose, rejoicing that I should have an occasion of witnessing some of the idolatrous rites of the natives before their final abolition.

Next morning, while my companions prepared to examine the various natural phenomena of the place, I put myself under the guidance of my new friend, who took me across the lava plain to the heiau, or temple, dedicated to Pele, an inclosure, with several stone idols standing in the midst of it. Votaries had already assembled around the shrine, adorning these frightful images with wreaths of flowers; and innumerable offerings were laid before them. As the devotees continued to arrive, my companion stood, watching every new comer, with an expression of anxiety and agitation. At length the sound of music was heard, and a procession approached, for which the crowd opened an avenue to the temple. At its head was an old man, attired in what I supposed were the pontifical robes, leading by the hand a young female. Over their heads was borne a canopy, and they were followed by a train of attendants, each carrying a staff of state, ornamented with polished tortoiseshell, the upper ends being of feathers. The sage was the khan, and his companion the priestess of Pele, whose beauty, I soon perceived had not been exaggerated in her lover's glowing description. Never had I beheld a form of more

exquisite symmetry, set off by the simple elegance of the native costume—a robe of white cloth confined round the waist with a cincture of flowers; her head-dress was only "an od'rous chaplet of sweet summer buds," binding her dark tresses; while round her neck, arms, and slender ankles, were wreaths of the snowy and fragrant gardenia. The features of this young creature were faultless, but wore an expression of thoughtful abstraction, strikingly contrasted with those of the persons who surrounded and gazed upon her, all, even the old khan's, evincing a state of excitement.

After some ceremonies had been performed in the temple, the various contributions of the people were taken to the volcano, to be presented to the goddess. Thither the procession moved, and Toleho and I followed in the crowd. Arrived at the crater, the khan made an oration in praise of Pele, deploring the national apostasy from her worship, until wrought up to a state of great excitement, in which his auditors seemed to participate, except the beautiful priestess, who, standing on the verge of the gulf, still wore her look of calm dejection, while she received small specimens of the various offerings from the votaries, and threw them into the volcano, saying, in a voice of peculiar sweetness, "Accept these offerings, Pele. Restrain thy wrath, and pour not the floods of vengeance over our land. Save us, O Pele!"

Toleho darted from the crowd, and stood beside her. His stately form was drawn up to its full height; from his shoulders hung a splendid mantle of green and scarlet feathers; his right arm was extended, and in it he held a small book.

"Oani! beloved Oani!" he exclaimed; "call not upon Pele to save you. There is but one Saviour, and to know Him is life."

"Recreant," cried the khan, "you have forsaken the great goddess yourself, and you would now draw away her priestess."

"Khan, and thou beloved Oani, listen," the chief replied, in a solemn tone. "If there be such a deity as Pele, is she worthy of your adoration? Is she not ever busy in works of mischief—destroying the people, devastating our hills, and filling up our fruitful valleys with floods of lava? Are they not cruel gods, who even require human sacrifices? Could such beings have created that bright pure sky over our heads, or that glorious sun which sends light and heat to ripen our corn and our fruit? No! The Creator of all must be good, as well as great—an object of love as well as of fear. Friends, countrymen, this book can tell you of Him."

This seemed to make some impression on the people, but the khan was even more exasperated than before.

"Traitor," he cried, "would you persuade us to disown our gods, while we stand gazing on their terrible abode? They dwell in yonder fiery lake; behold their houses!" pointing to the black conical craters which rose here and there above the waves. "Do you not hear the roar

ing and crackling of the flames? That is the music to which they dance; and in yonder red surge they often play, sporting in its rolling billows. Pele is a great goddess; acknowledge her power, Toleho, and Oani—her priestess, the playmate of your childhood, the betrothed of your youth—shall be yours, for she pines in secret for her loved one. Reject Pele, and part with Oani forever.”

As he said this, a bright smile lit up the countenance of the young priestess, as if hope had suddenly revived in her bosom. She turned toward her lover with a look of imploring affection, laying her small hands on his arm, and said, “Toleho will not leave me; we may love one another still.”

He made a movement as if instinctively about to clasp her to his breast, but seemed, with a strong effort, to resist the impulse; a convulsive motion passed over his manly features; his strong frame trembled; and, in a voice half-choked by contending feelings, he said, “Oani, I must—I must leave you. There is but one God, and Him only will I serve. Beloved maiden, trust to Him—not to senseless idols.”

She withdrew her hands, and clasped them together in mute despair. Her father exclaimed, “Heed him not. Great is the power of Pele. My daughter, you are her priestess; and, though you flung yourself from that shelving rock on which you stand, into the gulf below, Pele could save you.” He was now in a state of frenzy. “She could and she *would* save you; *prove* to them her power.”

“I will, I will,” cried the unfortunate girl. “And I want her not to save me if she can. Toleho forsakes me, and I wish, not for life.”

Ere the outstretched hand of her lover could prevent it, she had turned and sprung down the precipice.

A yell of horror burst from the crowd, and there was a general rush toward the spot, so great, that for several minutes I could not approach it. Minutes of intense anxiety they were. I heard one voice exclaim, “He will perish—Toleho—the pride of Hawaiian chiefs.”

“No,” cried another, “he has almost reached the spot where she lies.”

An interval of silence followed. The people evidently watched some critical event in breathless suspense. Then there was a shout of joy—Toleho and his loved one were both in safety. There was, as I afterward learned, a crag projecting from the wall-faced cliff over which the young priestess had flung herself; on that spot she had fallen, the elasticity of some shrubs and herbs with which it was covered preserving her from any serious injury. Toleho, with wonderful presence of mind and activity, had succeeded in descending to that place, and, by means of a kind of ropes flung to him from the summit, re-ascended, and, pale as death, but still firm and composed, had laid his almost senseless burden in the arms of her father.

The scene which followed would be difficult to describe. When, after some time, a flood of

tears had relieved the old khan, and enabled him to speak, he tried to express gratitude to the deliverer of his daughter, but could not say much. “Toleho,” he cried, “you have saved her life. We can not forsake the gods to whom our ancestors have been priests for hundreds of years, to learn the religion of strangers who come from distant lands whence originate the winds, but can not Oani minister to Pele, and still be your wife?”

Here was a trying offer to my poor friend. Again Oani turned on him that bright smile, that beseeching look, which were hard to be withstood; but, though there were symptoms of yielding, of a violent internal struggle, he soon regained composure, and said, “It must not, can not be—it is forbidden here,” holding up the book. “Farewell, Oani. Never will I forget you. I go to distant lands, but I will love you still. Keep this book: in it are the words of life. In our happy days, I was teaching you to read. Get some other teacher, and, for Toleho’s sake, learn all this book teaches, and we may yet meet where there is no sorrow.”

One embrace, and he darted away. I followed with difficulty, keeping by his side, as rapidly and silently he walked to the place where we had agreed to meet our companions.

In a few days, we sailed from Hawaii, but not before we had seen the young Hawaiian chief bid adieu to his native land, and sail for America.

Years passed away. Constant change of scene and variety of events had nearly obliterated from my memory the story of the priestess and her lover, when my wanderings once more brought me among the Polynesian islands, and again to the shores of Hawaii. We were to remain but for a few days, and, having visited the great volcano before, I now directed my steps to the next object of interest in the neighborhood, what my informant called “the Cascade of the Rainbow.” This is a waterfall in the river Wairuku, and surpassed in beauty all my anticipations. The water, projected from a rock over a hundred feet in height, falls into a circular basin, as smooth as a mirror, except where the stream plunges in, and from its bright bosom reflects the enchanting scenery which surrounds it; while trees and shrubs, laden with blossoms of various hues, adorn its banks. Nor was the poetical appellation of this romantic valley inappropriate, for, on the silver spray flung up by the fall of waters, “an Iris sat” in its variegated beauty. “What a spot to spend the evening of one’s days in after a life of turmoil,” I exclaimed. “But probably, I have been anticipated in this idea, as there is, I see, a cottage beyond the green lawn, and a tasteful, picturesque edifice it appears.” I walked toward it, and the neatness and comfort of every thing were a new proof of the wonderful improvement which I had already observed among the islanders, arising from the spread of Christianity and civilization. The lady of the mansion, holding by one hand a child who walked at her side, while with the other she supported a baby in her arms. ad-

vanced to meet and invite me in. She had, to a high degree, the air of dignity, I had almost said of graceful elegance, which characterizes the aristocracy of the island; and, when she bade me welcome, the tones of her voice and the contour of her features seemed familiar. "Oani!" thought I; "Oani, a wife and a mother. Poor Toleho! So much for woman's constancy." But I wronged her—I wronged that sex who, if inferior in other things, surpass us in depth and unchangeableness of affection. We entered the sitting-room; her husband rose to receive me—it was Toleho.

After the departure of the chief, Oani had found no comfort in any thing but in trying to fulfill his last request. One of the missionaries assisted her, and she was soon able to read the Testament, which had been his parting gift. Conviction of its truth, and a profession of Christianity followed, in which she was uninfluenced by interested motives, as she had not the most remote hope of ever seeing Toleho again, but the missionaries, who held communication with him through the American Society, informed him of the change, and he returned to Hawaii, and claimed her as his own. I found them a loving and happy pair, and left them so.

A SPANISH BULL FIGHT.

ONE day Don Philippe insisted upon taking us to witness a bull-fight, which was about to take place, and which it was reported, the queen herself was expected to attend. This was a spectacle we had never yet beheld, and our curiosity was therefore aroused to the highest possible pitch of excitement. Visions of blood floated before our fancy, and flashing steel gleamed across our sight. Anxiety stood on tip-toe, and the moments flew slowly by, until the wished-for hour arrived. We left the business of securing seats in the arena to Philippe, who, by early application, succeeded in obtaining for us as eligible positions for witnessing the spectacle as we could reasonably desire. The critical moment was now at hand, our hearts almost leaped from our mouths, so deeply were we excited in contemplation of the sanguinary event. At length the trumpets sounded, and forthwith entered, in martial array, the entire body of combatants, gayly dressed, and presenting together a most striking and brilliant effect. Marching to the opposite side of the ring, they respectfully bowed to the appointed authorities, and then took their places, in complete readiness for action. At a given signal, a small iron gate was suddenly opened, and in an instant a furious bull bounded frantically into the arena; and then, as if petrified with astonishment at the wonderful scene around him, he stood motionless for a few seconds, staring wildly at the immense assembly, and pawing vehemently the ground beneath his feet. It was a solemn and critical moment, and I can truly say that I never before experienced such an intense degree of curiosity and interest. My feelings were wound up to the highest pitch of excitement,

and I can scarcely believe that even that terrible human tragedy, a bloody gladiatorial scene, could have affected me more deeply. The compressed fury of the bull lasted but an instant: suddenly his glaring eye caught the sight of a red flag, which one of the *chulos*, or foot combatants, had waved before him, and immediately he rushed after his nimble adversary, who evaded his pursuit by jumping skillfully over the lower inclosure of the ring. The herculean animal, thus balked in his rage, next plunged desperately toward one of the *picadores*, or mounted horsemen, who calmly and fearlessly awaited his approach, and then turned off his attack by the masterly management of his long and steel-capped pike. Thwarted once more in his purpose, he became still more frantic than before, while his low and suppressed roar, expressive of the concentrated passion and rage which burned within him, sounded like distant thunder to my ears. Half closing his eyes, and lowering his formidable horns, he darted again at one of the *picadores*, and with such tremendous power, that he completely unhorsed him. Then shouts of applause from the spectators filled the arena: "Bravo toro!" "Viva toro!" and other exclamations of encouragement for the bull broke from every mouth. The *picador* lost no time in springing to his feet and re-mounting his horse, which, however, could scarcely stand, so weak was the poor creature from the stream of blood issuing from the deep wound in his breast. As soon as the enraged bull, whose attention had been purposely withdrawn by the *chulos*, beheld his former adversary now crimsoned with gore, he rushed at him with the most terrific fury, and, thrusting his horns savagely into the lower part of the tottering animal, he almost raised him from his feet, and so lacerated and tore open his abdomen, that his bowels gushed out upon the ground. Unable any longer to sustain himself, the pitiable animal fell down in the awful agonies of death, and in a few moments expired. Two other horses shortly shared the same miserable fate, and their mangled bodies were lying covered with blood, in the centre of the arena. The bull himself was now becoming perceptibly exhausted, and his own end was drawing nigh. For the purpose of stimulating and arousing into momentary action his rapidly-waning strength, the assailants on foot attacked him with barbed darts, called *banderillos*, which they thrust with skill into each side of his brawny neck. Sometimes these little javelins are charged with a prepared powder, which explodes the instant that the sharp steel sinks into the flesh. The torture thus produced drives the wretched animal to the extreme of madness, who bellows and bounds in his agony, as if endued with the energy of a new life.

On the present occasion, the arrows used were not of an explosive character, yet they served scarcely less effectually to enrage the furious monster. But hark! the last trumpet is sounding the awful death-knell of the warrior-beast. The ring becomes instantly cleared, and the

foaming animal stands motionless and alone, sole monarch of the arena. But the fiat has gone forth, and the doom of death is impending over him. The *matador* enters the ring by a secret door, and after bowing to the president, and throwing down his cap in token of respect, slowly and deliberately approaches his terrific adversary, who stands as if enchained to the spot by a consciousness of the fearful destiny that awaits him. The *matador*, undismayed by the ferocious aspect of the bull, cautiously advances, with his eyes fixed firmly and magnetically upon him; a bright Toledo blade glistens in his right hand, while in his left he carries the *muleta*, or crimson flag, with which to exasperate the declining spirit of his foe. An intense stillness reigns throughout the vast assemblage; the most critical point of the tragedy is at hand, and every glance is riveted upon the person and movements of the *matador*. A single fatal thrust may launch him into eternity, yet no expression of fear escapes him; cool, and self-possessed, he stands before his victim, studious of every motion, and ready to take advantage of any chance.

It is this wonderful display of skill and bravery that fascinates the attention of a Spanish audience, and not the shedding of blood or the sufferings of the animal, which are as much lost sight of in the excitement of the moment as the gasping of a fish or the quivering of a worm upon the hook is disregarded by the humane disciple of Izaak Walton. The bull and *matador*, as motionless as if carved in marble, present a fearfully artistic effect. At length, like an electric flash, the polished steel of the *matador* flies in the air, and descends with tremendous force into the neck of the doomed animal, burying itself in the flesh, even up to the hilt. The blow is well made, and from the mouth of the bull a torrent of blood gushes forth in a crimson stream; he staggers, drops on his knees, recovers himself for an instant, and then falls dead at the feet of his conqueror, amid the tumultuous plaudits of the excited throng of spectators.

Such is a slight sketch of a Spanish bull-fight. The impression made upon our minds by the first representation was so deeply tinged with horror that we resolved never to attend another, though it is but fair to state that this good resolution, like many others we have made in our lives, was eventually overcome by temptations.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.*

CHAPTER XXXV.

A NOVEL COUNCIL OF WAR.

I HAD scarcely finished my breakfast, when a group of officers rode up to our quarters to visit me. My arrival had already created an immense sensation in the city, and all kinds of rumors were afloat as to the tidings I had brought. The meagreness of the information would, indeed, have seemed in strong contrast

to the enterprise and hazard of the escape, had I not had the craft to eke it out by that process of suggestion and speculation in which I was rather an adept.

Little in substance as my information was, all the younger officers were in favor of acting upon it. The English are no bad judges of our position and chances, was the constant argument. They see exactly how we stand; they know the relative forces of our army, and the enemy's; and if the "cautious islanders"—such was the phrase—advised a *coup de main*, it surely must have much in its favor. I lay stress upon the remark, trifling as it may seem; but it is curious to know, that with all the immense successes of England on sea, her reputation, at that time, among Frenchmen, was rather for prudent and well-matured undertakings, than for those daring enterprises which are as much the character of her courage.

My visitors continued to pour in during the morning, officers of every arm and rank, some from mere idle curiosity, some to question and interrogate, and not a few to solve doubts in their minds as to my being really French, and a soldier, and not an agent of that *perfid* Albion, whose treachery was become a proverb among us. Many were disappointed at my knowing so little. I neither could tell the date of Napoleon's passing St. Gothard, nor the amount of his force; neither knew I whether he meant to turn eastward toward the plains of Lombardy, or march direct to the relief of Genoa. Of Moreau's success in Germany, too, I had only heard vaguely; and, of course, could recount nothing. I could overhear, occasionally, around and about me, the murmurs of dissatisfaction my ignorance called forth, and was not a little grateful to an old artillery captain for saying "That's the very best thing about the lad; a spy would have had his whole lesson by heart."

"You are right, sir," cried I, catching at the words; "I may know but little, and that little, perhaps, valueless and insignificant; but my truth no man shall gainsay."

The boldness of this speech from one wasted and miserable as I was, with tattered shoes and ragged clothes, caused a hearty laugh, in which, as much from policy as feeling, I joined myself.

"Come here, mon cher," said an infantry colonel, as, walking to the door of the room, he drew his telescope from his pocket, "you tell us of a *coup de main*—on the Monte Faccio, is it not?"

"Yes," replied I, promptly, "so I understand the name."

"Well, have you ever seen the place?"

"Never."

"Well, there it is yonder," and he handed me his glass as he spoke; "you see that large beetling cliff, with the olives at the foot. There, on the summit stands the Monte Faccio. The road—the pathway rather, and a steep one it is—leads up where you see those goats feeding, and crosses in front of the crag, directly beneath the fire of the batteries. There's not a spot on

* Continued from the July Number.

the whole ascent where three men could march abreast, and wherever there is any shelter from fire, the guns of the 'Sprona,' that small fort to the right, take the whole position. What do you think of your counsel now?"

"You forget, sir, it is not my counsel. I merely repeat what I overheard."

"And do you mean to say, that the men who gave that advice were serious, or capable of adopting it themselves?"

"Most assuredly; they would never recommend to others what they felt unequal to themselves. I know these English well, and so much will I say of them."

"Bah!" cried he, with an insolent gesture of his hand, and turned away; and I could plainly see that my praises of the enemy were very ill-taken. In fact, my unlucky burst of generosity had done more to damage my credit, than all the dangerous or impracticable features of my scheme. Every eye was turned to the bold precipice, and the stern fortress that crowned it, and all agreed that an attack must be hopeless.

I saw, too late, the great fault I had committed, and that nothing could be more wanting in tact than to suggest to Frenchmen an enterprise which Englishmen deemed practicable, and which yet, to the former, seemed beyond all reach of success. The insult was too palpable and too direct, but to retract was impossible, and I had now to sustain a proposition which gave offense on every side.

It was very mortifying to me to see how soon all my personal credit was merged in this unhappy theory. No one thought more of my hazardous escape, the perils I encountered, or the sufferings I had undergone. All that was remembered of me was the affront I had offered to the national courage, and the preference I had implied to English bravery.

Never did I pass a more tormenting day; new arrivals continually refreshed the discussion, and always with the same results; and although some were satisfied to convey their opinions by a shake of the head or a dubious smile, others, more candid than civil, plainly intimated that if I had nothing of more consequence to tell, I might as well have staid where I was, and not added one more to a garrison so closely pressed by hunger. Very little more of such reasoning would have persuaded myself of its truth, and I almost began to wish that I was once more back in "the sick bay" of the frigate.

Toward evening I was left alone; my host went down to the town on duty; and after the visit of a tailor, who came to try on me a staff uniform—a distinction, I afterward learned, owing to the abundance of this class of costume, and not to any claims I could prefer to the rank—I was perfectly free to stroll about where I pleased unmolested, and, no small blessing, unquestioned.

On following along the walls for some distance, I came to a part where a succession of deep ravines opened at the foot of the bastions,

conducting by many a tortuous and rocky glen to the Apennines. The sides of these gorges were dotted here and there with wild hollies and fig trees; stunted and ill-thriven as the nature of the soil might imply. Still, for the sake of the few berries, or the sapless fruit they bore, the soldiers of the garrison were accustomed to creep from the embrasures, and descend the steep cliffs, a peril great enough in itself, but terribly increased by the risk of exposure to the enemy's "Tirailleurs," as well as the consequences such indiscipline would bring down on them.

So frequent, however, had been these infractions, that little footpaths were worn bare along the face of the cliff, traversing in many a zigzag a surface that seemed like a wall. It was almost incredible that men would brave such peril for so little; but famine had rendered them indifferent to death; and although debility exhibited itself in every motion and gesture, the men would stand unshrinking and undismayed beneath the fire of a battery. At one spot, near the angle of a bastion, and where some shelter from the north winds protected the place, a little clump of orange trees stood, and toward these, though fully a mile off, many a foot-track led, showing how strong had been the temptation in that quarter. To reach it, the precipice should be traversed, the gorge beneath and a considerable ascent of the opposite mountain accomplished, and yet all these dangers had been successfully encountered, merely instigated by hunger!

High above this very spot, at a distance of perhaps eight hundred feet, stood the Monte Faccio—the large black and yellow banner of Austria floating from its walls, as if amid the clouds. I could see the muzzles of the great guns protruding from the embrasures; and I could even catch glances of a tall bearskin, as some soldier passed or repassed behind the parapet, and I thought how terrible would be the attempt to storm such a position. It was, indeed, true, that if I had the least conception of the strength of the fort, I never should have dared to talk of a *coup de main*. Still I was in a manner pledged to the suggestion. I had periled my life for it, and few men do as much for an opinion; for this reason I resolved, come what would, to maintain my ground, and hold fast to my conviction. I never could be called upon to plan the expedition, nor could it by any possibility be confided to my guidance; responsibility could not, therefore, attach to me. All these were strong arguments, at least quite strong enough to decide a wavering judgment.

Meditating on these things, I strolled back to my quarters. As I entered the garden, I found that several officers were assembled, among whom was Colonel de Barre, the brother of the general of that name, who afterward fell at the Borodino. He was *Chef d'Etat Major* to Massena, and a most distinguished and brave soldier. Unlike the fashion of the day, which made the military man affect the rough coarseness of a savage, seasoning his talk with oaths, and curses,

and low expressions, De Barre had something of the *petit maître* in his address, which nothing short of his well-proved courage would have saved from ridicule. His voice was low and soft, his smile perpetual; and although well-bred enough to have been dignified and easy, a certain fidgety impulse to be pleasing made him always appear affected and unnatural. Never was there such a contrast to his chief; but indeed it was said, that to this very disparity of temperament he owed all the influence he possessed over Massena's mind.

I might have been a General of Division at the very least, to judge from the courteous deference of the salute with which he approached me—a politeness the more striking, as all the others immediately fell back, to leave us to converse together. I was actually overcome with the flattering terms in which he addressed me on the subject of my escape.

"I could scarcely at first credit the story," said he, "but when they told me that you were a 'Ninth man,' one of the old Tapageurs, I never doubted it more. You see what a bad character is, Monsieur de Tiernay!" It was the first time I had ever heard the prefix to my name, and I own the sound was pleasurable. "I served a few months with your corps myself, but I soon saw there was no chance of promotion among fellows all more eager than myself for distinction. Well, sir, it is precisely to this reputation I have yielded my credit, and to which General Massena is kind enough to concede his own confidence. Your advice is about to be acted on, Mons. de Tiernay."

"The *coup de main*—"

"A little lower, if you please, my dear sir. The expedition is to be conducted with every secrecy, even from the officers of every rank below a command. Have the goodness to walk along with me this way. If I understand General Massena aright, your information conveys no details, nor any particular suggestions as to the attack."

"None whatever, sir. It was the mere talk of a gun-room—the popular opinion among a set of young officers."

"I understand," said he, with a bow and a smile; "the suggestion of a number of high-minded and daring soldiers, as to what they deemed practicable."

"Precisely, sir."

"Neither could you collect from their conversation any thing which bore upon the number of the Austrian advance guard, or their state of preparation?"

"Nothing, sir. The opinion of the English was, I suspect, mainly founded on the great superiority of our forces to the enemy's in all attacks of this kind."

"Our '*esprit Tapageur*,' eh?" said he, laughing, and pinching my arm familiarly, and I joined in the laugh with pleasure. "Well, Monsieur de Tiernay, let us endeavor to sustain this good impression. The attempt is to be made to-night."

"To-night!" exclaimed I, in amazement: for

every thing within the city seemed tranquil and still.

"To-night, sir; and, by the kind favor of General Massena, I am to lead the attack; the reserve, if we are ever to want it, being under his own command. It is to be at your own option on which staff you will serve."

"On yours, of course, sir," cried I, hastily. "A man who stands unknown and unvouched for among his comrades, as I do, has but one way to vindicate his claim to credit, by partaking the peril he counsels."

"There could be no doubt either of your judgment, or the sound reasons for it," replied the colonel; "the only question was, whether you might be unequal to the fatigue."

"Trust me, sir, you'll not have to send me to the rear," said I, laughing.

"Then you are extra on my staff, Mons. de Tiernay."

As we walked along, he proceeded to give me the details of our expedition, which was to be on a far stronger scale than I anticipated. Three battalions of infantry, with four light batteries, and as many squadrons of dragoons, were to form the advance.

"We shall neither want the artillery, nor cavalry, except to cover a retreat," said he; "I trust, if it came to *that*, there will not be many of us to protect; but such are the general's orders, and we have but to obey them."

With the great events of that night on my memory, it is strange that I should retain so accurately in my mind, the trivial and slight circumstances, which are as fresh before me as if they had occurred but yesterday.

It was about eleven o'clock, of a dark but starry night, not a breath of wind blowing, that passing through a number of gloomy, narrow streets, I suddenly found myself in the courtyard of the Balbé Palace. A large marble fountain was playing in the centre, around which several lamps were lighted; by these I could see that the place was crowded with officers, some seated at tables drinking, some smoking, and others lounging up and down in conversation. Huge loaves of black bread, and wicker-covered flasks of country wine formed the entertainment; but even these, to judge from the zest of the guests, were no common delicacies. At the foot of a little marble group, and before a small table, with a map on it, sat General Massena himself, in his gray over-coat, cutting his bread with a case knife, while he talked away to his staff.

"These maps are good for nothing, Bressi," cried he. "To look at them, you'd say that every road was practicable for artillery, and every river passable, and you find afterward that all these fine chaussees are by-paths, and the rivulets downright torrents. Who knows the Chiavari road?"

"Giorgio knows it well, sir," said the officer addressed, and who was a young Piedmontese from Massena's own village.

"Ah, Birbante!" cried the general, "are you

here again?" and he turned laughingly toward a little bandy-legged monster, of less than three feet high, who, with a cap stuck jauntily on one side of his head, and a wooden sword at his side, stepped forward with all the confidence of an equal.

"Ay, here I am," said he, raising his hand to his cap, soldier fashion; "there was nothing else for it but this trade," and he placed his hand on the hilt of his wooden weapon; "you cut down all the mulberries, and left us no silk-worms; you burned all the olives, and left us no oil; you trampled down our maize-crops and our vines. Per Baccho! the only thing left was to turn brigand like yourself, and see what would come of it."

"Is he not cool to talk thus to a general at the head of his staff?" said Massena, with an assumed gravity.

"I knew you when you wore a different-looking epaulet than that there," said Giorgio, "and when you carried one of your father's meal-sacks on your shoulder, instead of all that bravery."

"Parbleu! so he did," cried Massena, laughing heartily. "That scoundrel was always about our mill, and, I believe, lived by thieving!" added he, pointing to the dwarf.

"Every one did a little that way in our village," said the dwarf; "but none ever profited by his education like yourself."

If the general and some of the younger officers seemed highly amused at the fellow's impudence and effrontery, some of the others looked angry and indignant. A few were really well-born, and could afford to smile at these recognitions; but many who sprung from an origin even more humble than the general's, could not conceal their angry indignation at the scene.

"I see that these gentlemen are impatient of our vulgar recollections," said Massena, with a sardonic grin; "so now to business, Giorgio. You know the Chiavari road—what is't like?"

"Good enough to look at, but mined in four places."

The general gave a significant glance at the staff, and bade him go on.

"The white coats are strong in that quarter, and have eight guns to bear upon the road, where it passes beneath Monte Rattè."

"Why, I was told that the pass was undefended!" cried Massena, angrily; "that a few skirmishers were all that could be seen near it."

"All that could be seen!—so they are; but there are eight twelve-pounder guns in the brush-wood, with shot and shell enough to be seen, and felt too."

Massena now turned to the officers near him, and conversed with them eagerly for some time. The debated point, I subsequently heard, was how to make a feint attack on the Chiavari road, to mask the *coup de main* intended for the Monte Faccio. To give the false attack any color of reality required a larger force and greater preparation than they could afford, and this was now the great difficulty. At last it was resolved that

this should be a mere demonstration, not to push far beyond the walls, but, by all the semblance of a serious advance, to attract as much attention as possible from the enemy.

Another and a greater embarrassment lay in the fact, that the troops intended for the *coup de main* had no other exit than the gate which led to Chiavari; so that the two lines of march would intersect and interfere with each other. Could we even have passed out our Tirailleurs in advance, the support could easily follow; but the enemy would, of course, notice the direction our advance would take, and our object be immediately detected.

"Why not pass the skirmishers out by the embrasures, to the left yonder?" said I; "I see many a track where men have gone already."

"It is steep as a wall," cried one.

"And there's a breast of rock in front that no foot could scale."

"You have at least a thousand feet of precipice above you, when you reach the glen, if ever you do reach it alive."

"And this to be done in the darkness of a night!"

Such were the discouraging comments which rattled, quick as musketry, around me.

"The lieutenant's right, nevertheless," said Giorgio. "Half the voltigeurs of the garrison know the path well already; and as to darkness—if there were a moon you dared not attempt it."

"There's some truth in that," observed an old major.

"Could you promise to guide them, Giorgio," said Massena.

"Yes, every step of the way; up to the very wall of the fort."

"There, then," cried the general, "one great difficulty is got over already."

"Not so fast, general mio," said the dwarf; "I said I could, but I never said that I would."

"Not for a liberal present, Giorgio; not if I filled that leather pouch of yours with five-franc pieces, man?"

"I might not live to spend it, and I care little for my next of kin," said the dwarf, dryly.

"I don't think that we need his services, general," said I: "I saw the place this evening, and however steep it seems from the walls, the descent is practicable enough—at least I am certain that our Tirailleurs, in the Black Forest, would never have hesitated about it."

I little knew that when I uttered this speech I had sent a shot into the very heart of the magazine, the ruling passion of Massena's mind being an almost insane jealousy of Moreau's military fame; his famous campaign of Southern Germany, and his wonderful retreat upon the Rhine, being regarded as achievements of the highest order.

"I've got some of those regiments you speak of in my brigade here, sir," said he, addressing himself directly to me, "and I must own that their discipline reflects but little credit upon the skill of so great an officer as General Moreau; and as to light-troops, I fancy Colonel de Val-

lence yonder would scarcely feel it a flattery, were you to tell him to take a lesson from them."

"I have just been speaking to Colonel de Vallence, general," said Colonel de Barre. "He confirms every thing Mons. de Tiernay tells us of the practicable nature of these paths; his fellows have tracked them at all hours, and neither want guidance nor direction to go."

"In that case I may as well offer my services," said Giorgio, tightening his belt; "but I must tell you that it is too late to begin to-night—we must start immediately after nightfall. It will take from forty to fifty minutes to descend the cliff, a good two hours to climb the ascent, so that you'll not have much time to spare before daybreak."

Giorgio's opinion was backed by several others, and it was finally resolved upon that the attempt should be made on the following evening. Meanwhile, the dwarf was committed to the safe custody of a sergeant, affectedly to look to his proper care and treatment, but really to guard against any imprudent revelations that he might make respecting the intended attack.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

GENOA DURING THE SIEGE.

If the natural perils of the expedition were sufficient to suggest grave thoughts, the sight of the troops that were to form it was even a stronger incentive to fear. I could not believe my eyes, as I watched the battalions which now deployed before me. Always accustomed, whatever the hardships they were opposed to, to see French soldiers light-hearted, gay, and agile, performing their duties in a spirit of sportive pleasure, as if soldiering were but fun, what was the shock I received at sight of these careworn, downcast, hollow-cheeked fellows, dragging their legs wearily along, and scarcely seeming to hear the words of command; their clothes patched and mended, sometimes too big, sometimes too little, showing that they had changed wearers without being altered; their tattered shoes, tied on with strings round their ankles; their very weapons dirty and uncared for; they resembled rather a horde of bandits than the troops of the first army of Europe. There was, besides, an expression of stealthy, treacherous ferocity in their faces, such as I never saw before. To this pitiable condition had they been brought by starvation. Not alone the horses had been eaten, but dogs and cats; even the vermin of the cellars and sewers was consumed as food. Leather and skins were all eagerly devoured; and there is but too terrible reason to believe that human flesh itself was used to prolong for a few hours this existence of misery.

As they defiled into the "Piazza," there seemed a kind of effort to assume the port and bearing of their craft; and although many stumbled, and some actually fell, from weakness, there was an evident attempt to put on a military appearance. The manner of the adjutant, as he passed down the line, revealed at once the exact position of

affairs. No longer inspecting every little detail of equipment, criticising this, or remarking on that, his whole attention was given to the condition of the musket, whose lock he closely scrutinized, and then turned to the cartouch-box. The ragged uniforms, the uncouth shakos, the belts dirty and awry, never called forth a word of rebuke. Too glad, as it seemed, to recognize even the remnants of discipline, he came back from his inspection apparently well satisfied and content.

"These fellows turn out well," said Colonel de Barre, as he looked along the line; and he started to see if the speech were an unfeeling jest. Far from it; he spoke in all seriousness. The terrible scenes he had for months been witnessing; the men dropping from hunger at their posts; the sentries fainting as they carried arms, and borne away to the hospital to die; the bursts of madness that would now and then break forth from men whose agony became unendurable, had so steeled him to horrors, that even this poor shadow of military display seemed orderly and imposing.

"They are the 22d, colonel," replied the adjutant, proudly, "a corps that always have maintained their character, whether on parade or under fire!"

"Ah! the 22d, are they? They have come up from Ronco, then?"

"Yes, sir; they were all that General Soult could spare us."

"Fine-looking fellows they are," said De Barre, scanning them through his glass. "The third company is a little, a very little to the rear—don't you perceive it?—and the flank is a thought or so restless and unsteady."

"A sergeant has just been carried to the rear ill, sir," said a young officer, in a low voice.

"The heat, I have no doubt; a '*colpo di sole*,' as they tell us every thing is," said De Barre. "By the way, is not this the regiment that boasts the pretty vivandiere? What's this her name is?"

"Lela, sir."

"Yes, to be sure, Lela. I'm sure I've heard her toasted often enough at cafés and restaurants."

"There she is, sir, yonder, sitting on the steps of the fountain;" and the officer made a sign with his sword for the girl to come over. She made an effort to arise at the order; but tottered back, and would have fallen if a soldier had not caught her. Then suddenly collecting her strength, she arranged the folds of her short scarlet jupe, and smoothing down the braids of her fair hair, came forward, at that sliding, half-skipping pace that is the wont of her craft.

The exertion, and possibly the excitement had flushed her cheek; so that as she came forward her look was brilliantly handsome; but as the color died away, and a livid pallor spread over her jaws, lank and drawn in by famine, her expression was dreadful. The large eyes, lustrous and wild-looking, gleamed with the fire of fever, while her thin nostrils quivered at each respiration.

Poor girl, even then, with famine and fever eating within her, the traits of womanly vanity still survived, and as she carried her hand to her cap in salute, she made a faint attempt at a smile.

"The 22d may indeed be proud of their vivandiere," said De Barre, gallantly.

"What hast in the 'tonnelet,' Lela?" continued he, tapping the little silver-hooped barrel she carried at her back.

"Ah, *que voulez vous?*" cried she, laughing, with a low, husky sound, the laugh of famine.

"I must have a glass of it to your health, ma belle Lela, if it cost me a crown piece," and he drew forth the coin as he spoke.

"For such a toast, the liquor is quite good enough," said Lela, drawing back at the offer of money; while slinging the little cask in front, she unhooked a small silver cup, and filled it with water.

"No brandy, Lela?"

"None, colonel," said she, shaking her head, "and if I had, those poor fellows yonder would not like it so well."

"I understand," said he, significantly, "theirs is the thirst of fever."

A short, dry cough, and a barely perceptible nod of the head, was all her reply; but their eyes met, and any so sad an expression as they interchanged I never beheld! it was a confession in full of all each had seen of sorrow, of suffering, and of death. The terrible events three months of famine had revealed, and all the agonies of pestilence and madness.

"That is delicious water, Tiernay," said the colonel, as he passed me the cup, and thus trying to get away from the sad theme of his thoughts.

"I fetch it from a well outside the walls every morning," said Lela, "ay, and within gun-shot of the Austrian sentries too."

"There's coolness for you, Tiernay," said the colonel; "think what the 22d are made of when their vivandiere dares to do this."

"They'll not astonish *him*," said Lela, looking steadily at me.

"And why not, ma belle?" cried De Barre.

"He was a Tapageur, one of the 'Naughty Ninth,' as they called them."

"How do you know that, Lela? Have we ever met before?" cried I eagerly.

"I've seen *you*, sir, said she, slyly. "They used to call you the corporal that won the battle of Kehl. I know my father always said so."

I would have given worlds to have interrogated her further; so fascinating is selfishness, that already at least a hundred questions were presenting themselves to my mind. Who could Lela be? and who was her father? and what were these reports about me? Had I really won fame without knowing it? and did my comrades indeed speak of me with honor? All these, and many more inquiries, were pressing for utterance, as General Massena walked up with his staff. The general fully corroborated De Barre's opinion of the "22d." They were, as he expressed,

a "magnificent body." "It was a perfect pleasure to see such troops under arms." "Those fellows certainly exhibited few traces of a starved-out garrison." Such and such like were the jesting observations bandied from one to the other, in all the earnest seriousness of truth! What more terrible evidence of the scenes they had passed through, than these convictions! What more stunning proof of the condition to which long suffering had reduced them!

"Where is our pleasant friend, who talked to us of the Black Forest last night?"

"Ah, there he is; well, Monsieur Tiernay, do you think General Moreau's people turned out better than that after the retreat from Donaueschingen?"

There was no need for any reply, since the scornful burst of laughter of the staff already gave the answer he wanted; and now he walked forward to the centre of the piazza, while the troops proceeded to march past.

The band, a miserable group, reduced from fifty to thirteen in number, struck up a quick step, and the troops, animated by the sounds, and more still, perhaps, by Massena's presence, made an effort to step out in quick time; but the rocking, wavering motion, the clinking muskets, and uncertain gait, were indescribably painful to a soldier's eye. Their colonel, De Vallence, however, evidently did not regard them thus, for as he joined the staff, he received the general's compliments with all the good faith and composure in the world.

The battalions were marched off to barracks, and the group of officers broke up to repair to their several quarters. It was the hour of dinner, but it was many a day since that meal had been heard of among them. A stray café here and there was open in the city, but a cup of coffee, without milk, and a small roll of black bread, a horrid compound of rye and cocoa, was all the refreshment obtainable; and yet, I am bold to say, that a murmur or a complaint was unheard against the general or the government. The heaviest reverses, the gloomiest hours of ill-fortune never extinguished the hope that Genoa was to be relieved at last, and that all we had to do was to hold out for the arrival of Bonaparte. To the extent of this conviction is to be attributed the wide disparity between the feeling displayed by the military and the townsfolk.

The latter, unsustained by hope, without one spark of speculation to cheer their gloomy destiny, starved, and sickened, and died in masses. The very requirements of discipline were useful in averting the despondent vacuity which comes of hunger. Of the sanguine confidence of the soldiery in the coming of their comrades, I was to witness a strong illustration on the very day of which I have been speaking.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, the weather had been heavy and overcast, and the heat excessive, so that all who were free from duty had either lain down to sleep, or were quietly resting within doors, when a certain stir and movement in the streets, a rare event during

the hours of the siesta, drew many a head to the windows. The report ran, and like wildfire it spread through the city, that the advanced guard of Bonaparte had reached Ronco that morning, and were already in march on Genoa! Although nobody could trace this story to any direct source, each believed and repeated it; the tale growing more consistent and fuller at every repetition. I need not weary my reader with all the additions and corrections the narrative received, nor recount how now it was Moreau with the right wing of the army of the Rhine; now it was Kellermann's brigade; now it was Macdonald, who had passed the Ticino, and last of all Bonaparte. The controversy was often even an angry one, when, finally, all speculation was met by the official report, that all that was known lay in the simple fact, that heavy guns had been heard that morning, near Ronco, and as the Austrians held no position with artillery there, the firing must needs be French.

This very bare announcement was, of course, a great "come down" for all the circumstantial detail with which we had been amusing ourselves and each other, but yet it nourished hope, and the hope that was nearest to all our hearts, too! The streets were soon filled; officers and soldiers hastily dressed, and with many a fault of costume, were all commingled, exchanging opinions, resolving doubts, and even bandying congratulations. The starved and hungry faces were lighted up with an expression of savage glee. It was like the last flickering gleam of passion in men, whose whole vitality was the energy of fever! The heavy debt they owed their enemy was at last to be paid, and all the insulting injury of a besieged and famine-stricken garrison to be avenged. A surging movement in the crowd told that some event had occurred; it was Massena and his staff, who were proceeding to a watch-tower in the bastion, from whence a wide range of country could be seen. This was reassuring. The general himself entertained the story, and here was proof that there was "something in it." All the population now made for the walls; every spot from which the view toward Ronco could be obtained was speedily crowded, every window filled, and all the house-tops crammed. A dark mass of inky cloud covered the tops of the Apennines, and even descended to some distance down the sides. With what shapes and forms of military splendor did our imaginations people the space behind that sombre curtain! What columns of stern warriors, what prancing squadrons, what earth-shaking masses of heavy artillery! How longingly each eye grew weary watching—waiting for the veil to be rent, and the glancing steel to be seen glistening bright in the sun-rays!

As if to torture our anxieties, the lowering mass grew darker and heavier, and rolling lazily adown the mountain, it filled up the valley, wrapping earth and sky in one murky mantle.

"There, did you hear that?" cried one, "that was artillery."

A pause followed, each ear was bent to listen,

and not a word was uttered, for full a minute or more; the immense host, as if swayed by the one impulse, strained to catch the sounds, when suddenly, from the direction of the mountain top, there came a rattling, crashing noise, followed by the dull, deep booming that every soldier's heart responds to. What a cheer then burst forth! never did I hear—never may I hear such a cry as that was—it was like the wild yell of a shipwrecked crew, as some distant sail hove in sight; and yet, through its cadence, there rang the mad lust for vengeance! Yes, in all the agonies of sinking strength, with fever in their hearts, and the death sweat on their cheeks, their cry was, Blood! The puny shout, for such it seemed now, was drowned in the deafening crash that now was heard; peal after peal shook the air, the same rattling, peppering noise of musketry continuing through all.

That the French were in strong force, as well as the enemy, there could now be no doubt. Nothing but a serious affair and a stubborn resistance could warrant such a fire. It had every semblance of an attack with all arms. The roar of the heavy guns made the air vibrate, and the clatter of small arms was incessant. How each of us filled up the picture from the impulses of his own fancy! Some said that the French were still behind the mountain, and storming the heights of the Borghetto; others thought that they had gained the summit, but not "en force," and were only contesting their position there; and a few more sanguine, of whom I was one myself, imagined that they were driving the Austrians down the Apennines, cleaving their ranks as they went, with their artillery.

Each new crash, every momentary change of direction of the sounds, favored this opinion or that, and the excitement of partisanship rose to an immense height. What added indescribably to the interest of the scene, was a group of Austrian officers on horseback, who, in their eagerness to obtain tidings, had ridden beyond their lines, and were now standing almost within musket range of us. We could see that their telescopes were turned to the eventful spot, and we gloried to think of the effect the scene must be producing on them.

"They've seen enough!" cried one of our fellows, laughing, while he pointed to the horsemen, who suddenly wheeling about, galloped back to their camp at full speed.

"You'll have the drums beat to arms now; there's little time to lose. Our cuirassiers will soon be upon them," cried another, in ecstasy.

"No, but the rain will, and upon us, too," said Giorgio, who had now come up; "don't you see that it's not a battle yonder, it's a 'borasco.' There it comes." And as if the outstretched finger of the dwarf had been the wand of a magician, the great cloud was suddenly torn open with a crash, and the rain descended like a deluge, swept along by a hurricane wind, and came in vast sheets of water, while high over our heads, and moving onward toward the sea

growled the distant thunder. The great mountain was now visible from base to summit, but not a soldier, not a gun to be seen! Swollen and yellow, the gushing torrents leaped madly from crag to crag, and crashing trees, and falling rocks, added their wild sounds to the tumult.

There we stood, mute and sorrowstruck, regardless of the seething rain, unconscious of any thing save our disappointment. The hope we built upon had left us, and the dreary scene of storm around seemed but a type of our own future! And yet we could not turn away, but with eyes strained and aching, gazed at the spot from where our succor should have come.

I looked up at the watch-tower, and there was Massena still, his arms folded on a battlement; he seemed to be deep in thought. At last he arose, and drawing his cloak across his face, descended the winding-stair outside the tower. His step was slow, and more than once he halted, as if to think. When he reached the walls, he walked rapidly on, his suite following him.

"Ah, Mons. Tiernay," said he, as he passed me, "you know what an Apennine storm is now; but it will cool the air, and give us delicious weather;" and so he passed on with an easy smile.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MONTE DI FACCIO.

THE disappointment we had suffered was not the only circumstance adverse to our expedition. The rain had now swollen the smallest rivulets to the size of torrents; in many places the paths would be torn away and obliterated, and every where the difficulty of a night march enormously increased. Giorgio, however, who was, perhaps, afraid of forfeiting his reward, assured the general that these mountain streams subside even more rapidly than they rise; that such was the dryness of the soil, no trace of rain would be seen by sunset, and that we should have a calm, starry night; the very thing we wanted for our enterprise.

We did not need persuasion to believe all he said, the opinion chimed in with our own wishes, and better still, was verified to the very letter by a glorious afternoon. Landward, the spectacle was perfectly enchanting; the varied foliage of the Apennines, refreshed by the rain, glittered and shone in the sun's rays, while in the bay, the fleet, with sails hung out to dry, presented a grand and an imposing sight. Better than all, Monte Faccio now appeared quite near us; we could, even with the naked eye, perceive all the defenses, and were able to detect a party of soldiers at work outside the walls, clearing, as it seemed, some water-course that had been impeded by the storm. Unimportant as the labor was, we watched it anxiously, for we thought that perhaps before another sunset many a brave fellow's blood might dye that earth. During the whole of that day, from some cause or other, not a shot had been fired either from the land-batteries or the fleet, and as though a truce had been agreed to, we sat watching each other's movements peacefully and calmly.

"The Austrians would seem to have been as much deceived as ourselves, sir," said an old artillery sergeant to me, as I strolled along the walls at nightfall. "The pickets last night were close to the glacis, but see now they have fallen back a gun-shot or more."

"But they had time enough since to have resumed their old position," said I, half-doubting the accuracy of the surmise.

"Time enough, *parbleu*; I should think so, too! but when the whitecoats manœuvre, they write to Vienna to ask, 'What's to be done next?'"

This passing remark, in which, with all its exaggeration, there lay a germ of truth, was the universal judgment of our soldiers on those of the Imperial army; and to the prevalence of the notion may be ascribed much of that fearless indifference with which small divisions of ours attacked whole army corps of the enemy. Bonaparte was the first to point out this slowness, and to turn it to the best advantage.

"If our general ever intended a sortie, this would be the night for it, sir," resumed he; "the noise of those mountain streams would mask the sounds of a march, and even cavalry, if led with caution, might be in upon them before they were aware."

This speech pleased me, not only for the judgment it conveyed, but as an assurance that our expedition was still a secret in the garrison.

On questioning the sergeant further, I was struck to find that he had abandoned utterly all hope of ever seeing France again; such he told me was the universal feeling of the soldiery. "We know well, sir, that Massena is not the man to capitulate, and we can not expect to be relieved." And yet with this stern, comfortless conviction on their minds—with hunger, and famine, and pestilence on every side—they never uttered one word of complaint, not even a murmur of remonstrance. What would Moreau's fellows say of us? What would the Army of the Meuse think? These were the ever present arguments against surrender; and the judgment of their comrades was far more terrible to them than the grape-shot of the enemy.

"But do you not think when Bonaparte crosses the Alps he will hasten to our relief?"

"Not he, sir! I know him well. I was in the same troop with him, a bombardier at the same gun. Bonaparte will never go after small game where there's a nobler prey before him. If he does cross the Alps he'll be for a great battle under Milan; or, mayhap, march on Venice. He's not thinking of our starved battalions here: he's planning some great campaign, depend on it. He never faced the Alps to succor Genoa."

How true was this appreciation of the great general's ambition, I need scarcely repeat; but so it was at the time; many were able to guess the bold aspirings of one who, to the nation, seemed merely one among the numerous candidates for fame and honors.

It was about an hour after my conversation

with the sergeant, that an orderly came to summon me to Colonel de Barre's quarters; and with all my haste to obey, I only arrived as the column was formed. The plan of attack was simple enough. Three Voltigeur companies were to attempt the assault of the Monte Faccio, under De Barre; while to engage attention, and draw off the enemy's force, a strong body of infantry and cavalry was to debouch on the Chiavari road, as though to force a passage in that direction. In all that regarded secrecy and dispatch our expedition was perfect: and as we moved silently through the streets, the sleeping citizens never knew of our march. Arrived at the gate, the column halted, to give us time to pass along the walls and descend the glen, an operation which, it was estimated, would take forty-five minutes; at the expiration of this they were to issue forth to the feint attack.

At a quick step we now pressed forward toward the angle of the bastion, whence many a path led down the cliff in all directions. Half-a-dozen of our men well-acquainted with the spot, volunteered as guides, and the muskets being slung on the back, the word was given to "move on," the rallying-place being the plateau of the orange trees I have already mentioned.

"Steep enough, this," said De Barre to me, as, holding on by briars and brambles, we slowly descended the gorge; "but few of us will ever climb it again."

"You think so?" asked I, in some surprise.

"Of course, I know it;" said he. "Vallence, who commands the battalions below, always condemned the scheme; rely on it, he's not the man to make himself out a false prophet. I don't pretend to tell you that in our days of monarchy there were neither jealousies nor party grudges, and that men were above all small and ungenerous rivalry; but, assuredly, we had less of them than now. If the field of competition is more open to every one, so are the arts by which success is won; a pre-eminence in a republic means always the ruin of a rival. If we fail, as fail we must, he'll be a general."

"But why must we fail?"

"For every reason; we are not in force; we know nothing of what we are about to attack; and, if repulsed, have no retreat behind us."

"Then, why—?" I stopped, for already I saw the impropriety of my question.

"Why did I advise the attack?" said he, mildly, taking up my half-uttered question. "Simply because death outside these walls is quicker and more glorious than within them. There's scarcely a man who follows us has not the same sentiment in his heart. The terrible scenes of the last five weeks have driven our fellows to all but mutiny. Nothing, indeed, maintained discipline but a kind of tigerish thirst for vengeance—a hope that the day of reckoning would come round, and one fearful lesson teach these same whitecoats how dangerous it is to drive a brave enemy to despair."

De Barre continued to talk in this strain as we descended, every remark he made being ut-

tered with all the coolness of one who talked of a matter indifferent to him. At length the way became too steep for much converse, and slipping and scrambling, we now only interchanged a chance word as we went. Although two hundred and fifty men were around and about us, not a voice was heard; and, except the occasional breaking of a branch, or the occasional fall of some heavy stone into the valley, not a sound was heard. At length a long, shrill whistle announced that the first man had reached the bottom, which, to judge from the faintness of the sound, appeared yet a considerable distance off. The excessive darkness increased the difficulty of the way, and De Barre continued to repeat, "that we had certainly been misinformed, and that even in daylight the descent would take an hour."

It was full half an hour after this when we came to a small rivulet, the little boundary line between the two steep cliffs. Here our men were all assembled, refreshing themselves with the water, still muddy from recent rain, and endeavoring to arrange equipments and arms, damaged and displaced by many a fall.

"We've taken an hour and twenty-eight minutes," said De Barre, as he placed a fire-fly on the glass of his watch to see the hour. "Now, men, let us make up for lost time. *En avant!*"

"*En avant!*" was quickly passed from mouth to mouth, and never was a word more spirit-stirring to Frenchmen! With all the alacrity of men fresh and "eager for the fray," they began the ascent, and, such was the emulous ardor to be first, that it assumed all the features of a race.

A close pine wood greatly aided us now, and in less time than we could believe it possible, we reached the plateau appointed for our rendezvous. This being the last spot of meeting before our attack on the fort, the final dispositions were here settled on, and the orders for the assault arranged. With daylight the view from this terrace, for such it was in reality, would have been magnificent, for even now, in the darkness, we could track out the great thoroughfares of the city, follow the windings of the bay and harbor, and, by the lights on board, detect the fleet as it lay at anchor. To the left, and for many a mile, as it seemed, were seen twinkling the bivouac fires of the Austrian army; while, directly above our heads, glittering like a red star, shone the solitary gleam that marked out the "Monte Faccio."

I was standing silently at De Barre's side, looking on this sombre scene, so full of terrible interest, when he clutched my arm violently, and whispered—

"Look yonder; see, the attack has begun."

The fire of the artillery had flashed as he spoke, and now, with his very words, the deafening roar of the guns was heard from below.

"I told you he'd not wait for us, Tiernay. I told you how it would happen!" cried he; then, suddenly recovering his habitual composure of voice and manner, he said, "now for our part, men, forward."

And away went the brave fellows, tearing up the steep mountain side, like an assault party at a breach. Though hidden from our view by the darkness and the dense wood, we could hear the incessant din of large and small arms; the roll of the drums summoning men to their quarters, and what we thought were the cheers of charging squadrons.

Such was the mad feeling of excitement these sounds produced, that I can not guess what time elapsed before we found ourselves on the crest of the mountain, and not above three hundred paces from the outworks of the fort. The trees had been cut away on either side, so as to offer a species of "glacis," and this must be crossed under the fire of the batteries, before an attack could be commenced. Fortunately for us, however, the garrison was too confident of its security to dread a *coup de main* from the side of the town, and had placed all their guns along the bastion, toward Borghetto, and this De Barre immediately detected. A certain "alert" on the walls, however, and a quick movement of lights here and there, showed that they had become aware of the sortie from the town, and gradually we could see figure after figure ascending the walls, as if to peer down into the valley beneath.

"You see what Vallance has done for us," said De Barre, bitterly; "but for *him* we should have taken these fellows, *en flagrant delit*, and carried their walls before they could turn out a captain's guard."

As he spoke, a heavy, crashing sound was heard, and a wild cheer. Already our pioneers had gained the gate, and were battering away at it; another party had reached the walls, and thrown up their rope ladders, and the attack was opened! In fact, Giorgio had led one division by a path somewhat shorter than ours, and they had begun the assault before we issued from the pine wood.

We now came up at a run, but under a smart fire from the walls, already fast crowding with men. Defiling close beneath the wall, we gained the gate, just as it had fallen beneath the assaults of our men; a steep covered way led up from it, and along this our fellows rushed madly, but suddenly from the gloom a red glare flashed out, and a terrible discharge of grape swept all before it. "Lie down!" was now shouted from front to rear, but even before the order could be obeyed, another and more fatal volley followed.

Twice we attempted to storm the ascent; but, wearied by the labor of the mountain pass—worn out by fatigue—and, worse still, weak from actual starvation, our men faltered! It was not fear, nor was there any thing akin to it; for even as they fell under the thick fire, their shrill cheers breathed stern defiance. They were utterly exhausted, and failing strength could do no more! De Barre took the lead, sword in hand, and with one of those wild appeals, that soldiers never hear in vain, addressed them; but the next moment his shattered corpse was carried to the rear. The scaling party, alike repulsed, had

now defiled to our support; but the death-dealing artillery swept through us without ceasing. Never was there a spectacle so terrible, as to see men, animated by courageous devotion, burning with glorious zeal, and yet powerless from very debility—actually dropping from the weakness of famine! The staggering step—the faint shout—the powerless charge—all showing the ravages of pestilence and want!

Some sentiment of compassion must have engaged our enemies' sympathy, for twice they relaxed their fire, and only resumed it as we returned to the attack. One fearful discharge of grape, at pistol range, now seemed to have closed the struggle; and as the smoke cleared away, the earth was seen crowded with dead and dying. The broken ranks no longer showed discipline—men gathered in groups around their wounded comrades, and, to all seeming, indifferent to the death that menaced them. Scarcely an officer survived, and, among the dead beside me, I recognized Giorgio, who still knelt in the attitude in which he had received his death-wound.

I was like one in some terrible dream, powerless and terror-stricken, as I stood thus amid the slaughtered and the wounded.

"You are my prisoner," said a gruff-looking old Croat grenadier, as he snatched my sword from my hand, by a smart blow on the wrist, and I yielded without a word.

"Is it over?" said I; "is it over?"

"Yes, parbleu, I think it is," said a comrade, whose cheek was hanging down from a bayonet wound. "There are not twenty of us remaining, and *they* will do very little for the service of the 'Great Republic.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FRENCH COTTAGE COOKERY.

I HAD frequently remarked a neat little old woman, in a clean, stiff-starched, quilted cap, going to and from a neighboring chapel, without however its ever coming into my head to ask who she was; until one day a drove of oxen alarmed her so visibly, that I opened the gate of my little garden, and begged her to remain there in safety till the cattle had passed by.

"Madame is very polite; she has no doubt been in France?"

"Yes," answered I in her native language, "I resided there many years, and perceive I have the pleasure of addressing a Frenchwoman."

"I was born in England, madame; but at eight years of age went with my father to Honfleur, where I married, and continued to reside until four years ago, when my poor husband followed the remains of his last remaining child to the grave, and in less than a fortnight after died of the *grippe* himself. I had no means of living then, being too old to go out as a *femme de journée*, my only means of gaining a livelihood; so I returned to the place where I was born, and my mother's youngest brother allows me thirty-five pounds a year, upon condition that I am never more than a month out of England again."

We soon became great friends, and by degrees I learned her history. This uncle of hers was a year younger than herself—a thorough John Bull, who hated the French, and ridiculed every thing that was foreign. His heart, however, was kind and generous, and he no sooner heard of the destitute condition in which his aunt was left, than he hastened across the channel for her, bought in her clothes and furniture, which she was forced to sell to enable her to satisfy her creditors, and then made her a present of them all again, offering to convey her to her native country, and settle upon her enough to enable her to live there decently; which allowance, however, was to cease if she was ever known to be more than a month out of England. “Time enough for her to pray over her French friends’ graves, poor benighted Catholic that she be! but I won’t have more of my money spent among them foreign frog-eaters nor I can help.” The poor woman had no other choice; but it was several years before she reconciled herself to habits so different from those to which she had been so long accustomed; and to the last she preserved the French mode in dressing, eating, and manner. At the topmost story of a high house she took two unfurnished rooms; the largest contained her bed, *secrétaire*, *commode*, *pendule*, *prie-dieu*, and whatever was best and gayest of her possessions. The room behind was *consacrée*, as she called it, to pots and pans, basins and baskets, her night-quilt and pillow, and whatever else was not “convenable” to display to “le monde;” but the front apartment was where she lived, slept, cooked, ate, and prayed; and a nice, clean, cheerful, well-furnished room it was, and many a pleasant hour have I spent in it with the old lady, conversing upon cookery and politeness—two requisites she found the English quite deficient in, she said. I confess I am somewhat inclined to agree with her, especially as to the former; and those who agree with me in opinion will perhaps be glad to have her recipes for the inexpensive French dishes which fine cooks despise too much to print in cookery-books.

We shall begin with the pot au feu, in Madame Miao’s own words:—“Get from the butcher a nice, smooth, pretty piece of beef, with as little skin, fat, strings, and bones, as possible: one pound does for me, but for a family we shall say three pounds. Put this into—not an iron pot, not a brass pot, not a tin pot—but an earthen pan with a close-fitting lid, and three quarts of filtered water, and some salt. This you must put, not on the fire, but on the top of the oven, which is heated from the fire, and which will do just the same as a hot hearth: let it boil up; skim and deprive it of all grease. When this is accomplished, take three large carrots, cut in three pieces—three, remember!—one large parsnip cut in two, two turnips, as many leeks as possible—you can’t have too many; two cloves ground, and the least little idea of pepper, and onions if you like—I only put a burnt one to color. Now cover up, and let it stay, going tic-

tic-tic! for seven hours; not to *boil*, pray. When I hear my bouillon bubble, the tears are in my eyes, for I know it is a *plat manqué*. When ready, put the beef—what we country people call bouillie—which word, they say, is vulgar—never mind!—put it on a dish, and with tasteful elegance dispose around the carrots, parsnip, and turnip. Then on slices of bread at the bottom of a bowl pour your soup, and thank God for your good dinner.

“I sometimes tie the white part of my leeks in bundles, like asparagus, and serve on roasted (she never would say toasted) bread. Next day I warm the soup again, introducing rue, vermicelli, or fresh carrots cut in shapes, as my fancy may lead me, and eat the beef cold with tarragon vinegar. Madame Fouache, my sister-in-law, puts in celery, parsley, and a hundred other things; but that is modern—mine is the old, respectable pot au feu; and I never have nonplus, what all the Fouaches are so fond of, which is properly a Spanish, not a French dish, called *olla podrida*—very extravagant. Not only have they beef, but a fowl, a ham, or piece of one; a Bologna or Spanish sausage; all the vegetables named above; *pois chiches* (large hard peas), which must be soaked a night; a cabbage, a hard pear, and whatever they can gather, in the usual proportion of a small quart to a large pound of meat; and not liking oil, as the Spaniards do, Madame Fouache adds butter and flour to some of the soup, to make sauce. The fowl is browned before the fire, and served with pear, peas, celery, and the ham with the cabbage, the beef with the carrots, leeks, and parsnips, the sausage by itself; and the soup in a tureen over a *crouton*. This takes nine hours of slow cooking; but mine, the veritable pot au feu Français, is much better, as well as simpler and cheaper.”

“Thank you, Madame Miao,” said I; “here it is all written down. Is that batter-pudding you have arranged for frying?”

“No, madame; it is *sarrasin*. It was my dinner yesterday, *en bouillie*; to-day I fry it, and with a gurnet besides, am well dined.”

“How do you cook it?”

“In France I take half a pint of water and a pint and a half of milk; but here the milkman saves me the trouble: so I take two pints of his milk, and by degrees mix in a good half pint of buckwheat flour, salt, an egg if you have it, but if not, half an hour’s additional boiling will do as well. This mess must boil long, till it is quite, quite thick: you eat some warm with milk, and put the remainder into a deep plate, where, when cold, it has the appearance you see, and is very nice fried.”

“And the gurnet?”

“I boil it, skin it, and bone it, and pour over it the following sauce: A dessert-spoonful of flour rubbed smooth into a half tumbler of water; this you boil till it is thick, and looks clear; then take it off the fire, and pray don’t put it on again, to spoil the taste, and pop in a good lump of Dutch butter, if you can’t afford fresh, which is

much better, and a small tea-spoonful of vinegar; pour this over your fish: an egg is a great improvement. I can't afford that, but I sometimes add a little drop of milk, if I have it."

"I am sure it must be very good: and, by-the-by, can you tell me what to do with a miserable, half-starved chicken that the dogs killed, to make it eatable?"

"Truss it neatly, stuff it with sausage and bread-crumbs; mix some flour and butter, taking care it does not color in the pan, for it must be a white rout; plump your chicken in this, and add a little water, or soup if you have it; take four little onions, two small carrots cut in half; tie in a bundle the tops of celery, some chives, a bay-leaf, and some parsley; salt to taste, with a bit of mace—will be all you require more; cover close, so that the air is excluded, and keep it simmering two hours and a quarter: it will turn out white and plump; place the vegetables round it; stir in an egg to thicken the sauce, off the fire, and your dish will not make you blush." I did as she directed, and found it very good.

I went very often to Madame Miao's, and invariably found her reading her prayer-book, and she as invariably put it down unaffectedly without remark, and entered at once into conversation upon the subject I introduced, never alluding to her occupation.

"I fear," said I, one day, "I interrupt your devotions."

"*Du tout*, madame, they are finished; I am so far from chapel I can only get there upon Sundays, or on the very great saints' days; but I have my *good corner* here," pointing to the *prie-dieu*, which stood before what I had always imagined shelves, protected from the dust by a green baize curtain; "and you see I have my little remembrances behind this," added she, pulling the curtain aside, and displaying a crucifix, "the Virgin mild and sweet St. John" standing by, her string of beads, the crowns of everlasting from her parents', husband's, and children's graves, several prints of sacred subjects, and a shell containing holy water.

Her simple piety was so sincere that I felt no desire to cavil at the little harmless superstitions mixed with it, but said, "You must have many sad and solitary hours; but you know where to look for consolation, I find."

"Yes, indeed, madame. Without religion how could I have lived through my many sorrows? but God sustains me, and I am not unhappy, although wearing out my age in poverty and in a strange land, without one of those I loved left to comfort me; for if the longest life be short, the few years I have before me are shorter still, and I thank Him daily for the comfort I derive from my Christian education."

She was too delicate-minded to say Catholic, which I knew she meant, and I changed the subject, lest our ideas might not agree so well if we pursued it much further. "Pray, Madame Miao, what is the use of that odd-looking iron stand?"

"It is for stewing or boiling: the baker sells me the burnt wood out of his oven (we call it *braise* in France), which I mix with a little charcoal; this makes a capital fire, and in summer I dress my dinner. You see there are three pots, one above the other; this saves me the heat, and dirt, and expense of a fire in the grate, for it stands in the passage quite well, and stewed beefsteak is never so good as when dressed by it."

"How do you manage?"

"I make a rout, and put to it a quantity of onions minced small, and a bit of garlic, when they are quite soft; I add salt, a little pepper, and some flour and water, if I have no gravy or soup. Into this I put slices of beef, and let it stew slowly till quite done, and then thicken the sauce with polder starch. The neighbors down stairs like this so much, that we often go halves in both the food and firing, which greatly reduces the cost to both; and it keeps *so* well, and heats up *so* nicely! They eat it with boiled rice, which I never before saw done, and like very much; but I boil my rice more than they do, and beat it into a paste, with salt and an egg, and either brown it before the fire or fry it, which I think an improvement; but neighbor Green likes it all natural."

"Oh, do tell me about *soupe à la graisse*; it sounds very uninviting."

"I seldom take it in this country, where vegetables are so dear, and you must prepare your *graisse* yourself."

"How do you prepare it?"

"By boiling dripping with onions, garlic, and spices; a good table-spoonful of this gives a nice taste to water, and you add every kind of vegetable you can obtain, and eat it with brown bread steeped in it. The very poor abroad almost live on it, and those who are better off take a sou from those who have no fire, *pour tremper leur soupe*; and surely on a cold day this hot mess is more acceptable to the stomach than cold bread and cheese."

"You seem very fond of onions with every thing."

"Yes; they make every thing taste well: now *crevettes*, what you call shrimps, how good they are with onions!"

"How! onions with shrimps!—what an odd combination! Tell me how to dress this curious dish."

"When the shrimps are boiled, shell them, take a pint or a quart, according to your family; make a rout, adding pepper; jump (*sauter*) them in it, adding, as they warm, minced parsley; when quite hot, take them off the fire, and stir round among them a good spoonful of sour cream. *Pois de prud'homme* and *pois mange-tout* are dressed the same, leaving out the flour and pepper."

"I don't know what *pois* you mean."

"The *prud'hommes*, when they first come in, are like lupin-pods, and contain little square white beans. You do not shell them till they are quite old, and then they are good also, but

not nearly so good or so wholesome as in the green pods. The *pois tirer* or *mange-touts* are just like every other pea—only as you can eat the pods, you have them full three weeks before the others are ready, and a few handfuls make a good dish: you must take the string off both, as you do with kidney-beans, unless when young.”

“I suppose you eat the white dry beans which are to be bought at the French shop here.”

“No, never: they don’t agree with me, nor indeed are they very digestible for any but strong workers.”

“How should they be dressed?”

“Steeped from five to twelve hours; boiled till tender; then jumped with butter and parsley in a pan after draining well; and milk and an egg stirred in them off the fire, or what is much better, a little sour cream or thick buttermilk. They eat well with roast mutton, and are much more delicate than the red beans, which, however, I have never seen sold in this country.”

“Do you drink tea?”

“I would do so were I confined to the wishy-washy stuff people of my rank in England call coffee—bad in itself, and worse prepared.”

“How do you manage?”

“I buy coffee-beans, ready roasted or not: a coffee-mill costs me 1s. 6d., and I grind it every now and then myself; but I always freshen my beans by jumping them in a clean frying-pan, with a little new butter, till quite dry and crisp—very easy to do, and the way to have good coffee. I do a little at a time, and use that small coffee-biggen, which is now common even in this country: two well-heaped tea-spoonfuls serve me; but were I richer, I should put three. Upon these two spoonfuls I pour a cup of boiling water, and while it is draining through, heat the same quantity of milk, which I mix with the clear coffee, and I have my two cups. Chicory I don’t like, spite of the doctor, who says it is wholesome. All French doctors preach against coffee; but I, who have drunk it all my life, am of opinion they talk nonsense. You may take it stronger or weaker; but I advise you always to make it this way, and never try the foolish English practices of boiling, simmering, clearing, and such like absurdities and fussings. I generally, however, breakfast upon *soupe à la citronille*, which is very nice.”

“Tell me how to make it.”

“You cut your citronille (pumpkin, I believe you call it) in slices, which you boil in water till soft enough to press through a cullender into hot milk; add salt and pepper, stir smooth, and give one boil, and it is ready to pour upon your bread as a *purée*. A little white wine improves it, or you may make it *au gras*, mixing a little white meat gravy; but to my mind the simple soup is the best, although I like a bit of butter in it, I confess. Turnips and even carrots eat very well prepared this way, many think; but I prefer the latter prepared *à la Crécy*, which you do very well in England.”

“You use a great deal of butter, which at one time of the year is very dear in England.”

“And in France, also; therefore I buy it at the cheap seasons, put it on the fire, and give it a boil, skimming it well; then I let it settle, and pour off all that is clear into bottles and pots, and it keeps until the dear time is past, quite well for cooking.”

“And eggs.”

“Nothing so simple, when quite new laid; butter them well with fresh butter; remember if a pin’s point is passed over, the egg spoils—rub it well into them, and place in jars, shaking over them bran or dry sand; wash when about to use them, and you would say they had been laid two days back only.”

“Do you eat your prepared butter upon bread?”

“I never do any thing so extravagant as to eat butter upon bread: I prefer to use it in my cookery; but I don’t think boiled butter would taste well so, though it fries beautifully on *maigre* days; and on others I use lard to my potato.”

“Does one satisfy you?” asked I, laughing.

“Oh yes, if it is of a tolerable size. I cut it in pieces the size of a hazel-nut, dry, and put them into a common saucepan, with the least bit of butter, shaking them about every few minutes; less than half an hour does them; they are eaten hot, with some salt sifted over.”

“I suppose you often have an omelet?”

“Not often; but let me offer you one now.”

I had scarcely assented, when the frying-pan was on the fire to heat three eggs broken, some chives and parsley minced, and mixed with a little pepper and salt all together—Madame Miao throwing in a drop of milk, because she happened to have it, in order to increase the size of the omelet, although in general she seldom used it—and flour *never*. It was thrown upon the boiling fat, and as it hardened, lifted up with two wooden forks round and round, and then rolled over, *never* turned—the upper part, which was still slightly liquid, serving for sauce, as it were. This was all, and very good I found it. Another time she put in grated cheese, which was also excellent.

“I can’t comprehend how you contrive to make every thing so good at so little expense,” said I.

“There is no merit in making good things if you are extravagant: any one can do that.”

“No, indeed, not every one.”

“Cookery, in a little way,” continued Madame Miao, “appears to me so simple. To fry well, the fat must *boil* before putting what you wish fried into it; and this you ascertain by throwing in a piece of bread, which should gild immediately: the color should be yellow or light-brown—never darker. To *stew*, the only rule is to let your meat simmer gently for a long time, and keep in the steam, and all sorts should be previously *sautéd* in a *rout*, which keeps in the juice: the look, also, is important, and a burnt onion helps the color.”

Madame Miao, however, could cook more elaborate dishes than those she treated herself to, and I shall subjoin some of her recipes, all

of which I have tried myself; and if the preceding very economical but thoroughly French dishes please as a foundation, I may give in a future number *plats* of a rather higher description.

STUDENT LIFE IN PARIS.

THE first impression of the Student of Students in Paris is one of curiosity. "When do the students find time to study?" is the natural inquiry. The next impression solves the mystery, by leading to the satisfactory conclusion, that the students do *not* find time to study. To be sure, eminent physicians, great painters, and acute lawyers, do occasionally throw sufficient light upon society to render its intellectual darkness visible. And the probabilities are that these physicians are not born with diplomas, as children are, occasionally, with caul; nor the painters sent into the world with their pencils at their fingers' ends; nor the lawyers launched into existence sitting upon innate woolsacks. The inference, then, is, that education has done something toward their advancement, and that they, necessarily, have done something toward their education.

But the lives of great men are the lives of individuals, not of masses. And with these I have nothing now to do. It is possible that the Quartier Latin contains at the present moment more than one "mute inglorious" Moliere, or Paul de Kock, guiltless, as yet, of his readers' lemmoralization. Many a young man who now astonishes the Hôtel Corneille, less by his brains than his billiards, may one day work hard at a barricade, and harder still, subsequently, at the galleys! But how are we to know that these young fellows, with their long legs, short coats, and faces patched over with undecided beards, are geniuses, unless, as our excellent friend, the English plebeian has it, they "behave as such?" Let us hope, at any rate, that, like glow-worms, they appear mean and contemptible in the glare of society, only to exhibit their shining qualities in the gloom of their working hours.

It is only, then, with the outward life of the students that I have to deal. With this, one may become acquainted without a very long residence in the Quartier Latin—that happy quarter where every thing is subservient to the student's taste, and accommodated to the student's pocket—where amusement is even cheaper than knowledge—where braces are unrespected, and blushes unknown—where gloves are not enforced, and respectability has no representative.

If the student be opulent—that is to say, if he have two hundred francs a month (a magnificent sum in the quarter) he lives where he pleases—probably in the Hôtel Corneille; if he be poor, and is compelled to vegetate, as many are, upon little more than a quarter of that amount, he lives where he can—no one knows where, and very few know how. It is principally from among this class, who are generally the sons of peasants or *ouvriers*, that France derives her great painters, lawyers, and physicians. They study more than their richer comrades;

not only because they have no money to spend upon amusement, but because they have, commonly, greater energy and higher talents. Indeed, without these qualities they would not have been able to emancipate themselves from the ignoble occupations to which they were probably born; unlike the other class of students, with whom the choice of a profession is guided by very different considerations.

It is a curious sight to a man fresh from Oxford or Cambridge to observe these poor students sunning themselves, at mid-day, in the gardens of the Luxembourg—with their sallow, bearded faces, bright eyes, and long hooded cloaks, which, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, "circumstances" have not yet enabled them to discard. Without stopping to inquire whether there really be any thing "new under the sun," it may be certainly assumed that the garments in question could not be included in the category. If, however, they are heavy, their owners' hearts are light, and their laughter merry enough—even to their last pipe of tobacco. After the last pipe of tobacco, but not till then, comes despair.

The more opulent students resemble their poorer brethren in one respect: they are early risers. Some breakfast as early as seven o'clock: others betake themselves by six to their *ateliers*, or lectures—or pretend to do so—returning, in two or three hours, to a later meal. This is of a substantial character, consisting of two or three courses, with the eternal *vin ordinaire*. When living in a *hôtel*, the student breakfasts in the midst of those congenial delights; the buzz of conversation, the fumes of tobacco, and the click of the billiard-balls. By means of these amusements, and sundry *semi tasses* and *petits verres*, he contrives to kill the first two or three hours after breakfast. Cards and dominoes are also in great request from an early hour, and present to an Englishman a curious contrast with his own national customs. In England, he is accustomed to find card-playing in the morning patronized only by the most reckless; in France it is the commonest thing in the world to see a pair of gentlemen with gray hairs and every attribute of respectability, employed, at nine o'clock, upon a game of *écarte*, enlivened by little glasses of brandy and the never-failing pipe. If a young Englishman in London, instead of an old Frenchman in Paris, was to addict himself to such untimely recreations, he would probably be cut off with a shilling.

When the heat and smoke of the *café* become too much even for French students, they drop off by twos and threes, and seek the fresh air. The Luxembourg Gardens are close by, and here they principally congregate. Amusing figures they look, too, in their present style of costume, which is a burlesque upon that of the Champs Elysées, which is a burlesque upon that of Hyde Park. The favorite covering for the head is a very large white hat, with very long nap; which I believe it is proper to brush the wrong way. The coat is of the *paletôt* description, perfectly straight, without shape or make,

and reaching as little below the hips as the wearer can persuade himself is not utterly absurd. The remainder of the costume is of various shades of eccentricity, according to the degree of madness employed upon its manufacture. As for the beard and mustaches, their arrangement is quite a matter of fancy: there are not two persons alike in this respect in the whole quarter: it may be remarked, however, that shaving is decidedly on the increase.

The Luxembourg Garden is principally remarkable for its statues without fingers, almond trees without almonds, and *grisettes* without number. Its groves of horse-chestnuts would be very beautiful if, in their cropped condition, they did not remind the unprejudiced observer—who is of course English—of the poodle dogs, who in their turn are cropped, it would seem, to imitate the trees. The queens of France, too, who look down upon you from pedestals at every turn, were evidently the work of some secret republican; and the lions that flank the terraces on either side, are apparently intended as a satire upon Britain. However, if one could wish these animals somewhat less sweet and smiling, one could scarcely wish the surrounding scene more so than it is, with its blooming shrubs and scarcely less blooming damsels, gayly decorated parterres, and gayly attired loungers, the occasional crash of a military band, and the continual recurrence of military manœuvres.

Just outside the gates, near the groves of tall trees leading to the *Barrière d'Enfer*, there is always something "going on"—more soldiers, of course, whom it is impossible to avoid in Paris, besides various public exhibitions, all cheap, and some gratuitous. On one side, you are attracted by that most irresistible of attractions—a crowd. Edging your way through it, as a late arrival always does, you find yourself, with the body of students whom you followed from the hôtel, "assisting" at the exhibition of a wonderful dog, who is doing nothing, under the direction of his master, in general a most repulsive-looking rascal, bearded and bloused as if hot for a barricade. The dog, by doing nothing, is not obeying orders; on the contrary, he is proving himself a most sagacious animal by having his own way in defiance of all authority. This the master attributes, not to the stupidity of the dog, but to the absence of contributions from the spectators. A few sous are showered down upon this hint; which proceeding, perhaps, brings out the dog's talents to a slight extent; that is to say, he is induced to lie down and pretend to be asleep; but it is doubtful, at the same time, whether his compliance is attributable to the coppers of his audience, or the kicks of his spirited proprietor. This is probably the only performance of the wonderful animal; for it is remarkable that whatever the sum thrown into the circle, it is never sufficient, according to the exhibitor, to induce him to show off his grand tricks, so high a value does he place upon his own talents.

Who, among a different class of the animal

creation, does not know what is called a "genius," who sets even a higher value upon his talents, who is equally capricious, and who certainly has never yet been persuaded to show off his "grand trick?"

You are probably next attracted by a crowd at a short distance, surrounding an exhibition, dear to every English heart—that of "Punch." The same familiar sentry-box, hung with the same green baize, hides the same mysteries which are known to every body. But the part of "Hamlet"—that is to say, "Punch"—though not exactly omitted, is certainly not "first business." His hunch has lost its fullness; his nose, its rubicundity; and his profligacy, its point. He is a feeble wag when translated into French, and has a successful rival in the person of one Nicolet—who, by the way, gives its name to the theatre—and who is chiefly remarkable for a wonderful white hat, and a head wooden enough, even for a low comedian.

Nicolet is supposed to be a fast man. His enemies are not policemen and magistrates, as in the case of "Punch," but husbands—for the reason that his friends are among the wives. This seems to be the "leading idea" of the drama of Nicolet, in common, indeed, with that of every other French piece on record. If it were not considered impertinent in the present day to draw morals, I might suggest that something more than amusement is to be gained by contemplating the young children among the crowd, who enjoy the delinquencies of this *Faublas* for the million, with most precocious sagacity. It is delightful, in fact, to see the gusto with which they anticipate inuendoes, and meet improprieties half way, with all the well-bred composure of the most fashionable audience.

It is not customary among the students to wait for the end of Nicolet's performances. The fashionable hour for departure varies; but it is generally about the period when the manager's wife begins to take round the hat.

Any one who accompanies a party of students in their morning rambles, will most probably find himself, before long, in the "Closerie des Lilacs," which is close by the same spot. The "Closerie" is associated in name with lilacs, probably from the fact that it contains fewer flowers of that description than any other place in the neighborhood. It is a garden somewhat resembling Vauxhall; and at dusk there is an attempt made at lighting it up, especially on certain evenings in the week which are devoted to balls. These balls do not vary materially from any other twopenny dances, either in London or Paris; but as a morning lounge, the place is not without attractions. One of them, is the fact that there is no charge for admission, the proprietor merely expecting his guests to *convenue* something—a regulation which is generally obeyed without much objection.

Throughout the whole day may here be seen numerous specimens of the two great classes of the quarter—students and *grisettes*, some smoking, and drinking beer and brandy in pretty little

bosquets, others disporting themselves on a very high swing, which would seem to have been expressly constructed for the purpose of breaking somebody's neck, and to have failed in its object, somehow, like many other great inventions. *Ecarte* is also very popular; but the fact that its practice requires some little exertion of the intelligence, so very inconvenient to some persons, will always prevent it from attaining entire supremacy in a place so polite as Paris. To meet this objection, however, some ingenious person has invented an entirely different style of game; an alteration for which the Parisians appear deeply grateful. A small toad, constructed of bronze, is placed upon a stand, and into its open mouth the player throws little leaden dumps, with the privilege of scoring some high number if he succeeds, and of hitting the legs of the spectators if he fails. At this exciting game a party of embryo doctors and lawyers will amuse themselves at the "Closerie" for hours, and moreover exhibit indications of a most lively interest. The great recommendation of the amusement, I believe, is, that the players *might* be doing something worse; a philosophical system of reasoning which will apply to most diversions—from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter.

A few hours of this amusement is scarcely necessary to give the student that sometimes inconvenient instinct—an appetite. Accordingly, at about five, he begins to think about dining; or rather, he begins to perform that operation, for he has been thinking about it for some time.

Dining, in the weak imagination of conventional persons, usually induces visions of Vefour, and is suggestive of Provençal fraternity. But the student of the Quartier Latin, if he indulges in any such visions, or is visited by any such suggestions, finds their end about as substantial as their beginning. His dreamy dinners have, alas! no possibility of realization. Truffles to him are tasteless, and his "trifles" are literally "light as air." Provence provides him, unfortunately, with more songs than suppers, and the fraternal associations with which he is best acquainted are those of the Cuisiniers in the Rue Racine or Rue des Mathurins.

It is, very probably, with one of these "Fraternal Associations of Cooks" that the student proceeds to dine. These societies, which are fast multiplying in every quarter of Paris, are patronized principally by Republicans who are red, and by Monarchists who are poor. The former are attracted by sympathy, the latter are driven by necessity. Indeed, a *plat* at six sous, which is the usual price at these establishments, is a very appropriate reward for the one, or refuge for the other. At these establishments—which had no existence before the last revolution—every body is equal; there are no masters, and there are no servants. The *garçons* who wait upon the guests are the proprietors, and the guests themselves are not recognized as having any superior social position. The guest who addresses the waiter as "*garçon*" is very probably insulted, and the *garçon* who addresses

a guest as "*monsieur*" is liable to be expelled from the society. In each case, "*citoyen*" is the current form of courtesy, and any person who objects to the term is free to dine elsewhere. Even the dishes have a republican savor. "*Macaroni à la République*," "*Fricandeau à la Robespierre*," or "*Filet à la Charrier*," are as dear to republican hearts as they are cheap to republican pockets.

A dinner of this kind costs the student little more than a franc. If he is more ostentatious, or epicurean, he dines at Risbec's, in the Place de l'Odeon. Here, for one franc, sixty centimes, he has an entertainment consisting of four courses and a dessert, inclusive of half a bottle of *vin ordinaire*. If he is a sensible man, he prefers this to the Associated Cooks, who, it must be confessed, even by republicans of taste, are not quite what might be expected, considering the advancing principles they profess.

After dinner, the student, if the Prado or some equally congenial establishment is not open, usually addicts himself to the theatre. His favorite resort is, not the Odeon, as might be supposed, from its superior importance and equal cheapness, but the "Théâtre du Luxembourg," familiarly called by its frequenters—why, is a mystery—"Bobineau's." Here the student is in his element. He talks to his acquaintance across the house; indulges in comic demonstrations of ecstasy whenever Mademoiselle Hermance appears on the scene, and, in short, makes himself as ridiculous and contented as can be. Mademoiselle Hermance, it is necessary to add, is the goddess of the quarter, and has nightly no end of worshipers. The theatre itself is every thing that could be desired by any gentleman of advanced principles, who spurns propriety, and inclines himself toward oranges.

After the theatre the student probably goes home, and there I will leave him safely. My object has been merely to indicate the general characteristics of his ordinary life, from which he seldom deviates, unless tempted by an unexpected remittance to indulge in more costly recreations, afforded by the Bal Mobile or the Château Rouge.

A FAQUIR'S CURSE.

AMONG the many strange objects which an Englishman meets with in India, there are few which tend so much to upset his equanimity as a visit from a wandering faquir.

The advent of one of these gentry in an English settlement is regarded with much the same sort of feeling as a vagrant cockroach, when he makes his appearance unannounced in a modern drawing-room. If we could imagine the afore said cockroach brandishing his horns in the face of the horrified inmates, exulting in the disgust which his presence creates, and intimating, with a conceited swagger, that, in virtue of his ugliness, he considered himself entitled to some cake and wine, perhaps the analogy would be more complete.

The faquir is the mendicant friar of India. He owns no superior; wears no clothing; per-

forms no work; despises every body and every thing; sometimes pretends to perpetual fasting; and lives on the fat of the land.

There is this much, however, to be said for him, that when he does mortify himself for the good of the community, he does it to some purpose. A lenten fast, or a penance of parched peas in his shoes, would be a mere bagatelle to him. We have seen a faquir who was never "known" to eat at all. He carried a small black stone about with him, which had been presented to his mother by a holy man. He pretended that by sucking this stone, and without the aid of any sort of nutriment, he had arrived at the mature age of forty; yet he had a nest of supplementary chins, and a protuberant paunch, which certainly did great credit to the fattening powers of the black stone. Oddly enough, his business was to collect eatables and drinkables; but, like the Scottish gentleman who was continually begging brimstone, they were "no for hissel, but for a neebor." When I saw him he was soliciting offerings of rice, milk, fish, and ghee, for the benefit of his patron Devi. These offerings were nightly laid upon the altar before the Devi, who was supposed to *absorb* them during the night, considerably leaving the fragments to be distributed among the poor of the parish. His godship was very discriminating in the goodness and freshness of these offerings; for he rejected such as were stale, to be returned next morning, with his maledictions, to the fraudulent donors.

Sometimes a faquir will take it into his head that the community will be benefited by his trundling himself along, like a cart-wheel, for a couple of hundred miles or so. He ties his wrists to his ankles, gets a *tire*, composed of chopped straw, mud, and cow-dung, laid along the ridge of his backbone; a bamboo-staff passed through the angle formed by his knees and his elbows, by way of an axle, and off he goes; a brazen cup, with a bag, and a *hubble-bubble*, hang like tassels at the two extremities of the axle. Thus accoutred, he often starts on a journey which will occupy him for several years, like Milton's fiend,

"O'er bog, or steep, through straight, rough, dense, or rare,

With head, hands, feet, or wings, pursues his way."

On arriving in the vicinity of a village, the whole population turn out to meet and escort him with due honors to the public well or tank; the men beating drums, and the women singing through their noses. Here his holiness unbends, washes off the dust and dirt acquired by perambulating several miles of dusty road; and, after partaking of a slight refreshment, enters into conversation with the assembled villagers just as if he were an ordinary mortal; making very particular inquiries concerning the state of their larders, and slight investigations as to their morals. Of course every one is anxious to have the honor of entertaining a man so holy as to roll to their presence doubled up into a hoop; and disputes get warm as to who is to have the preference. Whereupon the faquir makes a speech, in which

he returns thanks for the attentions shown him and intimates that he intends taking up his quarters with the man who is most capable of testifying his appreciation of the honor. After some higgling, he knocks himself down, a decided bargain, to be the guest of the highest bidder, in whose house he remains, giving good advice to the community, and diffusing an odor of sanctity throughout the whole village. When the supplies begin to fail, he ties his hands to his heels again, gets a fresh tire put on, and is escorted out of the village with the same formalities as accompanied his entrance.

Like other vermin of his class, he is most apt to attach himself to the "weaker vessels" of humanity, with whom he is generally a prodigious favorite. He is not, certainly, indebted to his personal advantages for this favor, for a more hideously ugly race of men is seldom met with. As if nature had not made him sufficiently repulsive, he heightens his hideousness by encircling his eyes with bands of white paint; daubing his cheeks a rich mustard yellow: a white streak runs along the ridge of his nose, and another forms a circle round his mouth: his ribs are indicated by corresponding bars of white paint, which give a highly venerable cross-bones effect to his breast. When I add, that he wears no clothes, and that the use of soap is no part of his religion, some idea may be gained of the effect the first view of him occasions in the mind of a European.

On the afternoon of a very sultry day in June, I had got a table out in the veranda of my bungalow, and was amusing myself with a galvanic apparatus, giving such of my servants as had the courage, a taste of what they called *Wulatee boiwjee* (English lightning), when a long gaunt figure, with his hair hanging in disordered masses over his face, was observed to cross the lawn. On arriving within a few paces of where I stood, he drew himself up in an imposing attitude—one of his arms akimbo, while the other held out toward me what appeared to be a pair of tongs, with a brass dish at the extremity of it

"Who are you?" I called out.

"Faquir," was the guttural response.

"What do you want?"

"Bheek" (alms).

"Bheek!" I exclaimed, "surely you are joking—a great stout fellow like you can't be wanting bheek?"

The faquir paid not the slightest attention, but continued holding out his tongs with the dish at the end of it.

"You had better be off," I said; "I never give bheek to people who are able to work."

"We do Khooda's work," replied the faquir, with a swagger.

"Oh! you do—then," I answered, "you had better ask Khooda for bheek." So saying, I turned to the table, and began arranging the apparatus for making some experiments. Happening to look up about five minutes after, I observed that the faquir was standing upon one leg, and struggling to assume as much majesty as was

consistent with his equilibrium. The tongs and dish were still extended—while his left hand sustained his right foot across his abdomen. I turned to the table, and tried to go on with my work; but I blundered awfully, broke a glass jar, cut my fingers, and made a mess on the table. I had a consciousness of the faquir's staring at me with his extended dish, and could not get the fellow out of my head. I looked up at him again. There he was as grand as ever, on his one leg, and with his eyes riveted on mine. He continued this performance for nearly an hour, yet there did not seem to be the faintest indication of his unfolding himself—rather a picturesque ornament to the lawn, if he should take it into his head—as these fellows sometimes do—to remain in the same position for a twelvemonth. “If,” I said, “you stand there much longer, I’ll give you such a taste of boinjee (lightning) as will soon make you glad to go.”

The only answer to this threat was a smile of derision that sent his mustache bristling up against his nose.

“Lightning!” he sneered—“your lightning can’t touch a faquir—the gods take care of him.”

Without more ado, I charged the battery and connected it with a coil machine, which, as those who have tried it are aware, is capable of racking the nerves in such a way as few people care to try, and which none are capable of voluntarily enduring beyond a few seconds.

The faquir seemed rather amused at the queer-looking implements on the table, but otherwise maintained a look of lofty stoicism; nor did he seem in any way alarmed when I approached with the conductors.

Some of my servants who had already experienced the process, now came clustering about with looks of ill-suppressed merriment, to witness the faquir's ordeal. I fastened one wire to his still extended tongs, and the other to the foot on the ground.

As the coil machine was not yet in action, beyond disconcerting him a little, the attachment of the wires did not otherwise affect him. But when I pushed the magnet into the coil, and gave him the full strength of the battery, he howled like a demon; the tongs—to which his hand was now fastened by a force beyond his will—quivered in his unwilling grasp as if it were burning the flesh from his bones. He threw himself on the ground, yelling and gnashing his teeth, the tongs clanging an irregular accompaniment. Never was human pride so abruptly cast down. He was rolling about in such a frantic way that I began to fear he would do himself mischief; and, thinking he had now had as much as was good for him, I stopped the machine and released him.

For some minutes he lay quivering on the ground, as if not quite sure that the horrible spell was broken; then gathering himself up, he flung the tongs from him, bounded across the lawn, and over the fence like an antelope. When he had got to what he reckoned cursing distance,

he turned round, shook his fists at me, and fell to work—pouring out a torrent of imprecations—shouting, screeching, and tossing his arms about in a manner fearful to behold.

There is this peculiarity in the abuse of an Oriental, that, beyond wishing the object of it a liberal endowment of blisters, boils, and ulcers (no inefficient curses in a hot country), he does not otherwise allude to him personally; but directs the main burden of his wrath against his female relatives—from his grandmother to his grand-daughter—wives, daughters, sisters, aunts, and grand-aunts inclusive. These he imprecates individually and collectively through every clause of a prescribed formulary, which has been handed down by his ancestors, and which, in searchingness of detail, and comprehensiveness of male-diction, leaves small scope to additions or improvements.

Leaving me, then, to rot and wither from the face of the earth, and consigning all my female kindred to utter and inevitable death and destruction, he walked off to a neighboring village to give vent to his feelings and compose his ruffled dignity.

It so happened, that a short time after the faquir had gone, I incautiously held my head, while watching the result of some experiments, over a dish of fuming acid, and consequently became so ill as to be obliged to retire to my bedroom and lie down. In about an hour, I called to my bearer to fetch me a glass of water; but, although I heard him and some of the other servants whispering together behind the purda, or door-curtain, no attention was paid to my summons. After repeating the call two or three times with the same result, I got up to see what was the matter. On drawing aside the purda, I beheld the whole establishment seated in full conclave on their haunches round the door. On seeing me, they all got up and took to their heels, like a covey of frightened partridges. The old kidmudgar was too fat to run far; so I seized him just as he was making his exit by a gap in the garden fence. He was, at first, quite incapable of giving any account of himself; so I made him sit a minute among the long grass to recover his wind, when he broke out with, “Oh! *re-bab-re-bab!*” and began to blubber, as only a fat kidmudgar can, imploring me to send instantly for the faquir, and make him a present; if I did not, I would certainly be a dead man before to-morrow's sun; “For,” said he, “a faquir's curse is good as *kismut-ke-bat*” (a matter of fate). Some of his fellows now seeing that the murder was out, ventured to come back, and joined in requesting me to save my life while there was yet time.

A laugh was the only answer I could make. This somewhat reassured them, but it was easy to see that I was regarded by all as a doomed man. It was to no purpose that I told them I was now quite well, and endeavored to explain the cause of my sickness. They would have it that I was in a dying state, and that my only salvation lay in sending off a messenger with a

kid and a bag of rupees to the faquir. The durdzee (tailor), who had just come from the village where the faquir had taken refuge, told me, that as soon as the faquir heard that I was ill, he performed a *pas seul* of a most impressive character, shouting and threatening to curse every body in the village as he had cursed me and mine. The consequence was that pice, cowries, rice, and ghee were showered upon him with overwhelming liberality.

Without saying a word, I armed myself with a horsewhip, set out for the village, and found the faquir surrounded by a dense crowd of men and women; to whom he was jabbering with tremendous volubility; telling them how he had withered me up root and branch, and expressing a hope that I would serve as a lesson to the other children of Sheitan who ventured to take liberties with a faquir. The crowd hid me from him till I broke in upon his dreams with a slight taste of my whip across his shoulders. His eyes nearly leaped out of their sockets when he turned round and saw me. Another intimation from my thong sent him off with a yell, leaving the rich spoil he had collected from the simple villagers behind. What became of him I can not tell. I heard no more of him.

A few such adventures as these would tend to lessen the gross, and, to them, expensive superstitions under which the natives of India at present labor

LOVE AND SMUGGLING.—A STORY OF THE ENGLISH COAST.

MY name is Warneford—at least it is not very unlike that—and I was born at Itchen, a village distant in those days about a mile and a half, by land and ferry, from Southampton. How much nearer the, as I hear and read, rapidly-increasing town has since approached I can not say, as it will be twenty-nine years next July since I finally quitted the neighborhood. The village, at that time, chiefly inhabited by ferry and fishermen, crept in a straggling sort of way up a declivity from the margin of the Itchen river, which there reaches and joins the Southampton estuary, till it arrives at Pear-Tree Green, an eminence commanding one of the finest and most varied land-and-water views the eye of man has, I think, ever rested upon. My father, a retired lieutenant of the royal navy, was not a native of the place, as his name alone would sufficiently indicate to a person acquainted with the then Itchen people—almost every one of whom was either a Dible or a Diaper—but he had been many years settled there, and Pear-Tree church-yard contained the dust of his wife and five children—I and my sister Jane, who was a year older than myself, being all of his numerous family who survived their childhood. We were in fair circumstances, as my father, in addition to his half-pay, possessed an income of something above a hundred pounds a year. Jane and I were carefully, though of course not highly or expensively educated; and as soon as I had attained the warrior-age of fifteen, I was dis-

patched to sea to fight my country's battles—Sir Joseph Yorke having, at my father's request, kindly obtained a midshipman's warrant for me; and not many weeks after joining the ship to which I was appointed, I found myself, to my great astonishment, doubling the French line at the Nile—an exploit which I have since read of with far more satisfaction than I remember to have experienced during its performance.

Four years passed before I had an opportunity of revisiting home; and it was with a beating as well as joyful heart, and light, elastic step, that I set off to walk the distance from Gosport to Itchen. I need hardly say that I was welcomed by Jane with tears of love and happiness. It was not long, however, before certain circumstances occurred which induced my worthy but peremptory father to cut my leave of absence suddenly and unmercifully short. I have before noticed that the aborigines of my native place were for the most part Dibles or Diapers. Well, it happened that among the former was one Ellen Dible, the daughter of a fisherman somewhat more prosperous than many of his fellows. This young lady was a slim, active, blue-eyed, bright-haired gipsy, about two years younger than myself, but somewhat tall and womanly for her age, of a light, charming figure, and rather genteel manners; which latter quality, by-the-by, must have come by nature, for but little education of any kind had fallen to her share. She was, it may be supposed, the *belle* of the place, and very numerous were her rustic admirers; but they all vanished in a twinkling, awestruck by my uniform, and especially by the dangling dirk, which I occasionally handled in a very alarming manner; and I, sentimental moon-calf that I was, fell, as it is termed, deeply and earnestly in love with the village beauty! It must have been her personal graces alone—her conversation it could not be—which thus entangled me; for she seldom spoke, and then in reply only, and in monosyllables; but she listened divinely, and as we strolled in the evening through the fields and woods between Itchen and Netley Abbey, gazed with such enchanting eloquence in my face, as I poured forth the popular love and nonsense poetry of the time, that it is very possible I might have been sooner or later entrapped into a ruinous marriage—not by her, poor girl! she was, I am sure, as guileless as infancy, but by her parents, who were scheming, artful people—had not my father discovered what was going on, and in his rough way dispelled my silly day-dreams at once and forever.

The church-yard at the summit of Pear-Tree Green, it used to be commonly said, was that in which Gray composed his famous "Elegy," or at all events which partially inspired it. I know not if this be correct; but I remember thinking, as I sat one fine September evening by the side of Ellen Dible upon the fiat wooden railing which then inclosed it, that the tradition had great likelihood. The broad and tranquil waters of the Southampton and Itchen rivers—bounded in the far distance by the New Forest, with its wavy masses

of varying light and shade, and on the left by the leafy woods, from out of which I often think the gray ruins of the old abbey must in these days look grimly and spectre-like forth upon the teeming, restless life which mocks its hoary solitude—were at the full of a spring tide. It was just, too, the hour of “parting day;” and as the sun-tipped spires of the Southampton churches faded gradually into indistinctness, and the earlier stars looked out, the curfew, mellowed by distance into music, came to us upon the light air which gently stirred fair Ellen’s glossy ringlets, as she, with her bonnet in her hand—for our walk had tired her—looked with her dove-innocent, transparent eyes in mine, while I repeated Gray’s melodious lines. The Elegy was concluded, and I was rapturizing even more vehemently than was my wont, when, whack! I received a blow on my shoulder, which sent us both off the rail; for Ellen held me by the arm, and it was quite as much as I could do to keep my feet when I reached them. I turned fiercely round, only to encounter the angry and sardonic countenance of my father. “I’ll have no more of this nonsense, Bob,” he gruffly exclaimed. “Be off home with you, and to-morrow I’ll see you safe on board your ship, depend upon it. As for this pretty minx,” he continued, addressing Ellen, who so trembled with confusion and dismay that she could scarcely tie her bonnet-strings, “I should think she would be better employed in mending her father’s shirts, or darning her brother’s stockings, than in gossiping her time away with a brainless young lubber like you.” I was, of course, awfully incensed, but present resistance, I knew, was useless; and after contriving to exchange a mute gesture with Ellen of eternal love, constancy, and despair, we took our several ways homeward. Before twelve o’clock the next day I was posting to Gosport, accompanied by my father, but not till after I had obtained, through the agency of my soft-hearted sister, a farewell interview with Ellen, when we of course made fervent vows of mutual fidelity—affirmed and consecrated, at Ellen’s suggestion, by the mystical ceremony of breaking a crooked sixpence in halves—a moiety to be worn by each of us about our necks, as an eternal memorial and pendant protest against the flinty hearts of fathers.

This boyish fancy faded but slowly and lingeringly away with the busy and tumultuous years which passed over my head, till the peace of 1815 cast me an almost useless sea-waif upon the land, to take root and vegetate there as I best might upon a lieutenant’s half-pay. My father had died about two years before, and the hundred a year he left us was scarcely more than sufficient for the support of my sister, whose chances of an eligible marriage had vanished with her comeliness, which a virulent attack of small-pox had utterly destroyed, though it had in nothing changed the patient sweetness of her disposition, and the gentle loving spirit that shone through all its disfiguring scars and seams. I had never heard directly from Ellen Dible, al-

though, during the first months of separation, I had written to her many times; the reason of which was partially explained by a few lines in one of Jane’s letters, announcing Ellen Dible’s marriage—it seemed under some kind of moral compulsion—to a person of their own grade, and their removal from Itchen. This happened about six months after my last interview with her. I made no further inquiries, and, Jane thinking the subject might be a painful one, it happened that, by a kind of tacit understanding, it was never afterward alluded to between us.

The utter weariness of an idle shore life soon became insupportable, and I determined to solicit the good offices of Sir Joseph Yorke with the Admiralty. The gallant admiral had now taken up his permanent residence near Hamble, a village on the river of that name, which issues into the Southampton water not very far from opposite Calshot Castle. Sir Joseph was drowned there about eight or nine years after I left the station. A more perfect gentleman, let me pause a moment to say, or a better seaman, than Sir Joseph, never, I believe, existed; and of a handsome, commanding presence too—“half-way up a hatchway” at least, to use his own humorous self-description, his legs scarcely corresponding in vigorous outline to the rest of his person. He received me with his usual frank urbanity, and I left him provided with a letter to the secretary of the admiralty—the ultimate and not long-delayed result of which was my appointment to the command of the *Rose* revenue-cutter, the duties attached to which consisted in carefully watching, in the interest of His Majesty’s customs, the shores of the Southampton river, the Solent sea, the Wight, and other contiguous portions of the seaboard of Hants and Dorset.

The ways of smugglers were of course new to me; but we had several experienced hands on board, and as I zealously applied myself to the study of the art of contraband, I was not long in acquiring a competent knowledge of the traditional contrivances employed to defraud the revenue. Little of interest occurred during the first three or four weeks of my novel command, except that by the sharpened vigilance of our look-out, certain circumstances came to light, strongly indicating that Barnaby Diaper, the owner of a cutter-rigged fishing-vessel of rather large burden, living near Hamble Creek, was extensively engaged in the then profitable practice of running moonshine, demurely and industriously as, when ashore, he appeared to be everlastingly mending his nets, or cobbling the bottom of the smack’s boat. He was a hale, wiry fellow this Barnaby—Old Barnaby, as he was familiarly called, surnames in those localities being seldom used—with a wooden solidity of countenance which utterly defied scrutiny, if it did not silence suspicion. His son, who was a partner in the cutter, lived at Weston, a beautifully-situated hamlet between Itchen and Netley. A vigilant watch was consequently kept upon the movements of the Barnabys, father, son, and

grandson—this last a smart, precocious youngster, I understood, of about sixteen years of age, by which family trio the suspicious *Blue-eyed Maid* was, with occasional assistance, manned, sailed, and worked. Very rarely, indeed, was the *Blue-eyed Maid* observed to be engaged in her ostensible occupation. She would suddenly disappear, and as suddenly return, and always, we soon came to notice, on the nights when the *Rose* happened to be absent from the Southampton waters.

We had missed her for upward of a week, when information reached us that a large lugger we had chased without success a few nights previously would attempt to run a cargo at a spot not far from Lymington, soon after midnight. I accordingly, as soon as darkness had fallen, ran down, and stood off and on, within signal-distance of the shore-men with whom I had communicated, till dawn, in vain expectation of the promised prize. I strongly suspected that we had been deceived; and on rounding Calshot Castle on our return, I had no doubt of it, for there, sure enough, was the *Blue-eyed Maid* riding lightly at anchor off Hamble Creek, and from her slight draught of water it was quite evident that her cargo, whatever it might have consisted of, had been landed, or otherwise disposed of. They had been smart with their work, for the summer night and our absence had lasted but a few hours only. I boarded her, and found Old Barnaby, whom I knew by sight, and his two descendants, whom I had not before seen, busily engaged swabbing the cutter's deck, and getting matters generally into order and ship-shape. The son a good deal resembled the old man, except that his features wore a much more intelligent and good-humored expression; and the boy was an active, bold-eyed, curly-headed youngster, whose countenance, but for a provoking sauciness of expression apparently habitual to him, would have been quite handsome. I thought I had seen his face somewhere before, and he, I noticed, suddenly stopped from his work on hearing my name, and looked at me with a smiling but earnest curiosity. The morning's work had, I saw, been thoroughly performed, and as I was in no humor for a profitless game of cross questions and crooked answers, I, after exchanging one or two colloquial courtesies, in which I had by no means the advantage, returned to the *Rose* more than ever satisfied that the interesting family I had left required and would probably repay the closest watchfulness and care.

On the evening of the same day the *Blue-eyed Maid* again vanished: a fortnight slipped by, and she had not re-appeared; when the *Rose*, having slightly grazed her bottom in going over the shifting shingle at the northwest of the Wight, went into Portsmouth harbor to be examined. Some of her copper was found to be stripped off; there were other trifling damages; and two or three days would elapse before she could be got ready for service. This interval I spent with my sister. The evening after I ar-

rived at Itchen, Jane and I visited Southampton, and accompanied an ancient female acquaintance residing in Bugle-street—a dull, grass-grown place in those days, whatever it may be now—to the theatre in, I believe, the same street. The performances were not over till near twelve o'clock, and after escorting the ladies home, I wended my way toward the Sun Inn on the quay, where I was to sleep—my sister remaining for the night with our friend. The weather, which had been dark and squally an hour or two before, was now remarkably fine and calm; and the porter of the inn telling me they should not close the house for some time longer, I strolled toward the Platform Battery, mounted by a single piece of brass ordnance overlooking the river, and pointing menacingly toward the village of Hythe. The tide was at the full, and a faint breeze slightly rippled the magnificent expanse of water which glanced and sparkled in the bright moon and starlight of a cloudless autumn sky. My attention was not long absorbed by the beauty of the scene, peerless as I deemed it; for unless my eyes strangely deceived me, the *Blue-eyed Maid* had returned, and quietly anchored off Weston. She appeared to have but just brought up; for the mainsail, three new patches in which chiefly enabled me to recognize her, was still flapping in the wind, and it appeared to me—though from the distance, and the shadow of the dark back-ground of woods in which she lay, it was difficult to speak with certainty—that she was deeply laden. There was not a moment to be lost; and fortunately, just in the nick of time, a boat with two watermen approached the platform steps. I tendered them a guinea to put me on board the smack off Weston—an offer which they eagerly accepted; and I was soon speeding over the waters to her. My uniform must have apprised the Barnabys of the nature of the visit about to be paid them; for when we were within about a quarter of a mile of their vessel, two figures, which I easily recognized to be Old Barnaby and his grandson, jumped into a boat that had been loading alongside, and rowed desperately for the shore, but at a point considerably further up the river, toward Itchen. There appeared to be no one left on board the *Blue-eyed Maid*, and the shore-confederates of the smugglers did not show themselves, conjecturing, doubtless, as I had calculated they would, upon my having plenty of help within signal call. I therefore determined to capture the boat first, and return with her to the cutter. The watermen, excited by the chase, pulled with a will, and in about ten minutes we ran alongside the Barnaby's boat, jumped in, and found her loaded to the gunwale with brandy kegs.

"Fairly caught at last, old fellow!" I exclaimed exultingly, in reply to the maledictions he showered on us. "And now pull the boat's head round, and make for the *Blue-eyed Maid*, or I'll run you through the body."

"Pull her head round yourself," he sullenly rejoined, as he rose from the thwart and unshipped his oar. "It's bad enough to be robbed

of one's hard arrings about helping the thieves to do it."

His refusal was of no consequence: the watermen's light skiff was made fast astern, and in a few minutes we were pulling steadily toward the still motionless cutter. Old Barnaby was fumbling among the tubs in search, as he growled out, of his pea-jacket; his hopeful grandson was seated at the stern whistling the then popular air of the "Woodpecker" with great energy and perfect coolness; and I was standing with my back toward them in the bow of the boat, when the stroke-oarsman suddenly exclaimed: "What are you at with the boat's painter, you young devil's cub?" The quick mocking laugh of the boy, and the words, "Now, grandfer, now!" replied to him. Old Barnaby sprang into the boat which the lad had brought close up to the stern, pushing her off as he did so with all his strength; and then the boy, holding the painter or boat-rope, which he had detached from the ring it had been fastened to, in his hand, jumped over the side; in another instant he was hauled out of the water by Old Barnaby, and both were seated and pulling lustily, and with exulting shouts, round in the direction of the *Blue-eyed Maid*, before we had recovered from the surprise which the suddenness and completeness of the trick we had been played excited. We were, however, very speedily in vigorous chase; and as the wind, though favorable, and evidently rising, was still light, we had little doubt of success, especially as some precious minutes must be lost to the smuggler in getting under weigh, neither jib nor foresail being as yet set. The watermen bent fiercely to their oars; and heavily laden as the boat was, we were beginning to slip freely through the water, when an exclamation from one of the men announced another and more perilous trick that the Barnabys had played us. Old Barnaby, in pretending to fumble about for his jacket, had contrived to unship a large plug expressly contrived for the purpose of sinking the boat whenever the exigences of their vocation might render such an operation advisable; and the water was coming in like a sluice. There was no help for it, and the boat's head was immediately turned toward the shore. Another vociferous shout rang in our ears as the full success of their scheme was observed by the Barnabys, replied to of course by the furious but impotent execrations of the watermen. The boat sank rapidly; and we were still about a hundred yards from the shore when we found ourselves splashing about in the water, which fortunately was not more than up to the armpits of the shortest of us, but so full of strong and tangled seaweed, that swimming was out of the question; and we had to wade slowly and painfully through it, a step on a spot of more than usually soft mud plunging us down every now and then over head and ears. After reaching the shore and shaking ourselves, we found leisure to look in the direction of the *Blue-eyed Maid*, and had the exquisite pleasure of seeing her glide gracefully through the water as she stood

down the river, impelled by the fast-freshening breeze, and towing the watermen's boat securely at her stern.

There were no means of pursuit; and after indulging in sundry energetic vocables hardly worth repeating, we retreated in savage discomfiture toward Weston, plentifully sprinkling the grass and gravel as we slowly passed along; knocked up the landlord of a public house, and turning in as soon as possible, happily exchanged our dripping attire for warm blankets and clean sheets, beneath the soothing influence of which I, for one, was soon sound asleep.

Day had hardly dawned when we were all three up, and overhauling the mud and weeds—the tide was quite gone out—for the captured boat and tubs. They had vanished utterly: the fairies about Weston had spirited them away while we slept, leaving no vestige whatever of the spoil to which we had naturally looked as some trifling compensation for the night's mishap, and the loss of the watermen's boat, to say nothing of the sousing we had got. It was a bad business certainly, and my promise to provide my helpmates with another boat, should their own not be recovered, soothed but very slightly their sadly-ruffled tempers. But lamentations were useless, and, after the lugubrious expression of a dismal hope for better luck next time, we separated.

This pleasant incident did not in the least abate my anxiety to get once more within hailing distance of the Barnabys; but for a long time my efforts were entirely fruitless, and I had begun to think that the *Blue-eyed Maid* had been permanently transferred to another and less vigilantly watched station, when a slight inkling of intelligence dispelled that fear. My plan was soon formed. I caused it to be carelessly given out on shore that the *Rose* had sprung her bowsprit in the gale a day or two before, and was going the next afternoon into Portsmouth to get another. In pursuance of this intention, the *Rose* soon after noon slipped her moorings, and sailed for that port; remained quietly there till about nine o'clock in the evening, and then came out under close-reefed storm canvas, for it was blowing great guns from the northward, and steered for the Southampton river. The night was as black as pitch; and but for the continuous and vivid flashes of lightning, no object more than a hundred yards distant from the vessel could have been discerned. We ran up abeam of Hythe without perceiving the object of our search, then tacked, stood across to the other side, and then retraced our course. We were within a short distance of Hamble River, when a prolonged flash threw a ghastly light upon the raging waters, and plainly revealed the *Blue-eyed Maid*, lying-to under the lee of the north shore, and it may be about half a mile ahead of us. Unfortunately she saw us at the same moment, and as soon as way could be got upon her she luffed sharply up, and a minute afterward was flying through the water in the hope of yet escaping her unexpected enemy. By edging away to lee-

ward I contrived to cut her off effectually from running into the channel by the Needles passage; but nothing daunted, she held boldly on without attempting to reduce an inch of canvas, although, from the press she carried, fairly buried in the sea. Right in the course she was steering, the *Donegal*, a huge eighty-gun ship, was riding at anchor off Spithead. Old Barnaby, who, I could discern by his streaming white hairs, was at the helm, in his anxiety to keep as well to windward of us as possible, determined, I suppose, to pass as closely as he prudently could under the stern of the line-of-battle ship. Unfortunately, just as the little cutter was in the act of doing so, a furious blast of wind tore away her jib as if it had been cobweb; and, pressed by her large mainsail, the slight vessel flew up into the wind, meeting the *Donegal* as the huge ship drove back from a strain which had brought her half way to her anchors. The crash was decisive, and caused the instant disappearance of the unfortunate smuggler. The cry of the drowning men, if they had time to utter one, was lost amid the raging of the tempest; and although we threw overboard every loose spar we could lay hands on, it was with scarcely the slightest hope that such aid could avail them in that wild sea. I tacked as speedily as possible, and repassed the spot; but the white foam of the waves, as they leaped and dashed about the leviathan bulk of the *Donegal*, was all that could be perceived, eagerly as we peered over the surface of the angry waters. The *Rose* then stood on, and a little more than an hour afterward was safely anchored off Hythe.

The boy Barnaby, I was glad to hear a day or two afterward, had not accompanied his father and grandfather in the last trip made by the *Blue-eyed Maid*, and had consequently escaped the fate which had so suddenly overtaken them, and for which it appeared that the smuggling community held me morally accountable. This was to be expected; but I had too often and too lately been familiar with death at sea in every shape, by the rage of man as well as that of the elements, to be more than slightly and temporarily affected by such an incident; so that all remembrance of it would probably have soon passed away but for an occurrence which took place about a month subsequently. One of the officers of the shore-force received information that two large luggers, laden with brandy and tobacco from Guernsey, were expected the following night on some point of the coast between Hamble and Weston; and that as the cargoes were very valuable, a desperate resistance to the coast-guard, in the event of detection, had been organized. Our plan was soon arranged. The *Rose* was sent away with barely enough men to handle her, and with the remainder of the crew, I, as soon as night fell, took up a position a little above Netley Abbey. Two other detachments of the coast-guard were posted along the shore at intervals of about a mile, all of course connected by signal-men not more than a hundred yards apart. There was a faint starlight, but the moon would not rise till near midnight; and

from this circumstance, as well as from the state of the tides, we could pretty well calculate when to expect our friends, should they come at all. It was not long before we were quite satisfied, from the stealthy movements of a number of persons about the spot, that the information we had received was correct. Just after eleven o'clock a low, peculiar whistle, taken up from distance to distance, was heard; and by placing our ears to the ground, the quick jerk of oars in the rullocks was quite apparent. After about five minutes of eager restlessness, I gave the impatiently-expected order; we all emerged from our places of concealment, and with cautious but rapid steps advanced upon the by this time busy smugglers. The two luggers were beached upon the soft sand or mud, and between forty and fifty men were each receiving two three-gallon kegs, with which they speeded off to the carts in waiting at a little distance. There were also about twenty fellows ranged as a guard, all armed as efficiently as ourselves. I gave the word; but before we could close with the astonished desperadoes, they fired a pistol volley, by which one seaman, John Batley, a fine, athletic young man, was killed, and two others seriously wounded. This done, the scoundrels fled in all directions, hotly pursued, of course. I was getting near one of them, when a lad, who was running by his side, suddenly turned, and raising a pistol, discharged it at my head. He fortunately missed his mark, though the whistle of the bullet was unpleasantly close. I closed with and caught the young rascal, who struggled desperately, and to my extreme surprise, I had almost written dismay, discovered that he was young Barnaby! It was not a time for words, and hastily consigning the boy to the custody of the nearest seaman, with a brief order to take care of him, I resumed the pursuit. A bootless one it proved. Favored by their numbers, their perfect acquaintance with the hedge-and-ditch neighborhood, the contrabandists all contrived to escape. The carts also got off, and our only captures were the boy, the luggers, which there had been no time to get off, and their cargoes, with the exception of the few kegs that had reached the carts.

The hunt after the dispersed smugglers was continued by the different parties who came in subsequently to our brush with them, so that after the two wounded seamen had been carried off on litters, and a sufficient guard left in the captured boats, only two men remained with me. The body of John Batley was deposited for the present in one of the luggers, and then the two sailors and myself moved forward to Itchen with the prisoner, where I intended to place him in custody for the night.

The face of the lad was deadly pale, and I noticed that he had been painfully affected by the sight of the corpse; but when I addressed him, his expressive features assumed a scornful, defying expression. First ordering the two men to drop astern out of hearing, I said: "You will be hanged for your share in this night's work, young man, depend upon it."

"Hanged!" he exclaimed in a quick, nervous tone; "hanged! You say that to frighten me! It was not I who shot the man! You know that; or perhaps," he added with a kind of hysterical cry, "perhaps you want to kill me as you did father."

"I have no more inclination, my poor boy," I answered, "to injure you than I had to harm your father. Why, indeed, should I have borne him any ill-will?"

"Why should you? Oh, I know very well!"

"You know more than I do then; but enough of this folly. I wish, I hardly know why, to save you. It was not you, I am quite aware, that fired the fatal shot, but that makes no difference as to your legal guilt. But I think if you could put us on the track of your associates, you might yourself escape."

The lad's fine eyes perfectly lightened with scorn and indignation: "Turn informer!" he exclaimed. "Betray them that loved and trusted me! Never—if they could hang me a thousand times over!"

I made no answer, and nothing more was said till we had reached and were passing the Abbey ruins. The boy then abruptly stopped, and with quivering voice, while his eyes filled with tears, said: "I should like to see my mother."

"See your mother! There can be no particular objection to that; but she lives further on at Weston, does she not?"

"No, we have sold off, and moved to Aunt Diaper's, at Netley, up yonder. In a day or two we should have started for Hull, where mother's father's brother lives, and I was to have been 'prenticed to the captain of a Greenlander; but now," he continued with an irrepressible outburst of grief and terror, "Jack Ketch will, you say, be my master, and I shall be only 'prenticed to the gallows."

"Why, if this be so, did your mother permit you to join the lawless desperadoes to whom you owe your present unhappy and degraded position?"

"Mother did not know of it; she thinks I am gone to Southampton to inquire about the day the vessel sails for Hull. Mother will die if I am hanged!" exclaimed the lad with a renewed burst of passionate grief; "and surely you would not kill her?"

"It is not very likely I should wish to do so, considering that I have never seen her."

"Oh yes—yes, you have!" he sharply rejoined. "Then perhaps you do not know! Untie or cut these cords," he added, approaching close to me and speaking in a low, quick whisper; "give me a chance: mother's girl's name was Ellen Dible!"

Had the lad's fettered arm been free, and he had suddenly dealt me a blow with a knife or dagger, the stroke could not have been more sharp or terrible than these words conveyed.

"God of mercy!" I exclaimed, as the momentarily-arrested blood again shot through my heart with reactive violence, "can this be true?"

"Yes, yes—true, quite true!" continued the

boy, with the same earnest look and low, hurried speech. "I saw, when your waistcoat flew open in the struggle just now, what was at the end of the black ribbon. You will give me a chance for mother's sake, won't you?"

A storm of grief, regret, remorse, was sweeping through my brain, and I could not for a while make any answer, though the lad's burning eyes continued fixed with fevered anxiety upon my face.

At last I said—gasped rather: "I can not release you—it is impossible; but all that can be done—all that can—can legally be done, shall be—" The boy's countenance fell, and he was again deadly pale. "You shall see your mother," I added. "Tell Johnson where to seek her; he is acquainted with Netley." This was done, and the man walked briskly off upon his errand.

"Come this way," I said, after a few minutes' reflection, and directing my steps toward the old ruined fort by the shore, built, I suppose, as a defense to the abbey against pirates. There was but one flight of steps to the summit, and no mode of egress save by the entrance from whence they led. "I will relieve you of these cords while your mother is with you. Go up to the top of the fort. You will be unobserved, and we can watch here against any foolish attempt at escape."

Ten minutes had not elapsed when the mother, accompanied by Johnson, and sobbing convulsively, appeared. Roberts hailed her, and after a brief explanation, she ascended the steps with tottering but hasty feet, to embrace her son. A quarter of an hour, she had been told, would be allowed for the interview.

The allotted time had passed, and I was getting impatient, when a cry from the summit of the fort or tower, as if for help to some one at a distance, roused and startled us. As we stepped out of the gateway, and looked upward to ascertain the meaning of the sudden cry, the lad darted out and sped off with surprising speed. One of the men instantly snatched a pistol from his waist-belt, but at a gesture from me put it back. "He can not escape," I said. "Follow me, but use no unnecessary violence." Finding that we gained rapidly upon him, the lad darted through a low, narrow gateway, into the interior of the abbey ruins, trusting, I imagined, to baffle us in the darkness and intricacy of the place. I just caught sight of him as he disappeared up a long flight of crumbling, winding steps, from which he issued through a narrow aperture upon a lofty wall, some five or six feet wide, and overgrown with grass and weeds. I followed in terrible anxiety, for I feared that in his desperation he would spring off and destroy himself. I shouted loudly to him for God's sake to stop. He did so within a few feet of the end of the wall. I ran quickly toward him, and as I neared him he fell on his knees, threw away his hat, and revealed the face of—Ellen Dible!

I stopped, bewildered, dizzy, paralyzed. Doubtless the mellowing radiance of the night softened or concealed the ravages which time must have

imprinted on her features; for as I gazed upon the spirit-beauty of her upturned, beseeching countenance, the old time came back upon me with a power and intensity which an hour before I could not have believed possible. The men hailed repeatedly from below, but I was too bewildered, too excited, to answer: their shouts, and the young mother's supplicating sobs—she seemed scarcely older than when I parted from her—sounded in my ears like the far-off cries and murmurs of a bewildering, chaotic dream. She must have gathered hope and confidence from the emotion I doubtless exhibited, for as soon as the confusion and ringing in my brain had partially subsided, I could hear her say: "You will save my boy—my only son: for my sake, you will save him!"

Another shout from the men below demanded if I had got the prisoner. "Ay, ay," I mechanically replied, and they immediately hastened to join us.

"Which way—which way is he gone?" I asked as the seamen approached.

She instinctively caught my meaning: "By the shore to Weston," she hurriedly answered; "he will find a boat there."

The men now came up: "The chase has led us astray," I said: "look there."

"His mother, by jingo!" cried Johnson. "They must have changed clothes!"

"Yes: the boy is off—to—to Hamble, I have no doubt. You both follow in that direction: I'll pursue by the Weston and Itchen road."

The men started off to obey this order, and as they did so, I heard her broken murmur of "Bless you, Robert—bless you!" I turned away, faint, reeling with excitement, muttered a hasty farewell, and with disordered steps and flaming pulse hurried homeward. The mother I never saw again: the son at whose escape from justice I thus weakly, it may be criminally, connived, I met a few years ago in London. He is the captain of a first-class ship in the Australian trade, and a smarter sailor I think I never beheld. His mother is still alive, and lives with her daughter-in-law at Chelsea.

AMERICAN NOTABILITIES.*

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

THIS very distinguished man—one of the great contributors to the world's stores of science and knowledge—is an extremely agreeable member of society, and a very popular one. His manners are particularly frank, pleasing, cordial, and simple; and though deeply absorbed, and intensely interested in his laborious scientific researches, and a most thorough enthusiast in his study of natural philosophy, yet he rattled merrily away on many of the various light topics of the day with the utmost gayety, good-humor, and spirit.

He has succeeded, after great trouble and per-

severing indefatigable care, in preserving alive some coral insects, the first that have ever been so preserved, and he kindly promised me an introduction to these distinguished architects. We accordingly went, accompanied by Mr. Everett, the following day. M. Agassiz was up-stairs very much occupied by some scientific investigation of importance, and he could not come down, but he allowed us to enter the all but hallowed precincts devoted to the much-cherished coral insects.

M. Agassiz had been away a little while previously, and left these treasures of his heart under the charge and superintendence of his assistant. This poor care-worn attendant, we were told, almost lost his own life in preserving the valuable existence of these little moving threads, so much did he feel the weighty responsibility that devolved upon him, and with such intense anxiety did he watch the complexions, the contortions, all the twistings and twirlings, and twitchings, and flingings and writhings of the wondrous little creatures, most assiduously marking any indications of *petite santé* among them. They were kept in water carefully and frequently changed, and various precautions were indispensably necessary to be taken in order to guard their exquisitely delicate demi-semi existences.

Glad enough was the temporary gentleman-in-waiting, and squire-of-the-body to these interesting zoophytes to see M. Agassiz return, and to resign his charge into his hands. With him this exceeding care and watchfulness was indeed nothing but a labor of love, and probably no nurse or mother ever fondled a weakly infant with more devoted tenderness and anxious attention than M. Agassiz displayed toward his dearly-beloved coral insects.

As to me, I hardly dared breathe while looking at them for fear I should blow their precious lives away, or some catastrophe should happen while we were there, and we should be suspected of *coralicide*! However, the sight was most interesting. We watched them as they flung about what seemed their fire-like white arms, like microscopic opera dancers or windmills; but these apparent arms are, I believe, all they possess of bodies. How wonderful to think of the mighty works that have been performed by the fellow-insects of these little restless laborers. What are the builders of the Pyramids to them? What did the writers of the "Arabian Nights" imagine equal to their more magical achievements?

Will men ever keep coral insects by them to lay the foundations of a few islands and continents when the population grows too large for the earthy portion of earth? People keep silkworms to spin that beautiful fabric for them; and M. Agassiz has shown there is no impracticability. I looked at the large bowl containing the weird workers with unflagging interest, till I could almost fancy minute reefs of rocks were rising up in the basin.

What a world of marvels we live in, and alas

* From Travels in the United States, etc. By Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. Just published by Harper and Brothers

that the splendid wonders of science should be shut out from so many myriads of mankind; for that the marvelous is inalienably dear to human nature, witness all the fairy tales, ghost stories, and superstitions of all kinds that have abounded and been popular from age to age. Penny Magazines and such works have done much, but much there remains to be done to bring the subjects not only within reach, but to make them more universally popular and attractive, and less technical.

At last we took leave of those marine curiosities, and wended our way back, sorry not to have seen M. Agassiz (who was still absorbed in dissecting or pickling for immortality some extraordinary fish that he had discovered), but delighted to have had the opportunity of seeing his *protégés*.

"M. Agassiz ought indeed to have an extensive museum," said —, "for I believe every body in the States makes a point of sending off to him, post haste, every imaginable reptile, and monster, and nondescript that they happen to find." I should assuredly not like to have the opening of his letters and parcels if that is the case.

MR. AND MRS. PRESCOTT AT NAHANT.

To-day we went and dined early with Mr. and Mrs. Prescott at Nahant, where they are staying for the summer. They have a charming country villa on the beautiful peninsula of Nahant. The town of Nahant is a very pleasant watering-place, about twelve miles from Boston by water, and sixteen by land. Near Mr. Prescott's house is a magnificent-looking hotel with numerous piazzas; the sea-coast view from his villa is boundless, and the perpetually high and dashing waves fling their fantastic foam, without ceasing, against the wild jagged rocks, which abound in every direction.

We started by railroad to go there, and very near us in the car was a respectable looking negro. Mr. C. S——, who was in the same car with us (also going to dine at Mr. Prescott's), pointed this man out to me, at the same time saying, that this could not by possibility have happened two years ago in this State, so strong then were the prejudices against any approach to, or appearance of amalgamation with the black race. No one could certainly appear more humble and quiet, less presuming or forward in his new position, than did this colored individual.

On our way to Mr. Prescott's, we stopped to pay a visit to Mrs. Page, the sister of Mrs. F. Webster. She has a very pretty little country house at Nahant: she made many inquiries, with much kind feeling, after those friends whom she remembers at Belvoir Castle, where she was staying with Mr. and Mrs. Webster.

I have already mentioned that Mr. Prescott is one of the most agreeable people I ever met with—as delightful as his own most delightful books: he talks of going to Europe next year. He tells me he has never visited either Mexico or Peru. I am surprised that the interest he must have felt in his own matchless works did not impel

him to go to both. Mrs. Prescott is very delicate, with most gentle and pleasing manners. One of the guests was a niece of Lord Lyndhurst, her mother being Lord Lyndhurst's sister.

After a most interesting and agreeable visit, we returned by water to Boston. The sea was blue as a plain of sparkling sapphire—quite Mediterranean! Nahant is certainly a delightful place of summer residence, though it wants shade; trees in general most positively refuse to grow there, and there are but a few, which are taken as much care of as if they were the most precious exotics; but Nahant and they do not agree. They have quite a pouting sulky look; and it is almost as sad to look at them as it is to see the *girdled* trees, which look like skeletons of malefactors bleaching in the wind. At dessert, at Mr. Prescott's, there was a huge magnificent water-melon, that almost might have taken the place of the Cochituate Pond, and supplied Boston with the crystal element for a day.

In returning through the harbor of Boston from Nahant, we were full of admiration of its scenery: the many lovely islands with which it is beautifully studded, and the superb view of Boston itself, so nobly surmounted by its crown-like State House, enchanted us.

MR. AND MRS. J. GRINNELL.—NEW BEDFORD AND NAUSHON.

Since I wrote this, we have had a very agreeable little tour. We have received, through Mrs. W——, a kind invitation from Mr. and Mrs. J. Grinnell to visit them at New Bedford. That town is called "the City of Palaces," from the beautiful buildings it contains: it is also the great whaling metropolis of the North. It is about fifty-six miles from hence.

The Americans give their cities most poetical and significant designations, and sometimes one town will have a variety of these. For instance, this, I believe, is not only called the Granite City, but the Trimountain City. Philadelphia is the city of Brotherly Love, or the Iron City. Buffalo, the Queen City of the Lakes; New Haven, the City of Elms, &c. I think the American imagination is more florid than ours. I am afraid matter-of-fact John Bull, if he attempted such a fanciful classification, would make sad work of it. Perhaps we should have Birmingham, the City of Buttons or Warming-pans; Nottingham, the City of Stockings; Sheffield, the City of Knives and Forks, and so forth.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis, and Mr. Willis's musical brother, were at Mr. and Mrs. J. Grinnell's beautiful mansion. We paid a visit to an immense whale-ship that is in the course of busy preparation for her voyage—to the South Seas, I believe. The whale-fishery is very extensively carried on at New Bedford. The population is about fifteen thousand, almost all engaged directly or indirectly in this trade. There are about two hundred and twenty-nine vessels engaged in the fishery, which is said to be continually increasing.

The system on which they conduct their whaling operations, seems to be a very judicious one

Every one of the crew has a share in the profits or losses of the expedition; it becomes, therefore, his interest to do all he possibly can to render the voyage a prosperous one. All are eager, all on the look-out, all are quite sure to exert their energies to the utmost, and perhaps this is one secret of the success that attends the American whaling-ships.

Mrs. Grinnell had a little *conversazione* the other evening, and among the visitors was a beautiful young Quaker lady, a descendant of William Penn. She was an extremely pleasing person, and her conversation was very animated and interesting. Imagining that perhaps I had never been in the society of Quakers before, she cleverly contrived to converse in the most pleasant and delightful manner, without once bringing in either "thee," or "thou," or "you," though she was talking to me almost all the evening.

I remarked this omission, and was afterward certain of it when Mrs. Willis told me the lady informed her of the fact before going away, and gave her that reason for her delicate, scrupulous abstinence. She would not say "*you*," in short; and "thee" and "thou" she thought would appear strange to me. I was told her family are in possession of a splendid silver tea-service which belonged to their celebrated ancestor, William Penn.

We went from New Bedford to Martha's Vineyard, an island in the Atlantic not far from New Bedford. There we staid a few days at an unpretending, neat hotel, of small dimensions—not the chief hotel, where the mistress, we found, was unaccommodating and disobliging—a *very rare thing* in America. On taking refuge at the other hotel, we found we had reason to congratulate ourselves, for a more kind-hearted, attentive person I never found than our new hostess. She, poor soul, was in affliction at the time; for her son was about to go off to California—indeed his departure took place for that distant region the morning after our arrival.

What misery has this Californian emigration brought on thousands of families—unknown, incalculable wretchedness! There was, as may be supposed, a melancholy chorus of wailing and sobs when the dreaded moment actually arrived; but her domestic sorrows did not make the excellent mother of the family neglect her guests. Nothing was omitted that could conduce to our comfort; and her daughter's attention and her own were unremitting.

Her daughter was a smart intelligent lassie. One day, when she was in the room, her mother hurried in to ask some question relative to dinner, or something of the kind. She had previously been baking, and her hands, and arms too, I believe, were white with flour. This very much annoyed her neat, particular, and precise daughter, who kept dusting her daintily, and trying to wipe it off, and drawing her mother's attention to it with great pertinacity. At last the mother said she hadn't had time to get rid of it—hoped the lady would excuse it, with other apologies, and the daughter was a little pacified. One

should hardly have expected so much susceptibility in such matters in a little out-of-the-way town on an island like Martha's Vineyard.

When we came away I felt it was quite a friend I was taking leave of, though we had been there so short a time, so good and kind did we find her. On the table in her little parlor instead of the horrid novels so commonly to be seen in America, were the "Penny Magazine," and other works of that species.

From Martha's Vineyard we went to Woods-ville, a quiet little village by the sea. I had promised to pay a visit to Mrs. J. Grinnell, at the residence of a friend of hers, situated on an island very near this place (to which M. and Mrs. J. Grinnell had lately gone from New Bedford). We were at a very nice little hotel, indeed, at Woods-ville, the master of which was a Mr. Webster, who had called one of his sons Daniel, after the famous statesman, the pride of old Massachusetts.

At this hotel there was an admirable specimen of an American female waiter and housemaid: in short, a domestic factotum. She was excessively civil, obliging, active, and attentive, not in the slightest degree forward or intrusive, always willing to do whatever one required of her. Altogether a very prepossessing personage is Mademoiselle Caroline—not the famous female equestrian of Paris, but the excellent and accomplished waitress and chambermaid at Woods-ville, whom I beg to introduce to the reader, and to immortality. The mistress of the hotel cooked for us herself, and she was quite a *cordons-bleus*, I assure you. Her chicken pies and her puddings were of the sublimest description.

The morning was lovely, the sea sparkling with a myriad lustres, the air of Ausonian clearness and purity, when we went to Naushon, an exquisite little island (one of a cluster of the islands called the Elizabeth Group). We started in a small boat manned by the two sons of our host, and before very long we entered a little creek, and soon landed on the beautiful shore of fairy-like Naushon. (This is of course its old Indian name, and long may it retain it).

We found Mr. Grinnell kindly waiting to receive us and drive us to the island palace of the proprietor of Naushon, for to Mr. S——, the whole beauteous island belongs.—What an enviable possession! Though not given to pilfering propensities, I should like to pick Mr. S——'s pocket of this gem! We started in a somewhat sledge-like vehicle *à la flèche* (as our old Belgian courier Marcotte used to say), for the house, and soon found ourselves seated in a large cool apartment with Mrs. Grinnell, and the kindly, cordial Lord and Lady of the Isle, whose welcome had much of unworldly heartiness about it. I longed to explore the beautiful island, and when I did so, my anticipations were not disappointed.

Naushon is a little America in itself. There are miniatures of her wild, illimitable, awful old forests—a beautiful little diamond edition of her wonderful lakes, a fairy representation of her variety of scenery, a page torn from her ancient

Indian associations and remains. There too are her customs, her manners, her spirit, and character; in short, it is a little pocket America (and enough to make the chief superintendent of any police himself a pick-pocket), a Liliputian Western World, a compressed Columbia. But its trees are not Liliputian, they are magnificent.

We drove under a varied shade for a long time, and saw lovely views through openings in the woods. At last after tearing and crackling along through a thick growth of timber and underwood, we emerged upon a truly magnificent prospect. We were on a height, and on either side were lovely woods, valleys, and gentle eminences; and in front the glorious Atlantic. After enjoying this beauteous view for some time, the Lord of Naushon took us to see a still, secluded part of the forest, where in the midst of a sunny clearing, surrounded by partly overshadowing trees in the heart of a sequestered island, embosomed in the mighty ocean, was a single grave, that of the only and adored son of our amiable hosts; indeed, their only child. Almost close to this simple grave was a semi-circular seat. "There often," said Mr. S——, "we come in the summer time and spend the evening, and frequently bring our friends, too, with us, and it is a melancholy happiness to feel *he* is near—almost, as it were, with us."

Here we all remained for some time: the birds were singing, the sea so calm you could scarcely just then at that distance hear its everlasting resounding voice. You might look through the opening in the woods, up and up, and the clear cloudless sky would seem almost receding from your gaze (like the horizon when you are advancing toward it), yet bluer and bluer, brighter and brighter. All was beauty and enchantment! and there lay the lonely dead—who could dare to say in unconsecrated ground? where Nature was so wild and beautiful, and Nature's Creator seemed so nigh—and where that grand untrodden ground with nothing to desecrate it, was ever bathed by the tears of hallowed parental affection? How blessed and sacred it appeared! To think, in contrast with this grave, of our dead in crowded city church-yards! But I trust that unutterably detestable system will soon be done away with.

If what I have related seems strange to you, you must recollect that in America it is often the case; at least, I have frequently heard so before I came here. In the quiet garden, or in the wood near the house, often sleep in their last slumber the beloved members of the family, not banished from the every-day associations of the survivors, and almost seeming to have still some participation in their feelings, in their woes, and their pleasures. I could almost fancy, after seeing that Eden for the dead, Mount Auburn, and remembering this affectionate custom, that is one reason why death does not seem a thing to be dreaded or deplored in America, as with us. If I recollect correctly, the only words on the modest head-stone were, "To our beloved Son."

After willingly remaining some time here, be-

side this simple Christian tomb, we went to see an ancient place of Indian sepulture. The corpses, I believe, had mostly been dug up—poor Indians; hardly allowed to rest in their graves! Mrs. S—— told me that the first time Naushon had passed into white men's hands from those of the red chief's, this exquisite island, with all its lovely and splendid woods, its herds of wild deer, and all its fair lands, it had been sold for an old coat. (I think a little fire-water must have entered into the bargain). After hearing this, I began to think *feu* squire and squaw Naushon of the olden time and their clan hardly deserved to rest in their graves.

Our excellent hosts most kindly pressed us to stay at Naushon, but my plans did not admit of this; so, enchanted with their delectable island, and full of gratitude for all their cordial friendliness and truly American hospitality toward us, we took leave of them and Mrs. Grinnell, in the evening, and returned to the main land. The weather became very unpropitious, and it blew and rained heavily. However, we arrived in damp safety at our hotel.

GENERAL TAYLOR.

General Taylor received us most kindly. He had had two councils to preside over that morning, and when we first arrived at the White House, he was actually engaged in an extra Session of Council—in short, overwhelmed with business, which rendered it doubly kind and amiable of him to receive us. Mrs. Bliss, the charming daughter of the President, was in the drawing-room when we first went in. Mrs. Taylor has delicate health, and does not do the honors of the Presidential mansion. Mrs. Bliss received us most cordially and courteously, saying her father would come as soon as his presence could be dispensed with. Presently after the President made his appearance: his manners are winningly frank, simple, and kind, and though characteristically distinguished by much straightforwardness, there is not the slightest roughness in his address. There was a quick, keen, eagle-like expression in the eye which reminded me a little of the Duke of Wellington's.

He commenced an animated conversation with Madame C. de la B—— and us: among other things, speaking of the routes, he recommended me to follow, steam navigation, Mexico, and the Rio Grande, &c.

He was so exceedingly good-natured as to talk a great deal to my little girl about roses and lilies, as if he had been quite a botanist all his life. This species of light, daffydown-dilly talk was so particularly and amiably considerate and kind to her, that it overcame her shyness at once, and the dread she had entertained of not understanding what he might say to her.

I was quite sorry when the time came for us to leave the White House. General Taylor strongly advised me not to leave America without seeing St. Louis: he said he considered it altogether perhaps the most interesting town in the United States: he said he recollected the greater part of it a deep dense forest. He spoke

very kindly of England, and adverting to the approaching acceleration and extension of steam communication between her and America (the contemplated competition about to be established by "Collins's line") he exclaimed, "The voyage will be made shorter and shorter, and I expect England and America will soon be quite alongside of each other, ma'am."

"The sooner the better, sir," I most heartily responded, at which he bowed and smiled.

"We are the same people," he continued, "and it is good for both to see more of each other."

"Yes," I replied, "and thus all detestable old prejudices will die away."

"I hope so," he said, "it will be for the advantage of both."

He continued in this strain, and spoke so nobly of England, that it made one's heart bound to hear him. And he evidently felt what he said; indeed, I am sure that honest, high-hearted, true-as-steel, old hero could not say any thing he did not feel or think.

A little while before we took leave he said, "I hope you will visit my farm near Natchez: Cypress Grove is the name—a sad name," he said, with a smile, "but I think you will find it interesting." I thanked him, and promised so to do. A short time previously, after talking about the beauties of Nature in the South, General Taylor had said to V——, that he longed to return to that farm, and to his quiet home near the banks of the Mississippi, and added, that he was sorely tired of public life, and the harassing responsibilities of his high office. The President insisted most courteously on conducting us to our carriage, and bareheaded he handed us in, standing on the steps till we drove off, and cordially reiterating many kind and friendly wishes for our prosperous journey, and health, and safety.

THE HUNTER'S WIFE.

TOM COOPER was a fine specimen of the North American trapper. Slightly but powerfully made, with a hardy, weather-beaten, yet handsome face, strong, indefatigable, and a crack shot, he was admirably adapted for a hunter's life. For many years he knew not what it was to have a home, but lived like the beasts he hunted—wandering from one part of the country to another in pursuit of game. All who knew Tom were much surprised when he came, with a pretty young wife, to settle within three miles of a planter's farm. Many pitied the poor young creature, who would have to lead such a solitary life; while others said: "If she was fool enough to marry him, it was her own look out." For nearly four months Tom remained at home, and employed his time in making the old hut he had fixed on for their residence more comfortable. He cleared and tilled a small spot of land around it, and Susan began to hope that for her sake he would settle down quietly as a squatter. But these visions of happiness were soon dispelled, for as soon as this work was finished he recommenced his old erratic mode of life, and was

often absent for weeks together, leaving his wife alone, yet not unprotected, for since his marriage old Nero, a favorite hound, was always left at home as her guardian. He was a noble dog—a cross between the old Scottish deerhound and the bloodhound, and would hunt an Indian as well as a deer or bear, which Tom said, "was a proof they Ingins was a sort o' warmint, or why should the brute beast take to hunt 'em, nat'ral like—him that took no notice o' white men?"

One clear, cold morning, about two years after their marriage, Susan was awakened by a loud crash, immediately succeeded by Nero's deep baying. She recollected that she had shut him in the house as usual the night before. Supposing he had winded some solitary wolf or bear prowling around the hut, and effected his escape, she took little notice of the circumstance; but a few moments after came a shrill wild cry, which made her blood run cold. To spring from her bed, throw on her clothes, and rush from the hut, was the work of a minute. She no longer doubted what the hound was in pursuit of. Fearful thoughts shot through her brain: she called wildly on Nero, and to her joy he came dashing through the thick underwood. As the dog drew nearer she saw that he galloped heavily, and carried in his mouth some large dark creature. Her brain reeled; she felt a cold and sickly shudder dart through her limbs. But Susan was a hunter's daughter, and all her life had been accustomed to witness scenes of danger and of horror, and in this school had learned to subdue the natural timidity of her character. With a powerful effort she recovered herself, just as Nero dropped at her feet a little Indian child, apparently between three and four years old. She bent down over him, but there was no sound or motion; she placed her hand on his little naked chest; the heart within had ceased to beat—he was dead! The deep marks of the dog's fangs were visible on the neck, but the body was untorn. Old Nero stood with his large bright eyes fixed on the face of his mistress, fawning on her, as if he expected to be praised for what he had done, and seemed to wonder why she looked so terrified. But Susan spurned him from her; and the fierce animal, who would have pulled down an Indian as he would a deer, crouched humbly at the young woman's feet. Susan carried the little body gently in her arms to the hut, and laid it on her own bed. Her first impulse was to seize a loaded rifle that hung over the fireplace, and shoot the hound; and yet she felt she could not do it, for in the lone life she led the faithful animal seemed like a dear and valued friend, who loved and watched over her, as if aware of the precious charge intrusted to him. She thought also of what her husband would say, when on his return he should find his old companion dead. Susan had never seen Tom roused. To her he had ever shown nothing but kindness; yet she feared as well as loved him, for there was a fire in those dark eyes which told of deep, wild passions hidden in his breast, and she knew that the lives of a whole tribe of Indians would be

light in the balance against that of his favorite hound.

Having securely fastened up Nero, Susan, with a heavy heart, proceeded to examine the ground around the hut. In several places she observed the impression of a small moccasined foot, but not a child's. The tracks were deeply marked, unlike the usual light, elastic tread of an Indian. From this circumstance Susan easily inferred that the woman had been carrying her child when attacked by the dog. There was nothing to show why she had come so near the hut: most probably the hopes of some petty plunder had been the inducement. Susan did not dare to wander far from home, fearing a band of Indians might be in the neighborhood. She returned sorrowfully to the hut, and employed herself in blocking up the window, or rather the hole where the window had been, for the powerful hound had in his leap dashed out the entire frame, and shattered it to pieces. When this was finished, Susan dug a grave, and in it laid the little Indian boy. She made it close to the hut, for she could not bear that wolves should devour those delicate limbs, and she knew that there it would be safe. The next day Tom returned. He had been very unsuccessful, and intended setting out again in a few days in a different direction.

"Susan," he said, when he had heard her sad story, "I wish you'd lef' the child where the dog killed him. The squaw's high sartain to come back a-seekin' for the body, and 'tis a pity the poor crittur should be disapinted. Besides, the Ingins will be high sartain to put it down to us; whereas if so be as they'd found the body 'pon the spot, maybe they'd onderstand as 'twas an accident like, for they're unkimmon cunning warmint, though they an't got sense like Christians."

"Why do you think the poor woman came here?" said Susan. "I never knew an Indian squaw so near the hut before."

She fancied a dark shadow flitted across her husband's brow. He made no reply; and on her repeating the question, said angrily—how should he know? 'Twas as well to ask for a bear's reasons as an Ingins'.

Tom only staid at home long enough to mend the broken window, and plant a small spot of Indian corn, and then again set out, telling Susan not to expect him home in less than a month. "If that squaw comes this way agin," he said, "as maybe she will, jist put out any broken victuals you've a-got for the poor crittur; though maybe she won't come, for they Ingins be onkimmon skeary." Susan wondered at his taking an interest in the woman, and often thought of that dark look she had noticed, and of Tom's unwillingness to speak on the subject. She never knew that on his last hunting expedition, when hiding some skins which he intended to fetch on his return, he had observed an Indian watching him, and had shot him with as little mercy as he would have shown a wolf. On Tom's return to the spot the body was gone;

and in the soft damp soil was the mark of an Indian squaw's foot, and by its side a little child's. He was sorry then for the deed he had done: he thought of the grief of the poor widow, and how it would be possible for her to live until she could reach her tribe, who were far, far distant, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains; and now to feel that through his means, too, she had lost her child, put thoughts into his mind that had never before found a place there. He thought that one God had formed the Red Man as well as the White—of the souls of the many Indians hurried into eternity by his unerring rifle; and they perhaps were more fitted for their "happy hunting-grounds" than he for the white man's Heaven. In this state of mind, every word his wife had said to him seemed a reproach, and he was glad again to be alone in the forest with his rifle and his hounds.

The afternoon of the third day after Tom's departure, as Susan was sitting at work, she heard something scratching and whining at the door. Nero, who was by her side, evinced no signs of anger, but ran to the door, showing his white teeth, as was his custom when pleased. Susan unbarred it, when to her astonishment the two deerhounds her husband had taken with him walked into the hut, looking weary and soiled. At first she thought Tom might have killed a deer not far from home, and had brought her a fresh supply of venison; but no one was there. She rushed from the hut, and soon, breathless and terrified, reached the squatter's cabin. John Wilton and his three sons were just returned from the clearings, when Susan ran into their comfortable kitchen; her long black hair streaming on her shoulders, and her wild and bloodshot eyes, gave her the appearance of a maniac. In a few unconnected words she explained to them the cause of her terror, and implored them to set off immediately in search of her husband. It was in vain they told her of the uselessness of going at that time—of the impossibility of following a trail in the dark. She said she would go herself; she felt sure of finding him; and at last they were obliged to use force to prevent her leaving the house.

The next morning at daybreak Wilton and his two sons were mounted, and ready to set out, intending to take Nero with them; but nothing could induce him to leave his mistress: he resisted passively for some time, until one of the young men attempted to pass a rope round his neck, to drag him away: then his forbearance vanished; he sprung on his tormentor, threw him down, and would have strangled him if Susan had not been present. Finding it impossible to make Nero accompany them, they left without him, but had not proceeded many miles before he and his mistress were at their side. They begged Susan to return, told her of the hardships she must endure, and of the inconvenience she would be to them. It was of no avail; she had but one answer: "I am a hunter's daughter, and a hunter's wife." She told them that knowing how useful Nero would be to

them in their search, she had secretly taken a horse and followed them.

The party rode first to Tom Cooper's hut, and there having dismounted, leading their horses through the forest, followed the trail, as only men long accustomed to a savage life can do. At night they lay on the ground, covered with their thick bear-skin cloaks: for Susan only they heaped up a bed of dried leaves; but she refused to occupy it, saying it was her duty to bear the same hardships they did. Ever since their departure she had shown no sign of sorrow. Although slight and delicately formed, she never appeared fatigued: her whole soul was absorbed in one longing desire—to find her husband's body; for from the first she had abandoned the hope of ever again seeing him in life. This desire supported her through every thing. Early the next morning they were again on the trail. About noon, as they were crossing a small brook, the hound suddenly dashed away from them, and was lost in the thicket. At first they fancied they might have crossed the track of a deer or wolf; but a long mournful howl soon told the sad truth, for not far from the brook lay the faithful dog on the dead body of his master, which was pierced to the heart by an Indian arrow.

The murderer had apparently been afraid to approach on account of the dogs, for the body was left as it had fallen—not even the rifle was gone. No sign of Indians could be discovered save one small footprint, which was instantly pronounced to be that of a squaw. Susan showed no grief at the sight of the body; she maintained the same forced calmness, and seemed comforted that it was found. Old Wilton staid with her to remove all that now remained of her darling husband, and his two sons again set out on the trail, which soon led them into the open prairie, where it was easily traced through the tall thick grass. They continued riding all that afternoon, and the next morning by daybreak were again on the track, which they followed to the banks of a wide but shallow stream. There they saw the remains of a fire. One of the brothers thrust his hand among the ashes, which were still warm. They crossed the river, and in the soft sand on the opposite bank saw again the print of small moccasined footsteps. Here they were at a loss; for the rank prairie grass had been consumed by one of those fearful fires so common in the prairies, and in its stead grew short sweet herbage, where even an Indian's eye could observe no trace. They were on the point of abandoning the pursuit, when Richard, the younger of the two, called his brother's attention to Nero, who had of his own accord left his mistress to accompany them, as if he now understood what they were about. The hound was trotting to and fro, with his nose to the ground, as if endeavoring to pick out a cold scent. Edward laughed at his brother, and pointed to the track of a deer that had come to drink at the river. At last he agreed to follow Nero, who was now cantering slowly across the prairie. The pace gradually increased, until, on a spot

where the grass had grown more luxuriantly than elsewhere, Nero threw up his nose, gave a deep bay, and started off at so furious a pace, that although well mounted, they had great difficulty in keeping up with him. He soon brought them to the borders of another forest, where, finding it impossible to take their horses further, they tethered them to a tree, and set off again on foot. They lost sight of the hound, but still from time to time heard his loud baying far away. At last they fancied it sounded nearer instead of becoming less distinct; and of this they were soon convinced. They still went on in the direction whence the sound proceeded, until they saw Nero sitting with his fore-paws against the trunk of a tree, no longer mouthing like a well-trained hound, but yelling like a fury. They looked up in the tree, but could see nothing; until at last Edward espied a large hollow about half way up the trunk. "I was right, you see," he said. "After all, it's nothing but a bear; but we may as well shoot the brute that has given us so much trouble."

They set to work immediately with their axes to fell the tree. It began to totter, when a dark object, they could not tell what in the dim twilight, crawled from its place of concealment to the extremity of a branch, and from thence sprung into the next tree. Snatching up their rifles, they both fired together; when, to their astonishment, instead of a bear, a young Indian squaw, with a wild yell, fell to the ground. They ran to the spot where she lay motionless, and carried her to the borders of the wood where they had that morning dismounted. Richard lifted her on his horse, and springing himself into the saddle, carried the almost lifeless body before him. The poor creature never spoke. Several times they stopped, thinking she was dead: her pulse only told the spirit had not flown from its earthly tenement. When they reached the river which had been crossed by them before, they washed the wounds, and sprinkled water on her face. This appeared to revive her; and when Richard again lifted her in his arms to place her on his horse, he fancied he heard her mutter in Iroquois one word—"revenged!" It was a strange sight, these two powerful men tending so carefully the being they had a few hours before sought to slay, and endeavoring to stanch the blood that flowed from wounds which they had made! Yet so it was. It would have appeared to them a sin to leave the Indian woman to die; yet they felt no remorse at having inflicted the wound, and doubtless would have been better pleased had it been mortal; but they would not have murdered a wounded enemy, even an Indian warrior, still less a squaw. The party continued their journey until midnight, when they stopped to rest their jaded horses. Having wrapped the squaw in their bear-skins, they lay down themselves with no covering save the clothes they wore. They were in no want of provisions, as not knowing when they might return, they had taken a good supply of bread and dried venison, not

wishing to lose any precious time in seeking food while on the trail. The brandy still remaining in their flasks they preserved for the use of their captive. The evening of the following day they reached the trapper's hut, where they were not a little surprised to find Susan. She told them that although John Wilton had begged her to live with them, she could not bear to leave the spot where every thing reminded her of one to think of whom was now her only consolation, and that while she had Nero, she feared nothing. They needed not to tell their mournful tale—Susan already understood it but too clearly. She begged them to leave the Indian woman with her. "You have no one," she said, "to tend and watch her as I can do; besides, it is not right that I should lay such a burden on you." Although unwilling to impose on her the painful task of nursing her husband's murderess, they could not but allow that she was right; and seeing how earnestly she desired it, at last consented to leave the Indian woman with her.

For many long weeks Susan nursed her charge as tenderly as if she had been her sister. At first she lay almost motionless, and rarely spoke; then she grew delirious, and raved wildly. Susan fortunately could not understand what she said, but often turned shudderingly away when the Indian woman would strive to rise from her bed, and move her arms as if drawing a bow; or yell wildly, and cower in terror beneath the clothes, reacting in her delirium the fearful scenes through which she had passed. By degrees reason returned; she gradually got better, but seemed restless and unhappy, and could not bear the sight of Nero. The first proof of returning reason she had shown was to shriek in terror when he once accidentally followed his mistress into the room where she lay. One morning Susan missed her; she searched around the hut, but she was gone, without having taken farewell of her kind benefactress.

A few years after Susan Cooper (no longer "pretty Susan," for time and grief had done their work) heard late one night a hurried knock, which was repeated several times before she could unfasten the door, each time more loudly than before. She called to ask who it was at that hour of the night. A few hurried words in Iroquois were the reply, and Susan congratulated herself on having spoken before unbarring the door. But on listening again, she distinctly heard the same voice say, "Quick—quick!" and recognized it as the Indian woman's whom she had nursed. The door was instantly opened, when the squaw rushed into the hut, seized Susan by the arm, and made signs to her to come away. She was too much excited to remember then the few words of English she had picked up when living with the white woman. Expressing her meaning by gestures with a clearness peculiar to the Indians she dragged rather than led Susan from the hut. They had just reached the edge of the forest when the wild yells of the Indians sounded in their ears.

Having gone with Susan a little way into the forest her guide left her. For nearly four hours she lay there half-dead with cold and terror, not daring to move from her place of concealment. She saw the flames of the dwelling where so many lonely hours had been passed rising above the trees, and heard the shrill "whoops" of the retiring Indians. Nero, who was lying by her side, suddenly rose and gave a low growl. Silently a dark figure came gliding among the trees directly to the spot where she lay. She gave herself up for lost; but it was the Indian woman who came to her, and dropped at her feet a bag of money, the remains of her late husband's savings. The grateful creature knew where it was kept; and while the Indians were busied examining the rifles and other objects more interesting to them, had carried it off unobserved. Waving her arm around to show that all was now quiet, she pointed in the direction of Wilton's house, and was again lost among the trees.

Day was just breaking when Susan reached the squatter's cabin. Having heard the sad story, Wilton and two of his sons started immediately for the spot. Nothing was to be seen save a heap of ashes. The party had apparently consisted of only three or four Indians; but a powerful tribe being in the neighborhood, they saw it would be too hazardous to follow them. From this time Susan lived with the Wiltons. She was as a daughter to the old man, and a sister to his sons, who often said: "That as far as they were concerned, the Indians had never done a kindlier action than in burning down Susan Cooper's hut."

THE WARNINGS OF THE PAST.

FAIN'T dream-like voices of the spectral Past
Whisper the lessons of departed ages;
Each gathering treasured wisdom from the last,
A long succession of experienced sages

They steal upon the statesman as he sleeps,
And chant in Fancy's ear their warning numbers;

When restless Thought unceasing vigil keeps,
Trimming her taper while the body slumbers.

They bid him listen to the tales they tell
Of nations perish'd and embalm'd in story;
How inly rotting they were sapp'd and fell,
Like some proud oak whilome the forest's glory.

Sepulchral ruins crumble where a maze
Of busy streets once rang with life's commotion;
Where sculptured palaces in bygone days
Were gorged with spoils of conquer'd earth
and ocean.

For Faction rent the seamless robe of Peace,
And, parting children of a common mother,
Bade fealty and loving concord cease
'To link the hearts he sever'd from each other.

Such is the burden of those solemn notes
That issue from the haunted graves of nations;
Where, spread by Time, a vailing shadow floats
O'er spirits preaching from their ruin'd stations.

THE PIE SHOPS OF LONDON.

FROM time immemorial the wandering pie-man was a prominent character in the highways and byways of London. He was generally a merry dog, and was always found where merriment was going on. Furnished with a tray about a yard square, either carried upon his head or suspended by a strap in front of his breast, he scrupled not to force his way through the thickest crowd, knowing that the very centre of action was the best market for his wares. He was a gambler, both from inclination and principle, and would toss with his customers, either by the dallying shilli-shally process of "best five in nine," the tricky manœuvre of "best two in three," or the desperate dash of "sudden death!" in which latter case the first toss was destiny—a pie for a halfpenny, or your halfpenny gone for nothing; but he invariably declined the mysterious process of "the odd man;" not being altogether free from suspicion on the subject of collusion between a couple of hungry customers. We meet with him frequently in old prints; and in Hogarth's "March to Finchley," there he stands in the very centre of the crowd, grinning with delight at the adroitness of one robbery, while he is himself the victim of another. We learn from this admirable figure by the greatest painter of English life, that the pieman of the last century perambulated the streets in professional costume; and we gather further, from the burly dimensions of his wares, that he kept his trade alive by the laudable practice of giving "a good pennyworth for a penny." Justice compels us to observe, that his successors of a later generation have not been very conscientious observers of this maxim. The varying price of flour, alternating with a sliding-scale, probably drove some of them to their wit's end; and perhaps this cause more than any other operated in imparting that complexion to their productions which made them resemble the dead body of a penny pie, and which in due time lost them favor with the discerning portion of their customers. Certain it is that the perambulating pie business in London fell very much into disrepute and contempt for several years before the abolition of the corn-laws and the advent of free trade. Opprobrious epithets were hurled at the wandering merchant as he paraded the streets and alleys—epithets which were in no small degree justified by the clammy and clay-like appearance of his goods. By degrees the profession got into disfavor, and the pieman either altogether disappeared, or merged in a dealer in foreign nuts, fruits, and other edibles which barred the suspicion of sophistication.

Still the relish for pies survived in the public taste, and the willing penny was as ready as ever to guerdon the man who, on fair grounds, would meet the general desire. No sooner, therefore, was the sliding-scale gone to the dogs, and a fair prospect of permanence offered to the speculator, in the guarantee of something like a

fixed cost in the chief ingredient used, than up sprung almost simultaneously in every district of the metropolis a new description of pie-shops, which rushed at once into popularity and prosperity. Capital had recognized the leading want of the age, and brought the appliances of wealth and energy to supply it. Avoiding, on the one hand, the glitter and pretension of the confectioner, and on the other the employment of adulterated or inferior materials, they produced an article which the populace devoured with universal commendation, to the gradual but certain profit of the projectors. The peripatetic merchant was pretty generally driven out of the field by the superiority of the article with which he had to compete. He could not manufacture on a small scale in a style to rival his new antagonists, and he could not purchase of them to sell again, because they would not allow him a living margin—boasting, as it would appear with perfect truth, that they sold at a small and infinitesimal profit, which would not bear division.

These penny-pie shops now form one of the characteristic features of the London trade in comestibles. That they are an immense convenience as well as a luxury to a very large section of the population, there can be no doubt. It might be imagined, at first view, that they would naturally seek a cheap locality and a low rental. This, however, is by no means the universal practice. In some of the chief lines of route they are to be found in full operation; and it is rare indeed, unless at seasons when the weather is very unfavorable, that they are not seen well filled with customers. They abound especially in the immediate neighborhood of omnibus and cab stations, and very much in the thoroughfares and short-cuts most frequented by the middle and lower classes. But though the window may be of plate-glass, behind which piles of the finest fruit, joints and quarters of the best meat, a large dish of silver eels, and a portly china bowl charged with a liberal heap of minced-meat, with here and there a few pies, lie temptingly arranged upon napkins of snowy whiteness, yet there is not a chair, stool, or seat of any kind to be found within. No dallying is looked for, nor would it probably be allowed. "Pay for your pie, and go," seems the order of the day. True, you may eat it there, as thousands do; but you must eat it standing, and clear of the counter. We have more than once witnessed this interesting operation with mingled mirth and satisfaction; nay, what do we care?—take the confession for what it is worth—*pars ipsi fuimus*—we have eaten our pies (and paid for them too, no credit being given)—*in loco*, and are therefore in a condition to guarantee the truth of what we record. With few exceptions (we include ourselves among the number), there are no theoretical philosophers among the frequenters of the penny-pie shop. The philosophy of bun-eating may be very profound, and may present, as we think it does, some difficult points; but the philosophy of penny-pie eating is abso-

lutely next to *nil*. The customer of the pie-shop is a man (if he is not a boy) with whom a penny is a penny, and a pie is a pie, who, when he has the former to spend or the latter to eat, goes through the ceremony like one impressed with the settled conviction that he has business in hand which it behoves him to attend to. Look at him as he stands in the centre of the floor, erect as a grenadier, turning his busy mouth full upon the living tide that rushes along Holborn! Of shame or confusion of face in connection with the enviable position in which he stands he has not the remotest conception, and could as soon be brought to comprehend the *differential calculus* as to entertain a thought of it. What, we ask, would philosophy do for him? Still every customer is not so happily organized, and so blissfully insensible to the attacks of false shame; and for such as are unprepared for the public gaze, or constitutionally averse from it, a benevolent provision is made by a score of old play-bills stuck against the adverse wall, or swathing the sacks of flour which stand ready for use, and which they may peruse, or affect to peruse, in silence, munching their pennyworths the while. The main body of the pie-eaters are, however, perfectly at their ease, and pass the very few minutes necessary for the discussion of their purchases in bandying compliments with three or four good-looking lasses, the very incarnations of good-temper and cleanly tidiness, who from morn to night are as busy as bees in extricating the pies from their metallic moulds, as they are demanded by the customers. These assistants lead no lazy life, but they are without exception plump and healthy-looking, and would seem (if we are to believe the report of an employer) to have an astonishing tendency to the parish church of the district in which they officiate, our informant having been bereaved of three by marriage in the short space of six months. Relays are necessary in most establishments on the main routes, as the shops are open all night long, seldom closing much before three in the morning when situated in the neighborhood of a theatre or a cab-stand. Of the amount of business done in the course of a year it is not easy to form an estimate. Some pie-houses are known to consume as much flour as a neighboring baker standing in the same track. The baker makes ninety quartern loaves from the sack of flour, and could hardly make a living upon less than a dozen sacks a week; but as the proportion borne by the crust of a penny-pie to a quartern loaf is a mystery which we have not yet succeeded in penetrating, we are wanting in the elements of an exact calculation.

The establishment of these shops has by degrees prodigiously increased the number of pie-eaters and the consumption of pies. Thousands and tens of thousands who would decline the handling of a scalding hot morsel in the public street, will yet steal to the corner of a shop, and in front of an old play-bill, delicately dandling the tit-bit on their finger-tips till it cools to the precise temperature at which it is so delicious to

swallow—"snatch a fearful joy." The tradesman, too, in the immediate vicinity, soon learns to appreciate the propinquity of the pie-shop, in the addition it furnishes to a cold dinner, and for half the sum it would have cost him if prepared in his own kitchen. Many a time and oft have we dropped in, upon the strength of a general invitation, at the dinner-table of an indulgent bibliophile, and recognized the undeniable *patés* of "over the way" following upon the heels of the cold sirloin. With artisans out of work, and with town-travelers of small trade, the pie-shop is a halting-place, its productions presenting a cheap substitute for a dinner. Few purchases are made before twelve o'clock in the day; in fact the shutters are rarely pulled down much before eleven; yet even then business is carried on for nearly twenty hours out of the twenty-four. About noon the current of custom sets in, and all hands are busy till four or five o'clock; after which there is a pause, or rather a relaxation, until evening, when the various bands of operatives, as they are successively released from work, again renew the tide. As these disappear, the numberless nightly exhibitions, lecture-rooms, mechanics' institutes, concerts, theatres, and casinos, pour forth their motley hordes, of whom a large and hungry section find their way to the pie-house as the only available resource—the public-houses being shut up for the night, and the lobster-rooms, oyster saloons, "shades," "coal-holes," and "cider-cellars," too expensive for the multitude. After these come the cab-drivers who, having conveyed to their homes the more moneyed classes of sight-seers and play-goers, return to their stands in the vicinity of the shop, and now consider that they may conscientiously indulge in a refreshment of eel-pies, winding up with a couple of "fruiters," to the amount at least of the sum of which they may have been able to cheat their fares.

Throughout the summer months the pie trade flourishes with unabated vigor. Each successive fruit, as it ripens and comes to market, adds a fresh impetus to the traffic. As autumn waxes every week supplies a new attraction and a delicious variety; as it wanes into winter, a good store of apples are laid up for future use; and so soon as Jack Frost sets his cold toes upon the pavement, the delicate odor of mince-meat assails the passer-by, and reminds him that Christmas is coming, and that the pieman is ready for him. It is only in the early spring that the pie-shop is under a temporary cloud. The apples of the past year are well-nigh gone, and the few that remain have lost their succulence, and are dry and flavorless. This is the precise season when, as the pieman in "Pickwick" too candidly observed, "fruits is out, and cats is in." Now there is an unaccountable prejudice against cats among the pie-devouring population of the metropolis: we are superior to it ourselves, and can therefore afford to mention it dispassionately, and to express our regret that any species of commerce, much more one so grateful to the palate, and so convenient to the purse, should

periodically suffer declension through the prevalence of an unfounded prejudice. Certain it is that penny-pie eating does materially decline about the early spring season; and it is certain too, that of late years, about the same season, a succession of fine Tabbies of our own have mysteriously disappeared. Attempts are made with rhubarb to combat the depression of business; but success in this matter is very partial—the generality of consumers being impressed with the popular notion that rhubarb is physic, and that physic is not fruit. But relief is at hand; the showers and sunshine of May bring the gooseberry to market; pies resume their importance; and the pie-man backed by an inexhaustible store of a fruit grateful to every English palate, commences the campaign with renewed energy, and bids defiance for the rest of the year to the mutations of fortune.

We shall close this sketch with a legend of the day, for the truth of which, however, we do not personally vouch. It was related and received with much gusto at an annual supper lately given by a large pie proprietor to his assembled hands.

Some time since, so runs the current narrative, the owner of a thriving mutton-pie concern, which, after much difficulty, he had succeeded in establishing with borrowed capital, died before he had well extricated himself from the responsibilities of debt. The widow carried on the business after his decease, and thrived so well, that a speculating baker on the opposite side of the way made her the offer of his hand. The lady refused, and the enraged suitor, determined on revenge, immediately converted his baking into an opposition pie-shop; and acting on the principle universal among London bakers, of doing business for the first month or two at a loss, made his pies twice as big as he could honestly afford to make them. The consequence was that the widow lost her custom, and was hastening fast to ruin, when a friend of her late husband, who was also a small creditor, paid her a visit. She detailed her grievance to him, and lamented her lost trade and fearful prospects. "Ho, ho!" said her friend, "that 'ere's the move, is it? Never you mind, my dear. If I don't git your trade agin, there aint no snakes, mark me—that's all!" So saying, he took his leave.

About eight o'clock the same evening, when the baker's new pie-shop was crammed to overflowing, and the principal was below superintending the production of a new batch, in walks the widow's friend in the costume of a kennel-raker, and elbowing his way to the counter dabs down upon it a brace of huge dead cats, vociferating at the same time to the astonished damsel in attendance, "Tell your master, my dear, as how them two makes six-and-thirty this week, and say I'll bring t'other four to-morrer arternoon!" With that he swaggered out and went his way. So powerful was the prejudice against cat-mutton among the population of that neighborhood, that the shop was clear in an instant, and the floor was seen covered with hastily-abandoned specimens

of every variety of segments of a circle. The spirit-shop at the corner of the street experienced an unusually large demand for "gocs" of brandy, and interjectional ejaculations not purely grammatical were not merely audible, but visible, too, in the district. It is averred that the ingenious expedient of the widow's friend, founded as it was upon a profound knowledge of human prejudices, had the desired effect of restoring "the balance of trade." The widow recovered her commerce; the resentful baker was done as brown as if he had been shut up in his own oven; and the friend who brought about this measure of justice received the hand of the lady as a reward for his interference.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.*

BOOK VI.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

"LIFE," said my father, in his most dogmatical tone, "is a certain quantity in time, which may be regarded in two ways—1st, as life *Integral*; 2d, as life *Fractional*. Life integral is that complete whole, expressive of a certain value, large or small, which each man possesses in himself. Life fractional is that same whole seized upon and invaded by other people, and subdivided among them. They who get a large slice of it say, 'a very valuable life this!' those who get but a small handful say, 'so, so, nothing very great!' those who get none of it in the scramble exclaim, 'Good for nothing!'"

"I don't understand a word you are saying," growled Captain Roland.

My father surveyed his brother with compassion—"I will make it all clear even to your understanding. When I sit down by myself in my study, having carefully locked the door on all of you, alone with my books and thoughts, I am in full possession of my integral life. I am *totus, teres, atque rotundus*—a whole human being—equivalent in value we will say, for the sake of illustration, to a fixed round sum—£100, for example. But when I come forth into the common apartment, each of those to whom I am of any worth whatsoever, puts his fingers into the bag that contains me, and takes out of me what he wants. Kitty requires me to pay a bill; Pisistratus to save him the time and trouble of looking into a score or two of books; the children to tell them stories, or play at hide and seek; the carp for bread-crumbs; and so on throughout the circle to which I have incautiously given myself up for plunder and subdivision. The £100 which I represented in my study is now parceled out; I am worth £40 or £50 to Kitty, £20 to Pisistratus, and perhaps 30s. to the carp. This is life fractional. And I cease to be an integral till once more returning to my study, and again closing the door on all existence but my own. Meanwhile, it is perfectly clear that, to those who, whether I am in the study, or whether I am in the common

* Continued from the July Number.

sitting-room, get nothing at all out of me, I am not worth a farthing. It must be wholly indifferent to a native of Kamtschatka whether Austin Caxton be or be not rased out of the great account-book of human beings.

"Hence," continued my father—"hence, it follows that the more fractional a life be—*id est*, the greater the number of persons among whom it can be subdivided—why, the more there are to say, 'a very valuable life that!' Thus, the leader of a political party, a conqueror, a king, an author who is amusing hundreds or thousands, or millions, has a greater number of persons whom his worth interests and affects than a Saint Simon Stylites could have when he perched himself at the top of a column; although, regarded each in himself, Saint Simon, in his grand mortification of flesh, in the idea that he thereby pleased his Divine Benefactor, might represent a larger sum of moral value *per se* than Bonaparte or Voltaire."

PISISTRATUS.—"Perfectly clear, sir, but I don't see what it has to do with My Novel."

MR. CAXTON.—"Every thing. Your novel, if it is to be a full and comprehensive survey of the '*quicquid agunt homines*' (which it ought to be, considering the length and breadth to which I foresee, from the slow development of your story, you meditate extending and expanding it), will embrace the two views of existence, the integral and the fractional. You have shown us the former in Leonard, when he is sitting in his mother's cottage, or resting from his work by the little fount in Riccabocca's garden. And in harmony with that view of his life, you have surrounded him with comparative integrals, only subdivided by the tender hands of their immediate families and neighbors—your Squires and Parsons, your Italian Exile and his Jemima. With all these, life is more or less the life Natural, and this is always more or less the life integral. Then comes the life Artificial, which is always more or less the life fractional. In the life Natural wherein we are swayed but by our own native impulses and desires, subservient only to the great silent law of virtue (which has pervaded the universe since it swung out of chaos), a man is of worth from what he is in himself—Newton was as worthy before the apple fell from the tree as when all Europe applauded the discoverer of the Principle of Gravity. But in the life Artificial we are only of worth inasmuch as we affect others. And, relative to that life, Newton rose in value more than a million per cent. when down fell the apple from which ultimately sprang up his discovery. In order to keep civilization going, and spread over the world the light of human intellect, we have certain desires within us, ever swelling beyond the ease and independence which belong to us as integrals. Cold man as Newton might be (he once took a lady's hand in his own, Kitty, and used her fore-finger for his tobacco-stopper; great philosopher!)—cold as he might be, he was yet moved into giving

his discoveries to the world, and that from motives very little differing in their quality from the motives that make Dr. Squills communicate articles to the Phrenological Journal upon the skulls of Bushmen and wombats. For it is the *property of light to travel*. When a man has light in him, forth it must go. But the first passage of Genius from its integral state (in which it has been reposing on its own wealth) into the fractional, is usually through a hard and vulgar pathway. It leaves behind it the reveries of solitude, that self-contemplating rest which may be called the Visionary, and enters suddenly into the state that may be called the Positive and Actual. There, it sees the operations of money on the outer life—sees all the ruder and commoner springs of action—sees ambition without nobleness—love without romance—is hustled about, and ordered, and trampled, and cowed—in short, it passes an apprenticeship with some Richard Avenel, and does not yet detect what good and what grandeur, what addition even to the true poetry of the social universe, fractional existences like Richard Avenel's bestow; for the pillars that support society are like those of the Court of the Hebrew Tabernacle—they are of brass it is true, but they are filleted with silver. From such intermediate state Genius is expelled and driven on in its way, and would have been so in this case had Mrs. Fairfield (who is but the representative of the homely natural affections, strongest ever in true genius—for light is warm) never crushed Mr. Avenel's moss-rose on her sisterly bosom. Now, forth from this passage and defile of transition into the larger world, must Genius go on, working out its natural destiny amidst things and forms the most artificial. Passions that move and influence the world are at work around it. Often lost sight of itself, its very absence is a silent contrast to the agencies present. Merged and vanished for a while amidst the Practical World, yet we ourselves feel all the while that it is *there*; is at work amidst the workings around it. This practical world that effaces it, rose out of some genius that has gone before; and so each man of genius, though we never come across him, as his operations proceed in places remote from our thoroughfares, is yet influencing the practical world that ignores him, forever and ever. That is GENIUS! We can't describe it in books—we can only hint and suggest it, by the accessories which we artfully heap about it. The entrance of a true Probationer into the terrible ordeal of Practical Life is like that into the miraculous cavern by which, legend informs us, St. Patrick converted Ireland."

BLANCHE.—"What is that legend? I never heard of it."

MR. CAXTON.—"My dear, you will find it in a thin folio at the right on entering my study, written by Thomas Messingham, and called '*Florilegium Insulæ Sanctorum*,' &c. The account therein is confirmed by the relation of an

honest soldier, one Louis Ennius, who had actually entered the cavern. In short, the truth of the legend is undeniable, unless you mean to say, which I can't for a moment suppose, that Louis Ennius was a liar. Thus it runs: 'St. Patrick, finding that the Irish pagans were incredulous as to his pathetic assurances of the pains and torments destined to those who did not expiate their sins in this world, prayed for a miracle to convince them. His prayer was heard; and a certain cavern, so small that a man could not stand up therein at his ease, was suddenly converted into a Purgatory, comprehending tortures sufficient to convince the most incredulous. One unacquainted with human nature might conjecture that few would be disposed to venture voluntarily into such a place;—on the contrary, pilgrims came in crowds. Now, all who entered from vain curiosity, or with souls unprepared, perished miserably; but those who entered with deep and earnest faith, conscious of their faults, and if bold, yet humble, not only came out safe and sound, but purified, as if from the waters of a second baptism.' See Savage and Johnson, at night in Fleet-street;—and who shall doubt the truth of St. Patrick's Purgatory!" Therewith my father sighed—closed his Lucian, which had lain open on the table, and would read nothing but "good books" for the rest of the evening.

CHAPTER II.

ON their escape from the prison to which Mr. Avenel had condemned them, Leonard and his mother found their way to a small public-house that lay at a little distance from the town, and on the outskirts of the high-road. With his arm round his mother's waist, Leonard supported her steps, and soothed her excitement. In fact, the poor woman's nerves were greatly shaken, and she felt an uneasy remorse at the injury her intrusion had inflicted on the young man's worldly prospects. As the shrewd reader has guessed already, that infamous Tinker was the prime agent of evil in this critical turn in the affairs of his quondam customer. For, on his return to his haunts around Hazeldean and the Casino, the Tinker had hastened to apprise Mrs. Fairfield of his interview with Leonard, and on finding that she was not aware that the boy was under the roof of his uncle, the pestilent vagabond (perhaps from spite against Mr. Avenel, or perhaps from that pure love of mischief by which metaphysical critics explain the character of Iago, and which certainly formed a main element in the idiosyncrasy of Mr. Sprott) had so impressed on the widow's mind the haughty demeanor of the uncle and the refined costume of the nephew, that Mrs. Fairfield had been seized with a bitter and insupportable jealousy. There was an intention to rob her of her boy!—he was to be made too fine for her. His silence was now accounted for. This sort of jealousy, always more or less a feminine quality, is often very strong among the poor; and it was the

more strong in Mrs. Fairfield, because, lone woman that she was, the boy was all in all to her. And though she was reconciled to the loss of his presence, nothing could reconcile her to the thought that his affections should be weaned from her. Moreover, there were in her mind certain impressions, of the justice of which the reader may better judge hereafter, as to the gratitude—more than ordinarily filial—which Leonard owed to her. In short, she did not like, as she phrased it, "to be shaken off;" and after a sleepless night she resolved to judge for herself, much moved thereto by the malicious suggestions to that effect made by Mr. Sprott, who mightily enjoyed the idea of mortifying the gentleman by whom he had been so disrespectfully threatened with the treadmill. The widow felt angry with Parson Dale, and with the Riccaboccas: she thought they were in the plot against her; she communicated, therefore, her intention to none—and off she set, performing the journey partly on the top of the coach, partly on foot. No wonder that she was dusty, poor woman.

"And, oh! boy!" said she, half-sobbing; "when I got through the lodge-gates, came on the lawn, and saw all that power o' fine folk—I said to myself, says I—(for I felt frittled)—I'll just have a look at him and go back. But, ah, Lenny, when I saw thee, looking so handsome—and when thee turned and cried 'Mother,' my heart was just ready to leap out o' my mouth—and so I could not help hugging thee, if I had died for it. And thou wert so kind, that I forgot all Mr. Sprott had said about Dick's pride, or thought he had just told a fib about that, as he had wanted me to believe a fib about thee. Then Dick came up—and I had not seen him for so many years—and we come o' the same father and mother; and so—and so—" The widow's sobs here fairly choked her. "Ah," she said, after giving vent to her passion, and throwing her arms round Leonard's neck, as they sate in the little sanded parlor of the public-house—"ah, and I've brought thee to this. Go back, go back, boy, and never mind me."

With some difficulty Leonard pacified poor Mrs. Fairfield, and got her to retire to bed; for she was, indeed, thoroughly exhausted. He then stepped forth into the road, musingly. All the stars were out; and Youth, in its troubles, instinctively looks up to the stars. Folding his arms, Leonard gazed on the heavens, and his lips murmured.

From this trance, for so it might be called, he was awakened by a voice in a decidedly London accent; and, turning hastily round, saw Mr. Avenel's very gentlemanlike butler. Leonard's first idea was that his uncle had repented, and sent in search of him. But the butler seemed as much surprised at the rencounter as himself: that personage, indeed, the fatigues of the day being over, was accompanying one of Mr. Gunter's waiters to the public-house (at which the latter had secured his lodging), having discovered an old friend in the waiter, and proposing to re-

gale himself with a cheerful glass, and—(*that of course*)—abuse of his present situation.

"Mr. Fairfield!" exclaimed the butler, while the waiter walked discreetly on.

Leonard looked, and said nothing. The butler began to think that some apology was due for leaving his plate and his pantry, and that he might as well secure Leonard's propitiatory influence with his master—

"Please, sir," said he, touching his hat, "I was just a-showing Mr. Giles the way to the Blue Bells, where he puts up for the night. I hope my master will not be offended. If you are a-going back, sir, would you kindly mention it?"

"I am not going back, Jarvis," answered Leonard, after a pause; "I am leaving Mr. Avenel's house, to accompany my mother; rather suddenly. I should be very much obliged to you if you would bring some things of mine to me at the Blue Bells. I will give you the list, if you will step back with me to the inn."

Without waiting for a reply, Leonard then turned toward the inn, and made his humble inventory; item, the clothes he had brought with him from the Casino; item, the knapsack that had contained them; item, a few books ditto; item, Dr. Riccabocca's watch; item, sundry MSS., on which the young student now built all his hopes of fame and fortune. This list he put into Mr. Jarvis's hand.

"Sir," said the butler, twirling the paper between his finger and thumb, "you are not a-going for long, I hope;" and as he thought of the scene on the lawn, the report of which had vaguely reached his ears, he looked on the face of the young man, who had always been "civil spoken to him," with as much curiosity and as much compassion as so apathetic and princely a personage could experience in matters affecting a family less aristocratic than he had hitherto condescended to serve.

"Yes," said Leonard, simply and briefly; "and your master will no doubt excuse you for rendering me this service."

Mr. Jarvis postponed for the present his glass and chat with the waiter, and went back at once to Mr. Avenel. That gentleman, still seated in his library, had not been aware of the butler's absence; and when Mr. Jarvis entered and told him that he had met Mr. Fairfield, and, communicating the commission with which he was intrusted, asked leave to execute it, Mr. Avenel felt the man's inquisitive eye was on him, and conceived new wrath against Leonard for a new humiliation to his pride. It was awkward to give no explanation of his nephew's departure, still more awkward to explain.

After a short pause, Mr. Avenel said sullenly, "My nephew is going away on business for some time—do what he tells you;" and then turned his back, and lighted his cigar.

"That beast of a boy," said he, soliloquizing, "either means this as an affront, or an overture;

if an affront, he is, indeed, well got rid of; if an overture, he will soon make a more respectful and proper one. After all, I can't have too little of relations till I have fairly secured Mrs. M'Catchly. An Honorable! I wonder if that makes me an Honorable too? This cursed Debrett contains no practical information on these points."

The next morning, the clothes and the watch with which Mr. Avenel had presented Leonard were returned, with a note meant to express gratitude, but certainly written with very little knowledge of the world, and so full of that somewhat over-resentful pride which had in earlier life made Leonard fly from Hazeldean, and refuse all apology to Randal, that it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Avenel's last remorseful feelings evaporated in ire. "I hope he will starve!" said the uncle, vindictively.

CHAPTER III.

"LISTEN to me, my dear mother," said Leonard the next morning, as with his knapsack on his shoulder and Mrs. Fairfield on his arm, he walked along the high road; "I do assure you, from my heart, that I do not regret the loss of favors which I see plainly would have crushed out of me the very sense of independence. But do not fear for me; I have education and energy—I shall do well for myself, trust me. No; I can not, it is true, go back to our cottage—I can not be a gardener again. Don't ask me—I should be discontented, miserable. But I will go up to London! That's the place to make a fortune and a name: I will make both. O yes, trust me, I will. You shall soon be proud of your Leonard; and then we will always live together—always! Don't cry."

"But what can you do in Lunnon—such a big place, Lenny?"

"What! Every year does not some lad leave our village, and go and seek his fortune, taking with him but health and strong hands? I have these, and I have more: I have brains, and thoughts, and hopes, that—again I say, No, no—never fear for me!"

The boy threw back his head proudly; there was something sublime in his young trust in the future.

"Well—But you will write to Mr. Dale, or to me? I will get Mr. Dale, or the good Mounseer (now I know they were not agin me) to read your letters."

"I will, indeed!"

"And, boy, you have nothing in your pockets. We have paid Dick; these, at least, are my own, after paying the coach fare." And she would thrust a sovereign and some shillings into Leonard's waistcoat pocket.

After some resistance, he was forced to consent.

"And there's a sixpence with a hole in it. Don't part with that, Lenny; it will bring thee good luck."

Thus talking, they gained the inn where the

three roads met, and from which a coach went direct to the Casino. And here, without entering the inn, they sate on the green sward by the hedge-row, waiting the arrival of the coach. Mrs. Fairfield was much subdued in spirits, and there was evidently on her mind something uneasy—some struggle with her conscience. She not only upbraided herself for her rash visit; but she kept talking of her dead Mark. And what would he say of her, if he could see her in heaven?

"It was so selfish in me, Lenny."

"Pooh, pooh! Has not a mother a right to her child?"

"Ay, ay, ay!" cried Mrs. Fairfield. "I do love you as a child—my own child. But if I was not your mother after all, Lenny, and cost you all this—oh, what would you say of me then?"

"Not my own mother!" said Leonard, laughing, as he kissed her. "Well, I don't know what I should say then differently from what I say now—that you who brought me up, and nursed and cherished me, had a right to my home and my heart, wherever I was."

"Bless thee!" cried Mrs. Fairfield, as she pressed him to her heart. "But it weighs here—it weighs"—she said, starting up.

At that instant the coach appeared, and Leonard ran forward to inquire if there was an outside place. Then there was a short bustle while the horses were being changed; and Mrs. Fairfield was lifted up to the roof of the vehicle. So all further private conversation between her and Leonard ceased. But as the coach whirled away, and she waved her hand to the boy, who stood on the road-side gazing after her, she still murmured—"It weighs here—it weighs!"

CHAPTER IV.

LEONARD walked sturdily on in the high-road to the Great City. The day was calm and sunlit, but with a gentle breeze from gray hills at the distance; and with each mile that he passed, his step seemed to grow more firm, and his front more elate. Oh! it is such joy in youth to be alone with one's day-dreams. And youth feels so glorious a vigor in the sense of its own strength, though the world be before and—against it! Removed from that chilling counting-house—from the imperious will of a patron and master—all friendless, but all independent—the young adventurer felt a new being—felt his grand nature as Man. And on the Man rushed the genius long interdicted—and thrust aside—rushing back, with the first breath of adversity to console—no! the Man needed not consolation—to kindle, to animate, to rejoice! If there is a being in the world worthy of our envy, after we have grown wise philosophers of the fireside, it is not the palled voluptuary, nor the care-worn statesman, nor even the great prince of arts and letters, already crowned with the laurel, whose leaves are as fit for poison as for garlands; it is the young child of adventure

and hope. Ay, and the emptier his purse, ten to one but the richer his heart, and the wider the domains which his fancy enjoys as he goes on with kingly step to the Future.

Not till toward the evening did our adventurer slacken his pace, and think of rest and refreshment. There, then, lay before him, on either side the road, those wide patches of uninclosed land, which in England often denote the entrance to a village. Presently one or two neat cottages came in sight—then a small farm-house, with its yard and barns. And some way further yet, he saw the sign swinging before an inn of some pretensions—the sort of inn often found on a long stage between two great towns, commonly called "The Half-way House." But the inn stood back from the road, having its own separate sward in front, whereon were a great beech tree (from which the sign extended) and a rustic arbor—so that, to gain the inn, the coaches that stopped there took a sweep from the main thoroughfare. Between our pedestrian and the inn there stood naked and alone, on the common land, a church; our ancestors never would have chosen that site for it; therefore it was a modern church—modern Gothic—handsome to an eye not versed in the attributes of ecclesiastical architecture—very barbarous to an eye that was. Somehow or other the church looked cold, and raw, and uninviting. It looked a church for show—much too big for the scattered hamlet—and void of all the venerable associations which give their peculiar and unspeakable atmosphere of piety to the churches in which succeeding generations have knelt and worshiped. Leonard paused and surveyed the edifice with an unlearned but poetical gaze—it dissatisfied him. And he was yet pondering why, when a young girl passed slowly before him, her eyes fixed on the ground, opened the little gate that led into the church-yard, and vanished. He did not see the child's face; but there was something in her movements so utterly listless, forlorn, and sad, that his heart was touched. What did she there? He approached the low wall with a noiseless step, and looked over it wistfully.

There by a grave evidently quite recent, with no wooden tomb nor tombstone like the rest, the little girl had thrown herself, and she was sobbing loud and passionately. Leonard opened the gate, and approached her with a soft step. Mingled with her sobs, he heard broken sentences, wild and vain, as all human sorrowing over graves must be.

"Father! oh, father! do you not really hear me? I am so lone—so lone! Take me to you—take me!" And she buried her face in the deep grass.

"Poor child!" said Leonard, in a half whisper—"he is not there. Look above!"

The girl did not heed him—he put his arm round her waist gently—she made a gesture of impatience and anger, but she would not turn her face—and she clung to the grave with her hands.

After clear sunny days the dews fall more heavily; and now, as the sun set, the herbage was bathed in a vaporous haze—a dim mist rose around. The young man seated himself beside her, and tried to draw the child to his breast. Then she turned eagerly, indignantly, and pushed him aside with jealous arms. He profaned the grave! He understood her with his deep poet-heart, and rose. There was a pause.

Leonard was the first to break it.

"Come to your home with me, my child, and we will talk of *him* by the way."

"Him! Who are you? You did not know him!" said the girl, still with anger. "Go away—why do you disturb me? I do no one harm. Go—go!"

"You do yourself harm, and that will grieve him if he sees you yonder! Come!"

The child looked at him through her blinding tears, and his face softened and soothed her.

"Go!" she said very plaintively, and in subdued accents. "I will but stay a minute more. I—I have so much to say yet."

Leonard left the church-yard, and waited without; and in a short time the child came forth, waved him aside as he approached her, and hurried away. He followed her at a distance, and saw her disappear within the inn.

CHAPTER V.

"HIP—HIP—HURRAH!" Such was the sound that greeted our young traveler as he reached the inn-door—a sound joyous in itself, but sadly out of harmony with the feelings which the child sobbing on the tombless grave had left at his heart. The sound came from within, and was followed by thumps and stamps, and the jingle of glasses. A strong odor of tobacco was wafted to his olfactory sense. He hesitated a moment at the threshold. Before him on benches under the beech-tree and within the arbor, were grouped sundry athletic forms with "pipes in the liberal air." The landlady, as she passed across the passage to the tap-room, caught sight of his form at the doorway, and came forward. Leonard still stood irresolute. He would have gone on his way, but for the child; she had interested him strongly.

"You seem full, ma'am," said he. "Can I have accommodation for the night?"

"Why, indeed, sir," said the landlady, civilly, "I can give you a bed-room, but I don't know where to put you meanwhile. The two parlors and the tap-room and the kitchen are all chokeful. There has been a great cattle-fair in the neighborhood, and I suppose we have as many as fifty farmers and drovers stopping here."

"As to that, ma'am, I can sit in the bed-room you are kind enough to give me; and if it does not cause you much trouble to let me have some tea there, I should be glad; but I can wait your leisure. Do not put yourself out of the way for me."

The landlady was touched by a consideration

she was not much habituated to receive from her bluff customers.

"You speak very handsome, sir, and we will do our best to serve you, if you will excuse all faults. This way, sir." Leonard lowered his knapsack, stepped into the passage, with some difficulty forced his way through a knot of sturdy giants in top-boots or leathern gaiters, who were swarming in and out the tap-room, and followed his hostess up-stairs to a little bed-room at the top of the house.

"It is small, sir, and high," said the hostess, apologetically. "But there be four gentlemen-farmers that have come a great distance, and all the first floor is engaged; you will be more out of the noise here."

"Nothing can suit me better. But, stay—pardon me;" and Leonard, glancing at the garb of the hostess, observed she was not in mourning. "A little girl whom I saw in the church-yard yonder, weeping very bitterly—is she a relation of yours? Poor child, she seems to have deeper feelings than are common at her age."

"Ah, sir," said the landlady, putting the corner of her apron to her eyes, "it is a very sad story—I don't know what to do. Her father was taken ill on his way to Lunnun, and stopped here, and has been buried four days. And the poor little girl seems to have no relations—and where is she to go? Laryer Jones says we must pass her to Marybone parish, where her father lived last; and what's to become of her then? My heart bleeds to think on it." Here then rose such an uproar from below, that it was evident some quarrel had broken out; and the hostess, recalled to her duties, hastened to carry thither her propitiatory influences.

Leonard seated himself pensively by the little lattice. Here was some one more alone in the world than he. And she, poor orphan, had no stout man's heart to grapple with fate, and no golden manuscripts that were to be as the "Open Sesame" to the treasures of Aladdin. By-and-by, the hostess brought him up a tray with tea and other refreshments, and Leonard resumed his inquiries. "No relatives?" said he; "surely the child must have some kinsfolk in London? Did her father leave no directions, or was he in possession of his faculties?"

"Yes, sir; he was quite reasonablelike to the last. And I asked him if he had not any thing on his mind, and he said, 'I have.' And I said, 'your little girl, sir?' And he answered me, 'Yes, ma'am;' and laying his head on his pillow, he wept very quietly. I could not say more myself, for it set me off to see him cry so meekly; but my husband is harder nor I, and he said, 'Cheer up, Mr. Digby; had not you better write to your friends?'"

"Friends!" said the gentleman, in such a voice! "Friends, I have but one, and I am going to Him! I can not take her there!" Then he seemed suddenly to recollect himself, and called for his clothes, and rummaged in the pockets as if looking for some address, and

could not find it. He seemed a forgetful kind of gentleman, and his hands were what I call *helpless* hands, sir! And then he gasped out, 'Stop—stop! I never had the address. Write to Lord Les—' something like Lord Lester—but we could not make out the name. Indeed, he did not finish it, for there was a rush of blood to his lips; and though he seemed sensible when he recovered (and knew us and his little girl too, till he went off smiling), he never spoke word more."

"Poor man," said Leonard, wiping his eyes. "But his little girl surely remembers the name that he did not finish?"

"No. She says, he must have meant a gentleman whom they had met in the Park not long ago, who was very kind to her father, and was Lord something; but she don't remember the name, for she never saw him before or since, and her father talked very little about any one lately, but thought he should find some kind friends at Screwtown, and traveled down there with her from Lunnon. But she supposes he was disappointed, for he went out, came back, and merely told her to put up the things, as they must go back to Lunnon. And on his way there he—died. Hush, what's that? I hope she did not overhear us. No, we were talking low. She has the next room to your'n, sir. I thought I heard her sobbing. Hush!"

"In the next room? I hear nothing. Well, with your leave, I will speak to her before I quit you. And had her father no money with him?"

"Yes, a few sovereigns, sir; they paid for his funeral, and there is a little left still, enough to take her to town; for my husband said, says he, 'Hannah, the widow gave her mite, and we must not *take* the orphan's,' and my husband is a hard man, too, sir. Bless him?"

"Let me take your hand, ma'am. God reward you both."

"La, sir!—why, even Dr. Dosewell said, rather grumpily though, 'Never mind my bill; but don't call me up at six o'clock in the morning again, without knowing a little more about people.' And I never afore knew Dr. Dosewell go without his bill being paid. He said it was a trick o' the other Doctor to spite him."

"What other Doctor?"

"Oh, a very good gentleman, who got out with Mr. Digby when he was taken ill, and staid till the next morning; and our Doctor says his name is Morgan, and he lives in—Lunnon, and is a homy—something."

"Homicide," suggested Leonard ignorantly.

"Ah—homicide; something like that, only a deal longer and worse. But he left some of the tiniest little balls you ever see, sir, to give the child; but, bless you, they did her no good—how should they?"

"Tiny balls, oh—homeopathist—I understand. And the Doctor was kind to her; perhaps he may help her. Have you written to him?"

"But we don't know his address, and Lunnon is a vast place, sir."

"I am going to London, and will find it out."

"Ah, sir, you seem very kind; and sin' she must go to Lunnon (for what can we do with her here?—she's too genteel for service), I wish she was going with you."

"With me!" said Leonard, startled; "with me! Well, why not?"

"I am sure she comes of good blood, sir. You would have known her father was quite the gentleman, only to see him die, sir. He went off so kind and civil like, as if he was ashamed to give so much trouble—quite a gentleman, if ever there was one. And so are you, sir, I'm sure," said the landlady, courtesying; "I know what gentlefolk be. I've been a housekeeper in the first of families in this very shire, sir, though I can't say I've served in Lunnon; and so, as gentlefolks know each other, I've no doubt you could find out her relations. Dear—dear! Coming, coming!"

Here there were loud cries for the hostess, and she hurried away. The farmers and drovers were beginning to depart, and their bills were to be made out and paid. Leonard saw his hostess no more that night. The last hip—hip—hurrah, was heard; some toast, perhaps, to the health of the county members;—and the chamber of woe, beside Leonard's, rattled with the shout. By-and-by silence gradually succeeded the various dissonant sounds below. The carts and gigs rolled away; the clatter of hoofs on the road ceased; there was then a dumb dull sound as of locking-up, and low humming of voices below, and footsteps mounting the stairs to bed, with now and then a drunken hiccup or maudlin laugh, as some conquered votary of Bacchus was fairly carried up to his domicile.

All, then, at last, was silent, just as the clock from the church sounded the stroke of eleven.

Leonard, meanwhile, had been looking over his MSS. There was first a project for an improvement on the steam-engine—a project that had long lain in his mind, begun with the first knowledge of mechanics that he had gleaned from his purchases of the Tinker. He put that aside now—it required too great an effort of the reasoning faculty to re-examine. He glanced less hastily over a collection of essays on various subjects, some that he thought indifferent, some that he thought good. He then lingered over a collection of verses, written in his best hand with loving care—verses first inspired by his perusal of Nora's melancholy memorials. These verses were as a diary of his heart and his fancy—those deep unwitnessed struggles which the boyhood of all more thoughtful natures has passed in its bright yet murky storm of the cloud and the lightning flash; though but few boys paused to record the crisis from which slowly emerges Man. And these first desultory grapplings with the fugitive airy images that flit through the dim chambers of the

brain, had become with each effort more sustained and vigorous, till the phantoms were spelled, the flying ones arrested, the Immaterial seized, and clothed with Form. Gazing on his last effort, Leonard felt that there at length spoke forth the Poet. It was a work which, though as yet but half completed, came from a strong hand; not that shadow trembling on unsteady waters, which is but the pale reflex and imitation of some bright mind, sphered out of reach and afar; but an original substance—a life—a thing of the *Creative Faculty*—breathing back already the breath it had received. This work had paused during Leonard's residence with Mr. Avenel, or had only now and then, in stealth, and at night, received a rare touch. Now, as with a fresh eye, he re-perused it; and with that strange, innocent admiration, not of self—for a man's work is not, alas! himself—it is the beatified and idealized essence, extracted he knows not how from his own human elements of clay)—admiration known but to poets—their purest delight, often their sole reward. And then, with a warmer and more earthly beat of his full heart, he rushed in fancy to the Great City, where all rivers of Fame meet, but not to be merged and lost—sallying forth again, individualized and separate, to flow through that one vast Thought of God which we call *THE WORLD*.

He put up his papers; and opened his window, as was his ordinary custom, before he retired to rest—for he had many odd habits; and he loved to look out into the night when he prayed. His soul seemed to escape from the body—to mount on the air—to gain more rapid access to the far Throne in the Infinite—when his breath went forth among the winds, and his eyes rested fixed on the stars of Heaven.

So the boy prayed silently; and after his prayer he was about lingeringly to close the lattice, when he heard distinctly sobs close at hand. He paused, and held his breath; then looked gently out; the casement next his own was also open. Some one was also at watch by that casement—perhaps also praying. He listened yet more intently, and caught, soft and low, the words, “Father—father—do you hear me *now*?”

CHAPTER VI.

LEONARD opened his door and stole toward that of the room adjoining; for his first natural impulse had been to enter and console. But when his touch was on the handle, he drew back. Child though the mourner was, her sorrows were rendered yet more sacred from intrusion by her sex. Something, he knew not what, in his young ignorance, withheld him from the threshold. To have crossed it then would have seemed to him profanation. So he returned, and for hours yet he occasionally heard the sobs, till they died away, and childhood wept itself to sleep.

But the next morning, when he heard his neighbor astir, he knocked gently at her door:

there was no answer. He entered softly, and saw her seated very listlessly in the centre of the room—as if it had no familiar nook or corner as the rooms of home have—her hands drooping on her lap, and her eyes gazing desolately on the floor. Then he approached and spoke to her.

Helen was very subdued, and very silent. Her tears seemed dried up; and it was long before she gave sign or token that she heeded him. At length, however, he gradually succeeded in rousing her interest; and the first symptom of his success was in the quiver of her lip, and the overflow of the downcast eyes.

By little and little he wormed himself into her confidence; and she told him, in broken whispers, her simple story. But what moved him the most was, that, beyond her sense of loneliness, she did not seem to feel her own unprotected state. She mourned the object she had nursed, and heeded, and cherished; for she had been rather the protectress than the protected to the helpless dead. He could not gain from her any more satisfactory information than the landlady had already imparted, as to her friends and prospects; but she permitted him passively to look among the effects her father had left—save only that if his hand touched something that seemed to her associations especially holy, she waved him back, or drew it quickly away. There were many bills receipted in the name of Captain Digby—old yellow faded music-scores for the flute—extracts of Parts from Prompt Books—gay parts of lively comedies, in which heroes have so noble a contempt for money—fit heroes for a Sheridan and a Farquhar; close by these were several pawnbroker's tickets; and, not arranged smoothly, but crumpled up, as if with an indignant nervous clutch of the old helpless hands, some two or three letters. He asked Helen's permission to glance at these, for they might give a clew to friends. Helen gave the permission by a silent bend of the head. The letters, however, were but short and freezing answers from what appeared to be distant connections or former friends, or persons to whom the deceased had applied for some situation. They were all very disheartening in their tone. Leonard next endeavored to refresh Helen's memory as to the name of the nobleman which had been last on her father's lips; but there he failed wholly. For it may be remembered that Lord L'Estrange, when he pressed his loan on Mr. Digby, and subsequently told that gentleman to address to him at Mr. Egerton's, had, from a natural delicacy, sent the child on, that she might not hear the charity bestowed on the father; and Helen said truly, that Mr. Digby had sunk into a habitual silence on all his affairs latterly. She might have heard her father mention the name, but she had not treasured it up; all she could say was, that she should know the stranger again if she met him, and his dog too. Seeing that the child had grown calm, Leonard was then going to leave the room, in order to confer with the hostess: when she rose

suddenly, though noiselessly, and put her little hand in his, as if to detain him. She did not say a word—the action said all—said “Do not desert me.” And Leonard’s heart rushed to his lips, and he answered to the action, as he bent down and kissed her cheek, “Orphan, will you go with me? We have one Father yet to both of us, and He will guide us on earth. I am fatherless like you.” She raised her eyes to his—looked at him long—and then leant her head confidently on his strong young shoulder.

CHAPTER VII.

AT noon that same day, the young man and the child were on their road to London. The host had at first a little demurred at trusting Helen to so young a companion; but Leonard, in his happy ignorance, had talked so sanguinely of finding out this lord, or some adequate protection for the child; and in so grand a strain, though with all sincerity—had spoken of his own great prospects in the metropolis (he did not say what they were!)—that had it been the craftiest impostor he could not more have taken in the rustic host. And while the landlady still cherished the illusive fancy, that all gentlefolks must know each other in London, as they did in a county, the landlord believed, at least, that a young man so respectably dressed, although but a foot-traveler—who talked in so confident a tone, and who was so willing to undertake what might be rather a burdensome charge, unless he saw how to rid himself of it—would be sure to have friends, older and wiser than himself, who would judge what could best be done for the orphan.

And what was the host to do with her? Better this volunteered escort, at least, than vaguely passing her on from parish to parish, and leaving her friendless at last in the streets of London. Helen, too, smiled for the first time on being asked her wishes, and again put her hand in Leonard’s. In short, so it was settled.

The little girl made up a bundle of the things she most prized or needed. Leonard did not feel the additional load, as he slung it to his knapsack: the rest of the luggage was to be sent to London as soon as Leonard wrote (which he promised to do soon), and gave an address.

Helen paid her last visit to the church-yard; and she joined her companion as he stood on the road, without the solemn precincts. And now they had gone on some hours; and when he asked if she were tired, she still answered, “No.” But Leonard was merciful, and made their day’s journey short; and it took them some days to reach London. By the long lonely way, they grew so intimate; at the end of the second day, they called each other brother and sister; and Leonard, to his delight, found that as her grief, with the bodily movement and the change of scene, subsided from its first intenseness and its insensibility to other impressions, she developed a quickness of comprehension far beyond her years. Poor child! *that* had been forced upon her by Necessity. And she understood

him in his spiritual consolations—half-poetical, half-religious; and she listened to his own tale, and the story of his self-education and solitary struggles—those, too, she understood. But when he burst out with his enthusiasm, his glorious hopes, his confidence in the fate before them, then she would shake her head very quietly and very sadly. Did she comprehend *them*? Alas! perhaps too well. She knew more as to real life than he did. Leonard was at first their joint treasurer; but before the second day was over, Helen seemed to discover that he was too lavish; and she told him so, with a prudent, grave look, putting her hand on his arm as he was about to enter an inn to dine; and the gravity would have been comic, but that the eyes through their moisture were so meek and grateful. She felt he was about to incur that ruinous extravagance on her account. Somehow or other, the purse found its way into her keeping, and then she looked proud and in her natural element.

Ah! what happy meals under her care were provided: so much more enjoyable than in dull, sanded inn-parlors, swarming with flies and reeking with stale tobacco. She would leave him at the entrance of a village, bound forward, and cater, and return with a little basket and a pretty blue jug—which she had bought on the road—the last filled with new milk; the first with new bread and some special dainty in radishes or water-cresses. And she had such a talent for finding out the prettiest spot whereon to halt and dine: sometimes in the heart of a wood—so still, it was like a forest in fairy tales, the hare stealing through the alleys, or the squirrel peeping at them from the boughs; sometimes by a little brawling stream, with the fishes seen under the clear wave, and shooting round the crumbs thrown to them. They made an Arcadia of the dull road up to their dread Thermopylæ—the war against the million that waited them on the other side of their pass through Tempe.

“Shall we be as happy when we are *great*?” said Leonard, in his grand simplicity.

Helen sighed, and the wise little head was shaken.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT last they came within easy reach of London; but Leonard had resolved not to enter the metropolis fatigued and exhausted, as a wanderer needing refuge, but fresh and elate, as a conqueror coming in triumph to take possession of the capital. Therefore they halted early in the evening of the day preceding this imperial entry, about six miles from the metropolis, in the neighborhood of Ealing (for by that route lay their way). They were not tired on arriving at their inn. The weather was singularly lovely, with that combination of softness and brilliancy which is only known to the rare true summer days of England: all below so green, above so blue—days of which we have about six

in the year, and recall vaguely when we read of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, of Damsel and Knight, in Spenser's golden Summer Song, or of Jacques, dropped under the oak tree, watching the deer amidst the dells of Ardennes. So, after a little pause in their inn, they strolled forth, not for travel, but pleasure, toward the cool of sunset, passing by the grounds that once belonged to the Duke of Kent, and catching a glimpse of the shrubs and lawns of that beautiful domain through the lodge-gates; then they crossed into some fields, and came to a little rivulet called the Brent. Helen had been more sad that day than on any during their journey. Perhaps, because, on approaching London, the memory of her father became more vivid; perhaps from her precocious knowledge of life, and her foreboding of what was to befall them, children that they both were. But Leonard was selfish that day; he could not be influenced by his companion's sorrow, he was so full of his own sense of being, and he already caught from the atmosphere the fever that belongs to anxious Capitals.

"Sit here, sister," said he imperiously throwing himself under the shade of a pollard tree that overhung the winding brook, "sit here and talk."

He flung off his hat, tossed back his rich curls, and sprinkled his brow from the stream that eddied round the roots of the tree that bulged out, bald and gnarled, from the bank, and delved into the waves below. Helen quietly obeyed him, and nestled close to his side.

"And so this London is really very vast?—very?" he repeated inquisitively.

"Very," answered Helen, as abstractedly she plucked the cowslips near her, and let them fall into the running waters. "See how the flowers are carried down the stream! They are lost now. London is to us what the river is to the flowers—very vast—very strong;" and she added, after a pause, "very cruel?"

"Cruel! Ah, it *has* been so to you; but *now*!—now I will take care of you!" he smiled triumphantly; and his smile was beautiful both in its pride and its kindness. It is astonishing how Leonard had altered since he had left his uncle's. He was both younger and older; for the sense of genius, when it snaps its shackles, makes us both older and wiser as to the world it soars to—younger and blinder as to the world it springs from.

"And it is not a very handsome city either, you say?"

"Very ugly, indeed," said Helen, with some fervor; "at least all I have seen of it."

"But there must be parts that are prettier than others? You say there are parks; why should not we lodge near them, and look upon the green trees?"

"That would be nice," said Helen, almost joyously; "but—" and here the head was shaken—"there are no lodgings for us except in courts and alleys."

"Why?"

"Why?" echoed Helen, with a smile, and she held up the purse.

"Pooh! always that horrid purse; as if, too, we were not going to fill it. Did I not tell you the story of Fortunio? Well, at all events, we will go first to the neighborhood where you last lived, and learn there all we can; and then the day after to-morrow, I will see this Dr. Morgan, and find out the Lord—"

The tears started to Helen's soft eyes. "You want to get rid of me soon, brother."

"I! ah, I feel so happy to have you with me, it seems to me as if I had pined for you all my life, and you had come at last; for I never had brother, nor sister, nor any one to love, that was not older than myself, except—"

"Except the young lady you told me of," said Helen, turning away her face; for children are very jealous.

"Yes, I loved her, love her still. But that was different," said Leonard, with a heightened color. "I could never have talked to her as to you; to you I open my whole heart; you are my little Muse, Helen. I confess to you my wild whims and fancies as frankly as if I were writing poetry." As he said this, a step was heard, and a shadow fell over the stream. A belated angler appeared on the margin, drawing his line impatiently across the water, as if to worry some dozing fish into a bite before it finally settled itself for the night. Absorbed in his occupation, the angler did not observe the young persons on the sward under the tree, and he halted there, close upon them.

"Curse that perch!" said he aloud.

"Take care, sir," cried Leonard; for the man in stepping back, nearly trod upon Helen.

The angler turned. "What's the matter? Hist! you have frightened my perch. Keep still, can't you?"

Helen drew herself out of the way, and Leonard remained motionless. He remembered Jackeymo, and felt a sympathy for the angler.

"It is the most extraordinary perch, that!" muttered the stranger, soliloquizing. "It has the devil's own luck. It must have been born with a silver spoon in its mouth, that damned perch! I shall never catch it—never! Ha!—no—only a weed. I give it up." With this, he indignantly jerked his rod from the water, and began to disjoint it. While leisurely engaged in this occupation, he turned to Leonard.

"Humph! are you intimately acquainted with this stream, sir?"

"No," answered Leonard. "I never saw it before."

ANGLER (solemnly).—"Then, young man, take my advice, and do not give way to its fascinations. Sir, I am a martyr to this stream; it has been the Dalilah of my existence."

LEONARD (interested, the last sentence seemed to him poetical).—"The Dalilah! Sir—the Dalilah!"

ANGLER.—"The Dalilah. Young man, listen, and be warned by example. When I was about

your age, I first came to this stream to fish. Sir, on that fatal day, about 3, P.M., I hooked up a fish—such a big one, it must have weighed a pound and a half. Sir, it was that length;” and the angler put finger to wrist. “And just when I had got it nearly ashore, by the very place where you are sitting, on that shelving bank, young man, the line broke, and the perch twisted himself among those roots, and—caco-dæmon that he was—ran off, hook and all. Well, that fish haunted me; never before had I seen such a fish. Minnows I had caught in the Thames and elsewhere, also gudgeons, and occasionally a dace. But a fish like that—a PERCH—all his fins up like the sails of a man-of-war—a monster perch—a whale of a perch!—No, never till then had I known what leviathans lie hid within the deeps. I could not sleep till I had returned; and again, sir—I caught that perch. And this time I pulled him fairly out of the water. He escaped; and how did he escape? Sir, he left his eye behind him on the hook. Years, long years, have passed since then; but never shall I forget the agony of that moment.”

LEONARD.—“To the perch, sir?”

ANGLER.—“Perch! agony to him! He enjoyed it:—agony to me. I gazed on that eye, and the eye looked as sly and as wicked as if it was laughing in my face. Well, sir, I had heard that there is no better bait for a perch than a perch’s eye. I adjusted that eye on the hook, and dropped in the line gently. The water was unusually clear; in two minutes I saw that perch return. He approached the hook; he recognized his eye—frisked his tail—made a plunge—and, as I live, carried off the eye, safe and sound; and I saw him digesting it by the side of that water lily. The mocking fiend! Seven times since that day, in the course of a varied and eventful life, have I caught that perch, and seven times has that perch escaped.”

LEONARD (astonished):—“It can’t be the same perch; perches are very tender fish—a hook inside of it, and an eye hooked out of it—no perch could withstand such havoc in its constitution.”

ANGLER (with an appearance of awe).—“It does seem supernatural. But it is that perch; for harkye, sir, there is ONLY ONE perch in the whole brook! All the years I have fished here, I have never caught another perch here; and this solitary inmate of the watery element I know by sight better than I know my own lost father. For each time that I have raised it out of the water, its profile has been turned to me, and I have seen, with a shudder, that it has had only—One Eye! It is a most mysterious and a most diabolical phenomenon, that perch! It has been the ruin of my prospects in life. I was offered a situation in Jamaica; I could not go, with that perch left here in triumph. I might afterward have had an appointment in India, but I could not put the ocean between myself and that perch: thus have I frittered away my existence in the fatal metropolis of my native land. And once a-week, from February to December,

I come hither—Good Heavens! if I should catch the perch at last, the occupation of my existence will be gone.”

Leonard gazed curiously at the angler, as the last thus mournfully concluded. The ornate turn of his periods did not suit with his costume. He looked woefully threadbare and shabby—a genteel sort of shabbiness too—shabbiness in black. There was humor in the corners of his lip; and his hands, though they did not seem very clean—indeed his occupation was not friendly to such niceties—were those of a man who had not known manual labor. His face was pale and puffed, but the tip of his nose was red. He did not seem as if the watery element was as familiar to himself as to his Dalilah—the perch.

“Such is Life!” recommenced the angler in a moralizing tone, as he slid his rod into its canvas case. “If a man knew what it was to fish all one’s life in a stream that has only one perch!—to catch that one perch nine times in all, and nine times to see it fall back into the water, plump;—if a man knew what it was—why, then!”—Here the angler looked over his shoulder full at Leonard—“why then, young sir, he would know what human life is to vain ambition. Good evening.”

Away he went, treading over the daisies and king cups. Helen’s eyes followed him wistfully.

“What a strange person!” said Leonard, laughing.

“I think he is a very wise one,” murmured Helen; and she came close up to Leonard, and took his hand in both hers, as if she felt already that he was in need of the Comforter—the line broke, and the perch lost!

CHAPTER IX.

AT noon the next day, London stole upon them, through a gloomy, thick, oppressive atmosphere. For where is it that we can say London *bursts* on the sight? It stole on them through one of its fairest and most gracious avenues of approach—by the stately gardens of Kensington—along the side of Hyde Park, and so on toward Cumberland Gate.

Leonard was not the least struck. And yet, with a very little money, and a very little taste, it would be easy to render this entrance to London as grand and imposing as that to Paris from the *Champs Elysées*. As they came near the Edgeware Road, Helen took her new brother by the hand and guided him. For she knew all that neighborhood, and she was acquainted with a lodging near that occupied by her father (to that lodging itself she could not have gone for the world), where they might be housed cheaply.

But just then the sky, so dull and overcast since morning, seemed one mass of black cloud. There suddenly came on a violent storm of rain. The boy and girl took refuge in a covered mews, in a street running out of the Edgeware Road. This shelter soon became crowded; the two young pilgrims crept close to the wall, apart

from the rest; Leonard's arm round Helen's waist, sheltering her from the rain that the strong wind contending with it beat in through the passage. Presently a young gentleman, of better mien and dress than the other refugees, entered, not hastily, but rather with a slow and proud step, as if, though he deigned to take shelter, he scorned to run to it. He glanced somewhat haughtily at the assembled group—passed on through the midst of it—came near Leonard—took off his hat, and shook the rain from its brim. His head thus uncovered, left all his features exposed; and the village youth recognized, at the first glance, his old victorious assailant on the green at Hazeldean.

Yet Randal Leslie was altered. His dark cheek was as thin as in boyhood, and even yet more wasted by intense study and night vigils; but the expression of his face was at once more refined and manly, and there was a steady concentrated light in his large eye, like that of one who has been in the habit of bringing all his thoughts to one point. He looked older than he was. He was dressed simply in black, a color which became him; and altogether his aspect and figure were not showy indeed, but distinguished. He looked, to the common eye, a gentleman; and to the more observant, a scholar.

Helter-skelter!—pell-mell! the group in the passage—now pressed each on each—now scattered on all sides—making way—rushing down the mews—against the walls—as a fiery horse darted under shelter; the rider, a young man, with a very handsome face, and dressed with that peculiar care which we commonly call dandyism, cried out, good-humoredly, "Don't be afraid; the horse shan't hurt any of you—a thousand pardons—so ho! so ho!" He patted the horse, and it stood as still as a statue, filling up the centre of the passage. The groups resettled—Randal approached the rider.

"Frank Hazeldean!"

"Ah—is it indeed Randal Leslie!"

Frank was off his horse in a moment, and the bridle was consigned to the care of a slim prentice-boy holding a bundle.

"My dear fellow, how glad I am to see you. How lucky it was that I should turn in here. Not like me either, for I don't much care for a ducking. Staying in town, Randal?"

"Yes, at your uncle's, Mr. Egerton. I have left Oxford."

"For good?"

"For good."

"But you have not taken your degree, I think? We Etonians all considered you booked for a double first. Oh! we have been so proud of your fame—you carried off all the prizes."

"Not all; but some, certainly. Mr. Egerton offered me my choice—to stay for my degree, or to enter at once into the Foreign Office. I preferred the end to the means. For, after all, what good are academical honors but as the entrance to life? To enter now, is to save a step in a long way, Frank."

"Ah! you were always ambitious, and you will make a great figure, I am sure."

"Perhaps so—if I work for it. Knowledge is power!"

Leonard started.

"And you," resumed Randal, looking with some curious attention at his old school-fellow. "You never came to Oxford. I did hear you were going into the army."

"I am in the Guards," said Frank, trying hard not to look too conceited as he made that acknowledgment. "The Governor pished a little, and would rather I had come to live with him in the old Hall, and take to farming. Time enough for that—eh? By Jove, Randal, how pleasant a thing is life in London? Do you go to Almack's to-night?"

"No; Wednesday is a holiday in the House! There is a great parliamentary dinner at Mr. Egerton's. He is in the Cabinet now, you know; but you don't see much of your uncle, I think."

"Our sets are different," said the young gentleman, in a tone of voice worthy of Brummel. "All those parliamentary fellows are devilish dull. The rain's over. I don't know whether the Governor would like me to call at Grosvenor-square; but pray come and see me; here's my card to remind you; you must dine at our mess. Such nice fellows. What day will you fix?"

"I will call and let you know. Don't you find it rather expensive in the Guards? I remember that you thought the Governor, as you call him, used to chafe a little when you wrote for more pocket-money; and the only time I ever remember to have seen you with tears in your eyes, was when Mr. Hazeldean, in sending you £5, reminded you that his estates were not entailed—were at his own disposal, and they should never go to an extravagant spendthrift. It was not a pleasant threat, that, Frank."

"Oh!" cried the young man coloring deeply, "It was not the threat that pained me, it was that my father could think so meanly of me as to fancy that—well—well, but those were school-boy days. And my father was always more generous than I deserved. We must see a good deal of each other, Randal. How good-natured you were at Eton, making my longs and shorts for me; I shall never forget it. Do call soon."

Frank swung himself into his saddle, and rewarded the slim youth with half-a-crown; a largess four times more ample than his father would have deemed sufficient. A jerk of the rein and a touch of the heel—off bounded the fiery horse and the gay young rider. Randal mused; and as the rain had now ceased, the passengers under shelter dispersed and went their way. Only Randal, Leonard, and Helen remained behind. Then, as Randal, still musing, lifted his eyes, they fell full upon Leonard's face. He started, passed his hand quickly over his brow—looked again, hard and piercingly; and the change in his pale cheek to a shade still paler—a quick compression and nervous gnawing of his lip—showed that he too recognized

an old foe. Then his glance ran over Leonard's dress, which was somewhat dust-stained, but far above the class among which the peasant was born. Randal raised his brows in surprise, and with a smile slightly supercilious—the smile stung Leonard: and with a slow step Randal left the passage, and took his way toward Grosvenor-square. The Entrance of Ambition was clear to him.

Then the little girl once more took Leonard by the hand, and led him through rows of humble, obscure, dreary streets. It seemed almost like an allegory personified, as the sad, silent child led on the penniless and low-born adventurer of genius by the squalid shops, and through the winding lanes, which grew meaner and meaner, till both their forms vanished from the view.

CHAPTER X.

"BUT do come; change your dress, return and dine with me; you will have just time, Harley. You will meet the most eminent men of our party; surely they are worth your study, philosopher that you affect to be."

Thus said Audley Egerton to Lord L'Estrange, with whom he had been riding (after the toils of his office). The two gentlemen were in Audley's library. Mr. Egerton, as usual, buttoned up, seated in his chair, in the erect posture of a man who scorns "inglorious ease." Harley, as usual, thrown at length on a sofa, his long hair in careless curls, his neckcloth loose, his habiliments flowing—*simplex munditiis*, indeed—his grace all his own; seemingly negligent, never slovenly; at ease every where and with every one, even with Mr. Audley Egerton, who chilled or awed the ease out of most people.

"Nay, my dear Audley, forgive me. But your eminent men are all men of one idea, and that not a diverting one—politics! politics! politics! The storm in the saucer."

"But, what is your life, Harley?—the saucer without the storm?"

"Do you know, that's very well said, Audley; I did not think you had so much liveliness of repartee. Life—life! it is insipid, it is shallow. No launching argosies in the saucer. Audley, I have the oddest fancy—"

"That of course," said Audley drily; "you never have any other. What is the new one?"

HARLEY (with great gravity).—"Do you believe in Mesmerism?"

AUDLEY.—"Certainly not."

HARLEY.—"If it were in the power of an animal magnetizer to get me out of my own skin into somebody else's! *That's* my fancy! I am so tired of myself—so tired! I have run through all my ideas—know every one of them by heart; when some pretentious impostor of an idea perks itself up and says, 'Look at me, I'm a new acquaintance'—I just give it a nod, and say, 'Not at all, you have only got a new coat on; you are the same old wretch that has bored me these last twenty years; get away.'"

But if one could be in a new skin! if I could be for half-an-hour your tall porter, or one of your eminent matter-of-fact men, I should then really travel into a new world.* Every man's brain must be a world in itself, eh? If I could but make a parochial settlement even in yours, Audley—run over all your thoughts and sensations. Upon my life, I'll go and talk to that French mesmerizer about it."

AUDLEY (who does not seem to like the notion of having his thoughts and sensations rummaged, even by his friend, and even in fancy).—"Pooh, pooh, pooh! Do talk like a man of sense."

HARLEY—"Man of sense! Where shall I find a model? I don't know a man of sense!—never met such a creature. Don't believe it ever existed. At one time I thought Socrates must have been a man of sense;—a delusion; he would stand gazing into the air, and talking to his Genius from sunrise to sunset. Is that like a man of sense? Poor Audley, how puzzled he looks! Well, I'll try and talk sense to oblige you. And first—(here Harley raised himself on his elbow)—first, is it true, as I have heard vaguely, that you are paying court to the sister of that infamous Italian traitor?"

"Madame di Negra? No; I am not paying court to her," answered Audley with a cold smile. "But she is very handsome; she is very clever; she is useful to me—I need not say how nor why; that belongs to my *métier* as politician. But, I think, if you will take my advice, or get your friend to take it, I could obtain from her brother, through my influence with her, some liberal concessions to your exile. She is very anxious to know where he is."

"You have not told her?"

"No; I promised you I would keep that secret."

"Be sure you do; it is only for some mischief, some snare, that she could desire such information. Concessions! pooh! This is no question of concessions, but of rights."

"I think you should leave your friend to judge of that."

"Well, I will write to him. Meanwhile, beware of this woman, I have heard much of her abroad, and she has the character of her brother for duplicity and—"

"Beauty," interrupted Audley, turning the conversation with practiced adroitness. "I am told that the Count is one of the handsomest men in Europe, much handsomer than his sister still, though nearly twice her age. Tut—tut—Harley! fear not for me. I am proof against all feminine attractions. This heart is dead."

"Nay, nay; it is not for you to speak thus—leave that to me. But even I will not say it."

* If, at the date in which Lord L'Estrange held this conversation with Mr. Egerton, Alfred de Musset had written his comedies, we should suspect that his lordship had plagiarized from one of them the whimsical idea that he here vents upon Audley. In repeating it, the author at least can not escape from the charge of obligation to a writer whose humor, at least, is sufficiently opulent to justify the loan.

The heart never dies. And you; what have you lost?—a wife; true: an excellent noble-hearted woman. But was it love that you felt for her? Envious man, have you ever loved?"

"Perhaps not, Harley," said Audley, with a sombre aspect, and in dejected accents; "very few men ever have loved, at least as you mean by the word. But there are other passions than love that kill the heart, and reduce us to mechanism."

While Egerton spoke, Harley turned side, and his breast heaved. There was a short silence; Audley was the first to break it.

"Speaking of my lost wife, I am sorry that you do not approve what I have done for her young kinsman, Randal Leslie."

HARLEY (recovering himself with an effort).—"Is it true kindness to bid him exchange manly independence, for the protection of an official patron?"

AUDLEY.—"I did not bid him. I gave him his choice. At his age I should have chosen as he has done."

HARLEY.—"I trust not; I think better of you. But answer me one question frankly, and then I will ask another. Do you mean to make this young man your heir?"

AUDLEY (with a slight embarrassment).—"Heir, pooh! I am young still. I may live as long as he—time enough to think of that."

HARLEY.—"Then now to my second question. Have you told this youth plainly that he may look to you for influence, but not for wealth?"

AUDLEY (firmly).—"I think I have; but I shall repeat it more emphatically."

HARLEY.—"Then I am satisfied as to your conduct, but not as to his. For he has too acute an intellect not to know what it is to forfeit independence; and, depend upon it, he has made his calculations, and would throw you into the bargain in any balance that he could strike in his favor. You go by your experience in judging men; I by my instincts. Nature warns us as it does the inferior animals—only we are too conceited, we bipeds, to heed her. My instincts of soldier and gentleman recoil from that old young man. He has the soul of the Jesuit. I see it in his eye—I hear it in the tread of his foot; *volto sciolto*, he has not; *i pensieri stretti* he has. Hist! I hear now his step in the hall. I should know it from a thousand. That's his very touch on the handle of the door."

Randal Leslie entered. Harley—who, despite his disregard for forms, and his dislike to Randal, was too high-bred not to be polite to his junior in age or inferior in rank—rose and bowed. But his bright piercing eyes did not soften as they caught and bore down the deeper and more latent fire in Randal's. Harley then did not resume his seat, but moved to the mantle-piece, and leant against it.

RANDAL.—"I have fulfilled, your commissions, Mr. Egerton. I went first to Maida-Hill, and saw Mr. Burley. I gave him the check, but

he said 'it was too much, and he should return half to the banker;' he will write the article as you suggested. I then—"

AUDLEY.—"Enough, Randal! we will not fatigue Lord L'Estrange with these little details of a life that displeases him—the life political."

HARLEY.—"But *these* details do not displease me; they reconcile me to my own life. Go on, pray, Mr. Leslie."

Randal had too much tact to need the cautioning glance of Mr. Egerton. He did not continue, but said, with a soft voice, "Do you think, Lord L'Estrange, that the contemplation of the mode of life pursued by others *can* reconcile a man to his own, if he had before thought it needed a reconciler?"

Harley looked pleased, for the question was ironical; and, if there was a thing in the world he abhorred, it was flattery.

"Recollect your Lucretius, Mr. Leslie, *Suave mare*, &c., 'pleasant from the cliff to see the mariners tossed on the ocean.' Faith, I think that sight reconciles one to the cliff—though, before, one might have been teased by the splash from the spray, and deafened by the scream of the sea-gulls. But I leave you, Audley. Strange that I have heard no more of my soldier. Remember I have your promise when I come to claim it. Good-by, Mr. Leslie, I hope that Mr. Burley's article will be worth the—check."

Lord L'Estrange mounted his horse, which was still at the door, and rode through the Park. But he was no longer now unknown by sight. Bows and nods saluted him on every side.

"Alas, I am saluted out then," said he to himself. "That terrible Duchess of Knaresborough, too—I must fly my country." He pushed his horse into a canter, and was soon out of the Park. As he dismounted at his father's sequestered house, you would have hardly supposed him the same whimsical, fantastic, but deep and subtle humorist that delighted in perplexing the material Audley. For his expressive face was unutterably serious. But the moment he came into the presence of his parents the countenance was again lighted and cheerful. It brightened the whole room like sunshine.

CHAPTER XI.

"MR. LESLIE," said Egerton, when Harley had left the library, "you did not act with your usual discretion in touching upon matters connected with politics in the presence of a third party."

"I feel that already, sir; my excuse is that I held Lord L'Estrange to be your most intimate friend."

"A public man, Mr. Leslie, would ill serve his country if he were not especially reserved toward his private friends—when they do not belong to his party."

"But, pardon me my ignorance, Lord Lansmere is so well known to be one of your supporters, that I fancied his son must share his sentiments, and be in your confidence."

Egerton's brows slightly contracted, and gave a stern expression to a countenance always firm and decided. He, however, answered in a mild tone.

"At the entrance into political life, Mr. Leslie, there is nothing in which a young man of your talents should be more on his guard than thinking for himself; he will nearly always think wrong. And I believe that is one reason why young men of talent disappoint their friends, and—remain so long out of office."

A haughty flush passed over Randal's brow, and faded away quickly; he bowed in silence.

Egerton resumed, as if in explanation, and even in kindly apology—

"Look at Lord L'Estrange himself. What young man could come into life with brighter auspices? Rank, wealth, high aminal spirits (a great advantage those same spirits, Mr. Leslie), courage, self-possession, scholarship as brilliant perhaps as your own; and now see how his life is wasted! Why? He always thought fit to think for himself. He could never be broken in to harness, and never will be. The State coach, Mr. Leslie, requires that all the horses should pull together."

"With submission, sir," answered Randal, "I should think that there were other reasons why Lord L'Estrange, whatever be his talents—and indeed of these you must be an adequate judge—would never do any thing in public life."

"Ay, and what?" said Egerton, quickly.

"First," said Randal, shrewdly, "private life has done too much for him. What could public life give to one who needs nothing? Born at the top of the social ladder, why should he put himself voluntarily at the last step, for the sake of climbing up again? And secondly, Lord L'Estrange seems to me a man in whose organization *sentiment* usurps too large a share for practical existence."

"You have a keen eye," said Audley, with some admiration; "keen for one so young.—Poor Harley!"

Mr. Egerton's last words were said to himself. He resumed quickly—

"There is something on my mind, my young friend. Let us be frank with each other. I placed before you fairly the advantages and disadvantages of the choice I gave you. To take your degree with such honors as no doubt you would have won, to obtain your fellowship, to go to the bar, with those credentials in favor of your talents;—this was one career. To come at once into public life, to profit by my experience, avail yourself of my interest, to take the chances of rise or fall with a party: this was another. You chose the last. But in so doing, there was a consideration which might weigh with you; and on which, in stating your reasons for your option, you were silent."

"What's that, sir?"

"You might have counted on my fortune should the chances of party fail you;—speak—and without shame if so; it would be natural in a young

man, who comes from the elder branch of the house whose heiress was my wife."

"You wound me, Mr. Egerton," said Randal, turning away.

Mr. Egerton's cold glance followed Randal's movement; the face was hid from the glance—it rested on the figure, which is often as self-betraying as the countenance itself. Randal baffled Mr. Egerton's penetration—the young man's emotion might be honest pride, and pained and generous feeling; or it might be something else. Egerton continued slowly.

"Once for all then, distinctly and emphatically, I say—never count upon that; count upon all else that I can do for you, and forgive me, when I advise harshly or censure coldly; ascribe this to my interest in your career. Moreover, before decision becomes irrevocable, I wish you to know practically all that is disagreeable or even humiliating in the first subordinate steps of him who, without wealth or station, would rise in public life. I will not consider your choice settled, till the end of a year at least—your name will be kept on the college books till then; if, on experience, you should prefer to return to Oxford, and pursue the slower but surer path to independence and distinction, you can. And now give me your hand, Mr. Leslie, in sign that you forgive my bluntness;—it is time to dress."

Randal, with his face still averted, extended his hand. Mr. Egerton held it a moment, then dropping it left the room. Randal turned as the door closed. And there was in his dark face a power of sinister passion, that justified all Harley's warnings. His lips moved, but not audibly; then, as if struck by a sudden thought, he followed Egerton into the hall.

"Sir," said he, "I forgot to say that on returning from Maida-Hill, I took shelter from the rain under a covered passage, and there I met unexpectedly with your nephew, Frank Hazel dean."

"Ah!" said Egerton indifferently, "a fine young man; in the Guards. It is a pity that my brother has such antiquated political notions; he should put his son into parliament, and under my guidance; I could push him. Well, and what said Frank?"

"He invited me to call on him. I remember that you once rather cautioned me against too intimate an acquaintance with those who have not got their fortune to make."

"Because they are idle, and idleness is contagious. Right—better not be intimate with a young Guardsman."

"Then you would not have me call on him, sir? We were rather friends at Eton; and if I wholly reject his overtures, might he not think that you—"

"I!" interrupted Egerton. "Ah, true; my brother might think I bore him a grudge; absurd call then, and ask the young man here. Yet still, I do not advise intimacy."

Egerton turned into his dressing-room. "Sir," said his valet, who was in waiting, "Mr. Levy

is here—he says, by appointment; and Mr. Grinders is also just come from the country.”

“Tell Mr. Grinders to come in first,” said Egerton, seating himself. “You need not wait; I can dress without you. Tell Mr. Levy I will see him in five minutes.”

Mr. Grinders was steward to Audley Egerton.

Mr. Levy was a handsome man, who wore a camelia in his button-hole—drove, in his cabriolet, a high-stepping horse that had cost £200: was well known to young men of fashion, and considered by their fathers a very dangerous acquaintance.

CHAPTER XII.

As the company assembled in the drawing-rooms, Mr. Egerton introduced Randal Leslie to his eminent friends in a way that greatly contrasted the distant and admonitory manner which he had exhibited to him in private. The presentation was made with that cordiality, and that gracious respect by which those who are in station command notice for those who have their station yet to win.

“My dear lord, let me introduce to you a kinsman of my late wife’s (in a whisper)—the heir to the elder branch of her family. Stranmore, this is Mr. Leslie of whom I spoke to you. You, who were so distinguished at Oxford, will not like him the worse for the prizes he gained there. Duke, let me present to you Mr. Leslie. The duchess is angry with me for deserting her balls; I shall hope to make my peace, by providing myself with a younger and livelier substitute. Ah, Mr. Howard, here is a young gentleman just fresh from Oxford, who will tell us all about the new sect springing up there. He has not wasted his time on billiards and horses.”

Leslie was received with all that charming courtesy which is the *To Kalon* of an aristocracy.

After dinner, conversation settled on politics. Randal listened with attention, and in silence, till Egerton drew him gently out; just enough, and no more—just enough to make his intelligence evident, without subjecting him to the charge of laying down the law. Egerton knew how to draw out young men—a difficult art. It was one reason why he was so peculiarly popular with the more rising members of his party.

The party broke up early.

“We are in time for Almack’s,” said Egerton, glancing at the clock, “and I have a voucher for you; come.”

Randal followed his patron into the carriage. By the way, Egerton thus addressed him—

“I shall introduce you to the principal leaders of society; know them and study them; I do not advise you to attempt to do more—that is, to attempt to become the fashion. It is a very expensive ambition; some men it helps, most men it ruins. On the whole, you have better cards in your hands. Dance or not as it pleases you—don’t flirt. If you flirt, people will inquire into your fortune—an inquiry that will do you little good; and flirting entangles a young man

into marrying. That would never do. Here we are.”

In two minutes more they were in the great ball-room, and Randal’s eyes were dazzled with the lights, the diamonds, the blaze of beauty. Audley presented him in quick succession to some dozen ladies, and then disappeared amidst the crowd. Randal was not at a loss; he was without shyness; or if he had that disabling infirmity, he concealed it. He answered the languid questions put to him, with a certain spirit that kept up talk, and left a favorable impression of his agreeable qualities. But the lady with whom he got on the best, was one who had no daughters out, a handsome and witty woman of the world—Lady Frederick Coniers.

“It is your first ball at Almack’s, then, Mr. Leslie?”

“My first.”

“And you have not secured a partner? Shall I find you one? What do you think of that pretty girl in pink?”

“I see her—but I can not *think* of her.”

“You are rather, perhaps, like a diplomatist in a new court, and your first object is to know who is who.”

“I confess that on beginning to study the history of my own day, I should like to distinguish the portraits that illustrate the memoir.”

“Give me your arm then, and we will come into the next room. We shall see the different *notabilités* enter one by one, and observe without being observed. This is the least I can do for a friend of Mr. Egerton’s.”

“Mr. Egerton, then,” said Randal—(as they threaded their way through the space without the rope that protected the dancers)—“Mr. Egerton has had the good fortune to win your esteem, even for his friends, however obscure?”

“Why, to say truth, I think no one whom Mr. Egerton calls his friend need long remain obscure, if he has the ambition to be otherwise. For Mr. Egerton holds it a maxim never to forget a friend, nor a service.”

“Ah, indeed!” said Randal, surprised.

“And, therefore,” continued Lady Frederick, “as he passes through life, friends gather round him. He will rise even higher yet. Gratitude, Mr. Leslie, is a very good policy.”

“Hem,” muttered Mr. Leslie.

They had now gained the room where tea and bread-and-butter were the homely refreshments to the *habitués* of what at that day was the most exclusive assembly in London. They ensconced themselves in a corner by a window, and Lady Frederick performed her task of cicerone with lively ease, accompanying each notice of the various persons who passed panoramically before them with sketch and anecdote, sometimes good-natured, generally satirical, always graphic and amusing.

By-and-by, Frank Hazelden, having on his arm a young lady of haughty air, and with high though delicate features, came to the tea-table.

"The last new Guardsman," said Lady Frederick; "very handsome, and not yet quite spoiled. But he has got into a dangerous set."

RANDAL.—"The young lady with him is handsome enough to be dangerous."

LADY FREDERICK (laughing).—"No danger for him there—as yet at least. Lady Mary (the Duke of Knaresborough's daughter) is only in her second year. The first year, nothing under an earl; the second, nothing under a baron. It will be full four years before she comes down to a commoner. Mr. Hazeldean's danger is of another kind. He lives much with men who are not exactly *mauvais ton*, but certainly not of the best taste. Yet he is very young; he may extricate himself—leaving half his fortune behind him. What, he nods to you! You know him?"

"Very well; he is nephew to Mr. Egerton."

"Indeed, I did not know that. Hazeldean is a new name in London. I heard his father was a plain country gentleman, of good fortune, but not that he was related to Mr. Egerton."

"Half-brother."

"Will Mr. Egerton pay the young gentleman's debts? He has no sons himself."

RANDAL.—"Mr. Egerton's fortune comes from his wife, from my family—from a Leslie, not from a Hazeldean."

Lady Frederick turned sharply, looked at Randal's countenance with more attention than she had yet vouchsafed to it, and tried to talk of the Leslies. Randal was very short there.

An hour afterward, Randal, who had not danced, was still in the refreshment room, but Lady Frederick had long quitted him. He was talking with some old Etonians who had recognized him, when there entered a lady of very remarkable appearance, and a murmur passed through the room as she appeared.

She might be three or four-and-twenty. She was dressed in black velvet, which contrasted with the alabaster whiteness of her throat and the clear paleness of her complexion, while it set off the diamonds with which she was profusely covered. Her hair was of the deepest jet, and worn simply braided. Her eyes, too, were dark and brilliant, her features regular and striking: but their expression, when in repose, was not prepossessing to such as love modesty and softness in the looks of woman. But when she spoke and smiled, there was so much spirit and vivacity in the countenance, so much fascination in the smile, that all which might before have marred the effect of her beauty, strangely and suddenly disappeared.

"Who is that very handsome woman?" asked Randal.

"An Italian—a Marchesa something," said one of the Etonians.

"Di Negra," suggested another who had been abroad; "she is a widow; her husband was of the Genoese family of Negra—a younger branch of it."

Several men now gathered thickly around

the fair Italian. A few ladies of the highest rank spoke to her, but with a more distant courtesy than ladies of high rank usually show to foreigners of such quality as Madame di Negra. Ladies of a rank less elevated seemed rather shy of her;—that might be from jealousy. As Randal gazed at the Marchesa with more admiration than any woman, perhaps, had before excited in him, he heard a voice near him say—

"Oh, Madame di Negra is resolved to settle among us, and marry an Englishman."

"If she can find one sufficiently courageous," returned a female voice.

"Well, she is trying hard for Egerton, and he has courage enough for any thing."

The female voice replied with a laugh, "Mr. Egerton knows the world too well, and has resisted too many temptations, to be—"

"Hush!—there he is."

Egerton came into the room with his usual firm step and erect mien. Randal observed that a quick glance was exchanged between him and the Marchesa; but the Minister passed her by with a bow.

Still Randal watched, and ten minutes afterward, Egerton and the Marchesa were seated apart in the very same convenient nook that Randal and Lady Frederick had occupied an hour or so before.

"Is this the reason why Mr. Egerton so insultingly warns me against counting on his fortune?" muttered Randal. "Does he mean to marry again?"

Unjust suspicion!—for at that moment, these were the words that Audley Egerton was dropping forth from his lips of bronze—

"Nay, dear Madam, do not ascribe to my frank admiration more gallantry than it merits. Your conversation charms me, your beauty delights me; your society is as a holiday that I look forward to in the fatigues of my life. But I have done with love, and I shall never marry again."

"You almost pique me into trying to win, in order to reject you," said the Italian, with a flash from her bright eyes.

"I defy even you," answered Audley, with his cold, hard smile. "But to return to the point: You have more influence at least over this subtle Ambassador; and the secret we speak of I rely on you to obtain me. Ah, Madam, let us rest as friends. You see I have conquered the unjust prejudices against you; you are received and *fetée* every where, as becomes your birth and your attractions. Rely on me ever, as I on you. But I shall excite too much envy if I stay here longer, and am vain enough to think that I may injure you if I provoke the gossip of the ill-natured. As the avowed friend I can serve you—as the supposed lover, No—" Audley rose as he said this, and, standing by the chair, added carelessly, "Apropos, the sum you do me the honor to borrow will be paid to your bankers to-morrow."

"A thousand thanks!—my brother will hasten to repay you."

Audley bowed. "Your brother, I hope, will repay me in person, not before. When does he come?"

"Oh, he has again postponed his visit to London; he is so much needed in Vienna. But while we are talking of him, allow me to ask if your friend, Lord L'Estrange, is indeed still so bitter against that poor brother of mine?"

"Still the same."

"It is shameful," cried the Italian, with warmth; "what has my brother done to him, that he should actually intrigue against the Count in his own court?"

"Intrigue! I think you wrong Lord L'Estrange; he but represented what he believed to be the truth, in defense of a ruined exile."

"And you will not tell me where that exile is, or if his daughter still lives?"

"My dear Marchesa, I have called you friend, therefore, I will not aid L'Estrange to injure you or yours. But I call L'Estrange a friend also; and I can not violate the trust that—" Audley stopped short, and bit his lip. "You understand me," he resumed, with a more genial smile than usual; and he took his leave.

The Italian's brows met as her eye followed him; then, as she too rose, that eye encountered Randal's. Each surveyed the other—each felt a certain strange fascination—a sympathy—not of affection, but of intellect.

"That young man has the eye of an Italian," said the Marchesa to herself; and as she passed by him into the ball-room, she turned and smiled.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE political intelligence for the last few weeks is of remote and secondary, rather than of immediate and primary interest. The political parties have begun to hold State Conventions, the proceedings and resolutions of which are of some importance, as indicating the temper and policy which may be expected to characterize the ensuing elections.

In *Vermont* the Whig State Convention convened at Bellows Falls, June 25th. Resolutions were passed expressive of continued adherence to the principles by which the party has been heretofore guided, among which are specified a tariff of specific duties—so levied as to afford protection to American industry; appropriations by the Federal Government for the improvement of harbors and rivers, and a liberal policy toward actual settlers in the disposition of the public lands. Slavery is represented as a "moral and political evil," for the existence of which in the Slaveholding States, the people of Vermont are nowise responsible, but to the extension or continuation of which under the authority of the Federal Government, they are opposed. The Fugitive Slave law is declared to be "a matter of ordinary legislation, open at all times and on all occasions for discussion, and liable to be modified or repealed at the pleasure of the people as expressed through their representatives;" that it is "objectionable in some of its provisions, and while they cheerfully admit their obligations to obey it as a law of the land designed to fulfill a requirement of the Constitution," they insist upon the right of making modifications of it, as time and experience shall show to be proper. Other resolutions were passed expressive of attachment to the Union, and of hostility to all doctrines of secession or disunion, in whatever quarter manifested; and of concurrence in the "moderate, and discreet, and practicable measures recommended to Congress in the present National Administration." Hon. CHARLES K. WILLIAMS was nominated for reelection as Governor. The Free Soil State Convention was held at Burlington, May 29th. Resolutions were passed denying the power of the General Government to make appropriations for purposes of Internal Improvement, unless of a strictly national character; in opposition to a National Bank; recommending an equality of protection to all interests;

in favor of free grants to actual settlers of the public lands; denying the power of Congress over the subject of slavery in the States, which, it is affirmed, can not claim to be legalized beyond the limits of State lines; in favor of the Wilmot Proviso, and adverse to the admission of any new Slave States into the Union; declaring the unconstitutionality of the Fugitive Slave law; approving of the law of the State, enacted at the late session of the Legislature, granting the privilege of *habeas corpus* to alleged fugitives from labor; and, finally, professing devotion to the Union, until perverted to an engine of oppression to the States. A speech, arguing strenuously against the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave law, was made by JOHN VAN BUREN, Esq. Hon. LUCIUS B. PECK was nominated for Governor; he has declined to accept the nomination on the ground that he can not assent to the resolutions passed by the Convention, inasmuch as he believes the Fugitive Slave law to be constitutional, and does not consider the act passed by the late Legislature, authorizing the State courts to take, by *habeas corpus*, a slave out of the hands of the United States officers, to be a just exercise of the power of the State. The Democratic State Convention, held in May, passed resolutions decidedly approving of the Compromise measures, which were declared to be a pledge of the fidelity of the States to each other, and recommending the observance of them with the utmost fidelity and good faith. Hon. JOHN S. ROBINSON was nominated for Governor.

In *New Hampshire* the Democratic State Convention met at Concord on the 9th of June. Resolutions were passed expressive of firm attachment to the Union; of acquiescence in the Compromise measures; and affirming the duty, on the part of all citizens, of unconditional submission to the laws. Hon. LEVI WOODBURY was unanimously presented as a candidate for the Presidency, subject to the decision of the National Convention to be held at Baltimore.

In *Pennsylvania* the State Convention for the nomination of Executive officers was held at Reading, June 4th. Resolutions were adopted in favor of a strict construction of the Constitution; affirming the obligation of Congress to refrain from all exercise of doubtful powers; declaring that the rights of the individual States ought to be scrupulously re-

garded, and that the citizens of one State ought not to interfere with the domestic institutions of any other; that all appropriations made by the General Government should be strictly confined to national objects. Resolutions were passed, fully endorsing the Compromise measures of the last session; and condemning the State law of March 3, 1847, withholding the use of the State jails for the detention of alleged fugitives from service, as interposing obstacles on the part of the State to the execution of a provision of the Constitution, and as an infringement of the principles of the Compromise. It was likewise declared that the Convention was in favor "in levying duties upon foreign imports, of a reciprocal interchange of our products with other nations," while "recognizing clearly the practice of the Government to maintain and preserve in full vigor and safety all the great industrial pursuits of the country." Hon. WILLIAM BIGLER was nominated for Governor. No candidate was formally presented for nomination as President at the ensuing election, although it was universally understood that the preferences of the Convention were almost unanimously in favor of Mr. BUCHANAN. The Convention for the nomination of Judicial officers met at Harrisburg on the 11th of June. On the 28th of that month a ratification meeting was held at Lancaster, at which Mr. BUCHANAN made a speech, forcibly advocating the principles of the resolutions proposed. They embraced a recommendation of a tariff based upon the *ad valorem* system, and expressed a cordial adherence to the principles adopted at the Democratic Convention held at Baltimore in 1848. A strict adherence to the Compromise measures was recommended; the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave law, and the duty of its enforcement on the part of the North, were affirmed. The course of Governor Johnston in neglecting to sign the bill for the repeal of the law of March 3, 1847, was declared to be in violation of the wishes of a large majority of the people of the State. The Whig State Convention met at Lancaster on the 24th of June. The series of resolutions presented and adopted, advocate the principle of protection to American industry, and declare the tariff of 1846 to be unequal in its tendencies, and ruinous to the interests of Pennsylvania. The attachment of the citizens of that State to the Constitution is warmly insisted upon; and a faithful adherence to the Compromise measures is promised. The general policy of the State and National administrations is fully endorsed. A special resolution, offered by way of amendment, in favor of the Fugitive Slave law, was cut off by the previous question, and the series of resolutions, as presented, was adopted. A resolution was carried, "That General WINFIELD SCOTT is beyond question the choice of the Whigs of Pennsylvania as their candidate for the Presidency of 1852, and that we earnestly recommend him to the Whigs of the Union as the most deserving and available man for that high office." Gov. JOHNSTON was re-nominated.

In Ohio the Whig State Convention assembled at Columbus, on the 3d of July. The resolutions passed affirm that the Conventions of 1848 and 1850 "declare the position of the Whigs of Ohio on State and national policy: That protection to American industry, a sound currency, the improvement of our rivers and harbors, an unyielding opposition to all encroachment by the Executive Power, and a paramount regard to the Constitution and the Union," are the cardinal principles of the policy of the party. All the provisions of the Constitution are declared to be equally binding. The course of the present Nation-

al Administration is unqualifiedly sanctioned. In respect to the Compromise measures, and the next Presidency, the following resolutions were adopted: "That as the Compromise measures were not recommended by a Whig Administration, and were not passed as party measures by Congress, perfect toleration of opinion respecting those measures should be accorded to Whigs every where." "That it is the desire of the Whigs of Ohio that GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT should be the candidate of the Whig party for President of the United States at the election of A. D. 1852: and we cordially recommend him to the Whigs of the Union as the most deserving and suitable candidate for that office." Hon. SAMUEL F. VINTON was nominated as candidate for Governor.

In Mississippi the State Rights Convention was held June 16th, at Jackson. Resolutions were passed reaffirming the policy indicated by the Convention of October, 1849, which was in the main as follows: A devoted and cherished attachment to the Constitution, "as it was formed and not as an engine of oppression," was expressed. The institution of slavery was declared to be exclusively under the control of the States in which it exists; and "all attempts on the part of Congress or others to interfere with this subject, either directly or indirectly, are in violation of the Constitution, dangerous to the rights and safety of the South, and ought to be promptly resisted." The right of Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, to prohibit the slave-trade between the several States, or to prohibit the introduction of slavery into the Territories of the United States is denied. The Wilmot Proviso is declared to be "an unjust and insulting discrimination, to which these States can not without degradation submit." The Legislature is requested to pass laws to encourage emigration of citizens of the slave-holding States into the new Territories. The resolutions of the Nashville Convention of 1850 are sanctioned and approved. The Convention declare the admission of California into the Union to be the "enactment of the Wilmot Proviso in another form," as set forth in a letter from the Congressional delegation of the State, under date of June 21, 1850. The Compromise measures are disavowed, particularly the admission of California, the division of Texas, the action on the subject of the slave-trade in the District of Columbia; and the course of the southern members of Congress who voted for those measures is most warmly condemned. While the "right of a State peaceably to withdraw from the Union, without denial or obstruction," is affirmed, the Convention "consider it the last remedy, the final alternative, and also declare that the exercise of it by the State of Mississippi, under existing circumstances, would be inexpedient, and is a proposition which does not meet the approbation of this Convention." The platform of the Union party, as adopted by common consent, declares "The American Union secondary in importance only to the rights and principles it was designed to perpetuate." It is represented that in the spirit of compromise which enabled the original thirteen States to found the Union, and which the present thirty-one must exercise to perpetuate it, they have considered the whole series of the Compromise measures, "and while they do not wholly approve, they will abide by it as a permanent adjustment of this sectional controversy." It is declared that, as a last resort, Mississippi ought to resist to the disruption of the Union any action by Congress upon the subject of slavery in the District of Columbia or in

places subject to the jurisdiction of Congress which should be inconsistent with the safety or honor of the Slaveholding States; or the prohibition of the inter-state slave-trade; or the refusal to admit a new State on account of the existence of slavery; or the prohibition of the introduction of slavery into Utah or New Mexico; or any act repealing or materially modifying the Fugitive Slave law; upon the faithful execution of which depends the preservation of the Union.

In *California* the Whig State Convention recommend the extension of the pre-emption laws over all except the mineral lands of the State; the donation to each head of a family actually settled upon it, of 160 acres; liberal grants for educational purposes; appropriations for public improvements; the adoption of measures to construct a railroad to connect that State with the valley of the Mississippi; the establishment of steam communication with the Sandwich Islands and with China. The Compromise measures are also cordially commended.

The Fourth of July was celebrated with more than usual enthusiasm in almost every section of the country. In Washington, upon the occasion of laying, by the President, the corner stone of the extension of the Capitol, MR. WEBSTER delivered an oration which will rank with his most eloquent speeches. He gave a rapid sketch of the growth and progress of the Republic, from the time when Berkeley prophesied that the star of empire was about to take its westward way. He then portrayed the distinctive nature of American liberty, as distinguished from that of Greece and Rome, or of modern Europe, and altogether peculiar in its character. Its prominent and distinguishing characteristic he stated to consist in the capacity for self-government, developing itself in the establishment of popular governments by an equal representation; and in giving to the will of the majority, fairly expressed through its representatives, the binding force of law; and in the affirmation of written constitutions, founded upon the will of the people, regulating and restraining the powers of Government; added to the strong and deep-settled conviction of all intelligent persons among us that in order to support a useful and wise government upon these popular principles, the general education of the people, and the wide diffusion of pure morality and true virtue are indispensable. Mr. Webster then proceeded to deposit under the corner stone a document written by his own hand, which, after reciting the circumstances of the ceremony, thus concludes: "If, therefore, it shall be hereafter the will of God, that this structure shall fall from its base, that its foundations be upturned, and the deposit beneath this stone brought to the eyes of men, be it then known that, on this day, the Union of the United States of America stands firm—that their Constitution still exists unimpaired, and with all its original usefulness and glory, growing every day stronger and stronger in the affections of the great body of the American people, and attracting more and more the admiration of the world. And all here assembled, whether belonging to public life or to private life, with hearts devoutly thankful to Almighty God for the preservation of the liberty and happiness of the country, unite in sincere and fervent prayers that this deposit, and the walls and arches, the domes and towers, the columns and entablatures, now to be erected over it, may endure forever.—God save the United States of America." After which he presented some statements setting forth in several aspects the comparative state of the country upon that day, and upon the same day, fifty-eight years

before, when the corner stone of the original Capitol was laid by the hand of Washington.

The Legislature of *New York* closed its extra session on the 11th of July. The skirmishing upon the passage of the Canal Enlargement Bill was sharp and protracted; but the large majority in its favor in both Houses pressed it steadily on. Previous to the final passage, a protest was presented, signed by 32 representatives. In the House the vote stood 81 for and 36 against the Bill. In the Senate the numbers are 22 to 8. The majority in the Senate was augmented by awarding the seat in the district in which a tie was returned, to Mr. Gilbert, the candidate in favor of enlargement, on the ground of illegal votes cast for his opponent; and by the death of Hon. William H. Brown, Senator from the first district, who died a few days before the close of the session. As under the next appropriation New York loses a representative in Congress, it became necessary to make a new division of the State into Congressional districts. Of the 33 members to which the State will be entitled, taking the vote for Governor at the late election as a criterion, the Whigs will elect 20, the Democrats 13. The Whig majority for Governor was but 262. In the present Congress the members are equally divided between the parties. The gain to the Whigs has been effected by classing together, in several cases, into one district, counties in which the Democratic majority is large. At the annual meeting of the Society of the Cincinnati, on the 4th of July, a speech was made by Hon. HAMILTON FISH, Senator-elect, in which he defined his position with respect to the leading political question of the day. It will be borne in mind that his refusal to do so, while he was a candidate for the United States Senate, was the ground of the determined opposition made to his election. He said that while the Compromise measures were under consideration, they did not meet his approval; one in particular he thought open to exception as well on the ground of omission as enactment. But they had been enacted, as he believed, constitutionally; and from the moment that they became laws, he had avowed his acquiescence in them; and though he hoped for a modification of some of their provisions, he thought that the present was not the time for wise and prudent action. In a word, while he did not approve, he fully and unreservedly acquiesced. He offered, as a toast, these fundamental principles: "An incessant attention to preserve inviolate those exalted rights and liberties of human nature for which they have fought and bled, and without which the high rank of a rational being is a curse instead of a blessing."—"An unalterable determination to promote and cherish, between the respective States, that union and national honor so essentially necessary to their happiness, and the future dignity of the American Empire."

The Legislature of *Rhode Island* adjourned on the 21st of June, after a session of four and a half days. Among the acts passed was one for re-organizing the Common School system of the State; and one providing for secret ballots at elections.

In *Ohio* the new Constitution, a synopsis of which we gave in our Number for May, has been accepted by the popular vote, by a decided majority. The article prohibiting licenses for the sale of ardent spirits, which was separately submitted to the people, was also adopted, though by a majority less than that in favor of the other articles.

By a recent law of *Kentucky*, widows having children of an age suitable for attending common schools, are entitled to vote in the election of school trustees.

The Governor of *South Carolina* has issued his proclamation for the election of representatives to the Southern Congress. He recommends the choice of two delegates from each Congressional district. The anniversary of the battle of Fort Moultrie was celebrated at and near Charleston, on the 28th of June. An address to the Moultrie Guards was delivered by THOMAS M. HANCKEL, Esq., in the course of which he declared that the only remedy for the grievances of the South "was to be found in an inflexible determination to dissolve this Union—a determination which would accept of no indemnity for the past, listen to no concessions for the present, and rely on no guarantee for the future; but which would ask and accept nothing but the sovereign right of self-government and Southern Independence." Among the toasts given were the following: "The Compromise—A breach of faith, and a violation of the Constitution. Resistance is all that is left to freemen."—"Separate State Action—the test of patriotism."—"Our sister State, Georgia—We will take all the corn she can raise, but beg of her to keep the Cobb at home."—"Federal threats and Federal guns—The first none of us fear, the last, if pointed at us, we will take."

In *Alabama* Senator CLEMENS is vigorously canvassing the State in support of the Union party and in defense of the Compromise measures. On the 2d of June, he made a speech at Florence, in which he commended the entire series of measures, and defended his own course in relation to them from attacks made by members of his party. Senator KING has published a letter in which he announces his decided hostility to the Compromise measures. He pronounces the admission of California into the Union an act of injustice. Under no contingency could he have sanctioned the bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia under certain circumstances; and he should feel himself bound to vote for the repeal of the emancipation clause, whenever proposed. He would vote again, as he did at the last Congress, for the repeal of the Mexican law prohibiting slavery in Utah and New Mexico.

The Legislature of *Connecticut* adjourned on the 2d of July, without having made any choice of United States Senator. In the House, a series of resolutions was passed by a vote of 113 to 35, declaring the duty of a cheerful submission to law, endorsing the Compromise measures as constituting a fair and equitable adjustment of the whole vexed questions at issue, and meeting the full approbation of the Assembly; pronouncing the Fugitive Slave law to be in accordance with the Constitution, containing merely enactments to carry into effect the provisions of that instrument, and calling upon all good citizens to sustain the requirements of the law. The resolutions were sent to the Senate at a late period of the session, where various motions of amendment were made, all of which were lost. Before they could be finally acted upon, the hour fixed upon for adjournment arrived, when a motion was made and carried for their indefinite postponement. The resolutions were returned to the House, and entered upon the journal.

The Legislature of *Michigan*, at its late session, divided the State into four Congressional districts, as rendered necessary by the results of the late census. These districts are so arranged that it is supposed the Democrats will secure the entire delegation in Congress. A number of Mormons, who had settled on Beaver Island, in Lake Michigan, have been arrested on charge of various crimes. Among the number was James J. Strang, who claims

and is believed by his followers to be endowed with special divine inspiration. They have been tried on an indictment for obstructing the United States mail, and acquitted by the jury after a very brief consultation.

In *Virginia* the Convention is laboriously engaged in framing the new Constitution. In our last Record, by a clerical error, we reversed the terms of the compromise on the suffrage question. In the House the West are to have 82 members and the East 68. In the Senate 30 members are to be chosen from the East and 20 from the West, giving the West a majority of four on joint ballot. This settlement has been adopted by the Convention, who have stricken out the clause reported by the committee prohibiting the Legislature from passing laws for the emancipation of slaves, and inserted a provision that an emancipated slave remaining in the State more than twelve months shall be sold. A public dinner was given to Mr. WEBSTER on the 28th of June, at Capon Springs, in Western Virginia, at which he made a speech, which was most enthusiastically received. In the course of it he said: "I make no argument against resolutions, conventions, secession speeches, or proclamations. Let these things go on. The whole matter, it is to be hoped, will blow over, and men will return to a sounder mode of thinking. But one thing, gentlemen, be assured of—the first step taken in the programme of secession, which shall be an actual infringement of the Constitution or the laws, will be promptly met. And I would not remain an hour in any administration that should not immediately meet any such violation of the Constitution and the law effectually and at once; and I can assure you, gentlemen, that all with whom I am at present associated in the government, entertain the same decided purpose." He concluded with the following sentiment: "The Union of the States—May those ancient friends, Virginia and Massachusetts, continue to uphold it as long as the waves of the Atlantic shall beat on the shores of the one, or the Alleghanies remain firm on their basis in the territories of the other." The British Ambassador, Sir HENRY LYTTON BULWER, made an eloquent speech, which was received with warm cheers, and elicited the following toast: "England and the United States—One language—one creed—one mission."

From *California* our dates are to May 31. On the night of the 3d of May, the anniversary of a great fire of last year, a destructive conflagration took place in San Francisco, by which a large portion of the business part of the city was destroyed. The number of buildings burned is set down at 1500; the loss was at first stated at from ten to twelve millions, which is probably three or four times the actual amount. A number of lives were also lost. In one case six persons undertook the care of a store supposed to be fire-proof; the iron doors and window-shutters became expanded by the heat to such a degree that it was impossible to open them, and the inmates were all burned to death. The work of rebuilding was commenced and carried forward with such characteristic rapidity, that within ten days after the fire 357 buildings were in process of erection, of which the greater part were already occupied. At the close of the month it is stated on reliable authority, that the number of buildings actually tenable was greater than before the conflagration. The city of Stockton suffered severely by a fire on the 12th of May. The amount of gold produced continues to be very great. The gold bluffs of the Trinity River, the reported discovery of which caused such an excitement a few months since, prove to be

of little or no value; but the extraction of gold from the auriferous quartz is rapidly developing itself as experience points out new and improved methods of procedure. This promises to become the most productive of all the mining operations in California. It is evident that the market is altogether overglutted with goods, the large amount destroyed at the fires, apparently producing no effect upon prices in general. Political excitement runs high; party lines beginning to be strictly drawn. The nominations for State officers of both parties have been made. The depredations and outrages of the Indians have not altogether ceased. The severe code of Lynch law still continues in practical force, though instances of its execution are somewhat less frequently given. Large numbers of emigrants from China are arriving; a British vessel from Hong Kong lately brought 381 Celestials to San Francisco. They promise to outnumber the emigrants from any other foreign people, and manifest a most unexpected facility in acquiring the language, manners, and modes of thought and life of their new homes. An expedition raised in the southern part of the State, for the purpose of invading the Mexican province of Lower California, appears to have miscarried.

In Oregon a treaty has recently been concluded with portions of the Callapooya and Twallaty tribes of Indians, who cede to the United States a large tract of the most valuable lands in the valley of the Willamette. These Indians refuse to leave that portion of the country, and will probably continue to reside within the limits of the reservations. Unlike the tribes to the east of the Rocky Mountains, they are desirous of adopting the habits of civilized life, many of them being now in the service of the whites as laborers.

In Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and along the whole course of the Upper Mississippi, great damage has been done by an unusual and long-continued flood of that river. Many towns of considerable size have been quite overflowed. At St. Louis, during the greater part of the month of June, the levee was entirely submerged, and all the stores upon Front-street filled with water to the depth of several feet. For a vast extent along the Mississippi, Missouri, and their tributaries the bottom lands have been submerged for so long a time as to destroy the growing crops. It is the most disastrous inundation which has occurred for several years. Three distinct shocks of an earthquake were felt at St. Louis on the 2d of July. The morning was somewhat cool and cloudy, followed not long after by a slight rain, with thunder. In the afternoon the weather cleared up, and so remained for the remainder of the day. The cholera has appeared at several places in the West, more especially on the line of the Mississippi. It does not appear, however, to have assumed a decidedly epidemic character. The troops under the command of Col. Sumner, on their way to New Mexico, have suffered severely; as well as the trains of traders. The small-pox has committed terrible ravages among the Sioux and other Indian tribes on the plains of the Northwest. In January the weather was extremely cold, and some 40 or 50 of the Indians in exposed situations were frozen to death. Affrays have taken place among various tribes of Indians in Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. A steamer has recently set out from St. Louis, with about 100 voyagers bound for the Rocky Mountains. The steamer is destined for the mouth of the Yellowstone, about two thousand miles up the Missouri, the head of steamboat navigation. From this point the passengers will proceed in Mackinaw boats to the falls of the Missouri. Most

of the passengers are employees of the American Fur Company. Dr. Evans, U. S. Geologist, is of the number; and two Jesuit missionaries, Fathers De Smedt and Hæken, take the opportunity to visit the wild tribes of Indians near the Mountains, among whom they intend to remain for two or three years.

Brevet General GEORGE TALCOTT, of the Ordnance Department has been tried by a Court Martial for violation of the regulations of the Department, for disobedience of orders and instructions; and for conduct unbecoming a gentleman. He was found guilty of all the charges, and upon all the specifications with two exceptions, and by sentence of the court, with the approval of the President of the United States, has been dismissed from the service.

MR. CHARLES L. BRACE, the "Pedestrian Correspondent" of the *Independent* newspaper has been arrested at Grosswardein, in Transylvania, upon a charge of complicity in some democratic plots. The only evidence against him seems to be his having letters of introduction which were thought suspicious, and being in possession of a copy of Pulzky's "Rights of Hungary." Mr. Brace is a young man of decided literary talent, who has been for many months performing a pedestrian tour through Europe for the purpose of learning by personal inspection the condition of the people. His letters from Europe are among the most valuable that have been published in this country. He is the writer of an appreciative and thoughtful critique upon Emerson which appeared some months since in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*.

The London *Economist*, in noticing the translation of the "History of the Colonization of America" by Talvi (Mrs. Robinson), gives some information in respect to the author which will be new upon this side of the Atlantic. It says that "Mr. Talvi gives a succinct and carefully compiled history of the event, which will be acceptable to many readers. He is a German, probably settled in the States, and his book displays the pains-taking character of his countrymen."

MR. B. A. GOULD, of Cambridge, Mass., has received a tender of the appointment of Professor of Astronomy at the University of Göttingen, vacated by the recent death of Dr. Goldschmidt.

During the past month have been celebrated the Annual Commencements of a number of the colleges of the country. Apart from the exercises of the candidates for collegiate honors, much of the best talent of the country is usually enlisted in the service of the literary societies connected with the institutions. First in order of time, this year, we believe, stands the one hundred and fourth anniversary of *Nassau Hall College*, in New Jersey. The address before the Literary Societies by Hon. A. W. VENABLE, of North Carolina, on "The claims of our common country on the citizen scholar," is characterized as an able and eloquent performance. The graduating class numbered fifty-four. *The University of New York* held its commencement on Wednesday, July 2. On the Monday evening previous, a characteristically brilliant oration was delivered before the Literary Societies by Rev. Dr. BETHUNE, of Brooklyn. JOHN G. SAXE, Esq., of Vermont, pronounced a poem, which elicited great admiration. The annual oration before the Alumni was delivered by HOWARD CROSBY, Esq. The number of graduates was twenty-two. The commencement of *Dickinson College*, at Carlisle, Penn., was held June 25th. Rev. Dr. PECK, the President, tendered his resignation, to take effect at the close of the next academic year. Rev. O. H. TIFANY, of Baltimore, was elected Professor of Mathematics. The graduates numbered sixteen. *Miami*

University, at Oxford, Ohio, held its commencement June 28th, when eleven students graduated. The different Societies were addressed by Rev. W. B. SPENCE, of Sidney; Rev. Dr. RICE, of Cincinnati, on the topic of "Revelation the source of all true philosophy;" and by Rev. S. W. FISHER, of Cincinnati, in a very able manner. The oration before the Alumni was delivered by WM. DENNISON, Esq., of Columbus. The eighty-third annual commencement of *Brown University*, at Providence, R. I., took place on the 9th of July. The graduating class numbered thirty-two. N. W. GREENE, Esq., of Cincinnati, delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society an oration of great power and vigor, discussing in an earnest and vigorous manner some of the great social and political problems of the day. The address before the Literary Societies was by ABRAHAM PAYNE, Esq., of Providence. His subject was "Common Sense." A very interesting discourse was delivered before the Society for Missionary Inquiry, by Rev. R. TURNBULL, of Hartford, upon the subject of the "Unity of the human race." The unity advocated was not so much that arising from a common origin as the deeper unity of a common nature, capacities, requirements, and destiny. The newly-founded *University of Rochester* held its first commencement exercises on the 9th of July. The graduating class numbered thirteen. Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, of Brooklyn, delivered before the Literary Societies his often-repeated and brilliant discourse on "Character." PARK BENJAMIN, Esq., recited a sparkling poem, keenly satirizing the all-prevailing passion of the love of money. On the 10th the anniversary of the Theological Department of the University was held. The graduating class was addressed by Prof. J. S. MAGINNIS; and Rev. T. J. CONANT, D.D., delivered an inaugural address as Professor of Hebrew, Biblical Criticism, and Interpretation. The subject of his address was "The claims of sacred learning." It was amply worthy of the subject and of the reputation of the distinguished Professor.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Mexico* the extra session of Congress was opened on the 1st of June. Señor Lacunza was chosen President of the Senate, and Señor Alcosta of the Chamber. On the second day, several financial projects were broached. Among the means proposed for the support of Government, was the application to immediate use of the remainder of the indemnity, if there should be any; a general duty on consumption; a tax upon cotton manufactures; an increase of the duty on the circulation and export of coin. The Chambers have agreed to allow the Government to use the \$1,600,000, said to remain of the American indemnity, at the rate of \$250,000 a month, although this money had been specially appropriated to the interior creditors. An order has been issued for the discharge of any official who shall speak against the Government. The number of police in the capital has been augmented, and they are allowed to arm themselves with pistols. Brigandage does not appear to be diminished. One of the engineers of the Tehuantepec survey states that a line for a railroad from the Coatzacoalcos River to the Pacific has been examined, in no part of which will there be an ascent of more than sixty feet to the mile. The prosecution of the survey has been prohibited by the Government, and all Americans engaged in it ordered to leave the country. Some disturbances have arisen in consequence of this order, which it is said the Company intend to disregard. Subsequently to the issuing of the order they advertised at New Orleans for 500 additional laborers, and two steamboats which they

wished to dispatch immediately. The Mexican consul at New Orleans refused a clearance to a steamer which the Company wished to send.

The disturbances in *Chili* and *Peru* seem to have been effectually suppressed, though in the latter Republic some uneasiness yet prevails, owing to the attitude assumed by the partisans of Vivanca.

In the Argentine Republic, and the small States in its neighborhood, the same singular state of affairs prevails that has existed for some years. Rosas, though nominally only Governor of Buenos Ayres, is in reality supreme dictator of the whole Argentine Republic. The elements of discontent against his administration have, however, so far increased that there is a probability that his overthrow may be effected. General Urquiza, Governor of the province of Entrerios, has taken up arms against Rosas, and calls upon the other provinces for aid. He, however, does not ask for military assistance, affirming that his own troops are amply sufficient to overthrow the "fictitious power" of Rosas, which he affirms to be based solely upon "terror," although he acknowledges that it has been maintained with "execrable ability." It is quite probable that Lopez, the successor of Francia, in Paraguay, may be induced to join Urquiza; for Rosas has always avowed that Paraguay was an integral portion of the Argentine Republic, and has ever cherished the design of its invasion, although more urgent occupations have never allowed him the opportunity to carry the purpose into execution. It has long been the wish of Lopez to secure the recognition by other nations of the independence of Paraguay, and it is said that he has lately addressed a communication to the President of France, designed to effect this object. Brazil has also a pretext for engaging against Rosas, owing to his having assumed the responsibility of certain aggressions upon the Brazilian provinces, committed by General Oribe. If all these separate interests can be combined at the same moment against Rosas, it is difficult to see how he can maintain himself, notwithstanding his undoubted ability.

Uruguay still maintains its singular position. The nominal government is without power beyond the walls of Montevideo, the capital, which, as for the last dozen years, is held in a state of siege by General Oribe, supported by aid from Buenos Ayres.

In *Bolivia* Government has issued the programme of a new Constitution, based upon the following articles: "1st. The Government will defend and uphold the sovereignty and independence of the republic abroad, and peace and tranquillity at home. 2d. The Catholic religion shall be that of the State. 3d. The best relations shall be maintained with other American and European States, and all treaties strictly observed, as well as neutrality in discussions arising between them. 4th. The civil liberty of citizens, and the rights of all shall be respected in conformity with the laws. 5th. The crimes of conspiracy and sedition shall be judged by verbal courts martial. 6th. The liberty of the press shall be guaranteed. 7th. Foreigners shall be respected and protected in the exercise of their trade and commercial pursuits. 8th. A National Convention shall be convoked. 9th. The independence of the judicial authority shall be respected. 10th. Official appointments are conferments. 11th. The political opinions of all citizens shall be respected. 12th. The Ministers of State shall be responsible for the acts of their administration." A convention, consisting of fifty-three delegates, is summoned to meet on the 16th of July.

In the Republics to the North there are discor-

tents. In *New Granada* there has been an insurrection in the southern provinces, aided by forces from Equador. The insurgents were defeated in two battles, but in a third gained some success. A law has been passed for the abolition of slavery, to take effect on the 1st of January, 1852.

A plot has been brought to light in *Venezuela*, the design of which was to make way with the President and chief officers of government. A portion of the conspirators belong to the principal families in Caraccas. Some have been arrested; others have fled. The President has been clothed with extraordinary powers to meet the crisis.

In Central America there is reason to hope that a federal confederacy is about to be established between several States upon a model not unlike our own government, and under auspices which give hope of its maintaining a permanent existence. The basis of a confederation between Nicaragua, San Salvador, and Honduras was formed in November, 1849, and agreed to by representatives from those states, in December, 1850. A General Congress, called to meet in December next, is to complete the details of the Confederacy. These three States embrace a territory of 145,000 square miles, with a population of a little more than a million. Guatemala and Costa Rica, who have hitherto stood aloof, are invited to become members of the Confederacy. These States have a territory of 68,000 square miles, and a population of somewhat more than a million. If all these States can be united, they will possess an area of territory somewhat greater than that of France. If the town of San Juan de Nicaragua be given up by Great Britain to the State of Nicaragua, as there is reason to anticipate, the new State will have the control of the most important commercial port in the world. And even if surrendered with the guarantee of its being a free port, according to the Bulwer and Clayton treaty, the State must derive great advantage from it.

In *Jamaica* the cholera has broken out with a fresh access of violence. A vessel from Sierra Leone has recently brought 208 Africans, who had been captured from a French slaver; they were distributed among the planters of the interior.

In *Cuba* the alarm excited by the proposed invasion has passed away. The number of negroes brought to the island from Africa within the last fourteen months, is stated to be 14,500. Count Villanueva, for twenty-five years the able Intendant, or chief fiscal officer of the island, has resigned his post, much to the regret of the Spanish Government. The reasons assigned are his own advanced age, and the delicate state of the health of his wife. But the real cause is supposed to be the absolute impossibility of making the revenue of the island adequate to meet the constantly increasing demands of the mother country. He is said to have opposed the sending out the last re-enforcement of troops, on the ground that if the people were loyal no more were needed; if they were not loyal, five times as many would be of no avail. The expense arising from this last addition of troops is stated at \$2,500,000, which has totally exhausted the treasury.

In *Santa Cruz* the new Danish Governor was daily expected from Copenhagen. It was supposed that upon his arrival some important changes would be made in the laws relating to the colored population. A partial emancipation of the blacks, after the 1st of October has been provided for by law.

In *Hayti* hostilities between the Haytians and Dominicans have taken place. The former advanced beyond the advanced posts of the latter on the 29th

of May, but were repulsed with some loss; the Dominicans not losing a man, if we are to believe the bulletin of the President, Baez.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Beyond the continued and triumphant success of the Great Exhibition, there is little of interest to record. The daily number of visitors upon the shilling days fluctuates from 50,000 to 70,000, depending much upon the state of the weather. In very warm days, when the building is crowded, the heat is almost insupportable. The Queen continues her almost daily visits, and the absurd apprehension of violence to the royal person has passed away. The Russian department, the opening of which was delayed by the detention by ice of the contributions, is now opened, and astonishes every one by its splendor, giving an idea of the state of art and manufactures in that empire much higher than had before been entertained. There is now no talk of removing the Crystal Palace at the close of the Exhibition; the disposition most likely to be made of it being to convert it into a winter garden and conservatory.

The Kaffir war proves even more serious than was anticipated. A number of chiefs, upon whose fidelity to the English reliance had been placed, and whose followers are at least partially supplied with fire-arms, have joined their countrymen.

In Parliament nothing of more than local interest has transpired, except a motion made by Mr. COBDEN, praying the Queen "to enter into communication with the Government of France to endeavor to prevent in future the rivalry of warlike preparations, in time of peace, which has hitherto been the policy of the two Governments, and to promote, if possible, a mutual reduction of armaments." Lord PALMERSTON, in behalf of the Ministers, expressed a general concurrence in the object aimed at by the motion; but wished Mr. Cobden would not press it to a division, as those who might vote against it would be liable to be misunderstood to be opposed to the object of the motion, rather than to the means proposed to accomplish it. The mover withdrew the motion, at the request of his friends.

An abstract of the census has been published, showing that the population of Great Britain, including the islands in the British seas, not including Ireland, is 20,919,531, being an increase in ten years of 2,263,550, or 12·13 per cent. The rate of increase has regularly diminished, with a single exception, during each successive decennial period within the century. The returns from Ireland have not been made up; but there is no doubt that they will indicate a marked decrease of population. London has increased from 1,948,369 to 2,363,141, or 21·33 per cent, almost double the rate of the country generally. It is worthy of notice that the number of houses has not increased in a ratio equal to the population, showing that the population is continually crowding into closer quarters.

Great exertions have been put forth in Ireland to have some port in that island selected as one of the places of departure for the transatlantic steamers. The steamer *North America*, which had been announced to sail from New York to Galway, was expected with great anxiety, under the impression that her passage would prove the precursor of a regular communication between the two ports. Every effort was made to complete the railway, so that the passengers might be forwarded without loss of time. The steamer, it will be recollected, did not sail as advertised, having been sold at the very moment when her departure was announced. The Commissioners to whom was referred the question of the se

lection of an Irish port for a transatlantic packet station, presented a report strongly adverse to the project.

At the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, Prince ALBERT made a speech which must have sounded somewhat strangely, coming from such an individual, in the ears of High-Churchmen and ultra-monarchists. He characterized William III. as the "greatest sovereign the country had to boast of," and said that "by his sagacity and energy were secured the inestimable advantages of the Constitution and the Protestant faith." The American colonies, he said, were "originally peopled chiefly by British subjects, who had left their homes to escape the yoke of religious intolerance and oppression, and who threw off their allegiance to the mother country in defense of civil and religious rights." An opinion which hardly accords with the views of Judge HALIBURTON ("Sam Slick"), in his forthcoming work, "The English in America." Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Earl GREY were also speakers at the anniversary of this society.

A disastrous balloon ascent has been made from London by a Mr. and Mrs. Graham. Owing to a violent wind the balloon became unmanageable, and narrowly escaped being dashed against the Crystal Palace. It finally struck against a chimney; the aeronauts were flung out insensible, and the balloon destroyed.

FRANCE.

The question of the revision of the Constitution overshadows every other. Apart from its mere partisan aspects, it is of grave and vital moment to the cause of tranquillity and public order. By what would seem almost an oversight, the functions of the executive and legislative branches of the Government expire so nearly at the same time, that at the period of the election there is practically an interregnum. The election of the new Assembly must take place between the 45th and the 30th day preceding the expiration of the term of the present legislative body. The term of the present Assembly expires on the 28th of May, 1852, so that the new election must occur between the 13th and the 29th of April. The term of the President ceases on the second Sunday in May, so that within a month at furthest, possibly within a fortnight, both branches of the Government have to be renewed. It is this which renders the coming election so critical. The peculiar state of the suffrage question furnishes another element of discord. The present Government was elected by universal suffrage, every Frenchman, of the age of 21 years, being entitled to vote at the place of his residence. But last year, by the law of May 31, it was enacted that a legal residence could only be obtained by a continuous habitation of three years. By this law the number of voters was reduced from 9,936,004 to 6,809,281, disfranchising 3,126,723 electors who had the right of voting for the present Government. The validity of this law is warmly contested; and in particular it is affirmed that at most it can only apply to the election of representatives, which, in certain aspects, is a local affair; but can not refer to the choice of President. It is said that at the election these 3,000,000 disfranchised voters will present themselves, and the responsibility of deciding as to the admissibility of their votes will fall upon the officials of a Government whose term of office is about to expire; and the duty of enforcing the law will devolve upon an executive who is supposed to be hostile to it. Add to these the different

factions among the people, each seeking to carry out its own plans, and it will be seen how pressing is the necessity of some strong and permanent authority in the Government. This is the ground upon which the Bonapartists press the absolute necessity of prolonging the tenure of the President; and with this view they have urged to the utmost the presentation of petitions for a revision of the Constitution, desiring simply that the article which renders him ineligible for immediate re-election should be annulled. These petitions have not been as numerous as was anticipated; from present appearances, the number of signatures will not exceed a million, of which not more than one half are in favor of the re-eligibility of the President. These have all been referred to a committee of fifteen, of whom nine are for and six against a revision. Of this committee M. de TOCQUEVILLE has been appointed to draw up the report. He has announced himself in favor of a revision accomplished in the manner pointed out by the Constitution; provided that the law of May 31 be repealed, and the elections be by universal suffrage. This, however, from the constitution of the Assembly, is manifestly impossible.

At Dijon, on occasion of the opening of a section of the Paris and Lyons Railway, the President made a speech reflecting severely upon the Assembly which he charged with a failure to support him in carrying out the popular improvements which he desired to effect. Though considerably moderated as published, the speech caused great excitement in the Assembly. General Changarnier evidently assumed it to be a declaration on the part of the President of an intention to disregard the prerogatives of the Assembly, should that body prove adverse to his plans. He assured the members that in any case they might rely upon the army, who would implicitly obey their officers. The debates in the Assembly continue to be very bitter and acrimonious, some times hardly stopping short of personal violence.

GERMANY, Etc.

From the remaining portion of Europe there is little of special interest. The Frankfort Diet has resumed its regular sittings, but nothing of importance has been proposed. At Hamburg, an affray occurred between the populace and a party of Austrian troops, in which lives were lost.

In Portugal, the Ministry of the Marquis of Saldanha seems likely to maintain its place.

In Italy there is the same hostility to the Austrian rulers, manifesting itself as it best may. In Milan, not only is tobacco proscribed by the people, as a government monopoly, but the purchase of tickets in the state lotteries is looked upon as an act of treason to the popular cause. At Pavia, the Count Gyulay, the Military Governor of Lombardy, appearing in the theatre, almost all the audience rose and left the house; and the few who remained were received with hisses by the crowd when they finally came out. At Florence, the Count Guicciardini, and five others have been sentenced to six months' banishment for being found, to quote the words of the *procès verbal*, "sitting round a small table," upon which "occasion Count Piero Guicciardini read and commented upon a chapter in the Gospel of St. John," in the Italian translation of Diodati, under circumstances that "offer valid and sufficient proof that this reading and comment had no other purpose than mutually to insinuate into the parties religious sentiments and principles contrary to those proscribed by the Roman Catholic Apostolic Religion."

Literary Notices.

The Parthenon is the title of a serial work on a new plan, published by Loomis, Griswold, and Co., the first number of which has just been issued in a style of uncommon typographical elegance, and containing original articles from several distinguished American writers. It is intended to present, in this publication, a collection of specimens of the literary talent and cultivation of the United States, as exhibited in the productions of our most eminent living authors. Among the contributors, whose pens are enlisted in the proposed enterprise, we find the most celebrated names in the field of American letters, together with a host of lesser lights, who have yet distinction to achieve. The contents of this number are of a high order, and give a rich promise of the future excellence of the work. It opens with an Indian Legend, by Cooper, called "The Lake Gun," which is followed by poetical contributions from Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Gould, Duganne, and Ross Wallace.

Narrative of Travels in America, by Lady EMME-LINE STUART WORTLEY (published by Harper and Brothers), is a perpetual effusion of astonishment and admiration at the natural resources and the social developments of the Western Continent. Lady Wortley is not a traveler of the regular English stamp, judging every thing American by the standard of the Old World, and giving vent to the disappointment of absurd anticipations by ridiculous comparisons. She has no doubt gone to the contrary extreme, and presented a too rose-colored picture of her impressions of America. With the quickness of observation, and gayety of temperament with which she mingled in all classes of American society, she could not fail to catch its most important features; but we think she often mistakes the courtesy and deference which her own frankness and intelligence called forth for a more decidedly national characteristic than is warranted by facts. On questions at issue between her own country and the United States, she uniformly takes sides with the latter. She shows a warm American heart every where, without the slightest disposition to flatter English prejudices. Evidently her nature is strongly magnetic; she wears her foreign habits like a glove, and throws them off at pleasure; adapting herself with cordial facility to the domestic life of New England, or the brilliant *farniente* of Mexico. This disposition gives her book a highly personal and often gossiping character. She talks of the acquaintances she forms with the delight of a joyous child, who has found a new amusement, and generally with as little reserve. No one can complain of her fastidiousness, or of her unwillingness to be pleased. Indeed, the whole volume gives you the idea of a frank, impulsive, high-hearted Englishwoman, rejoicing to escape for a while from the restraints of conventional etiquette, and expressing herself with the careless ease of a perfectly natural character, among scenes of constant novelty and excitement. So completely does she throw herself into the mood of the passing moment, that she adopts all sorts of American colloquialisms, with as much readiness as if she had been to "the manner born," embroidering her pages with a profusion of familiar expressions, caught from the rebellious volubility of Brother Jonathan, and which most shock the "ears polite" in every drawing-room in England. It will be seen that her work belongs to the amusing order of travels, and makes no pretensions to intense gravity or profound wisdom. You read it as you would listen to the rattling talk of the author, pleased

with its vivacity and unstarched grace, with its off-hand descriptions of comical adventures, and its glowing pictures of natural scenes, while you forgive a good deal of superfluous loquacity to her irrepressible good-humor and evident kindness of heart.

James Munroe and Co. have issued the first volume of a new edition of *The Works of Shakspeare*, edited by Rev. H. N. HUDSON. In its external appearance, this edition is intended, as nearly as possible, to be a fac-simile of the celebrated Chiswick edition, while the numerous errors and corruptions, with which that edition abounds, have been removed by the diligence and sagacity of the present editor. Every line, every word, every letter, and every point has been thoroughly revised, with the determination to present nothing but the genuine text of Shakspeare. This volume contains *The Tempest*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *The Twelfth Night*, with introductions by the Editor, written with his usual acuteness, and more than his usual modesty. His Shakspearian learning, and enthusiastic reverence of the author, admirably qualify him to superintend an edition of his works, and we shall look with confidence to these successive volumes as an important aid to the enlightened appreciation of the immortal Poet.

The History of Josephine, by JOHN S. C. ABBOTT (published by Harper and Brothers), is a lively and beautiful portraiture of the romantic career of the fascinating and unfortunate Empress. Without presenting any new incidents in her extraordinary life, Mr. Abbott has related her well-known history with such dramatic effect, that his work has all the charm of novelty. It will be read with great interest, even by those who are familiar with the subject.

A new edition of *Fresh Gleanings*, by I. K. MARVEL, has been issued by Charles Scribner. It will be read with a new zest of delight by those whose hearts have vibrated to the rich touches of feeling in the *Reveries of a Bachelor*, or who have rejoiced in the refined, delicious humor of the *Lorgnette*, now acknowledged as the production of the same versatile pen. The author, DONALD MITCHELL, under all his amusing disguises, can not quite conceal the exquisite refinement of his imagination, nor his manly sympathy with the many-colored phases of life, which will make his name a "household word" among the lovers of a chaste and elevated literature. This edition is introduced with a dainty preface.

LOSSING's *Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution*, now publishing by Harper and Brothers, has reached the fifteenth number, and fully sustains the character which has won for it such a welcome reception in all parts of the Union. The historical narrative is agreeably diversified by a copious and well-authenticated collection of anecdotes, and the illustrations taken from drawings on the spot, give a vivid impression of many of the most important localities which have now become classical by their association with the Revolution.

The Daughter of Night, by S. W. FULLON (published by Harper and Brothers), is a recent English novel, which in spite of a good deal of exaggeration, leaves a deep impression on the mind of the reader. The scene is laid in the present day, and the principal materials are drawn from the state of the population in the mining districts of England. Among other incidents, the ravages of the cholera among the laboring classes are described with frightful effect, showing a rare power of tragic representation.

Editor's Drawer.

WE have forgotten (or never knew) who it is that speaks of the "small sweet courtesies of life," but the term is as true as it is felicitous. There are such courtesies, and the habitual employment of them is the surest evidence of a good heart as well as refined manners. "I never look," said a benevolent lady to a friend walking down Broadway one morning, "at a deformed person in the street, except directly in the face. How many a pang has been caused to the physically unfortunate by a lingering glance at a deformed limb, a "marked" face, or other physical defect, to a scrutiny of which the afflicted are so painfully sensitive!" There was a tenderness, a humanity in this remark, and therefore it was recorded at the time, as being worthy, not only of remembrance, but of heedful regard and emulation. Yes; and that woman would leave the arm of her husband in the street, and push from off the side-walk with her little foot a piece of orange-peel, a peach-skin, or other the like slippery obstruction, lest *somebody* should step upon it, slide, fall, and break or dislocate a limb. "These are little things to speak of," the reader may say, and they are; but still, they are "close devotements, working from the heart" that with such an one, a too common selfishness, or indifference to the good of others, "does not rule."

ONE of our "bold peasantry, a nation's pride," disdaining California and its temptations, thus signifies his contentment with his little mountain-farm in "dear old New England:"

"Let others, dazzled by the shining ore,
Delve in the soil to gather golden store;
Let, others, patient of the menial toil,
And daily suffering, seek the precious spoil;
I'll work instead, exempt from fear or harm,
The fruitful "placers" of my mountain farm;
Where the bright plow-share opens richest veins,
From whence shall issue countless golden grains,
Which in the fullness of the year shall come,
In bounteous sheaves to bless my harvest-home."

It was well said by an eminent man, that, during the prevalence, or expected prevalence, of any unusual epidemic, "cheerful-minded persons and cheerful looks, are more to be valued than all the drugs of the city." His further remarks are worthy of heed just now, in an anticipated or predicted "cholera-time:" "A great portion of mankind have a wonderful proclivity to groan, repine, whine, snarl, and find fault with every body and every thing, making other people miserable, and rendering themselves intolerable nuisances. At a time when all excitement, alarm, and panic are to be studiously avoided, as promotive or incitive of diseases, these groaners, these incessant predictors of more trouble, more sickness, and more deaths; these persons with rueful countenances, should be shut up, kept out of sight. They fret, annoy, and disgust all healthy, sensible people, and are 'sure death' to persons of diseased body and mind; while on the other hand, the cheerful-minded man or woman, with pleasant aspect, rejuvenates and fortifies the minds of all; filling the soul of the sick and desponding with hope, confidence, and courage. A cheerful-minded physician, who can inspire his patients with a firm faith and hope of recovery, is to be preferred, in nine cases out of ten, to the physician of gloomy misgivings and lugubrious countenance." This is good advice. We know an old weather-croaker who

at all times "never expects any more really pleasant weather." If it happens to be pleasant, he says: "Ah! my young friend, we shall *pay for this*—a mere weather-breeder—a weather-breeder, sir." If it is *not* pleasant, he reverses his grumbling. "Ah sir, just as I told you—just as I expected!"

WHEN the development of what are termed "Spiritual Rappings" was first made in this city, we were of a party who visited the exhibitors of the phenomena, or whatever else it may be called. Surprised, amazed, yet not satisfied, we returned home. In the evening, at a friend's house, the conversation turned upon the scene we had witnessed. Some importing deception, collusion, &c.; while others avowed, almost with "fear and trembling" their full belief in the operation of a spiritual agency in producing the sounds. "I know nothing whatever," said a gentleman who chanced to be present, and who had remained entirely silent during the discussion, which however he seemed to be regarding very attentively, "I know nothing whatever about these 'Spiritual Rappings,' for I have not heard them, nor had an opportunity of testing the various ways in which it is alleged they may be produced; but if you will permit me, and I shall not be considered as inflicting a story upon your company, I will tell you what I *have* seen, and which I think partook somewhat of the nature of those mysterious spiritual communications of which you have been speaking.

"I presume that many of you remember the case of RACHEL BAKER, the Somnambulist-preacher, who, some twenty-eight or thirty years ago, in one of the interior counties of this State, attracted so much the wonder and curiosity of the public. She was an ignorant, unlettered girl, of some nineteen or twenty years of age. Her parents were poor, and were unable to give her any education. She could read the BIBLE only with great difficulty, and even that little with apparently but small understanding of the force and extent of its moral and religious teachings. Although indigent and ignorant, her character, however humble and undeveloped, was unblemished. She was of a religious turn of mind, and was a regular attendant of the Methodist meetings, which were only occasionally held in the sparsely-populated neighborhood where she resided.

"Such was the young girl who subsequently became the theme of almost every journal in the United States, and whose fame, or perhaps more properly notoriety, extended to England and France; awakening in each country elaborate psychological and physiological discussions concerning the nature of the peculiar case of 'RACHEL BAKER, the American Somnambulist.' But I am getting a little before my story.

"One hot evening, about midsummer, somewhat earlier than was usual with her, RACHEL took a candle and ascended the ladder which served as stairs to lead to the open chamber or garret which contained her humble bed. A short time after midnight, her mother, being accidentally awake, and talking with her father, heard her, as she expressed, 'gabbling to herself in a dream.' She called aloud to her daughter, but received no answer; but her talk, in a low tone of voice, continued as before. The mother now awoke her husband, and lighting a candle, they ascended together to RACHEL's apartment.

"She lay upon her bed on her back, her face turned to the rafters and shingled roof of the rude dwell-

ing. Her eyes were wide open; her hands clasped convulsively over her bosom; and she was pronouncing a prayer. After finishing her prayer, she lay silent for a few moments, and then awakening with a start, and gazing wildly around her, she demanded to know of her wonder-stricken and agitated parents, why they were there, and 'what that *light* was for?'

"You waked your father and me, by talking in your sleep, Rachel; when we called to you, you did not answer, and we came up to see what was the matter. You've been dreaming, haven't you, Rachel?"

"No, mother, I've had no dream; you have wakened me from a sound and sweet sleep."

"The parents retired, went down the ladder to their own apartment, and Rachel fell into a sound sleep, and slept until morning. All the following day, however, she was indisposed; her eyes were heavy, her step faltering, and her whole manner indolent and *ennuyée*. The same somnambulism occurred every night for a week; until at length the rumor of the phenomena was noised about the country, and excited a wide and general curiosity. And when inquiry was made of the mother as to the character of Rachel's 'talk in her sleep,' she said, 'It was first-rate preaching—as good as any minister's; and her prayers,' she added, 'was beautiful to hear.'

"About this time Mr. W—— G——, a man of rare self-attainments in practical science and philosophy, and of the highest reputation for general intelligence—an ornament, moreover, to the agriculturists of New York, toward whose interests no man in the State subsequently more efficiently contributed—invited Rachel to pass a short time at the house of his father, an opulent farmer in the little town of O——, in the county of Onondaga.

"She came after some considerable persuasion; and here it was, being at that time on a tour in the western part of the State, that I first saw the remarkable spiritual development of which I spoke a while ago. Rachel had already spoken three nights, utterly unconscious to herself, although surrounded by gradually-increasing numbers, who had been attracted by a natural curiosity to hear her. Up to this time she had not herself been made aware of the continuance of her 'sleep-talking.' During the day she would assist the family in various domestic matters; and she was given to understand by Mr. G——, that it was intended to assist her to attain such proficiency in a common education as would enable her to read the Bible freely, to understand its plainest precepts, to write and to speak with grammatical correctness. She seemed anxious to avail herself of such an opportunity, and was thus entirely deceived as to the real purpose of the visit which she was induced to make.

"The house of Mr. G—— contained upon the ground-floor four apartments; an 'east' and 'west room,' the first of which contained the library of the younger Mr. G——, an organ, &c.; and the second was the 'spare room,' *par excellence*, in other words, the best parlor: these were connected by an 'entry' or passage-way; and opening into this parlor was another large room, where the family took their meals, held family worship, &c. Adjoining this room was a large kitchen. But let me describe the scene on the first night in which I saw Rachel Baker.

"It was on the evening of a hot day in summer. I had been permitted to come into the dining-room with the family, and was seated accidentally near the unconscious somnambulist. Conversation turned upon various matters, as it was intended purposely to prevent the least suspicion of there being any curi-

osity concerning her. The 'men-folks' talked of harvesting and other agricultural matters, and the 'women-kind' of their domestic affairs. Meanwhile twilight was deepening; the 'east room' was filling with the neighbors, who approached in a direction whence they could not be seen by any of us who were in the sitting-room. I was saying something to Rachel of an indifferent nature, when I thought I saw a slight twitching about the eyelids, and an unwonted heaviness in the expression of her eyes. The conversation was now vigorously renewed, but she seemed to be gradually losing all interest in it; and presently she observed, 'I am tired and sleepy, and I guess I'll go to bed.' 'Certainly, Rachel, if you wish,' said Mrs. G——; 'take a candle with you.'

"She left the chair in which she had been sitting by my side, took up a candle, bade us 'good-night,' left the room, and closed the door behind her.

"All was now expectation. We heard the subdued rustling of the crowd in the 'east room,' while we in the sitting-room were awaiting the involuntary signal which would render it proper to enter the parlor where the bed of the somnambulist was placed. Presently a subdued groan was heard. We seized the candles which had been lighted after she had retired, and entered her apartment, into which also was pouring a crowd of persons from the 'east room.'

"I shall never forget the scene that was now presented. The face of the somnambulist, which, without being handsome, was extremely interesting, was turned toward the ceiling; her large blue eyes were wide open, and their pupils seemed to fill the entire eye-balls, giving her what the Germans call an "interior" or soul-look. Her hands were crossed upon her bosom over the bed-clothes; nor did she once move them, or her eyes, so much even as to wink, during the whole evening. And so tightly did she press them, that the blood settled for the time under her nails, and at length grew black like the fingers of a corpse. She lay for the space of a few minutes motionless and silent. She then began a short prayer in a voice calm and solemn, which, although, not at all loud, could be heard plainly in all the apartments, while the hushed attention of the hearers kept the house as still as the grave. I remember that the prayer was fervent, brief, and beautiful, *et c.* in language simple and pure.

"After the prayer, she lay for some time silent and motionless; affording space, as some supposed, for the singing of a hymn, as in the regular exercises of the sanctuary. Then she began her discourse, which usually continued about half an hour. It was not a discourse from any particular text, although it was connected, regular, and nobly illustrated by the most apposite quotations from the Bible. If interrupted by any questions, she would pause, make answer, and immediately resume the broken chain of her remarks. The evening I was present, a distinguished clergyman of this city, who had come expressly to visit her, interrupted her with:

"Rachel, why do you consider yourself called upon to address your fellow-sinners, and by what authority do you speak?"

"I even I," she answered, 'a woman of the dust, am moved by the SPIRIT which liveth and moveth all things. Necessity is laid upon me; for I speak through HIM who hath said, 'Upon my young men and maidens will I pour out my Spirit, and the young men shall see visions and the young maidens dream dreams.' The passage quoted was to this purport. Although the somnambulist was utterly ignorant of correct language, never speaking, when awake,

without the grossest blunders in grammar, yet in all passages and discourses which she delivered in her somnambulant state, in all the answers to questions which were propounded to her she never committed the slightest error. I wish I could remember a passage of her discourse the second night I heard her. It was replete with the most admirable imagery, and its pathos was infinitely touching. She was visited at the house of Mr. G— by some of the most eminent clergymen and *savans* of New York, and other cities; among others, if I remember rightly, by the celebrated Dr. SAMUEL L. MITCHELL. After her discourse was finished, she would be silent and motionless, as before she began it, then pronounce a prayer; and at last relapse into a disturbed slumber, from which she would gradually arouse, groaning as if in pain, her hands relaxing and falling by her side, and her frame trembling as if 'rent with mortal agony.'

"Her somnambulism continued for some two or three months afterward; all physical remedies were tried, but without avail. She died in about a year afterward, her case baffling to the last all attempts at explanation of the mysterious agency by which it was produced.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES tells us how the members of the medical profession feel when the "poison-chalice" of their prescriptions is commended to their own lips; in other words, when the visitor becomes the visitée:

"Just change the time, the person, and the place
And be yourself the 'interesting case';
You'll gain some knowledge which it's well to learn;
In future practice it may serve your turn.
Leeches, for instance—pleasing creatures quite;
Try them, and, bless you! don't you think they bite?
You raise a blister for the smallest cause,
And be yourself the great sublime it draws;
And, trust my statement, you will not deny
The worst of draughtsmen is your Spanish Fly.
It's mighty easy ordering when you please,
'*Infusi Sennæ, capiat uncias tres*;
It's mighty different when you quackle down
Your own three ounces of the liquid brown.
'*Pilula Pulvis*'—pleasant words enough,
When other jaws receive the shocking stuff;
But oh! what flattery can disguise the groan,
That meets the gulp which sends it through your own!"

"Ah! they are very busy and bustling here *now*, but they will all be still enough by-and-by," said a clergyman from the country, as he passed with his friend, for the first time, through Cortlandt-street into crowded Broadway, at its most peopled hour. "And," said our informant (the friend alluded to, who had lived in the Great Metropolis all his life), "I never before felt so forcibly, so sudden was the observation, and so fervent the expression of the speaker, the truth of his remark. To *me*, the scene before us was an every-day one; to *him*, spending his days in the calm retirement of the country, the crowd, the roaring of the wheels, the sumptuous vehicles of Wealth, and the bedizened trappings of Pride, presented a contrast so strong, that the exclamation which he made was forced from him by the overpowering thought: "Ye busy, hurrying throng, ye rich men, ye vain and proud men, where will all these things be, where will *you* be seventy years from now?" "After all," says SYDNEY SMITH, "take some thoughtful moment of life, and add together two ideas of pride and of man: behold *him*, creature of a span high, stalking through infinite space, in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a speck of the universe, every wind of heaven

strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul floats from his body like melody from the string. Day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens, through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the creations of GOD are flaming above and beneath. Is *this* a creature to make himself a crown of glory? to mock at his fellows, sprung from the dust to which they must alike return? Does the proud man not err? does he not suffer? does he not die? When he reasons, is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts, is he never tempted by pleasures? When he lives, is he free from pain? when he dies can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man. Humility should dwell with Frailty, and atone for ignorance, error, and imperfection."

THAT sort of curiosity which invests murderers and their secret motives with so much interest, instances of which may be seen any week almost in our very midst, was finely satirized many years ago by a writer in one of the English or Scottish periodicals. The criminal was arrested for the murder of an old woman, who had no money to tempt his avarice, and he resisted all inquiries touching the motives which induced him to commit the horrid deed. He "couldn't tell," he said; "it was a sudden impulse—a sort of a whisper; SATAN put it into his head." He had no reason for doing it; didn't know *why* he did it. Ladies brought tracts and cakes to his prison, and begged him to "make a clean breast of it." Why did he do it? "LORD knows," said he, "I don't." At his trial the jury brought him in guilty, but recommended him to mercy, provided he gave his reasons. He said he "hadn't any; he killed the old 'oman off-hand; it was a sudden start—the same as a frisk: he couldn't account for it; it was done in a dream, like." Finally the day appointed for his execution arrived; and the sheriff, under-sheriffs, clergy, reporters, etc., all implored him to make a full confession, now that his time had come. A phrenologist, knowing that although "Murder had no tongue, it could speak with most miraculous *organ*," felt the devoted head, but was none the wiser. The interest in the murderer was now increased tenfold; and such was the demand for locks of the culprit's hair, that when he was led forth to the scaffold, there remained upon his head but a few carrotty clippings; "and all this while," says the writer in parenthesis, "there was poor old HONESTY toiling for a shilling a day, wet or shine, and not one Christian man or woman to ask him for so much as one white hair of his head!" Well, the murderer, unyielding to the end, stands at last upon the scaffold, the focus of the gaze of ten thousand sons and daughters of curiosity, in the street, at the windows, on the house-tops. The hangman is adjusting the rope; the clergyman is reading the death-service; the fatal bolt is about to be withdrawn; when a desperate individual, in a straw-hat, a light blue jacket, striped trowsers, and Hessian boots, with an umbrella under his arm, dashes in before the clergyman, and in hurried accents puts the old question, "Why did you do it?" "Why, then," said the convict, with an impatient motion of his cropped head, "I did it—to *get my hair cut*!" And he had not miscalculated the sympathy with crime which was to denude his guilty head for "keep sakes!"

THOSE who have risen early on a Sabbath morning in the country, and experienced the solemn stillness and holy calm of the hour, will read the following

lines with something of the religious fervor with which they came warm from the heart of the author:

"How calm comes on this holy day!
Morning unfolds the eastern sky,
And upward takes his lofty way
Triumphant to her throne on high.
Earth glorious wakes as o'er her breast
The morning flings her rosy ray,
And blushing from her dreamless rest
Unveils her to the gaze of day:
So still the scene each wakeful sound
Seems hallowed music breathing round.
The night-winds to their mountain caves,
The morning mist to heaven's blue steep
And to their ocean depths the waves
Are gone, their holy rest to keep,
'Tis tranquil all, around, above,
The forests far which bound the scene
Are peaceful as their Maker's love,
Like hills of everlasting green.
And clouds like earthly barriers stand,
Or bulwarks of some viewless land."

Now those lines came to our recollection on one occasion many months since, simply by way of direct contrast, which is one of the curious, if not unexplainable operations of the human mind. We had been reading a long description, in a letter from a traveler, of life in the English coal-mines and of the "Sabbath privileges" of the thirty-five thousand men and boys who labor in the vast coal-fields of Durham and Northumberland, in England. There they are, and there they spend their long nights of labor, for day is not for them, hundreds of fathoms down in subterranean depths; never breathing pure air, but often stagnant and exhausted, when the stream of ventilation does not permeate the ever-lengthening gallery, and are almost always inhaling noxious gases. Not only is the atmospheric medium rarefied by a perpetual summer heat, without one glimpse of summer day, but every now and then occur terrific explosions of the "fire-damp," instantaneously thundering through a Vulcanian region, with more certain death to all within its range than there was ever dealt by artillery on the surface of the earth: or a gush of poisonous vapor in one moment extinguishes the candles and the lives of the workmen, and changes the scene of unceasing toil into a catacomb inconceivably more awful than any of the great receptacles of death that bear that name: or the ill-propped vault gives way, and bodies, never to be seen until the resurrection, are buried under the ruins of a pestilential cavern: often, too, life is sacrificed to carelessness or parsimony, and a few "indulgences" are perhaps given to the widow and orphans, to hush up the "casualty" within the neighborhood of the pit. Seldom does a visitor venture to plunge into the Hades-like profound. No attraction in the scenery of the miserable villages above ground brings a stranger to meddle with a population that never come to the surface except to eat or sleep. Yes, there is one exception. On that thrice happy day of rest, when even the burden of the beast is unloosed, the sober, humbly-clad colliers, as clean as they can make themselves, emerge from darkness into light, and hear from the lips of some brother "pitman," in their own familiar *patois*, the "glad tidings of salvation."

THERE are numerous pictures of NAPOLEON: Napoleon in scenes of triumph in peace, and of sublime grandeur in war. He has been depicted crossing the Alps; at Marengo, at Austerlitz, at the bridge of Lodi, at Jena, at Moscow, by the Nile; gazing at the everlasting pyramids; entering sacked cities, bivouacked

at night, and the like. But of all the pictures that we have ever seen of the Great Captain, one which has pleased us most, and which seems to represent him in the most gratifying light, is a picture which depicts him sitting upon a sofa in his library, a book in his hand, which he is perusing attentively; while his little son, reclining on one end of the sofa, lies asleep with his head resting on his father's lap—pillowed on those adipose limbs, that look as if they had been melted and run into the close-fitting breeches which they inhabit. This is a picture which, unlike the others, represents the great original as "one of us"—a man and a father, and not as a successful warrior or a triumphant victor.

SPEAKING nearly a century ago, an old English worthy laments the "good old times" when a book was bequeathed as an invaluable legacy, and if given to a religious house, was offered on the altar, and deemed a gift worthy of salvation; and when a prelate borrowed a Bible, his cathedral gave a bond for its return. Libraries then consisted of a few tracts, chained or kept in chests. The famous Library of Oxford, celebrated by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, contained only six hundred volumes! What would *then* have been thought of the "making of many books," of which "there is no end" in these our days?

THERE is a striking example of the style of "SIR PERTINAX MAC SYCOPHANT," in a character of MARSTON'S "*What you Will*." Here is a slight specimen of his "booing and booing:"

"Sir, I protest I not only take distinct notice of your dear rarities of exterior presence, but also I protest I am most vehemently enamored, and very passionately dote on your inward adornments and habilities of spirit. I protest I shall be proud to do you most obsequious vassalage."

WE find upon a scrap in the "drawer" these two stanzas taken from a German hymn, entitled, "*Kindliches Gemüthe*," or Childlike Temper:

"His mother's arms his chief enjoyment;
To be there is his loved employment;
Early and late to see her face,
And tenderly her neck embrace.

"O Innocence! sweet child's existence!
This have I learnt, through God's assistance,
He who possesses thee is wise,
And valued in the ALMIGHTY'S eyes."

"Valued" is doubtless a stronger word in the original German, but it may have been difficult to render into our vernacular.

It would be a curious question whether, supposing the sun could be inhabited, its citizens would be as large, in proportion to the size of that luminary as we mundanes are in proportion to the earth. This, it strikes us, is one of those questions which it would be difficult to answer to general satisfaction. We remember some old philosopher who once complained that a flea had a good deal more proportional force than, from his size, he was entitled to. Although weighing only a single grain, it is endowed with the ability to jump an inch and a half at a spring. Now a man weighing an hundred and fifty pounds, ought, "by the same rule," to be able to make a spring over a space of twelve thousand eight hundred miles, which would be equivalent to jumping from Gotham to Cochin China, or round the world in two jumps! A man capable of doing that, might be set down "pretty spry."

WOMAN'S EMANCIPATION.

(BEING A LETTER ADDRESSED TO MR. PUNCH, WITH A DRAWING, BY A STRONG-MINDED AMERICAN WOMAN.)



IT is quite easy to realize the considerable difficulty that the natives of this old country are like to have in estimating the rapid progress of ideas on all subjects among us, the Anglo-Saxons of the Western World. Mind travels with us on a rail-car, or a high-pressure river-boat. The snags and sawyers of prejudice, which render so dangerous the navigation of Time's almighty river, whose water-power has toppled over these giant-growths of the world, without being able to detach them from the congenial mud from which they draw their nutriment, are dashed aside or run down in the headlong career of the United States mind.

We laugh to scorn the dangers of popular effervescence. Our almighty-browed and cavernous-eyed statesmen sit, heroically, on the safety-valve, and the mighty ark of our vast Empire of the West moves on at a pressure on the square inch which would rend into shivers the rotten boiler-plates of your outworn states of the Old World.

To use a phrase which the refined manners of our ladies have banished from the drawing-room, and the saloon of the boarding-house, *we go ahead*. And our progress is the progress of all—not of high and low, for we have abolished the odious distinction—but of man, woman, and child, each in his or her several sphere.

Our babies are preternaturally sharp, and highly independent from the cradle. The high-souled American boy will not submit to be whipped at school. That punishment is confined to the lower animals.

But it is among *our sex*—among women (for I am a woman, and my name is THEODOSIA EUDOXIA BANG, of Boston, U.S., Principal of the Homeopathic and Collegiate Thomsonian Institute for developing the female mind in that intellectual city) that the stranger may realize, in the most convincing manner, the progressional influences of the democratic institutions it is our privilege to live under.

An American female—for I do not like the term Lady, which suggests the outworn distinctions of feudalism—can travel alone from one end of the States to the other; from the majestic waters of Niagara to the mystic banks of the Yellowstone, or the rolling prairies of Texas. The American female delivers lectures, edits newspapers, and similar organs of opinion, which exert so mighty a leverage on the national mind of our great people, is privileged

to become a martyr to her principles, and to utter her soul from the platform, by the side of the gifted POE or the immortal PEABODY. All this in these old countries is the peculiar privilege of man, as opposed to woman. The female is consigned to the slavish duties of the house. In America the degrading cares of the household are comparatively unknown to our sex. The American wife resides in a boarding-house, and, consigning the petty cares of daily life to the helps of the establishment, enjoys leisure for higher pursuits, and can follow her vast aspirations upward, or in any other direction.

We are emancipating ourselves, among other badges of the slavery of feudalism, from the inconvenient dress of the European female. With man's functions, we have asserted our right to his garb, and especially to that part of it which invests the lower extremities. With this great symbol, we have adopted others—the hat, the cigar, the paletot or round jacket. And it is generally calculated that the dress of the Emancipated American female is quite pretty—as becoming in all points as it is manly and independent. I inclose a drawing made by my gifted fellow-citizen, INCREASEN TARBOX, of Boston, U.S., for the *Free Woman's Banner*, a periodical under my conduct, aided by several gifted women of acknowledged progressive opinions.

I appeal to my sisters of the Old World, with confidence, for their sympathy and their countenance in the struggle in which *we* are engaged, and which will soon be found among them also. For I feel that I have a mission across the broad Atlantic, and the steamers are now running at reduced fares. I hope to rear the standard of Female Emancipation on the roof of the Crystal Palace, in London Hyde Park. Empty wit may sneer at its form, which is bifurcate. And why not? MOHAMMED warred under the Petticoat of his wife KADIGA. The American female Emancipist marches on her holy war under the distinguishing garment of her husband. In the compartment devoted to the United States in your Exposition, my sisters of the old country may see this banner by the side of a uniform of female freedom—such as my drawing represents—the garb of martyrdom for a month; the trappings of triumph for all ages of the future!

THEODOSIA E. BANG, M.A.,
M.C.P., Φ.Δ.Κ., K.L.M., &c., &c. (of Boston, U.S.)

Three Leaves from Punch.



"THERE, NOW;—THAT'S A CIGAR I CAN CONFIDENTLY RECOMMEND!"

"WELL; PUT ME UP A DOZEN TO TRY!"



THE INTERESTING STORY.

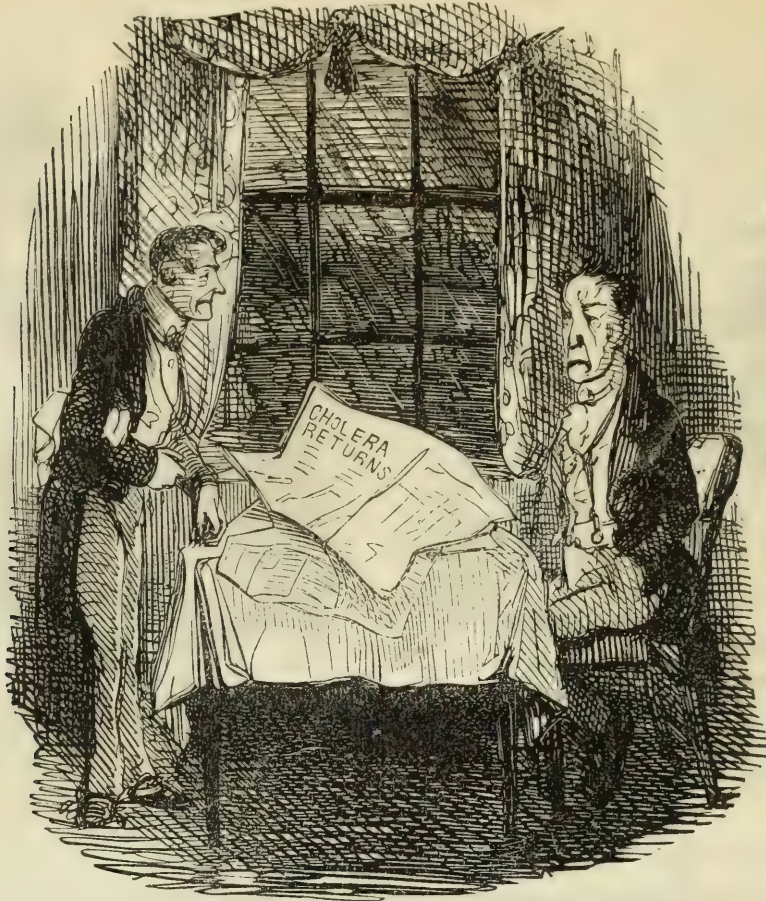
First Ticket-Porter.—"AND SO, YOU KNOW, THAT'S ALL I KNOWS ABOUT IT."

Second Ticket-Porter.—"WELL! I DON'T KNOW AS EVER I KNOWED A MAN AS KNOWS AS MUCH AS YOU KNOWS!"

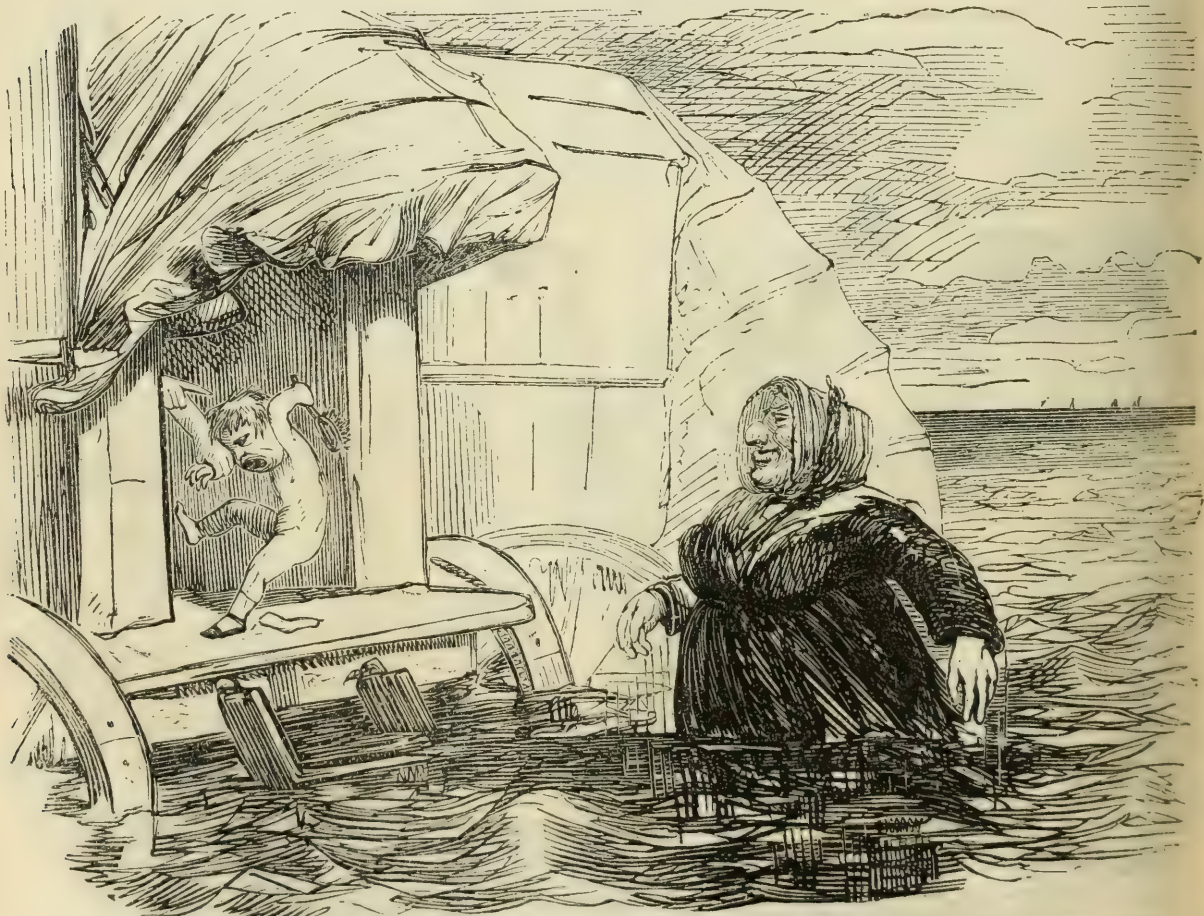
ELEGANT AND RATIONAL DINNER COSTUME FOR THIS CLOSE WEATHER.



A WET DAY AT A COUNTRY INN.



Guest — "IS THAT YOUR NOTION OF SOMETHING AMUSING?"



Bathing-Woman. — "MASTER FRANKY WOULDN'T CRY! NO! NOT HE! — HE'LL COME TO HIS MARTHA, AND BATHE LIKE A MAN!"

AFFECTING—RATHER!



Alfred.—"TELL ME, MY OWN ONE. IS THERE ANY THING ELSE YOU HAVE TO SAY, BEFORE I GO?"

Emma.—"YES, DEAREST—DO NOT—OH DO NOT FORGET TO BRING THE—TH—TH—BRUNSWICK SAUSAGE FROM F-F-F-FORT—NUM AND MASON'S."

REAL ENJOYMENT.



Annie.—"GOOD-BY, DEAR. YOU MUST COME AGAIN SOON, AND SPEND A GOOD LONG DAY, AND THEN I CAN SHOW YOU ALL MY NEW THINGS."

Clara.—"OH! THAT WILL BE NICE! GOOD-BY, DEAR." (*Kiss and exit.*)



"SEE, DEAR, WHAT A SWEET DOLL MA-A HAS MADE FOR ME."



SINGULAR OPTICAL DELUSION.

Gentleman.—"THERE, LOVE; DO YOU SEE THAT STEAMER?"
 Lady.—"OH, DISTINCTLY! THERE ARE TWO!"

A MOST ALARMING SWELLING



SUNBEAMS FROM CUCUMBERS; OR, GEMS FROM ADVERTISEMENTS.
SCHOLASTIC!



Mother.—"AND—PRAY, DOCTOR, WHAT ARE YOUR TERMS FOR HEDUCATING LITTLE BOYS?"

The Principal.—"WHY, MY DEAR MADAM, MY USUAL TERMS ARE SEVENTY GUINEAS *PER ANNUM* (TO USE THE LANGUAGE OF THE ANCIENT ROMANS), BUT TO EFFECT MY OBJECT (?) QUICKLY, I WOULD TAKE A FEW FOR WHAT I COULD GET; PROVIDED THEY BE GENTLEMEN, LIKE YOUR DEAR LITTLE BOY THERE; BUT (AGAIN TO USE THE LATIN TONGUE), IT IS A *SINE QUA NON* THAT THEY SHOULD BE GENTLEMEN!!!"



First Old Fozzle.—"WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE PAPER, SIR? THERE'S NOTHING IN IT."

Second Old Fozzle.—"THEN WHAT THE DEUCE DID YOU KEEP IT SO LONG FOR?"

LITTLE LESSONS FOR LITTLE LADIES.



FAN-NY FAL-LAL, although she was not rich, nor a person of rank, was a ve-ry fine La-dy. She would pass all her time read-ing nov-els and work-ing cro-chet, but would neg-lect her house-hold du-ties; so her hus-band, who was a ve-ry nice man, and fond of a nice din-ner, be-came a mem-ber of a Club, and used to stop out ve-ry late at night, which led to ma-n-y quar-rels. How fool-ish it was of FAN-NY to neg-lect her house-hold du-ties, and not to make her AL-BERT hap-py at home!

Fashions for August.



FIG. 1.—PROMENADE AND YOUNG LADY'S MORNING COSTUME.

WE have very little change to note in the forms of dress, since our last; and while "the dog-star rages," materials suitable for the heat of July will be appropriate. For out-of-door costume, silks of light texture, and hues accordant with those of surrounding nature, such as peach, lilac, violet, buff, green, pink, &c., are in vogue. Mantelets are much worn, and are of two different forms—the scarf mantelet, and the little round shawl mantelet. These, particularly the shawl mantelet, are beautifully embroidered and deeply fringed, giving them an exceedingly rich appearance. They have mostly a double collar attached.

PROMENADE COSTUME.—The figure on the right,

in our first illustration, represents a beautiful style of walking costume. The dress is of light-textured silk. Body high, open in front, and having at the edge, as a lapel, two vandyked and goffered trimmings, with very little fullness. The under one meets the upper about two-thirds down the front. The body has a rounded point in front, and the trimming goes to the bottom. The sleeves are almost tight for about two-thirds of the arm, and end in a frill, on which are set two smaller frills, vandyked and goffered at the edges. The skirt has three flounces; the first, six inches below the waist, is ten inches deep; the second is twelve, and the third fourteen inches. Each of these flounces, already a little

drawn, is trimmed at bottom with two vandyked frills of two inches in width. They are held in, when sewed on, so as to be full on the large ones. The habit shirt is composed of two valenciennes at the collar, and of muslin puffs; the under-sleeve, trimmed with a narrow valenciennes, is formed of muslin *bouillonnés*, diminishing toward the bottom.

The bonnet is an elegant style. It is drawn, of net, blond, and silk; the edge of the poke has a roll of silk; above and below there is a transparent width of net, about two inches deep, and two blond frills drawn shell-shape. All the inside of the poke and crown is composed of a kind of *carapace* made of silk, with small folds lapping over each other. On one side there are two large moss-roses with buds and leaves. A blond, about an inch and a half wide, goes over the roses, and is continued in waves all along the piping. On the other side there are no flowers, but instead of them are a net *bouillonné* and three blond frills. The curtain is of puffed net, with blonds and no frills.

YOUNG LADY'S MORNING COSTUME.—The figure on the left represents an elegant morning costume for a young lady. Hair in bandeaux, forming a puff which spreads well at the bottom. The points are carried back to meet under the knot. The back hair is done up in a torsade with black velvet ribbons, the two ends of which float behind. Frock of plaid silk, skirt very full. *Cansezou*, or jacket, of embroidered muslin, trimmed with embroidered and festooned bands. It is open and square in front, with five bands for trimming. The sleeves are demi-length, and trimmed in a similar manner. The under-chemisette is of plaited net, with a narrow lace at the edge.



FIG 2.—JACKETS.

Jackets are now much worn, not only as a part of a morning costume, but as an elegant addition to a visiting dress. Figure 2 represents two of these. The first, held in the hand, is of light blue silk, and intended as an accompaniment to a visiting dress of the same material. It is trimmed round the lower part, as well as the sleeves and lapels or facings, with a narrow frilling of the same, fastened down the front with three large rosettes of silk, the corsage being sufficiently open to show the habit-shirt, decorated with a frilling of white lace. The large white under-sleeves are decorated with a double fall of white lace. On the half-length figure is represented the jacket of a morning costume. It is of white jaconet muslin, trimmed with lace and rows of pink ribbon of different widths. Long sleeves made rather loose, and encircled with lace and ribbon, finished

with a nœud of the latter, on the top of the wrist. Under close sleeve trimmed with rows of lace placed close together. This figure also shows a pretty style of cap, made of white lace, trimmed round the back part with four rows of narrow white lace, finished on each side with a bow and ends of pink ribbon, with loops on each side of the face.

A beautiful style of **EVENING DRESS** is a robe of white cachmere, trimmed with very deep flounces, each finished with stripes of silk woven in the material. The body open, square in the front; made very high and open, across the chest, terminating below the waist with basquines, which give it some what the appearance of a little vest, or jacket.



FIG. 3.—BOY'S DRESS.

FIGURE 3 represents a pleasing style of dress for a little boy. A Charles-the-Ninth cap of black velvet, with a well-rolled feather on one side, and proceeding from a cabbage-rose of black satin ribbon. Coat of black velvet, without any seam at the waist. It is hollowed out at the side and back seams, like a lady's paletot, tight over the breast, and fastened with little jet buttons. Sleeves half short, also with buttons. Under the coat is a tunic of plaid poplin, black and red. This tunic is full of gathers like a Scotch kilt. Plaid stockings, stripes sloping; small black gaiters with jet buttons. Collar sewed on to a band; the trimmings of the under-sleeves and trowsers are of the older style of English embroidery.

The taste for flowers, those gems which give exquisite beauty to nature's pictures, is becoming more and more prevalent. Nearly every bonnet is decorated with flowers, particularly those of rice straw. Heaths, lilies, violets, roses, &c., with straw, oats, asparagus, butter-cups, and fancy trifles are used in giving grace and beauty to bonnets

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NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

II. DAWNING GREATNESS.

WHILE Napoleon was spending his few months of furlough in Corsica, he devoted many hours every day to the careful composition, after the manner of Plutarch, of the lives of illustrious Corsicans. Though he had made considerable progress in the work, it was lost in the subsequent disorders of those times. He also established a debating club, composed of the several officers in the army upon the island, to discuss the great political questions which were then agitating Europe. These subjects he studied with most intense application. In this club he was a frequent speaker, and obtained much distinction for his argumentative and oratorical powers. Napoleon, at this time, warmly espoused the cause of popular liberty, though most sternly hostile to lawless violence. As the reign of terror began to shed its gloom on Paris, and each day brought its tidings of Jacobin cruelty and carnage, Napoleon imbibed that intense hatred of anarchy which he ever after manifested, and which no temptation could induce him to disguise. One day he expressed himself in the club so vehemently, that an enemy, Salicetti, reported him to the government as a traitor. He was arrested, taken to Paris, and obtained a triumphant acquittal. Some years after he had an opportunity to revenge himself, most magnanimously, upon his enemy who had thus meanly sought his life, and whom he could not but despise. Salicetti, in his turn, became obnoxious to the Jacobins, and was denounced as an outlaw. The officers of police were in pursuit of him, and the guillotine was ravenous for his blood. He ungenerously sought concealment under the roof of Madame Permon, the mother of the young lady who had suggested to Napoleon the idea of "Puss in Boots." By this act he exposed to the most imminent peril the lives of Madame Permon and of all the members of her household. Napoleon was on terms of familiar intimacy with the family, and Salicetti was extremely apprehensive that he might discover his retreat, and report him to the police. Madame Permon also, knowing the hatred with which Salicetti had sought Napoleon's life, participated in these fears.

The very next morning Napoleon made his appearance in the saloon of Madame Permon.

"Well, Madame Permon," said he, "Salicetti will now in his turn be able to appreciate the

bitter fruits of arrest. And to him they ought to be the more bitter, since he aided, with his own hand, to plant the trees which bear them."

"How!" exclaimed Madame Permon, with an air of affected astonishment, "is Salicetti arrested?"

"And is it possible," replied Napoleon, "that you do not know that he has been proscribed. I presumed that you were aware of the fact, since it is in your house that he is concealed."

"Concealed in my house!" she cried, "surely, my dear Napoleon, you are mad. I entreat you do not repeat such a joke in any other place. I assure you it would peril my life."

Napoleon rose from his seat, advanced slowly toward Madame Permon, folded his arms upon his breast, and fixing his eyes in a steadfast gaze upon her, remained for a moment in perfect silence.

"Madame Permon!" he then said, emphatically, "Salicetti is concealed in your house. Nay—do not interrupt me. I know that yesterday at five o'clock he was seen proceeding from the Boulevard in this direction. It is well known that he has not in this neighborhood any acquaintances, you excepted, who would risk their own safety, as well as that of their friends by secreting him."

"And by what right," Madame Permon replied, with continued duplicity, "should Salicetti seek an asylum here? He is well aware that our political sentiments are at variance, and he also knows that I am on the point of leaving Paris."

"You may well ask," Napoleon rejoined, "by what right he should apply to you for concealment. To come to an unprotected woman, who might be compromised by affording a few hours of safety to an outlaw who merits his fate, is an act of baseness to which no consideration ought to have driven him."

"Should you repeat abroad this assertion," she replied, "for which there is no possible foundation, it would entail the most serious consequences upon me."

Again Napoleon, with much apparent emotion, fixed his steadfast gaze upon Madame Permon, and exclaimed, "You, Madame, are a generous woman, and Salicetti is a villain. He was well aware that you could not close your doors against him, and he would selfishly allow you to peril your own life and that of your child, for the sake of his safety. I never liked him. Now I despise him."

With consummate duplicity Madame Permon

took Napoleon's hand, and fixing her eye unquailing upon his, firmly uttered the falsehood, "I assure you, Napoleon, upon my honor, that Salicetti is not in my apartments. But stay—shall I tell you all?"

"Yes! all! all!" he vehemently rejoined.

"Well, then," she continued, with great apparent frankness, "Salicetti was, I confess, under my roof yesterday at six o'clock; but he left in a few hours after. I pointed out to him the moral impossibility of his remaining concealed with me, living as publicly as I do. Salicetti admitted the justice of my objection, and took his departure."

Napoleon, with hurried step, traversed the room two or three times, and then exclaimed, "It is just as I suspected. He was coward enough to say to a woman, 'Expose your life for mine.' But," he continued, stopping before Madame Permon, and fixing a doubting eye upon her, "you really believe, then, that he left your house and returned home!"

"Yes!" she replied, "I told him that since he must conceal himself in Paris, it were best to bribe the people of his own hotel, because that would be the last place where his enemies would think of searching for him."

Napoleon then took his leave, and Madame Permon opened the door of the closet where Salicetti was concealed. He had heard every word of the conversation, and was sitting on a small chair, his head leaning upon his hand, which was covered with blood, from a hemorrhage with which he had been seized. Preparations were immediately made for an escape from Paris, and passports were obtained for Salicetti as the valet de chambre of Madame Permon. In the early dawn of the morning they left Paris, Salicetti as a servant, seated upon the box of the carriage. When they had arrived at the end of the first stage, several miles from the city, the postillion came to the window of the coach, and presented Madame Permon with a note, which, he said, a young man had requested him to place in her hands at that post. It was from Napoleon. Madame Permon opened it and read as follows:

"I never like to be thought a dupe. I should appear to be such to you, did I not tell you that I knew perfectly well of Salicetti's place of concealment.

"You see, then, Salicetti, that I might have returned the ill you did to me. In so doing I should only have avenged myself. But you sought my life when I never had done aught to harm you. Which of us stands in the preferable point of view at the present moment? I might have avenged my wrongs; but I did not. Perhaps you may say, that it was out of regard to your benefactress that I spared you. That consideration, I confess, was powerful. But you, alone, unarmed and an outlaw, would never have been injured by me. Go in peace, and seek an asylum where you may cherish better sentiments. On your name my mouth is closed. Repent and appreciate my motives.

"Madame Permon! my best wishes are with

you and your child. You are feeble and defenseless beings. May Providence and a friend's prayers protect you. Be cautious, and do not tarry in the large towns through which you may have to pass. Adieu."

Having read the letter, Madame Permon turned to Salicetti, and said, "You ought to admire the noble conduct of Bonaparte. It is most generous."

"Generous!" he replied, with a contemptuous smile, "What would you have had him do? Would you have wished him to betray me?"

The indignant woman looked upon him with disgust, and said, "I do not know what I might expect *you* to do. But this I do know, that it would be pleasant to see you manifest a little gratitude."

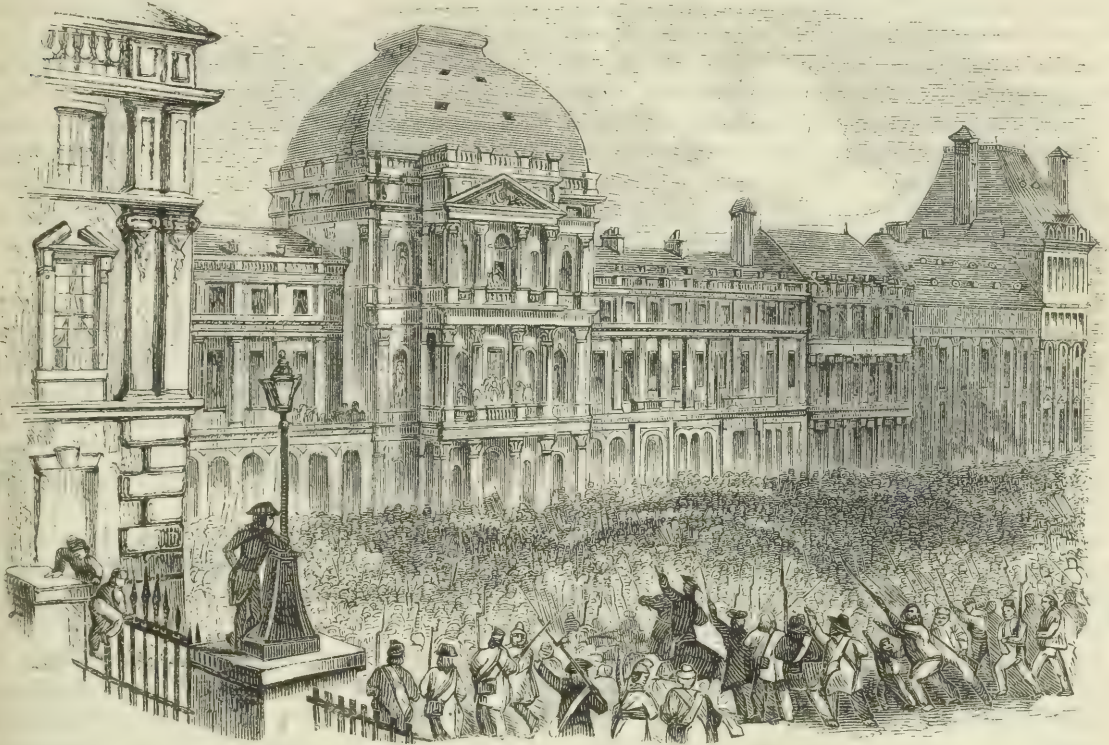
When they arrived at a seaport, as Salicetti embarked on board a small vessel which was to convey him to Italy, he seemed for a moment not to be entirely unmindful of the favors he had received. Taking Madame Permon's hands in his, he said, "I should have too much to say, were I to attempt to express to you my gratitude by words. As to Bonaparte, tell him I thank him. Hitherto I did not believe him capable of generosity. I am now bound to acknowledge my mistake. I thank him."

Napoleon, after his acquittal from the charges brought against him by Salicetti, remained in Paris for two or three months. He lived in the most frugal manner, spending no money or time in dissipation or amusements. He passed most of his hours in the libraries, reading volumes of solid worth, and seeking the conversation of distinguished men. Without any exhibition of vanity, he seemed to repose great reliance upon his own powers, and was never abashed in the slightest degree by the presence of others, of whatever rank or attainments. Indeed he seemed, even then, to be animated by the assurance that he was destined for some great achievements. His eye was surveying the world. He was meditating upon the rise and fall of empires. France, Europe even, seemed too small for his majestic designs. He studied with intense interest the condition of the countless myriads of men who swarm along the rivers and the hill-sides of internal Asia; and dreamed of being himself the founder of an Empire there, in comparison with which the dynasties of Europe should be insignificant. Indeed he never, in all his subsequent career, manifested the least surprise in view of his elevation. He rose from step to step, regarding each ascent as a matter of course, never shrinking in the least degree from assuming any weight of responsibility, and never manifesting the slightest embarrassment in taking the command from the hands of gray-headed veterans.

While in Paris, he was, on the famous morning of the 20th of June, 1792, walking with his friend Bourrienne, along the banks of the Seine, when he saw a vast mob of men, women, and boys, with hideous yells and frantic gestures, and brandishing weapons of every kind, rolling like an inundation through the streets of the

metropolis, and directing their steps toward the palace of the imprisoned monarch. Napoleon ran before them that he might witness their proceedings. Climbing, by an iron fence, upon the balustrade of a neighboring building, he saw the squalid mass of thirty thousand miscreants break into the garden of the Tuileries, swarm through the doors of the regal mansion, and, at last, compel the insulted and humiliated king, driven into the embrasure of a window, to put the filthy red cap of Jacobinism upon his brow. This triumph

of the drunken vagrants, from the cellars and garrets of infamy, over all law and justice, and this spectacle of the degradation of the acknowledged monarch of one of the proudest nations on the globe, excited the indignation of Napoleon to the highest pitch. He turned away from the sight as unendurable, exclaiming, "The wretches! how could they suffer this vile mob to enter the palace! They should have swept down the first five hundred with grape shot, and the rest would have soon taken to flight."



THE ATTACK UPON THE TUILERIES

New scenes of violence were now daily enacted before the eyes of Napoleon in the streets of Paris, until the dreadful 10th of August arrived. He then again saw the triumphant and unresisted mob sack the palace of the Tuileries. He witnessed the king and the royal family driven from the halls of their ancestors, and followed by the frenzied multitude, with hootings, and hissings, and every conceivable insult, in momentary peril of assassination, until they took refuge in the Assembly. He saw the merciless massacre of the faithful guards of the king, as they were shot in the garden, as they were pursued and poniarded in the streets, as they were pricked down with bayonets, from the statues upon which they had climbed for protection, and in cold blood butchered. He saw, with his bosom glowing with shame and indignation, the drunken rioters marching exultingly through the streets of the metropolis, with the ghastly heads of the slaughtered guards borne aloft, upon the points of their pikes, as the trophies of their victory.

These hideous spectacles wrought quite a revolution in the mind of Napoleon. They effectually arrested the progress of all his tendencies toward democracy. He had been a great

admirer of constitutional liberty in England, and a still greater admirer of republican liberty in America. He now became convinced that the people of France were too ignorant and degraded for self-government, that they needed the guidance and control of resistless law. He hated and despised the voluptuousness, the imbecility, and the tyranny of the effete monarchy. He had himself suffered most keenly from the superciliousness of the old nobility who grasped at all the places of profit and honor, merely to gratify their own sensuality, and left no career open to merit. Napoleon had his own fortune to make, and he was glad to see all these bulwarks battered down, which the pride and arrogance of past ages had reared to foster a worthless aristocracy; and to exclude the energetic and the aspiring, unaided by wealth and rank, from all the avenues of influence and celebrity. On the other hand the dominion of the mob appeared to him so execrable that he said, "I frankly declare that if I were compelled to choose between the old monarchy and Jacobin misrule, I should infinitely prefer the former." Openly and energetically, upon all occasions, fearless of consequences, he expressed his abhorrence of those miscreants who were trampling justice and

mercy beneath their feet, and who were, by their atrocities, making France a by-word among all nations. This is a key to the character of Napoleon. Those opposing forces guided his future career. He ever, subsequently, manifested the most decisive resolution to crush the Jacobins. He displayed untiring energy in reconstructing in France a throne invincible in power, which should govern the people, which should throw every avenue to greatness open to all competitors, making wealth, and rank, and influence, and power the reward of merit. Napoleon openly avowed his conviction that France, without education and without religion, was not prepared for the republicanism of the United States. In this sentiment La Fayette and most of the wisest men of the French nation fully concurred. With an arm of despotic power he crushed every lawless outbreak. And he gathered around his throne eminent abilities, wherever he could find them, in the shop of the artisan, in the ranks of the army, and in the hut of the peasant. In France at this time, there was neither intelligence, religion, nor morality, among the masses. There was no reverence for law either human or divine. Napoleon expressed his high approval of the constitutional monarchy of England, and declared that to be the model upon which he would have the new government of France constructed. He judged that France needed an imposing throne, supported by an illustrious nobility and by a standing army of invincible power, with civil privileges cautiously and gradually disseminated among the people. And though in the pride of subsequent success he was disposed to gather all power into his own hands, few persons could have manifested during so long a reign, and through the temptations of so extraordinary a career, more unwavering consistency.

One evening he returned home from a walk, through the streets of the tumultuous metropolis, in which his ears had been deafened by the shouts of the people in favor of a new republican constitution. It was in the midst of the reign of terror, and the guillotine was drenched in blood. "How do you like the new constitution?" said a lady to him. He replied, hesitatingly, "Why, it is good in one sense, to be sure; but, all that is connected with carnage, is bad," and then, as if giving way to an outburst of sincere feeling, he exclaimed, emphatically, "*No! no! no! away with this constitution. I do not like it!*"

The republicanism of the United States is founded on the intelligence, the Christianity, and the reverence for law so generally prevalent throughout the whole community. And should that dark day ever come, in which the majority of the people will be unable to read the printed vote which is placed in their hands, and lose all reverence for earthly law, and believe not in God, before whose tribunal they must finally appear, it is certain that the republic can not stand for a day. Anarchy must ensue, from which there can be no refuge but in a military despotism.

In these days of pecuniary embarrassment Na-

poleon employed a bootmaker, a very awkward workman, but a man who manifested very kindly feelings toward him, and accommodated him in his payments. When dignity and fortune were lavished upon the first consul and the emperor, he was frequently urged to employ a more fashionable workman. But no persuasions could induce him to abandon the humble artisan who had been the friend of his youthful days. Instinctive delicacy told him that the man would be more gratified by being the shoemaker of the emperor, and that his interests would thus be better promoted than by any other favors he could confer.

A silversmith, in one of Napoleon's hours of need, sold him a dressing-case upon credit. The kindness was never forgotten. Upon his return from the campaign of Italy, he called, rewarded him liberally, and ever after employed him, and also recommended him to his marshals and to his court in general. In consequence the jeweler acquired an immense fortune.

Effects must have their causes. Napoleon's boundless popularity in the army and in the nation, was not the result of accident, the sudden outbreak of an insane delusion. These exhibitions of an instinctive and unstudied magnanimity won the hearts of the people as rapidly as his transcendent abilities and Herculean toil secured for him renown.

Napoleon with his political principles modified by the scenes of lawless violence which he had witnessed in Paris, returned again to Corsica.

Soon after his return to his native island, in February, 1793, he, being then 22 years of age, was ordered, at the head of two battalions, in co-operation with Admiral Turget, to make a descent upon the island of Sardinia. Napoleon effected a landing and was entirely successful in the accomplishment of his part of the expedition. The admiral, however, failed, and Napoleon, in consequence, was under the necessity of evacuating the positions where he had entrenched himself, and of returning to Corsica.

He found France still filled with the most frightful disorders. The king and queen had both fallen upon the scaffold. Paoli, disgusted with the political aspect of his own country, treasonably plotted to surrender Corsica, over which he was the appointed governor, to the crown of England. It was a treacherous act, and was only redeemed from utter infamy by the brutal outrages with which France was disgraced. A large party of the Corsicans rallied around Paoli. He exerted all the influence in his power to induce Napoleon, the son of his old friend and comrade, and whose personal qualities he greatly admired, to join his standard. Napoleon, on the other hand, with far greater penetration into the mysteries of the future, entreated Paoli to abandon the unpatriotic enterprise. He argued that the violence with which France was filled was too terrible to be lasting, and that the nation must soon return again to reason and to law. He represented that Corsica was too small

and feeble to think of maintaining independence in the midst of the powerful empires of Europe ; that in manners, language, customs, and religion it never could become a homogeneous part of England ; that the natural connection of the island was with France, and that its glory could only be secured by its being embraced as a province of the French Empire. And above all, he argued that it was the duty of every good citizen, in such hours of peril, to cling firmly and fearlessly to his country, and to exert every nerve to cause order to emerge from the chaos into which all things had fallen. These were unanswerable arguments, but Paoli had formed strong attachments in England, and remembered, with an avenging spirit, the days in which he had fled before the armies of conquering France.

The last interview which took place between these distinguished men, was at a secluded convent in the interior of the island. Long and earnestly they argued with each other, for they were devoted personal friends. The veteran governor was eighty years of age, Napoleon was but twenty-two. It was with the greatest reluctance that either of them could consent to draw the sword against the other. But there was no alternative. Paoli was firm in his determination to surrender the island to the English. No persuasions could induce Napoleon to sever his interests from those of his native country. Sadly they separated to array themselves against each other in civil war.

As Napoleon, silent and thoughtful, was riding home alone, he entered a wild ravine among the mountains, when suddenly he was surrounded by a party of mountaineers, in the employ of Paoli, and taken prisoner. By stratagem he effected his escape, and placed himself at the head of the battalion of national guards over which he had been appointed commander. Hostilities immediately commenced. The governor, who with his numerous forces had possession of the town of Ajaccio, invited the English into the harbor, surrendering to them the island. The English immediately took possession of those heights on the opposite side of the gulf, which, it will be remembered, that Napoleon had previously so carefully examined. The information he gained upon this occasion was now of special service to him. One dark and stormy night he embarked in a frigate, with a few hundred soldiers, landed near the entrenchments, guided the party in the darkness, over the ground, with which he was perfectly familiar, surprised the English in their sleep, and, after a short but sanguinary conflict, took possession of the fort. The storm, however, increased to a gale, and when the morning dawned, they strained their eyes in vain through the driving mist to discern the frigate. It had been driven by the tempest far out to sea. Napoleon and his little band were immediately surrounded by the allied English and Corsicans, and their situation seemed desperate. For five days they defended themselves most valiantly, during which time they

were under the necessity of killing their horses for food to save themselves from starvation. At last the frigate again appeared. Napoleon then evacuated the town in which he had so heroically contended against vastly outnumbering foes, and, after an ineffectual attempt to blow up the fort, succeeded in safely effecting an embarkation. The strength of Paoli was daily increasing, and the English in greater numbers crowding to his aid. Napoleon saw that it was in vain to attempt further resistance, and that Corsica was no longer a safe residence for himself or for the family. He accordingly disbanded his forces and prepared to leave the island.

Paoli called upon Madame Letitia, and exhausted his powers of persuasion in endeavoring to induce the family to unite with him in the treasonable surrender of the island to the English. "Resistance is hopeless," said he, "and by this perverse opposition, you are bringing irreparable ruin and misery on yourself and family." "I know of but two laws," replied Madame Letitia, heroically, "which it is necessary for me to obey, the laws of honor and of duty." A decree was immediately passed banishing the family from the island. One morning Napoleon hastened to inform his mother that several thousand peasants, armed with all the implements of revolutionary fury, were on the march to attack the house. The family fled precipitately, with such few articles of property as they could seize at the moment, and for several days wandered, houseless and destitute, on the sea-shore, until Napoleon could make arrangements for their embarkation. The house was sacked by the mob, and the furniture entirely destroyed.

It was midnight when an open boat manned by four strong rowers, with muffled oars, approached the shore in the vicinity of the pillaged and battered dwelling of Madame Letitia. A dim lantern was held by an attendant, as the whole Bonaparte family, in silence and in sorrow, with the world, its poverty and all its perils, wide before them, entered the boat. A few trunks and bandboxes, contained all their available property. The oarsmen pulled out into the dark and lonely sea. Earthly boat never before held such a band of emigrants. There sat Madame Letitia, Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Louis, Jerome, Eliza, Pauline, and Caroline. Little did those poor and friendless fugitives then imagine that all the thrones of Europe were to tremble before them, and that their celebrity was to fill the world. Napoleon took his stand at the bows, for although the second son, he was already the commanding spirit of the family. They soon ascended the sides of a small vessel which was waiting for them in the offing, with her sails fluttering in the breeze, and when the morning sun arose over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, they were approaching the harbor of Nice. Here they remained but a short time, when they removed to Marseilles, where the family resided in great pecuniary embarrassment until relieved by the rising fortunes of Napoleon.



THE EMIGRANTS.

The English immediately took possession of the island, and retained it for two years. The fickle Corsicans soon grew weary of their new masters, in whose language, manners, and religion they found no congeniality, and a general rising took place. A small force from France effected a landing, notwithstanding the vigilance of the English cruisers. Beacon fires, the signals of insurrection, by previous concert, blazed from every hill, and the hoarse sound of the horn, echoing along the mountain sides and through the ravines, summoned the warlike peasants to arms. The English were driven from the island with even more precipitation than they had taken possession of it. Paoli retired with them to London, deeply regretting that he had not followed the wise counsel of young Napoleon. Bonaparte never visited Corsica again. He could not love the *people* in whose defense he had suffered such injustice. To the close of life, however, he retained a vivid recollection of the picturesque beauties of his native island, and often spoke, in most animating terms, of the romantic glens, and precipitous cliffs, and glowing skies endeared to him by all the associations of childhood. The poetic and the mathematical elements were both combined in the highest degree in the mind of Napoleon, and though his manly intellect turned away in disgust from mawkish and effeminate sentimentalism, he enjoyed the noble appreciation of all that is beautiful, and all that is sublime. His retentive memory was stored with the most brilliant passages from the tragedies of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, and no one could quote them with more appropriateness.

We now approach more eventful scenes in the life of this extraordinary man. All the monarchies of Europe were allied, in arms, against the French Revolution, and slowly, but

resistlessly, their combined armies were marching upon Paris. The emigrant nobles and monarchists, many thousands in number, were incorporated into the embattled hosts of these allies. The spirit of insurrection against the government began to manifest itself very strongly in several important cities. Toulon, on the shores of the Mediterranean, was the great naval dépôt and arsenal of France. It contained a population of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. More than fifty ships-of-the-line and frigates were riding at anchor in its harbor, and an immense quantity of military and naval stores, of every description, was collected in its spacious magazines. The majority of the inhabitants of this city were friends of the old monarchy. Some ten thousand of the royalists of Marseilles, Lyons, and other parts of the south of France, took refuge within the walls of Toulon, and, uniting with the royalist inhabitants, surrendered the city, its magazines, its ships, and its forts to the combined English and Spanish fleet, which was cruising outside of its harbor. The English ships sailed triumphantly into the port, landed five thousand English troops, and eight thousand Spaniards, Neapolitans, and Piedmontese, took full possession of the place. This treacherous act excited to the highest pitch the alarm and the indignation of the revolutionary government; and it was resolved that, at all hazards, Toulon must be retaken, and the English driven from the soil of France. But the English are not easily expelled from the posts which they once have occupied; and it was an enterprise of no common magnitude to displace them, with their strong army and their invincible navy, from fortresses so impregnable as those of Toulon, and where they found stored up for them, in such profuse abundance, all the munitions of war.

Two armies were immediately marched upon Toulon, the place invested, and a regular siege commenced. Three months had passed away, during which time no apparent progress had been effected toward the capture of the town. Every exertion was made by the allied troops and the royalist inhabitants to strengthen the defenses, and especially to render impregnable a fort called the Little Gibraltar, which commanded the harbor and the town. The French besieging force, amounting to about forty thousand men, were wasting their time outside of the entrenchments, keeping very far away from the reach of cannon balls. The command of these forces had been intrusted to Gen. Cartaux, a portrait-painter from Paris, as ignorant of all military science, as he was self-conceited. Matters were in this state when Napoleon, whose commanding abilities were now beginning to attract attention, was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-general, and invested with the command of the artillery train at Toulon. He immediately hastened to the scene of action, and beheld, with utter astonishment, the incapacity with which the siege was conducted. He found batteries erected which would not throw their balls one half the distance between the guns and the points they were designed to command. Balls also were heated in the peasants' houses around, at perfectly ridiculous distances from the guns, as if they were articles to be transported at one's leisure. Napoleon requested the commander-in-chief, at whose direction these batteries were reared, to allow him to witness the effect of a few discharges from the guns. With much difficulty he obtained consent. And when the general saw the shot fall more than half-way short of the mark, he turned upon his heel, and said, "These aristocrats have spoiled the quality of the powder with which I am supplied."

Napoleon respectfully but firmly made his remonstrance to the Convention, assuring them that the siege must be conducted with far more science and energy if a successful result was to be expected. He recommended that the works against the city itself should be comparatively neglected, and that all the energies of the assaults should be directed against Little Gibraltar. That fort once taken, it was clear to his mind that the English fleet, exposed to a destructive fire, must immediately evacuate the harbor, and the town would no longer be defensible. In fact, he pursued precisely the course by which Washington had previously driven the British from Boston. The distinguished American general turned aside from the city itself, and by a masterly movement, planted his batteries on Dorchester heights, from which he could rain down a perfect tempest of balls upon the decks of the English ships. The invaders were compelled to fly, and to take with them their Tory allies. Napoleon did the same thing at Toulon. The enterprise was, however, vastly more arduous, since the English had foreseen the importance of that port, and had surrounded it with works so unapproachable that

they did not hesitate to call it their *Little Gibraltar*. Napoleon, then but twenty-three years of age, undertook their dislodgment. Dugommier, a scarred and war-worn veteran, was now placed in the supreme command, and cordially sympathized with his young artillery officer in all his plans. The agents of the Convention, who were in the camp as spies to report proceedings to the government, looked with much incredulity upon this strange way of capturing Toulon. One morning some of these commissioners ventured to criticise the direction of a gun which Napoleon was superintending. "Do you," he tartly replied, "attend to your duty as a national commissioner, and I will be answerable for mine with my head."

Napoleon's younger brother, Louis, visited him during the siege. They walked out one morning to a place where an unavailing assault had been made by a portion of the army, and two hundred mangled bodies of Frenchmen were strewn over the ground. On beholding the slaughter which had taken place, Napoleon exclaimed, "All those men have been needlessly sacrificed. Had intelligence commanded here none of these lives need have been lost. Learn from this, my brother, how indispensable and imperatively necessary it is, that those should possess knowledge who aspire to assume the command over others."

Napoleon, with an energy which seemed utterly exhaustless, devoted himself to the enterprise he had undertaken. He shared all the toils and all the perils of his men. He allowed himself but a few hours' sleep at night, and then wrapped in his cloak, threw himself under the guns. By the utmost exertions he soon obtained, from all quarters, a train of two hundred heavy battering cannon. In the midst of a storm of shot and shells incessantly falling around him, he erected five or six powerful batteries, within point-blank range of the works he would assail. One battery in particular which was masked by a plantation of olives, he constructed very near the entrenchments of the enemy. He seemed utterly regardless of his own safety, had several horses shot from under him, and received from an Englishman so serious a bayonet wound in his left thigh that for a time he was threatened with the necessity of amputation. All these operations were carried on in the midst of the storms of battle. There were daily and nightly skirmishes and sallies, and deadly assaults, and the dreadful tide of successful and unsuccessful war ever ebbed and flowed. One day an artillery man was shot down by his side, and the ramrod which he was using was drenched with blood. Napoleon immediately sprung into the dead man's place, seized the rod, and to the great encouragement of the soldiers, with his own hand, repeatedly charged the gun.

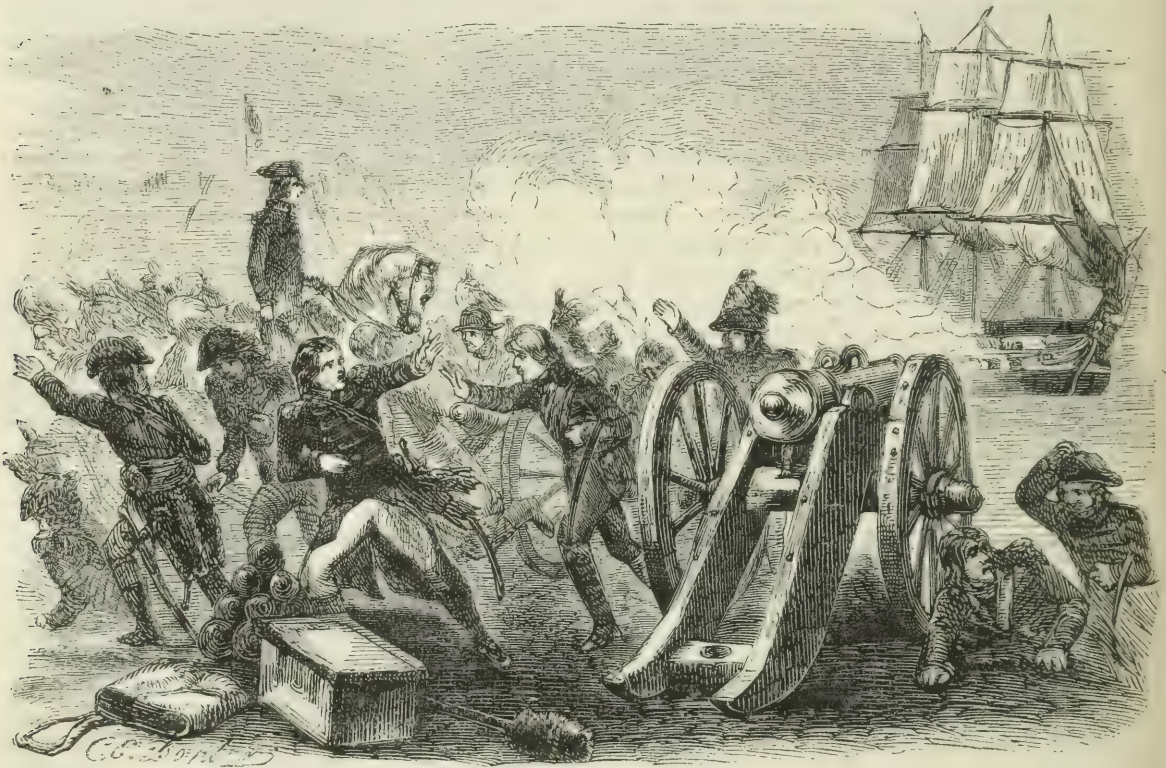
While the siege was in progress, one day, fifteen carriages, from Paris, suddenly made their appearance in the camp, and about sixty men alighting from them, dressed in gorgeous uniform, and with the pomp and important air of ambassadors from the revolutionary government, de-

manded to be led into the presence of the commander-in-chief.

"Citizen general," said the orator of the party. "We come from Paris. The patriots are indignant at your inactivity and delay. The soil of the Republic has been violated. She trembles to think that the insult still remains unavenged. She asks, Why is Toulon not yet taken? why is the English fleet not yet destroyed? In her indignation she has appealed to her brave sons. We have obeyed her summons and burn with impatience to fulfill her expectations. We are volunteer gunners from Paris. Furnish us with arms. To-morrow we will march against the enemy."

The general was not a little disconcerted by this pompous and authoritative address. But Napoleon whispered to him, "Turn those gentlemen over to me. I will take care of them." They were very hospitably entertained, and the next morning, at day-break, Napoleon conducted

them to the sea-shore, and gave them charge of several pieces of artillery, which he had placed there during the night, and with which he requested them to sink an English frigate whose black and threatening hull was seen, through the haze of the morning, at anchor some distance from the shore. The trembling volunteers looked around with most nervous uneasiness in view of their exposed situation, and anxiously inquired if there was no shelter behind which they could stand. Just then John Bull uttered one of his most terrific roars, and a whole broadside of cannon balls came whistling over their heads. This was not the amusement they had bargained for, and the whole body of braggadocios took to precipitate flight. Napoleon sat quietly upon his horse, without even a smile moving his pensive and marble features as he contemplated, with much satisfaction, the dispersion of such troublesome allies.



THE VOLUNTEER GUNNERS.

Upon another occasion, when the enemy were directing their fire upon the works which he was constructing, having occasion to send a dispatch from the trenches, he called for some one who could write, that he might dictate an order. A young private stepped out from the ranks and, resting the paper upon the breast-work, began to write, as he dictated. While thus employed, a cannon ball, from the enemy's battery, struck the ground but a few feet from them, covering their persons and the paper with the earth. "Thank you," said the soldier, gayly, "we shall need no more sand upon this page." The instinctive fearlessness and readiness thus displayed arrested the attention of Napoleon. He fixed his keen and piercing eye upon him for a moment, as if scrutinizing all his mental and physical qualities, and then said,

"Young man! what can I do for you?" The soldier blushed deeply, but promptly replied, "Every thing," and then touching his left shoulder with his hand, he added, "you can change this worsted into an epaulet." A few days after, Napoleon sent for the same soldier, to reconnoitre the trenches of the enemy, and suggested that he should disguise his dress, as his exposure would be very great. "Never," replied the soldier; "do you take me for a spy? I will go in my uniform, though I should never return." He set out immediately, and fortunately escaped unharmed. These two incidents revealed character, and Napoleon immediately recommended him for promotion. This was Junot, afterward Duke of Abrantes, and one of the most efficient friends of Napoleon. "I love Napoleon," said Junot afterward, most wickedly,

"as my God. To him I am indebted for all that I am." *

At last the hour arrived when all things were ready for the grand attempt. It was in the middle watches of the night of the 17th of December, 1793, when the signal was given for the assault. A cold storm of wind and rain was wailing its midnight dirges in harmony with the awful scene of carnage, destruction, and woe, about to ensue. The genius of Napoleon had arranged every thing and inspired the desperate enterprise. No pen can describe the horrors of the conflict. All the energies of both armies were exerted to the utmost in the fierce encounter. To distract the attention of the enemy, the fortifications were every where attacked, while an incessant shower of bomb-shells were rained down upon the devoted city, scattering dismay and death in all directions. In the course of a few hours eight thousand shells from the effective batteries of Napoleon were thrown into Little Gibraltar, until the massive works were almost one pile of ruins. In the midst of the darkness, the storm, the drenching rain, the thunder of artillery, and the gleaming light of bomb-shells, the French marched up to the very muzzles of the English guns, and were mown down like grass before the scythe by the tremendous discharges of grape-shot and musketry. The ditches were filled with the dead and the dying. Again and again the French were repulsed, only to return again and again to the assault. Napoleon was every where present, inspiring the onset, even more reckless of his own life than of the lives of his soldiers. For a long time the result seemed very doubtful. But the plans of Napoleon were too carefully laid for final discomfiture. His mangled, bleeding columns rushed in at the embrasures of the rampart, and the whole garrison were in a few moments silent and still in death. "General," said Bonaparte to Dugommier, broken down by fatigue and age, as he raised the tricolored flag over the crumbling walls of the rampart, "go and sleep. We have taken Toulon." "It was," says Scott, "upon this night of terror, conflagration, tears, and blood, that the star of Napoleon first ascended the horizon, and though it gleamed over many a scene of horror ere it set, it may be doubted whether its light was ever blended with that of one more dreadful."

Though Little Gibraltar was thus taken, the conflict continued all around the city until morning. Shells were exploding, and hot shot falling in the thronged dwellings. Children in the cradle, and maidens in their chambers had limb torn from limb by the dreadful missiles. Conflagrations were continually bursting forth, burning the mangled and the dying, while piercing shrieks of dismay and of agony rose even above the thunders of the terrific cannonade. The wind howled in harmony with the awful scene, and a cold and

drenching rain swept the streets. One can not contemplate such a conflict without wondering that a God of mercy could have allowed his children thus brutally to deform this fair creation with the spirit of the world of woe. For the anguish inflicted upon suffering humanity that night a dread responsibility must rest somewhere. A thousand houses were made desolate. Thousands of hearts were lacerated and crushed, with every hope of life blighted forever. The English government thought that they did right, under the circumstances of the case, to send their armies and take possession of Toulon. Napoleon deemed that he was nobly discharging his duty, in the Herculean and successful endeavors he made to drive the invaders from the soil of France. It is not easy for man, with his limited knowledge, to adjust the balance of right and wrong. But here was a crime of enormous magnitude committed—murder, and robbery, and arson, and violence—the breaking of every commandment of God upon the broadest scale; and a day of Judgment is yet to come in which the responsibility will be with precise and accurate justice awarded.

The direful tragedy was, however, not yet terminated. When the morning sun dawned dimly and coldly through the lurid clouds, an awful spectacle was revealed to the eye. The streets of Toulon were red with blood, while thousands of the mangled and the dead, in all the most hideous forms of mutilation, were strewn through the dwellings and along the streets. Fierce conflagrations were blazing in many parts of the city, while mouldering ruins and shattered dwellings attested the terrific power of the midnight storm of man's depravity. The cannonade was still continued, and shells were incessantly exploding among the terrified and shrieking inhabitants.

Napoleon, having accomplished the great object of his exertions, the capture of Little Gibraltar, allowed himself not one moment for triumph, or repose, or regret; but, as regardless of the carnage around him, as if he were contemplating a field over which the scythe of the mower had passed, immediately prepared his guns to throw their plunging balls into the English ships, and to harass them at every point of exposure. No sooner did Lord Howe see the tri-colored flag floating from the parapets of Little Gibraltar, than, conscious that the city was no longer tenable, he made signal for the fleet to prepare for immediate evacuation. The day was passed by the English in filling their ships with stores from the French arsenals, they having determined to destroy all the munitions of war which they could not carry away. The victorious French were straining every nerve in the erection of new batteries, to cripple and, if possible, to destroy the retiring foe. Thus passed the day, when another wintry night settled gloomily over the beleaguered and woe-exhausted city. The terror of the royalists was dreadful. They saw, by the embarkation of the British sick and wounded, the indications that the English were

* It is pleasant to witness manifestations of gratitude. God frowns upon impiety. The wealthy, illustrious, and miserable Junot, in a paroxysm of insanity, precipitated himself from his chamber window, and died in agony upon the pavement.

to evacuate the city, and that they were to be left to their fate. And full well they knew what doom they, and their wives and their children, were to expect from republican fury in those days of unbridled violence. The English took as many of the French ships of the line as could be got ready for sea, to accompany them in their escape. The rest, consisting of fifteen ships of the line and eight frigates, were collected to be burned. A fire-ship, filled with every combustible substance, was towed into their midst, and at ten o'clock the torch was applied. The night was dark and still. The flames of the burning ships burst forth like a volcano from the centre of the harbor, illumining the scene with lurid and almost noonday brilliance. The water was covered with boats, crowded with fugitives, hurrying, frantic with despair, in the abandonment of homes and property, to the English and Spanish ships. More than twenty thousand loyalists, men, women, and children, of the highest rank, crowded the beach and the quays, in a state of indescribable consternation, imploring rescue from the infuriate army of the republicans howling like wolves around the walls of the city, eager to get at their prey. In increase of the horror of the scene, a most furious cannonade was in progress all the time from every ship and every battery. Cannon balls tore their way through family groups. Bombs exploded upon the thronged decks of the ships, and in the crowded boats. Many boats were thus sunk, and the shrieks of drowning women and children pierced through the heavy thunders of the cannonade. Husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters were separated from each other, and ran to and fro upon the shore in delirious agony. The daughter was left mangled and dying upon the beach; the father was borne by the rush into one boat, the wife into another, and no one knew who was living, and who, mercifully, was dead. The ships, the magazines, the arsenals were all now in flames. The Jacobins of Toulon began to emerge from garrets and cellars, and frenzied with intoxication, like demons of darkness, with torch and sword, rioted through the city, attacked the flying royalists, tore their garments from their backs, and inflicted upon maids and matrons every conceivable brutality. A little after midnight two frigates, each containing many thousand barrels of gunpowder, blew up, with an explosion so terrific, that it seemed to shake, like an earthquake, even the solid hills. As at last the rear-guard of the English abandoned the ramparts and hurried to their boats, the triumphant republican army, nearly forty thousand strong, came rushing into the city at all points. The allied fleet, with favoring winds, spread its sails, and soon disappeared beneath the horizon of the silent sea, bearing away nearly twenty thousand wretched exiles to homelessness, penury, and a life-long woe.

Dugommier, the commander of the republican army, notwithstanding all his exertions, found it utterly impossible to restrain the passions of his victorious soldiers, and for many days violence

and crime ran rampant in the doomed city. The crime of having raised the flag of royalty, and of having surrendered the city and its stores to the foe, was one not to be forgiven. The Jacobin government in Paris sent orders for a bloody and a terrible vengeance, that the loyalists all over France might be intimidated from again conspiring with the enemy. Napoleon did every thing in his power to protect the inhabitants from the fury which was wreaked upon them. He witnessed, with anguish, scenes of cruelty which he could not repress. An old merchant, eighty-four years of age, deaf and almost blind, was guilty of the crime of being worth five millions of dollars. The Convention, coveting his wealth, sentenced him to the scaffold. "When I witnessed the inhuman execution of this old man," said Napoleon, "I felt as if the end of the world was at hand." He exposed his own life to imminent peril in his endeavors to save the helpless from Jacobin rage. One day a Spanish prize was brought into the harbor, on board of which had been taken the noble family of Chabillant, well known loyalists, who were escaping from France. The mob, believing that they were fleeing to join the emigrants and the allied army in their march against Paris, rushed to seize the hated aristocrats, and to hang them, men and women, at the nearest lamp-posts. The guard came up for their rescue and were repulsed. Napoleon saw among the rioters several gunners who had served under him during the siege. He mounted a platform, and their respect for their general secured him a hearing. He induced them, by those powers of persuasion which he so eminently possessed, to intrust the emigrants to him, to be tried and sentenced the next morning. At midnight he placed them in an artillery wagon, concealed among barrels of powder and casks of bullets, and had them conveyed out of the city as a convoy of ammunition. He also provided a boat to be in waiting for them on the shore, and they embarked and were saved.

Though the representatives of the Convention made no allusion to Napoleon in their report, he acquired no little celebrity among the officers in the army by the energy and skill he had manifested. One of the deputies, however, wrote to Carnot, "I send you a young man, who distinguished himself very much during the siege, and earnestly recommend to you to advance him speedily. If you do not, he will most assuredly advance himself."

Soon after the capture of Toulon, Napoleon accompanied General Dugommier to Marseilles. He was in company with him there, when some one, noticing his feminine figure, inquired, "Who is that little bit of an officer, and where did you pick him up?" "That officer's name," gravely replied General Dugommier, "is Napoleon Bonaparte. *I picked him up* at the siege of Toulon, to the successful termination of which he eminently contributed. And you will probably one day see that this *little bit of an officer* is a *greater man* than any of us."

Napoleon was immediately employed in forti-

fyng the maritime coast of southern France, to afford the inhabitants protection against attacks from the allied fleet. With the same exhaustless, iron diligence which had signalized his course at Toulon, he devoted himself to this new enterprise. He climbed every headland, explored every bay, examined all soundings. He allowed himself no recreation, and thought not of repose. It was winter, and cold storms of wind and rain swept the bleak hills. But the energies of a mind more intense and active than was perhaps ever before encased in human flesh, rendered this extraordinary man, then but twenty-three years of age, perfectly regardless of all personal indulgences. Drenched with rain, living upon such coarse fare as he chanced to meet in the huts of fishermen and peasants; throwing himself, wrapped in his cloak, upon any poor cot, for a few hours of repose at night, he labored, with both body and mind, to a degree which no ordinary constitution could possibly have endured, and which no ordinary enthusiasm could have inspired. In a few weeks he accomplished that to which others would have devoted years of energetic action. It seems incredible that a human mind, in so short a time, could have matured plans so comprehensive and minute, and could have achieved such vast results. While other young officers, of his age, were sauntering along the windings of mountain streams with hook and line, or strolling the fields with fowling-pieces, or, in halls of revelry, with mirthful maidens, were accomplishing their destiny in cotillions and waltzes, Napoleon, in Herculean toil, was working day and night, with a sleepless energy, which never has been surpassed. He divided the coast batteries into three classes: those for the defense of men-of-war in important harbors;

those for the protection of merchant vessels, and those reared upon promontories and headlands, under whose guns the coasting trade could hover.

Having accomplished this vast undertaking in the two wintry months of January and February, early in March, 1794, he joined the head-quarters of the army of Italy in Nice, promoted to the rank of Brigadier-general of Artillery. The personal appearance of Napoleon, at this time, was any thing but prepossessing. He was diminutive in stature, and thin and emaciated in the extreme. His features were angular and sharp, and his complexion sallow. His hair, contrary to the fashion of the times, was combed straight over his forehead. His hands were perfectly feminine in their proportions. Quite regardless of the display of dress, he usually appeared without gloves, which, he said, were a useless luxury, in a plain round hat, with boots clumsily fitted to his feet, and with that gray great-coat, which afterward became as celebrated as the white plume of Henry IV. His eye, however, was brilliant, and his smile ever peculiarly winning.

Napoleon, upon his arrival at Nice, found the French army idly reposing in their intrenchments among the Maritime Alps, and surrounded by superior forces of Austrians and Sardinians. General Dumerbion, who was in command, was a fearless and experienced soldier, but aged and infirm, and suffering severely from the gout. The sun of returning spring was causing the hills and the valleys to rejoice. Mild airs from the south were breathing gently over the opening foliage, and the songs of birds and the perfume of flowers lured to listless indulgence. Napoleon was pale and emaciate from the toils of his batteries at Toulon, and from his sleepless exertions in fortifying the coast. He now had an opportu-



NIGHT STUDIES.

nity for repose, and for the recruiting of his apparently exhausted frame. He, however, did not allow himself one single day of recreation or of rest. The very hour of his arrival found him intensely occupied in informing himself respecting all the particulars of the numbers, positions, the organization, and the available resources of the two armies. He carefully examined every outpost of the French, and reconnoitred with the most scrutinizing attention the line occupied by the opposing hosts. He studied the map of the country. He galloped hour after hour, and day after day through the ravines and over the mountains, to make himself perfectly familiar with all the localities of the region. After a day of incessant toil he would spend the night with his maps and charts before him, with every meandering stream, every valley, every river carefully laid down, and with pins, the heads of some covered with red sealing-wax to represent the French, and others with blue to designate the enemy, he would form all possible combinations, and study the advantages or the perils of the different positions which the republican army might assume. Having thrown himself upon his cot for a few hours of repose, the earliest dawn of the morning would find him again upon his horse's back, exploring all the intricate and perilous fastnesses of the Alps.

A large force of Austrians were intrenched near Saorgia, along the banks of the fertile Roya, in the enjoyment of ease and abundance, and dreaming not of peril. Napoleon, with great deliberation, formed his plan. He had foreseen all probable contingencies, and guarded against every conceivable danger. A council was assembled. He presented his suggestions so forcibly and so clearly, as to insure their immediate adoption. Massena,* with fifteen thousand men, secretly and rapidly was to ascend the banks of the Oreglia, a stream running parallel with the Roya, till, far up near the sources of the two rivers, crossing over to the Roya, he was to descend that valley, and fall unexpectedly upon the Austrians in the rear. At the same time General

* André Massena rose from a common soldier to the rank of a commander, and became Duke of Rivoli and Marshal of France. "He was," said Napoleon, "a man of superior talent. He generally, however, made bad dispositions previously to a battle. It was not until the dead began to fall about him that he began to act with that judgment which he ought to have displayed before. In the midst of the dying and the dead, and of balls sweeping away those who encircled him, he gave his orders, and made his dispositions with the most perfect coolness and judgment. It was truly said of him, that he never began to act with skill until the battle was going against him. He was, however, a robber. He went halves with the contractors and commissaries of the army. I signified to him often, that if he would discontinue his peculations I would make him a present of a hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand dollars, but he had acquired such a habit that he could not keep his hands from money. On this account he was hated by the soldiers, who mutinied against him three or four times. However, considering the circumstances of the times, he was precious. Had not his bright parts been sullied by avarice, he would have been a great man." Massena lived through all the wars of Napoleon, and died of chagrin, when the master, whom he adored, was an exile at St. Helena.

Dumerbion, the commander-in-chief, with ten thousand men, was to assail the enemy in front. Napoleon, with ten thousand men, marching nearer to the Mediterranean coast, was to seize the important posts there, and cut off, from the fertile plains of the south, the retreat of the enemy. Thus, in three weeks after Napoleon had made his appearance at the head-quarters of the army in Nice, the whole force of the French was in motion. The energy of the youthful general was immediately communicated to the entire army. Desperate and sanguinary conflicts ensued, but the plan was triumphantly successful. The Piedmontese troops, twenty thousand strong, amazed at the storm thus suddenly bursting upon them, precipitately fled. Saorgia, the principal dépôt of the allied forces, and well stored with provisions and ammunition of every kind, was taken by the French. Before the end of May the French were masters of all the passes of the Maritime Alps, and their flags were waving in the breeze from the summits of Mt. Cenis, Mt. Tende, and Mt. Finisterre. The news of these sudden and unexpected victories went with electric speed through France. With the nation in general the honor redounded to Dumerbion alone, the commander-in-chief. But in the army it was well understood to whose exertions and genius the achievements were to be attributed. Though as yet the name of Napoleon had hardly been pronounced in public, the officers and soldiers in the army were daily contemplating, with increasing interest, his rising fame. Indeed General Dumerbion was so deeply impressed by the sagacity and military science displayed by his brigadier-general, that he unresistingly surrendered himself to the guidance of the mind of Napoleon.

An incident occurred, during this brief campaign, which strikingly illustrates the criminal disregard which Napoleon entertained for human life. It was then the custom with the Convention at Paris always to have representatives in the army to report proceedings. The wife of one of these representatives, a virtuous and beautiful woman, fully appreciated the intellectual superiority of Napoleon, and paid him very marked attention. Napoleon, naturally of a grateful disposition, became strongly but fraternally attached to her. One day walking out with her to inspect some of the positions of the army, merely to give her some idea of an engagement he ordered an attack upon one of the advanced posts of the enemy. A brisk skirmish immediately ensued, and the roar of artillery and the crackling of musketry reverberated sublimely through the Alps. The lady, from a safe eminence, looked down with intensest interest upon the novel scene. Many lives were lost on both sides, though the French were entirely victorious. It was, however, a conflict which led to no possible advantage, and which was got up merely for the entertainment of the lady. Napoleon subsequently often alluded to this wanton exposure of life as one of his most inexcusable acts. He never ceased to regret it.

Some years after, when Napoleon was First

Consul, this lady, then a widow, friendless, and reduced to poverty, made her appearance at St. Cloud, and tried to gain access to Napoleon. He was, however, so hedged in by the etiquette of royalty, that all her exertions were unavailing. One day he was riding on horseback in the park, conversing with some members of his court, when he alluded to this event, which he so deeply deplored. He was informed that the lady was then at St. Cloud. He immediately sent for her, and inquired with most brotherly interest into all of her history during the years which had elapsed since they parted. When he heard her sad tale of misfortune, he said, "But why did you not sooner make your wants known to me." "Sire," she replied, "I have for many weeks been in vain seeking to obtain an audience." Alas!" he exclaimed, "such is the misfortune of those who are in power." He immediately made ample provision for her future comfort.

The summer months rapidly passed away, while the French, upon the summits of the mountains, were fortifying their positions, to resist the attacks of a formidable army of Austrians and Piedmontese combining to displace them. Napoleon was still indefatigable in obtaining a familiar acquaintance with all the natural features of the country, in studying the modes of moving, governing, and provisioning armies, and eagerly watching for opportunities to work out his destiny of renown, for which he now began to believe that he was created.

But suddenly he was arrested on the following extraordinary charge, and narrowly escaped losing his head on the guillotine. When Napoleon, during the preceding winter, was engaged in the fortification of the maritime frontier, he proposed repairing an old state prison at Marseilles, that it might serve as a powder magazine. His successor on that station, proceeded to the execution of this plan, so evidently judicious. Some disaffected persons represented this officer to the Committee of Public Safety, as building a second Bastille, in which to imprison patriotic citizens. He was accordingly at once arrested and brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Here he so clearly proved that the plan was not his own, but that he was merely carrying out the suggestions of his predecessor, that he was released, and orders were sent for the arrest of Napoleon. He was seized, and for fifteen days held under arrest. An order, however, soon came from Paris for his release. An officer entering his room, a couple of hours after midnight, to communicate the tidings, found, much to his astonishment, Napoleon dressed and seated before his table, with maps, books, and charts spread out before him.

"What!" inquired his friend, "are you not in bed yet?"

"In bed!" Napoleon replied. "I have had my sleep and am already risen."

"What, so early?" the other rejoined.

"Yes," continued Napoleon, "so early. Two or three hours of sleep are enough for any man."

Though the representatives of the government, conscious of the value of Napoleon's services,

had written to the Convention, making such an explanation of the facts that he was immediately set at liberty, still they saw fit, in an ungenerous attempt at self-justification, to deprive him of his rank as general of artillery, and to assign him a post in the infantry in its stead. Napoleon, regarding this transfer as an insult, threw up his commission in disgust, and retired, in comparative indigence, to join his mother and the rest of the family, who were now residing at Marseilles. This was in the autumn of 1794, Napoleon being then 24 years of age. He spent the winter in comparative inaction, but carefully studying the convulsions of the times, the history of past revolutions, and the science of government. Tired of inactivity, early in May he proceeded to Paris, to seek employment. He was, however, unsuccessful. The government had its favorites to reward and promote, and Napoleon, deeply chagrined and mortified, found all his offers of service rejected. An old officer of artillery, who had seen but little active service, was president of the military committee. Rather superciliously he remarked to Napoleon, whose feminine and youthful appearance did not indicate that he was born to command, "You are too young to occupy stations of such responsibility as you seek." Napoleon imprudently retorted, "Presence in the field of battle, sir, ought to anticipate the claim of years." This personal reflection so annoyed the president that he sought rather to obstruct than to aid the aspirations of the young officer. His situation became daily more painful, as his scanty funds were rapidly failing. He even formed the plan of going to Turkey to offer his services to the Grand Seignior. "How singular it would be," said he, at this time, to a companion, "if a little Corsican officer were to become king of Jerusalem!"

One gloomy night at St. Helena, when Napoleon, unable to sleep, was endeavoring to beguile the weary hours by conversation, he narrated the following anecdote, illustrative of his destitution and his distress in these early days of adversity. "I was, at this period, on one occasion suffering from that extreme depression of spirits which suspend the faculties of the brain, and render life a burden too heavy to be borne. I had just received a letter from my mother, revealing to me the utter destitution into which she was plunged. She had been compelled to flee from the war with which Corsica was desolated, and was then at Marseilles, with no means of subsistence, and having naught but her heroic virtues to defend the honor of her daughters against the misery and the corruption of all kinds existing in the manners of that epoch of social chaos. I also, deprived of my salary and with exhausted resources, had but one single dollar in my pocket. Urged by animal instinct to escape from prospects so gloomy and from sorrows so unendurable, I wandered along the banks of the river, feeling that it was unmanly to commit suicide, and yet unable to resist the temptation to do so. In a few more moments I should have thrown myself into the water, when

I ran against an individual, dressed like a simple mechanic, who, recognizing me, threw himself upon my neck, and cried, 'Is it you, Napoleon? How glad I am to see you again!' It was Démasis, an old friend and former comrade of mine in the artillery regiment. He had emigrated, and had afterward returned to France, in disguise, to see his aged mother.

"He was about to leave me, when stopping, he exclaimed, 'But what is the matter, Napoleon? You do not listen to me! You do not seem glad to see me! What misfortune threatens you? You look to me like a madman about to kill himself.' This direct appeal to the feelings which had seized upon me, produced such an effect upon my mind, that, without hesitation, I revealed to him every thing. 'Is that all?' said he, unbuttoning his coarse waistcoat, and detaching a belt which he placed in my hands. 'Here are six thousand dollars in gold, which I can spare without any inconvenience. Take them and relieve your mother.' I can not to this day explain to myself how I could have been willing to receive the money, but I seized the gold as by a convulsive movement, and, almost frantic with excitement, ran to send it to my distressed mother. It was not until the money had left my hands and was on its way to Marseilles that I reflected upon what I had done. I hastened back to the spot where I had left Démasis, but he was no longer there. For several days continuously, I went out in the morning and returned not till evening, searching every place in Paris where I could hope to find him. All the researches I then made, as well as those I made after my accession to power, were in vain. It was not till the Empire was approaching its fall that I again discovered Démasis. It was now my turn to question him, and to ask him what he had thought of my strange conduct, and why I had never heard even his name for fifteen years. He replied that as he had been in no need of money he had not asked me to repay the loan, although he was well assured that I should find no difficulty in reimbursing him. But he feared that if he made himself known, that I should force him to quit the retirement in which he lived happily, occupying himself with horticulture. I had very great difficulty in making him accept sixty thousand dollars as an imperial reimbursement for the six thousand lent to his comrade in distress. I also made him accept the office of director-general of the crown gardens, with a salary of six thousand dollars a year, and the honors of an officer of the household. I also provided a good situation for his brother.

"Two of my comrades in the military school, and the two to whom I was most closely united by the sympathies of early friendship, had, by one of those mysteries of Providence which we often witness, an immense influence upon my destiny. Démasis arrested me at the moment when I was about to commit suicide; and Philippeau prevented my conquest of St. Jean d'Acre. Had it not been for him I should have been master of this key of the East. I should have

marched upon Constantinople, and have established an empire in Asia."

But reverses began now to attend the army in Italy. Defeat followed defeat. They were driven by the Austrians from the posts to which Napoleon had conducted them, and were retreating before their foes. The Committee of Public Safety were in great trepidation. In their ignorance they knew not what orders to issue. Some one who had heard of Napoleon's achievements among the Alps suggested his name. He was called into the meetings of the committee for advice. The local and technical information he had acquired, his military science, and the vast resources of his highly cultivated mind, placed him immediately at the head of the committee. Though young in years, and still more youthful in appearance, his gravity, his serious and pensive thoughtfulness, gave oracular weight to his counsels, and his plans were unhesitatingly adopted. He had studied the topography of the Maritime Alps with the most enthusiastic assiduity, and was familiar with the windings and characteristics of every stream, and the course of mountain ranges, and with the military capabilities of the ravines and glens. The judicious dispositions which he proposed of the various divisions of the army arrested the tide of Austrian conquest, and enabled the French, though much inferior in number to their allied foes, to defend the positions they had been directed to occupy. During all this time, however, while Napoleon, in the committee-room in Paris, was guiding the movements of the army in Italy, he was studying in the public libraries, during every leisure moment, with an assiduity so intense and inexhaustible that it could not have been surpassed had he been inspired with the highest ambition for literary and scientific honors.

In his occasional evening saunterings along the boulevards, as he saw the effeminate young men of that metropolis, rolling in luxury, and, in affected speech, criticising the tones of an opera singer, or the exquisite moulding of a dancer's limbs, he could not refrain from giving utterance to his contempt. When he was thus one evening treading the dusty thoroughfares and looking upon such a spectacle, he impatiently exclaimed, "Can it be, that upon such creatures fortune is willing to lavish her favors! How contemptible is human nature." Though Napoleon secluded himself entirely from haunts of revelry and scenes of dissipation, and from all those dissolute courses into which the young men of those days so recklessly plunged, he adopted this course, not apparently from any conscientious desire to do that which was right in the sight of God, but from what has been called "the expulsive power of new affection." Ambition seemed to expel from his mind every other passion. The craving to obtain renown by the performance of great and glorious deeds; the desire to immortalize his name, as one of the distinguished men and illustrious benefactors of the human race, had infused itself so intensely throughout his whole nature, that animal passion even was repressed, and all

the ordinary pursuits of worldly pleasure became in his view frivolous and contemptible. His ambition needed but the spirit of religion to sanctify it, to make it as noble an ambition as ever glowed in a human bosom. But alas! it all centred in himself. He wished to benefit the human race, not because he loved his fellow man, but that he might immortalize his own name.

At this time it can hardly be said that there was any religion in France. Christianity had been all but universally discarded. The priests had been banished; the churches demolished or converted into temples of science or haunts of merriment; the immortality of the soul was denied, and upon the gateways of the grave-yards there was inscribed, "Death is an eternal sleep." Napoleon was consequently deprived of all the influences of religion in the formation of his character. And yet his mind was naturally, if it be proper so to speak, a devotional mind. His temperament was serious, thoughtful, and pensive. The grand and the mysterious engrossed and overawed him. Even his ambition was not exulting and exhilarating, but sombre, majestic, and sublime. He thought of Herculean toil and sleepless labor, and heroic deeds. For ease, and luxury, and self-indulgence, he had no desire, but he wished to be the greatest of men by accomplishing more than any other mortal had ever accomplished. Even in youth life had but few charms for him, and he took a melancholy view of man's earthly pilgrimage, after asserting that existence was not a blessing. And when drawing near to the close of life he asserted that he had known but few happy moments upon earth, and that for those few he was indebted to the love of Josephine.

The National Convention now prepared another constitution for the adoption of the people of France. The executive power, instead of being placed in the hands of one king, or president, was intrusted to five chiefs, who were to be called Directors. The legislative powers were committed to two bodies, as in the United States. The first, corresponding to the United States Senate, was to be called the *Council of Ancients*. It was to consist of two hundred and fifty members, each of whom was to be at least forty years of age, and a married man or a widower. An unmarried man was not considered worthy of a post of such responsibility in the service of the state. The second body was called the *Council of Five Hundred*, from the number of members of which it was to be composed. It corresponded with our House of Representatives, and each of its members was to be at least thirty years of age.

This constitution was far superior to any other which had yet been formed. It was framed by the moderate republicans, who wished to establish a republican government, protecting France on the one hand from the royalists, who would re-establish the Bourbons upon the throne, and on the other hand from the misrule of the violent Jacobins, who wished to perpetuate the reign of terror. This constitution was sent down to the

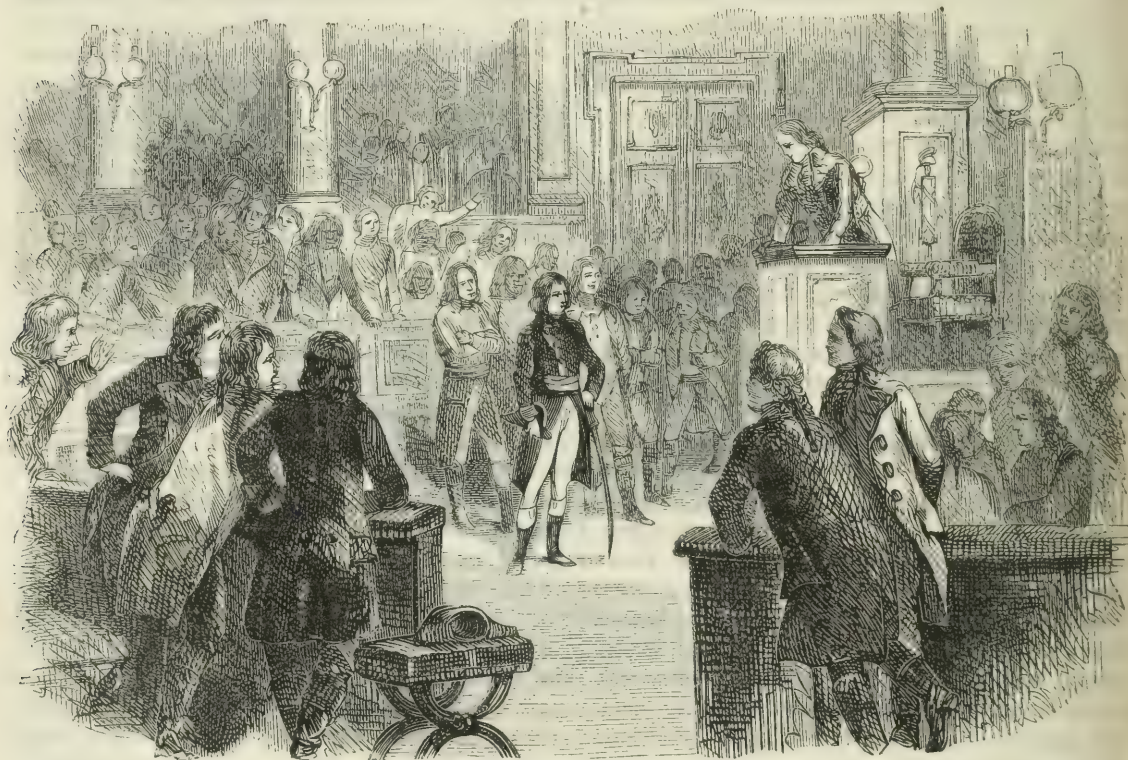
primary assemblies of the people, for their adoption or rejection. It was accepted promptly in nearly all the rural districts, and was adopted by acclamation in the army.

The city of Paris was divided into ninety-six sections, or wards, in each of which, as in our cities, the inhabitants of that particular ward assembled at the polls. When the constitution was tendered to these several sections of Paris, forty-eight of them voted in its favor, while forty-six rejected it. The royalists and the Jacobins, the two extremes, united in the opposition, each party hoping that by the overthrow of the Convention their own views might obtain the precedence. The Convention declared that the majority of the nation had every where pronounced in favor of the new constitution, and they prepared to carry its provisions into effect. The opposing sections, now thoroughly aroused, began to arm, resolved upon violent resistance. The Parisian mob, ever ready for an outbreak, joined most heartily with their more aristocratic leaders, and all Paris seemed to be rousing to attack the Convention. The National Guard, a body of soldiers corresponding with the American militia, though far better officered, equipped, and drilled, joined promptly the insurgents. The insurrection-gun was fired, the tocsin tolled, and the gloomy, threatening masses, marshaled under able leaders, swarmed through the streets. The Convention was in the utmost state of trepidation; for in those days of anarchy, blood flowed like water, and life had no sacredness. It was not a mob of a few hundred straggling men and boys who were to surround their hall with hootings and to break their windows; but a formidable army of forty thousand men, in battle array, with artillery and musketry, headed by veteran generals, who had fought the battles of the old monarchy, with gleaming banners and trumpet tones, were marching down from all quarters of the city, upon the Tuileries. To meet this foe the Convention had at its command but five thousand regular troops; and it was uncertain but that they, in the moment of peril, might fraternize with the insurgents. General Menou was appointed, by the Convention, to quell the insurrection. He marched to meet the enemy. Napoleon, intensely interested in the passing scenes, followed the solid columns of Menou. But the general, a mild and inefficient man, with no nerve to meet such a crisis, was alarmed in view of the numbers and the influence of his antagonists, and retired before them. Shouts of victory resounded from the National Guard, through all the streets of Paris. They were greatly emboldened by this triumph, and felt confident that the regular troops would not dare to fire upon the citizens. The shades of night were now settling down over the agitated city. Napoleon having witnessed the unsuccessful mission of Menou, ran through the streets to the Tuileries, and ascending the gallery where the Convention was assembled, contemplated, with a marble brow and a heart apparently unagitated, the scene of consternation there. It was now eleven o'clock at night, and

the doom of the Convention seemed sealed. In the utmost alarm Menou was dismissed, and the unlimited command of the troops intrusted to Barras. The office was full of peril. Successful resistance seemed impossible, and unsuccessful was certain death. Barras hesitated, when suddenly he recollected Napoleon, whom he had known at Toulon, and whose military science and energy, and reckless disregard of his own life, and of the lives of all others, he well remembered. He immediately exclaimed, "I know the man who can defend us, if any one can. It is a young Corsican officer, Napoleon Bonaparte, whose military abilities I witnessed at Toulon. He is a man who will not stand upon ceremony." Napoleon was in the gallery at the time, and it is not impossible that the eye of Barras chancing to light upon him, caused the suggestion.

He was immediately introduced to the Convention. They expected to see a man of gigantic frame and soldierly bearing, brusque and imperious. To their surprise there appeared before them a small, slender, pale-faced, smooth-cheeked

young man, apparently about eighteen years of age. The president said, "Are you willing to undertake the defense of the Convention?"—"Yes!" was the calm, laconic reply. After a moment's hesitation, the president continued, "Are you aware of the magnitude of the undertaking?" Napoleon fixed that eagle glance upon him, which few could meet, and not quail before it, and replied, "Perfectly; and I am in the habit of accomplishing that which I undertake." There was something in the tone and the manner of this extraordinary man, which secured for him immediately the confidence of all the members of the House. His spirit so calm and imperturbable, in the midst of a scene so exciting, impressed them with the conviction that they were in the presence of one of no common powers. After the exchange of a few more words, Napoleon said, "One condition is indispensable. I must have the unlimited command, entirely untrammelled by any orders from the Convention." It was no time for debate, and there was unhesitating acquiescence in his demand.



NAPOLÉON BEFORE THE CONVENTION.

The promptness, energy, and unfailing resources of Napoleon, were now most conspicuously displayed. At Sablons, about five miles from Paris, there was a powerful park of artillery, consisting of fifty heavy guns. Napoleon instantly dispatched Murat, with a party of dragoons to take those guns, and bring them to the Tuileries. They were seized by the mounted troops, but a few moments before a party of infantry arrived from the sections, for the same purpose. The insurgents, though more numerous, dared not attack the dragoons, and the guns were taken in safety to Napoleon; and he disposed them, heavily charged with grape shot, in such a way as to sweep all the avenues leading to the Convention.

The activity of the young general knew not a moment's intermission. He was every where during the night, giving directions, infusing energy, and inspiring courage. He was well aware of the fearful odds against him; for with five thousand troops he was to encounter forty thousand men, well armed, well disciplined, and under experienced officers. They could easily besiege him, and starve him into surrender. They could, from behind barricades, and from housetops and chamber windows, soon so thin out his ranks, that resistance would be hopeless. The officers of the National Guard, however, had no conception of the firm, indomitable, unflinching spirit which they were to encounter. They did

not believe that any one would dare to fire upon the citizens of Paris. The Convention were aroused to a most lively sense of the serious aspect of affairs, when in the gloom of night eight hundred muskets were brought in with an abundant supply of cartridges, by order of Napoleon, to arm the members as a corps of reserve. This precaution indicated to them the full extent of the danger, and also the unwavering determination of the one who was intrusted with their defense. As the light of morning dawned upon the city, the Tuileries presented the aspect of an intrenched camp. Napoleon had posted his guns so as to sweep all the bridges and all the avenues, through which an opposing force could approach the capital. His own imperturbable calmness and firmness and confidence, communicated itself to the troops he commanded. The few laconic words with which he addressed them, like electric fire penetrated their hearts, and secured devotion, even to death, to his service.

The alarm bells were now ringing, and the *générale* beating in all parts of the city. The armed hosts, in dense black masses, were mustering at their appointed rendezvous, and preparing to march in solid columns upon the Convention. The members in their seats, in silence and awe, awaited the fearful assault, upon whose issue their lives were suspended. Napoleon, pale and solemn, and perfectly calm, imperturbable and determined, had completed all his arrangements, and was waiting, resolved that the responsibility of the first blow should fall upon his assailants, and that he would take the responsibility of the second. Soon the enemy were seen advancing from every direction, in masses which perfectly filled the narrow streets of the city. With exultant music and waving banners, they marched proudly on to attack the besieged band upon every side, and confident, from their overpowering numbers, of an easy victory. They did not believe that the few and feeble troops of the Convention would dare to resist the people, but cherished the delusion that a very few shots, from their own side, would put all opposition to flight. Thus, unhesitatingly, they came within the sweep of the grape-shot, with which Napoleon had charged his guns to the muzzle. But seeing that the troops of the Convention stood firm, awaiting their approach, the head of one of the advancing columns leveled their muskets and discharged a volley of bullets at their enemies. It was the signal for an instantaneous discharge, direct, sanguinary, merciless from every battery. In quick succession explosion followed explosion, and a perfect storm of grape-shot swept the thronged streets. The pavements were covered with the mangled and the dead. The columns wavered—the storm still continued; they turned—the storm still raged unabated; they fled in utter dismay in every direction; the storm still pursued them. Then Napoleon commanded his little division impetuously to follow the fugitives, and to continue the discharge, but with blank cartridges. As the thunder of these heavy guns reverberated along the

streets, the insurgents dispersed through every available lane and alley, and in less than an hour the foe was nowhere to be found. Napoleon sent his division into every section and disarmed the inhabitants, that there could be no re-gathering. He then ordered the dead to be buried, and the wounded to be conveyed to the hospitals, and then, with his pale and marble brow as unmoved as if no event of any great importance had occurred, he returned to his head-quarters at the Tuileries.

"How *could you*," said a lady, "thus mercilessly fire upon your own countrymen?" "A soldier," he coolly replied, "is but a machine to obey orders. This is *my seal*, which I have impressed upon Paris." Subsequently Napoleon never ceased to regret the occurrence; and tried to forget, and to have others forget that he had ever deluged the streets of Paris with the blood of Frenchmen.

Thus Napoleon established the new government of France called the Directory, from the five Directors, who composed its executive. But a few months passed away before Napoleon, by moral power, without the shedding of a drop of blood, overthrew the constitution which his unpitying artillery had thus established. Immediately after the quelling of the sections, Napoleon was triumphantly received by the Convention. It was declared, by unanimous resolve, that his energy had saved the Republic. His friend Barras, became one of the Directors, and Napoleon was appointed Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior, and intrusted with the military defense and government of the metropolis. The defeat of the insurgents was the death-blow to all the hopes of the Royalists, and seemed to establish the Republic upon a permanent foundation. Napoleon manifested the natural clemency of his disposition very strongly in this hour of triumph. When the Convention would have executed Menou as a traitor, he pleaded his cause and obtained his acquittal. He urged, and successfully, that as the insurgents were now harmless, they should not be punished, but that a veil of oblivion should be thrown over all their deeds. The Convention, influenced not a little by the spirit of Napoleon, now honorably dissolved itself, by passing an act of general amnesty for all past offenses, and surrendering the government to the Directory.

The situation of Napoleon was now flattering in the extreme. He was but twenty-five years of age. The distinguished services he had rendered; the high rank he had attained, and the ample income at his disposal, gave him a very elevated position in the public view. The eminence he had now attained was not a sudden and accidental outbreak of celebrity. It was the result of long years of previous toil. He was now reaping the fruit of the seed which he had sown in his incessant application to study in the military school; in his continued devotion to literary and scientific pursuits, after he became an officer; in his energy, and fearlessness, and untiring assiduity at Toulon; in his days of

wintry exposure, and nights of sleeplessness in fortifying the coast of France, and in his untiring toil among the fastnesses of the Alps. Never was reputation earned and celebrity attained by more Herculean labor. If Napoleon had extraordinary genius, as unquestionably he had, this genius stimulated him to extraordinary exertions.

Immediately upon the attainment of this high dignity and authority, with the ample pecuniary resources accompanying it, Napoleon hastened to Marseilles, to place his mother in a position of perfect comfort. And he continued to watch over her with most filial assiduity, proving himself an affectionate and dutiful son. From this hour the whole family, mother, brothers, and sisters were taken under his protection, and all their interests blended with his own.

The post which Napoleon now occupied was one of vast responsibility, demanding incessant care, and moral courage, and tact. The Royalists and the Jacobins were exceedingly exasperated. The government was not consolidated, and had obtained no command over the public mind. Paris was filled with tumult and disorder. The

ravages of the revolution had thrown hundreds of thousands out of employment, and starvation was stalking through the streets of the metropolis. It became necessary for the government, almost without means or credit, to feed the famishing. Napoleon manifested great skill and humanity, combined with unflinching firmness in repressing disorders. It was not unfrequently necessary to appeal to the strong arm of military power to arrest the rising array of lawless passion. Often his apt and pithy speeches would promote good-nature and disperse the crowd. On one occasion a fish-woman of enormous rotundity of person, exhorted the mob, with most vehement volubility, not to disperse, exclaiming, "Never mind these coxcombs with epaulets upon their shoulders; they care not if we poor people all starve, if they can but feed well and grow fat." Napoleon, who was as thin and meagre as a shadow, turned to her and said, "Look at me, my good woman, and tell me which of us two is the fatter." The Amazon was completely disconcerted by this happy repartee; and the crowd in good-humor dispersed.



THE AMAZON DISCOMFITED.

THE TREASON OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.*

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.



BENEDICT ARNOLD.

THE defection of Arnold, and his attempt to betray the strong post of West Point and its dependencies into the power of the British army, was the ripened head of faction which had been festering in the Legislature and the Camp for more than three years. The stern and disinterested patriotism which marshaled a beleaguering army around Boston, and declared, in solemn council, the thirteen Anglo-American colonies to be free and independent states, had become diluted by the commingling of selfish ambition. Already Church, Duché, Galloway, Zubley, and other smaller traitors who, like Peter, were courageous when danger appeared remote, and boasted loudly of their love for the patriot cause, until the hour of its trial came, had denied their allegiance to the new faith by words or deeds, and gave countenance to multitudes of the weak, timid, and unprincipled, who openly espoused the cause of the king.

As the contest advanced, and the night of the Revolution grew darker, ambitious men became bolder; and, already, general officers and their minions had secretly plotted against the good Washington, and found abettors in Congress. Arnold, however, had nothing to do with these intrigues, for none made him a confidant, and he seldom confided in others. Yet it was not until his bolder act alarmed the whole people, and awakened them to vigilance and the keenest scrutiny of the conduct of their officers in the field, that the factious spirit was abashed. In his treason it culminated—it came to a head; in his failure it waned—it discharged its impurities, and healthier action ensued.

The time when Arnold's defection was dis-

covered, in the autumn of 1780, was the gloomiest period of the war. Public credit had sunk to the lowest point of distrust. No prestige of a great achievement during the campaign, like that of the capture of Burgoyne, could secure loans abroad. The people of America were impoverished and discouraged. The whole business of the country was controlled by heartless speculators. The continental bills had so depreciated that seven hundred dollars in paper sold for one dollar in specie. The governmental machinery of the Confederation worked inefficiently. New York city, the Virginia sea board, and almost the whole of the Carolinas and Georgia were in possession of the enemy, and the French army under Rochambeau, whose advent gave such joy and hope to the patriots, was lying idle at Newport, unwilling to engage in a campaign till another spring. In this hour of its weakness and distress, Arnold sought the utter ruin of his country, for the wicked purpose of gratifying petty spite; for the base consideration of paltry, perishing gold!

Arnold was innately wicked and treacherous. The mother who bore him was an exemplar of piety and sweetness of character, and daily counseled her boy with words of heavenly wisdom. Yet, from earliest childhood he was wayward, disobedient, reckless, and profane. A stranger to physical fear, and always heedless of the consequences resulting from action, his hands were ever ready to do the bidding of a perverse nature or the impulses of circumstances. When the tocsin of Freedom was sounded at Lexington and Concord, his impetuous spirit was aroused, and his feelings assumed the character of the most zealous patriotism. He was doubtless sincere, and went into the contest with a soul filled with desires to cast back the surges of despotism, which were beating higher and higher against the liberties of his country. His brave exploits on Lake Champlain; his wondrous journey through the wilderness from the Kennebeck to the St. Lawrence; his assault on the capital of the Canadas, and his brilliant deeds at Ridgefield, Compo, and Saratoga excited the astonishment and admiration of his countrymen. Congress awarded him special honors, and the name of Arnold was a host in the Northern Department. As a soldier and leader he was the bravest of the brave, skillful and high-souled; but in his social relations he was a moral coward, deceptive, mean-spirited, and debased. Washington admired his military genius, but despised his avarice, selfishness, and profligacy. He was ever distrustful of his patriotism, because he lacked the essential elements of that virtue, except personal courage. He was disliked by the leading men in the army, for he quarreled with all his peers, and was reserved toward his subordinates. His avarice was notorious. "Money is this man's God, and to get enough of it, he would sacrifice his country," said Colonel Brown. In a hand-bill, almost four years before Arnold's defection. From the hour when temptation lured him at Montreal and St. John's, till the termination of his command in Philadelphia, he was

* The engravings which illustrate this article, are from Lossing's *Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution*, now in course of publication by Harper and Brothers

guilty of peculations, fraudulent, and unworthy acts, which dimmed the lustre of his military fame.

Justice, however, demands some light touches upon this dark picture. Envy, the bane of happiness, and the sure accompaniment of honors, was rank among his fellow-officers. The brilliancy of Arnold's personal acts eclipsed their achievements, and doubtless the jealous feelings excited thereby were powerful and not very remote causes of his defection. At the outset, when, in company with Ethan Allen, he assisted in the capture of Ticonderoga, he felt aggrieved by the seeming neglect of the civil authorities of Connecticut and Massachusetts; and during the five years succeeding, fresh instances of neglect occurred, and obstacles were continually placed in the way of his advancement and popularity, by those who hoped to shine in proportion to the waning of his fame. The very men who conspired against Washington, were most prominent in opposition to Arnold, and that officer saw no hope of justice, real or shadowy, at the hands of Congress, for faction was as rife there as in the army. With contracted vision he beheld, in the conduct of its political representatives, the ingratitude and injustice of his country; and the hatred which he fostered for the few was extended to the *cause*, of which they were the accredited supporters. This feeling, and the hope of large pecuniary reward, by which he might relieve himself of heavy and increasing embarrassments, extinguished his patriotism, and beckoned him to the bad pre-eminence of a mercenary traitor.

From Cain to Catiline, the world hath seen
Her traitors—vaunted votaries of crime—
Caligula and Nero sat alone
Upon the pinnacle of vice sublime;
But they were moved by hate, or wish to climb
The rugged steeps of Fame, in letters bold
To write their names upon the scroll of time;
Therefore their crimes some virtue did unfold—
But, Arnold! thine had none; 'twas all for sordid gold.
ESTELLE ANNA LEWIS.

In consequence of a bad wound received in his leg while gallantly fighting at Saratoga (and which was yet unhealed), Arnold was not fit for active service when the British evacuated Philadelphia in the spring of 1778. Washington, desirous of keeping him employed, appointed him military governor of that city, in command of a small corps of soldiers. Fond of show, and feeling the importance of his station, Arnold adopted a style of living incompatible with his resources and the character of a republican. He made the fine old mansion of William Penn his residence; kept a coach-and-four; gave splendid soirées and banquets, and charmed the gayer portion of Philadelphia society with his princely displays. His station, and the splendor of his equipage, captivated the daughter of Edward Shippen, a leading loyalist, and afterward Chief Justice of the State. Her beauty and accomplishments won the heart of the widower of forty. She had bloomed but eighteen summers, and admirers of every degree coveted her smiles; yet she gave her hand to

Arnold, and they were married. Stanch Whigs shook their heads in distrust, and the equally stanch loyalists were gratified. To the former, this union augured of evil; to the latter, it had promises of hope. Both were right interpreters.

Arnold's extravagance soon brought importunate creditors to his door. Rather than retrench his expenses, he procured money by a system of fraud and prostitution of his official power. The city being under martial law, his power was supreme. He forbade shopkeepers selling certain articles, and then, through agents, he trafficked in those very articles, and sold them at enormous profits. The people were incensed, and a deputation went before the President and Council of Pennsylvania, and preferred charges against him. These were laid before Congress, and that body referred the whole matter to Washington, to be adjudicated by a military tribunal.

After a delay of more than a year Arnold was tried, and found guilty of two of four charges preferred against him. The court pronounced the mildest sentence in its power—a mere reprimand by the Commander-in-chief. Washington performed the duty with the greatest delicacy. "Our profession," he said, "is the chastest of all. Even the shadow of a fault tarnishes the lustre of our finest achievements. The least inadvertence may rob us of the public favor, so hard to be acquired. I reprimand you for having forgotten that, in proportion as you had rendered yourself formidable to our enemies, you should have been guarded and temperate in your deportment toward your fellow-citizens. Exhibit anew those noble qualities which have placed you on the list of our most valued commanders. I will myself furnish you, as far as it may be in my power, with opportunities of regaining the esteem of your country."

What punishment could have been lighter! Yet Arnold was greatly irritated. He had anticipated a full acquittal, and a triumphant vindication of his honor. Even this slight punishment deeply wounded his pride, and instead of receiving it with the generous feelings of true honor and dignity, he resented it as a meditated wrong. The rank weed of treason was already growing luxuriantly in his heart, for he had been for nine months in secret correspondence with the enemy in New York; now it bloomed, and its fruit expanded under the genial heat of intense hatred, fed by mortified pride, foiled ambition, the pressure of embarrassments, the want of employment, intercourse with loyalists, and a sense of public injustice.

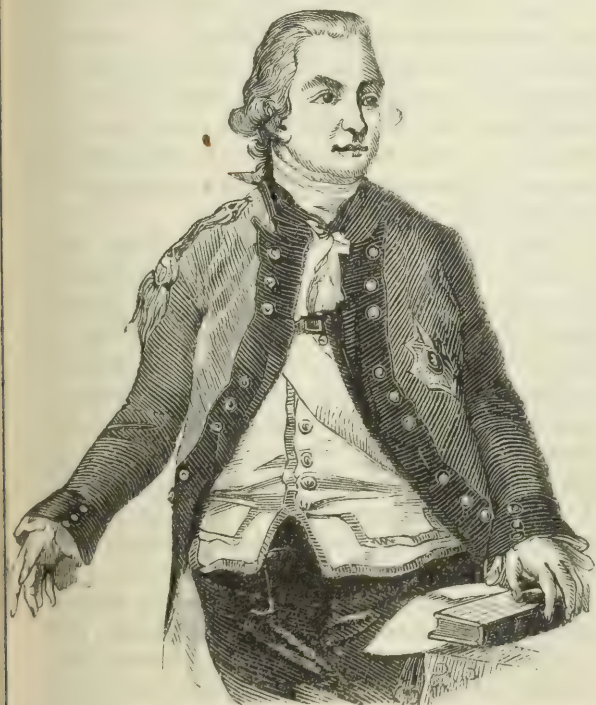
When the great fête, called the *Mischianza* was given in Philadelphia in honor of General Sir William Howe, on his departure from America in the spring of 1778, Captain John André was the most active and talented officer engaged in its preparation. He was a wit, a poet, and a painter. Thwarted in an engagement of marriage with the charming Honora Sneyd, by the unwise scruples of her father, on account of the suitor's youth and obscurity, André placed in his bosom the miniature of his idol, painted by his



JOHN ANDRÉ.

own hands, joined the army, and came to America to seek, in the excitement of the camp, an alleviation of sufferings inflicted by disappointed love. He landed in Canada; was captured at St. John's on the Sorel, where he saved the picture of Honora by concealing it in his mouth; was taken to Pennsylvania; was exchanged, and finally rejoined the army in New York.

Among the young ladies of Philadelphia who graced the *Mischianza*, was the gay and brilliant Margaret Shippen, who afterward became the wife of Arnold. André was a frequent guest at her father's table, and Margaret continued her acquaintance with him, by epistles, even after her marriage. Through this channel her hus-



SIR HENRY CLINTON.

band opened a correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, the Commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, and then quartered in New York. For a long time Arnold's letters were vague. His advances were slow and cautious. He assumed the name of *Gustavus*, and couched his letters in commercial phrases. Profound secrecy was observed by both. Arnold's wife, it is believed, was ignorant of the true intent of her husband's letters, and Clinton had no other confidant than André and Colonel Beverly Robinson. The latter was the son-in-law of Frederick Phillipse, one of the largest landholders in America. Twenty years before, Washington, then a Virginia colonel, had enjoyed the hospitalities of his house, and there became enamored

*Bev. Robinson*

of Mary Phillipse, the betrothed of Roger Morris, his old companion in arms in the battle of Monongahela. Of course his suit was rejected, and the young soldier gave his heart and hand to a charming widow of his own province. Robinson had an extensive acquaintance among the American officers. He early espoused the patriot cause, even as early as the era of the Stamp Act; but when the Declaration of Independence was promulgated, he was unwilling to accede to so bold a measure as the dismemberment of the British Empire, and he took up arms for the king.

West Point, on the Hudson, fifty miles above New York, made strong by nature, and strengthened by art, was an object of covetous desire to Sir Henry Clinton. It was the key to the northern country and the route to Canada, and the strong link of co-operation between the patriots of the Eastern and Middle States. Arnold knew its value to both parties, and he resolved to make its betrayal the equivalent for personal honors and a large sum of money. When his determination was fixed, and his plans were arranged, his deportment was suddenly changed. Hitherto he had been sullen and indifferent; now his

patriotism glowed with all the apparent ardor of his earlier career. Hitherto he had pleaded the bad state of his wounds as an excuse for inaction; now they healed rapidly. He was now anxious to join his old companions in arms, and to General Schuyler, Robert R. Livingston, and other influential men in Congress, he expressed his impatience to be in the camp or the field. Rejoiced at the change, and believing him sincere, they wrote letters to Washington commendatory of Arnold, and, in pursuance of his intimation, suggested his appointment to the command of West Point. At the same time Arnold visited the camp to pay his respects to the commander-in-chief, and expressed his desire to have a command, like that at West Point, for his wounds would not now allow him to perform active service on horseback in the field. Washington was surprised, but, unsuspecting of wrong, acceded to his request, and on the 3d of August, 1780, gave him written instructions. His command included West Point and its dependencies from Stony Point to Fishkill.



ROBINSON'S HOUSE.

Upon a fertile plateau, high above the river, and at the foot of a range of lofty hills, nearly opposite West Point, was the confiscated country seat of Colonel Beverly Robinson, a spacious mansion for the times, and now a pleasant residence. There Arnold established his quarters, and elaborated his wicked scheme; and there he was joined by his wife and infant son, when his plans were ripe, and his treason almost consummated.

It was a part of Washington's plan for the autumn campaign, to make an attack upon the city of New York, with the combined French and American forces, the former to approach by the way of Long Island, and the other by crossing Kingsbridge at the head of York, or Manhattan Island. Arnold communicated the details of this plan to Sir Henry Clinton, and proposed that when the assailants approached, a large British force should proceed up the Hudson to the Highlands in a flotilla under Admiral Rodney, when the traitor should surrender West Point and its dependencies, excusing himself with the plea of a weak garrison. The anticipated result was a retreat of Washington toward the Highlands to

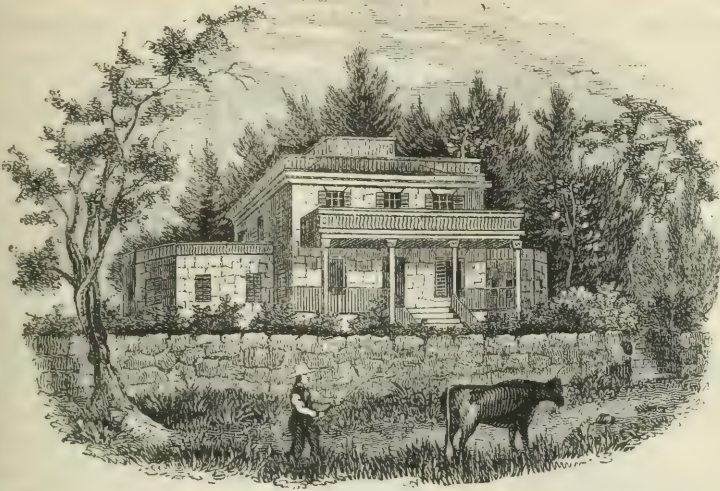
regain the fortress and save his ample stores and the probable capture of the French army.

Sir Henry Clinton was delighted with the plan, and eagerly sought to carry it out. Hitherto he was not certified of the real name and character of *Gustavus*, although for some months he had suspected him to be General Arnold. Unwilling to proceed further upon uncertainties, he proposed sending an officer to some point near the American lines to have a personal interview with his correspondent. Arnold consented, and insisted that young André, now the adjutant-general of the British army, and high in the confidence of Sir Henry Clinton, should be the officer sent. They agreed to meet at Dobb's Ferry, upon the Neutral Ground, some twenty miles above New York. Thither André, accompanied by Colonel Robinson, proceeded; but the vigilance of the British water-guard prevented the approach of Arnold, and the conference was deferred.

Sir Henry Clinton, anxious to effect definite arrangements with Arnold, sent the Vulture sloop-of-war up the river, as far as Teller's Point, nearly opposite Haverstraw, with Colonel Robinson on board. That officer, underpretense of making inquiries respecting his confiscated property, communicated with Arnold, who, in an ambiguous answer, informed him that a flag and a boat would be sent to the Vulture on the night of the twentieth, to be used as circumstances might require. This fact was communicated to Clinton, and on the morning of that day, Major André, after singing a song and taking wine with some fellow-officers, at Kip's Bay, proceeded by land to Dobb's Ferry, and from thence in

a barge to the Vulture. He was instructed not to change his dress, go within the American lines, receive papers, or in any other way act as a spy. It was supposed that Arnold himself would come to the Vulture, and that there the whole plan would be arranged. The wily general was not to be caught, and he chose a meeting place which involved less personal hazard.

About half way between Stony Point and Haverstraw, lived Joshua Hett Smith, a brother of the Tory Chief Justice of New York. To his house Arnold repaired, and employed him to proceed to the Vulture, at night, and bring a gentleman to the western shore of the Hudson. Smith was an active man, of considerable influence in his neighborhood, and is supposed to have been the *dupe*, not the voluntary aid of Arnold in his treasonable preparations. Unable to procure oarsmen, Smith did not proceed to the Vulture until the night of the twenty-first. As soon as the moon went down, he glided silently out of Haverstraw creek, with muffled oars, and at a little past midnight reached the vessel anchored in the middle of the river. It was a serene, starry night, and not a ripple was upon



SMITH'S HOUSE.

the bosom of the waters. Cautiously he approached the Vulture, and, by proper signal, obtained admission on board. His oarsmen waited but a few minutes, when Smith, accompanied by a British officer, descended into the boat. The latter was dressed in the scarlet uniform of the royal army, but all was covered with a long blue surtout, buttoned to the chin, and a plain cocked hat covered his head. Not a word was spoken as they moved noiselessly toward a deep-shaded estuary at the foot of Long Clove Mountain, a little below Haverstraw. Smith led the officer, in the gloom, to a thicket near by, and there, in a low whisper, introduced John Anderson (the name assumed by Major André in his correspondence) to General Arnold, and then retired. The conspirators were left alone. There, in the deep shadows of night, concealed from human cognizance, they discussed their dark plans, and plotted the utter ruin of the patriot cause. There the arch-traitor, eager for the coveted gold of a royal purchaser, higgled with the king's broker about the price of his infamy; there the perjured recusant, satisfied with the *word* of an honest man (for he dared not accept a written bond), "sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage."

The hour of dawn approached, and their conference was not ended. Smith came, and urged the necessity for haste, for the water-guard would soon be on the alert, and it would be difficult to return to the Vulture. Much was yet to be done, and André reluctantly consented to accompany Arnold to Smith's house, nearly four miles distant, and await the darkness of another night to return to the vessel. Expecting a protracted interview, Arnold had brought two horses with him. While it was yet dark they mounted, and as they passed in the rear of Haverstraw, in the dim twilight of earliest dawn, the voice of a sentinel gave André the first intimation that he was within the American lines. He perceived the danger, but it was too late to recede. They reached Smith's house before sunrise, and at that moment the boom of a cannon came up from the bosom of the bay. Several

discharges quickly succeeded each other, and soon the Vulture, galled by an iron four-pounder upon Teller's Point, weighed anchor, and dropped down the river beyond the vision of the conspirators. Deep inquietude stirred the soul of André. He was within the enemy's lines, without flag or pass. If detected, he would be called a spy—a name he hated as much as that of traitor. The ingenious sophistry of Arnold allayed his apprehensions, and in an upper room of Smith's house, the plan of operations was determined, and there André passed a day of great solicitude. The plan was simple. Washington had gone to Hartford, to confer with the French officers.

It was agreed to consummate the scheme during the absence of the Commander-in-chief, instead of waiting for the uncertain movements of the armies. The garrison at West Point was to be weakened by dispersion, and Clinton was to sail up the river with a strong force, and take possession.

At noon, the whole plan being arranged, Arnold placed in André's possession, several papers, explanatory of the condition of West Point and its dependencies. Zealous in the service of his king and country, André disobeyed the commands of his general, and received them. At Arnold's suggestion, he placed them in his stockings under his feet, and receiving a pass from the traitor (printed on the next page), waited impatiently for the approach of night.

Fully believing that no obstacle now interposed in the way of success, Arnold prepared for the reception of Rodney's flotilla with a strong force under Clinton. Pretending that it needed repairing, a link from the great iron chain which spanned the Hudson at West Point, was taken out and sent to the smith, and the garrison at Fort Clinton, on the Point, was weakened by scattering the troops in detachments among the several redoubts in the vicinity. Colonel Lamb, who commanded the garrison, wondered at the movement, but did not suspect his chief. So skillfully had Arnold managed all his plans, that no suspicion of his defection was abroad; and Washington held his conference with Rochambeau and Ternay, satisfied that West Point was in safe hands.

When night approached, Smith positively refused to convey André back to the Vulture, but offered to accompany him to the borders of the Neutral Ground on the east side of the Hudson. André remonstrated in vain. There was no alternative but to remain. He exchanged his uniform for a citizen's dress, and at twilight, mounted on good horses, and accompanied by a negro servant, Smith and André crossed King's Ferry (now Verplanck's Point), and turned their faces toward White Plains. André was moody, for he felt uneasy. They met with no interruption,

Head Quarters Robinsons
Horn Sep: 22nd - 1780

Permit M^r. John Anderson to pass the
Ground to the White Plains, or below
it the Chms. He being on Public
Business by my Direction

B. Arnold M^g Genl

until near the little village of Crompond, eight miles from King's Ferry, when they were hailed by a sentinel. Arnold's pass was examined, known to be genuine, and the travelers were about to pass on, when the officer of the post magnified the dangers of the road, and persuaded them to halt for the night. Sleep was a stranger to the eyes of André, and at dawn they were in the saddle. When they approached Pine's Bridge, and he was assured that he was upon neutral ground, beyond the American lines, his gloomy taciturnity was exchanged for cheerful garrulity, and he conversed in an almost playful manner upon poetry, the arts, literature, and common topics. A mile above the bridge, Smith handed him a small sum in Continental bills, and they parted, the former to proceed to Arnold's quarters and report his success, the latter to hasten toward New York. André, being told that the *Cow-boys** were more numerous on the Tarrytown

road, took that direction, contrary to the advice of Smith and others, who directed him to proceed by the way of White Plains. André was anxious to be among his friends, and as these marauders were such, he concluded that the Tarrytown road would be the safer for him, for if he fell into their hands, he would be taken to New York, whither he was hastening. This was his fatal mistake.

On the morning when André left Pine's Bridge,

tween the American and British lines, extending nearly thirty miles from north to south, and embracing Westchester county, was populous and highly cultivated. This was the famous Neutral Ground. A person living within that space, who took the oath of fidelity, was sure to be plundered by the *Cow-boys*; and if he did not take it, the *Skinners* would come down upon him, call him a Tory, and seize his property as confiscated by the State. Thus the execution of the laws was assumed by robbers, and the innocent and guilty were involved in a common ruin.

It is true, the civil authority endeavored to guard against these outrages, as far as it could, by legislative enactments and executive proclamations; but, from the nature of the case, this formidable conspiracy against the rights and claims of humanity could be crushed only by a military arm. The detachments of Continental troops and militia, stationed near the lines, did something to lessen the evil; yet they were not adequate to its suppression, and frequently this force was so feeble as not to afford any barrier against the inroads of the banditti. The *Skinners* and *Cow-boys* often leagued together. The former would sell their plunder to the latter, taking in exchange contraband articles from New York. It was not uncommon for the farce of a skirmish to be acted near the American lines, in which the *Skinners* never failed to come off victorious; and then they would go boldly into the interior with their booty, pretending it had been captured from the enemy while attempting to smuggle it across the lines.—*Sparks.*

* The *Cow-boys* were a set of people mostly, if not wholly refugees, belonging to the British side, and engaged in plundering cattle near the lines and driving them to New York. The name indicates their vocation. There was another description of banditti called *Skinners*, who lived for the most part within the American lines, and professed attachment to the American cause; but in reality they were more unprincipled, perfidious, and inhuman than the *Cow-boys* themselves; for these latter exhibited some symptoms of fellow-feeling for their friends, whereas the *Skinners* committed their depredations equally upon friends and foes.

By a law of the State of New York, every person refusing to take an oath of fidelity to the State, was considered as forfeiting his property. The large territory be-

solved to send him immediately to General Arnold! Major Tallmadge, with better judgment, boldly expressed his belief that Arnold was a traitor, and finally induced Jameson to send the prisoner to Colonel Sheldon's quarters at North Salem, until more should be known respecting him, for, they had no suspicion of the rank and character of the young man in their custody. Jameson, however, would not suspect the fidelity of his general, and actually sent a letter to inform him that "a Mr. John Anderson" was a prisoner in his hands.

On the morning of the 24th of September, the day fixed upon by the conspirators for the surrender of the fort, Washington returned from Hartford. It was two days earlier than Arnold expected him. The traitor was astounded when a messenger rode up, a little after sunrise, and announced the intention of the Commander-in-chief to breakfast with him. On approaching Arnold's quarters, Washington directed La Fayette and Hamilton, who were with him, to go on and breakfast with Mrs. Arnold, while he turned down a lane to the river to inspect a redoubt upon the bank.

Arnold and his guests were at breakfast when a messenger came in haste with a letter for the general. It was from Jameson, announcing the arrest of André, instead of the expected intelli-

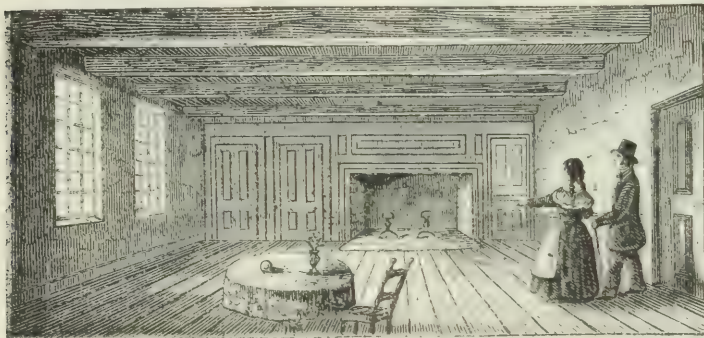
fields and down a declivity to a narrow pathway on the borders of a morass to a dock built by Colonel Robinson, and throwing himself into his barge, nerved the oarsmen with promises of large rewards of rum and money for swiftness of speed, and was soon sweeping through the Race at Fort Montgomery. The old dock from whence the traitor escaped, is still there, but the Hudson River Railway has spanned the mouth of the swale, and cleft the rocky point, so that little of the original features of the scenery remain.

Washington went over to West Point before going to Arnold's quarters. He was surprised when informed by Lamb that the general had not been at the garrison for two days. He recrossed the river, and when he approached Robinson's house, Hamilton, greatly excited, met him, and revealed the dreadful secret of Arnold's guilt and flight. His guilt was made manifest by the arrival of the papers taken from André, and his flight confirmed the dark tale which they unfolded. With these papers came a letter from André to Washington, frankly avowing his name and character. "Whom can we trust now?" said the Chief with calmness, while feelings of the deepest sorrow were evidently at work in his bosom, as he laid before La Fayette, Hamilton, and Knox the evidences of treason.

The condition of Mrs. Arnold excited Washington's liveliest sympathy. But one year a mother and not two a bride, the poor young creature had received a blow of the most appalling nature. She raved furiously and mourned piteously, alternately. The tenderest care was bestowed upon her, and she was soon sent in safety to New York, whither her fallen husband had escaped.

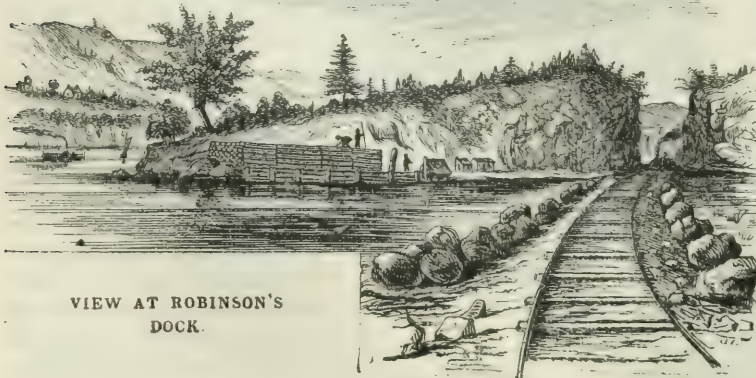
Pursuit of the traitor was unavailing. He had four hours the start. The Vulture was yet lying below Teller's Point, awaiting the return of André, and to the security of her bulwarks Arnold escaped. She proceeded to New York that evening, and Sir Henry Clinton, informed of the failure of the scheme, was unwilling to hazard an attack upon the Highland fortresses, now that the patriots were thoroughly awake.

The main body of the American army was lying at Tappan, on the west side of the Hudson, near the present terminus of the New York and Erie Railroad. Thither André was conveyed, after being brought to West Point, and in a stone house, near the head-quarters of the commander-in-chief, he was strongly guarded. On the twenty-ninth of September a court martial was convened near by, for his trial, and, after a patient in-



THE BREAKFAST ROOM.

gence that the enemy were moving up the river. Agitated, but not sufficiently to excite the special notice of his guests, he arose from the table, hastened to the room of his wife, kissed his sleeping babe, and telling his spouse in hurried words that they must part, perhaps forever, left her in a swoon, mounted the horse of one of his aids standing at the door, dashed across the



VIEW AT ROBINSON'S DOCK.

vestigation, it being proven, and confessed by the prisoner himself, that he was in the American lines (though not voluntarily) without a flag, they gave it as their opinion that he ought to suffer death as a spy. All hearts were alive with sympathy for the condemned, and Washington would gladly have saved his life; but the stern demands of the cruel and uncompromising rules of war, denied the petitions of mercy, and the Commander-in-chief was obliged to sign his death-warrant. He was sentenced to be hung on the afternoon of the first of October.

Andr  exhibited no fear of death, and to the last the workings of his genius were displayed. On the morning of the day appointed for his execution, he sketched a likeness of himself with a pen and ink, and conversed cheerfully with those around him upon the pleasures of painting and kindred arts. But the *manner* of his death disturbed his spirit. He pleaded earnestly to be *shot* as a soldier, not *hung* as a spy. But even this poor boon could not be allowed, for the rules of war demanded death by a cord and not by a bullet. His execution was delayed one day in consequence of the intercession of Sir Henry Clinton, and a hope that Arnold might be obtained and righteously suffer in his stead. All was unavailing, and Major Andr , in the bloom of manhood, was hung at Tappan on the



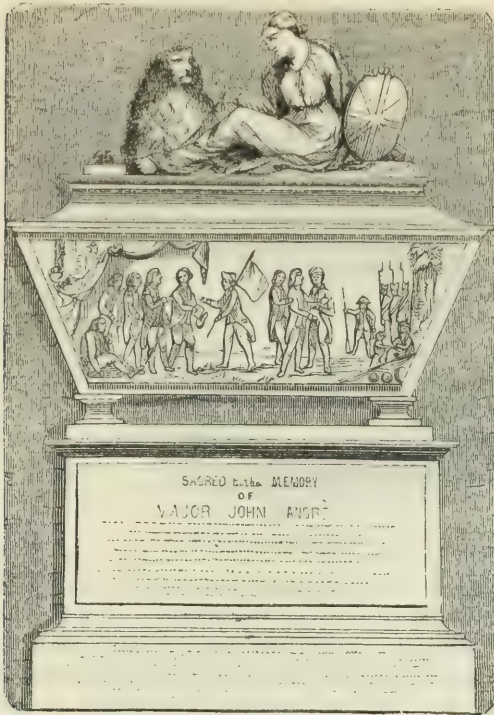
WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT TAPPAN.

second of October, 1780, at the age of twenty-nine years.

The youth, accomplishments, and gentleness of manners of the young soldier, endeared him to all, and his fate was deeply regretted on both sides of the Atlantic. His king caused a mural monument, of elegant device, to be erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey; and in 1831, the Duke of York had his remains removed from Tappan and taken to London, where they now repose beneath his marble memorial, among those of many heroes and poets of old England. A halo of melancholy sweetness surrounds the name and character of the unfortunate youth



ANDRE'S PEN-AND-INK SKETCH OF HIMSELF.



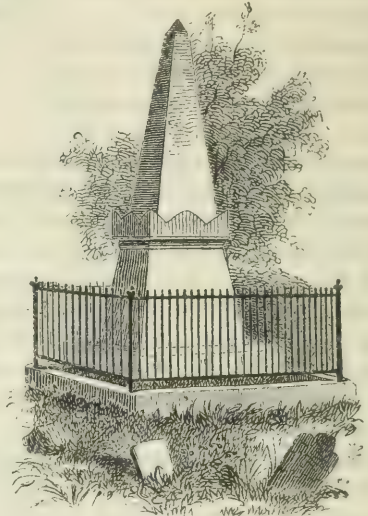
ANDRE'S MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

which increases in glory with the flight of time.

The traitor, though unsuccessful, received ten thousand guineas from the British treasury, and the commission of a brigadier from the king. He served his new master faithfully. With the spirit of a demon he desolated, with fire and sword, the beautiful country near the mouth of the Thames, in Connecticut, almost in sight of the roof which sheltered his infancy; and with augmented ferocity he spread distress and ruin, to the extent of his power, upon the Virginia shores of the Chesapeake, and along the fertile borders of the James and the Appomattox. Hated and despised by his new companions in arms, and insulted and contemned in public places after the war, Arnold became an outcast like Cain, and like Esau he found no place for repentance, though he sought it diligently with tears. He died in obscurity in the British metropolis, in 1801, and who knows the place of his grave?

The captors of Andre were highly applauded by the people, and honored and rewarded by

Congress. That body awarded to each a silver medal, having on one side the word FIDELITY, and on the other, VINCIT AMOR PATRIÆ; "the love of country conquers." They were also allowed each an annual pension of two hundred dollars, during their lives. Public esteem for their services has erected monuments over the remains of two of them. Paulding's mortality sleeps beneath a chaste marble cenotaph in the old St. Peter's church-yard, two miles eastward of Peekskill; and over the dust of Van Wart, in the Greenburgh church-yard, near the banks of the beautiful Nepara, in Westchester county, stands a plain monument of white marble. The



VAN WART'S MONUMENT.

former was erected by the corporation of the city of New York; the latter by citizens of Westchester county. No public memorial yet marks the place of rest of David Williams in the church-yard at Livingstonville, in Schoharie county.

The traitor and his victim, the captors, judges, and executioner, have all gone to the spirit-land whither the ken of the historian and the moralist may not follow; and the myriads of hearts which beat with sympathy or indignation, as the sad intelligence of the tragedy at Tappan winged its way over our land, or sped to the abodes of intelligent men in the Old World, are pulseless and forgotten. Charity would counsel tenderly respecting each,

"No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode.
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his father, and his God."

GRAY.



PAULDING'S MONUMENT AND ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

Yet it is well, occasionally, to lift the vail from past events, though they may be dark and forbidding in aspect, for to the wise and thoughtful they convey lessons of wisdom, and to the foolish and inconsiderate, the wayward and the wicked, they may speak a word of warning in season to curb an evil spirit and promote righteousness.

MEMORIES OF MEXICO.

THE first action fought by the American army in the valley of Mexico, on the 20th August, 1847, was at Contreras. It was an attack upon a fortified camp, in which lay General Valencia with 6000 Mexicans, composed of the remnant of the army beaten by Taylor, on the hills of Buena Vista. It was styled "The Army of the North;" most of the soldiers composing it being from the northern departments—the hardy miners of Zacatecas and San Luis Potosi—and they were esteemed "the flower of the Mexican army."

On the previous day powder enough was burned to have cured the atmosphere for twenty miles around, yet there was nothing done. We held the ground, however, in mud up to our ankles. In this we lay shivering under a cold drizzle until the morning. By daylight we were at it in earnest. During the night two of our best brigades had crept, unperceived, through the clay "barrancas" close up to the rear of the enemy's camp, ready to spring. At daybreak old Riley shouted, "*Forward and give them h—ll!*" and before our foes—not expecting us from that quarter—could bring their artillery to bear upon us, we were in the midst of them. The action lasted just seventeen minutes. At the end of that time we had laid our hands upon thirty of Valencia's cannon, and taken about a thousand prisoners; and had the satisfaction of seeing the rest of them, in their long yellow mantles, disappearing through the fissures of the lava fields, in rapid flight along the road to Mexico. We followed, of course, but as our cavalry had not been able to cross the Pedregal, and the enemy were our superiors in retreat, we were soon distanced. As we came down upon the village of San Angel, the occasional blast of a light infantry bugle, with the "crack—crack—cr-r-rack" of our rifles in front, told us that we had still more work to do before entering the halls of the Montezumas. We were, in fact, driving in the light troops of Santa Anna's main army, lying we knew not where, but somewhere between us and the far-famed city.

It is not my intention to give an account of the battle that followed, nor should I have entered into these details of the fight at Contreras, but to put the reader in possession of "situations," and, moreover, to bring to his notice an incident that occurred, during that action, to a friend—the hero of this narrative—whom I will now introduce. I was then a Sub., and my friend, Richard L—, was the captain of my company; young as myself, and full as ardent in pursuit of the red glory of war. We had long known each other, had gone through the campaign together, and, more than once, had stood side by side under the leaden shower. I need not say how a juxtaposition of this kind strengthens the ties of friendship.

We had come out of Resaca and Monterey unscathed. We had passed through Cerro Gordo with "only a scratch." So far we had been fortunate, as I esteemed it. Not so my friend;

he wished to get a wound, for the honor of the thing. He was accommodated at Contreras; for the bullet from an escopette had passed through his left arm below the elbow-joint. It appeared to be only a flesh wound; and as his sword-arm was still safe, he disdained to leave the field until the "day was done." Binding the wounded limb with a rag from his shirt, and slinging it in his sash, he headed his company in the pursuit. By ten o'clock we had driven the enemy's skirmishers out of San Angel, and taken possession of the village. Our commander-in-chief was as yet ignorant of the position of the Mexican army; and we halted, to await the necessary reconnoissance.

Notwithstanding the cold of the preceding night, the day had become hot and oppressive. The soldiers, wearied with watching, marching, and the fight, threw themselves down in the dusty streets. Hunger kept many awake, for they had eaten nothing for twenty hours. A few houses were entered, and the *tortillas* and *tasajo* drawn forth; but there is but little to be found, at any time, in the larder of a Mexican house; and the jail-like doors of most of them were closely barred. The unglazed windows were open; but the massive iron railings of the "reja" defended them from intrusion. From these railings various flags were suspended—French, German, Spanish, and Portuguese—signifying that the inmates were foreigners in the country, and therefore entitled to respect. Where no excuse for such claim existed, a white banner, the emblem of peace, protruded through the bars; and perhaps this was as much respected as the symbols of neutrality.

It was the season when fashion deserts the Alameda of Mexico, and betakes itself to *montè*, cock-fighting, and intriguing, in the romantic "pueblos" that stud the valley. San Angel is one of these pueblos, and at that moment many of the "familias principales" of the city were domiciled around us. Through the rejas we could catch an occasional glimpse of the inmates in the dark apartments within.

It is said that, with woman, curiosity is stronger than fear. It appeared to be so in this case. When the inhabitants saw that pillage was not intended, beautiful and stylish women showed themselves in the windows and on the "balcons," looking down at us with a timorous yet confiding wonder. This was strange, after the stories of our barbarity, in which they had been so well drilled; but we had become accustomed to the high courage of the Mexican females, and it was a saying among us, that "the women were the best men in the country." Jesting aside, I am satisfied, that had they taken up arms instead of their puny countrymen, we should not have boasted so many easy victories.

Our bivouac lasted about an hour. The reconnoissance having been at length completed, the enemy was discovered in a fortified position around the convent and bridge of Churubusco. Twigg's division was ordered forward to commence the attack, just as the distant booming of

cannon across the lava fields, told us that our right wing, under Worth, had sprung the enemy's left at the hacienda of San Antonio, and was driving it along the great national road. Both wings of our army were beautifully converging to a common focus—the pueblo of Churubusco. The brigade to which I was attached still held the position where it had halted in San Angel. We were to move down to the support of Twiggs' division, as soon as the latter should get fairly engaged. Our place in the line had thrown us in front of a house somewhat retired from the rest, single-storied, and, like most of the others, flat-roofed, with a low parapet around the top. A large door and two windows fronted the street. One of the windows was open, and knotted to the *reja* was a small white handkerchief embroidered along the borders, and fringed with fine lace. There was something so delicate, yet striking in the appeal, that it at once attracted the attention of L—— and myself. It would have touched the compassion of a Cossack; and we felt at the moment that we would have protected that house against a general's order to pillage.

We had seated ourselves on the edge of the *banquette*, directly in front of the window. A bottle of wine by some accident had reached us; and as we quaffed its contents, our eyes constantly wandered upon the open *reja*. We could see no one. All was dark within; but we could not help thinking that the owner of the kerchief—she who had hurriedly displayed that simple emblem of truce—could not be otherwise than an interesting and lovely creature.

At length the drums beat for Twiggs' division to move forward, and, attracted by the noise, a gray-haired old man appeared at the window. With feelings of disappointment, my friend and I turned our glances upon the street, and for some moments watched the horse artillery as it swept past. When our gaze was again directed to the house, the old man had a companion—the object of our instinctive expectation; yet fairer even than our imagination had portrayed.

The features indicated that she was a Mexican, but the complexion was darker than the half-breed, the Aztec blood predominated. The crimson, mantling under the bronze of her cheeks, gave to her countenance that picture-like expression of the mixed races of the Western World. The eye, black, with long fringing lash, and a brow upon which the jetty crescent seemed to have been painted. The nose slightly aquiline, curving at the nostril; while luxuriant hair, in broad plaits, fell far below her waist. As she stood on the sill of the low window, we had a full view of her person—from the satin slipper to the *reboso* that hung loosely over her forehead. She was plainly dressed in the style of her country. We saw that she was not of the aristocracy, for, even in this remote region, has Paris fashioned the costume of that order. On the other hand, she was above the class of the “*poblanas*,” the demoiselles of the showy “*naguas*” and naked ankles. She was of the middle rank. For some

moments my friend and myself gazed upon the fair apparition in silent wonder.

She stood awhile, looking out upon the street, scanning the strange uniforms that were grouped before her. At length her eye fell upon us; and as she perceived that my comrade was wounded, she turned toward the old man.

“Look, father, a wounded officer! ah, what a sad thing, poor officer.”

“Yes, it is a captain, shot through the arm.”

“Poor fellow! he is pale—he is weary. I shall give him sweet water, shall I, father?”

“Very well, go, bring it.”

The girl disappeared from the window; and in a few moments returned with a glass, containing an amber-colored liquid—the essence of the pine-apple. Making a sign toward L——, the little hand that held the glass was thrust through the bars of the *reja*. Being nearer, I rose, and taking the glass, handed it to my friend L—— bowed to the window, and acknowledging his gratitude in the best Spanish he could muster, drank off the *agua dulce*. The glass was returned; and the young girl took her station as before.

We did not enter into conversation, neither L—— nor myself; but I noticed that the incident had made an impression upon my friend. On the other hand, I observed the eyes of the girl, although at intervals wandering away, always return, and rest upon the features of my comrade. L—— was handsome; besides, he bore upon his person the evidence of a higher quality—courage; the quality that, before all others, will win the heart of a woman.

All at once, the features of the girl changed their expression, and she uttered a scream. Turning toward my friend, I saw the blood dripping through the sash. His wound had reopened.

I threw my arms around him, as several of the soldiers rushed forward; but before we could remove the bandage L—— had swooned.

“May I beseech you to open the door?” said I, addressing the young girl and her father.

“*Si—si, señor*,” cried they together, hurrying away from the window.

At that moment the rattle of musketry from Coyoacan, and the roar of field artillery, told us that Twiggs was engaged. The long roll echoed through the streets, and the soldiers were speedily under arms.

I could stay no longer, for I had now to lead the company; and leaving L—— in charge of two of the men, I placed myself at its head. As the “Forward” was given, I heard the great door swing upon its hinges; and looking back as we marched down the street, I saw my friend conducted into the house. I had no fears for his safety, as a regiment was to remain in the village. . . . In ten minutes after I was upon the field of battle, and a red field it was. Of my own small detachment every second soldier “bit the dust” on the plain of Portales. I escaped unhurt, though my regiment was well peppered by our own artillerists from the *tête de pont* of

Churubusco. In two hours we drove the enemy through the *garita* of San Antonio de Abad. It was a total rout; and we could have entered the city without firing another shot. We halted, however, before the gates—a fatal halt, that afterward cost us nearly 2000 men, the flower of our little army. But, as I before observed, I am not writing a history of the campaign.

An armistice followed, and gathering our wounded from the fields around Churubusco, the army retired into the villages. The four divisions occupied respectively the pueblos of Tacubaya, San Angel, Mixcoac, and San Augustin de les Cuevas. San Angel was our destination; and the day after the battle my brigade marched back, and established itself in the village.

I was not long in repairing to the house where I had left my friend. I found him suffering from fever, burning fever. In another day he was delirious; and in a week *he had lost his arm*; but the fever left him, and he began to recover. During the fortnight that followed, I made frequent visits; but a far more tender solicitude watched over him. Rafaela was by his couch; and the old man—her father—appeared to take a deep interest in his recovery. These, with the servants, were the only inmates of the house.

The treacherous enemy having broken the armistice, the storming of the Palace-castle of Chapultepec followed soon after. Had we failed in the attempt not one of us would ever have gone out from the valley of Mexico. But we *took the castle*, and our crippled forces entered the captured city of the Montezumas, and planted their banners upon the National Palace. I was not among those who marched in. Three days afterward I was *carried in* upon a stretcher, with a bullet hole through my thigh, that kept me within doors for a period of three months.

During my invalid hours L—— was my frequent visitor; he had completely recovered his health, but I noticed that a change had come over him, and his former gayety was gone.

Fresh troops arrived in Mexico, and to make room, our regiment, hitherto occupying a garrison in the city, was ordered out to its old quarters at San Angel. This was welcome news for my friend, who would now be near the object of his thoughts. For my own part, although once more on my limbs, I did not desire to return to duty in that quarter; and on various pretexts, I was enabled to lengthen out my “leave” until the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

Once only I visited San Angel. As I entered the house where L—— lived, I found him seated in the open *patio*, under the shade of the orange trees. Rafaela was beside him, and his only hand was held in both of hers. There was no surprise on the part of either, though I was welcomed cordially by both—by her, as being the friend of the man she loved. Yes, she loved him.

“See,” cried L——, rising, and referring to the situation in which I had found them. “All this, my dear H., in spite of my misfortunes!”

and he glanced significantly at his armless sleeve. “Who would not love her?”

The treaty of Guadalupe was at length concluded, and we had orders to prepare for the route homeward. The next day I received a visit from L——.

“Henry,” said he, “I am in a dilemma.”

“Well, major,” I replied, for L—— as well as myself had gained a “step.” “What is it?”

“You know I am in love, and with whom you know. What am I to do with her?”

“Why, marry her, of course. What else?”

“I dare not.”

“Dare not!”

“That is—not now.”

“Why not? Resign your commission, and remain here. You know our regiment is to be disbanded; you can not do better.”

“Ah! my dear fellow, that is not the thing that hinders me.”

“What then?”

“Should I marry her, and remain, our lives would not be safe one moment after the army had marched. Papers containing threats and ribald jests have from time to time been thrust under the door of her house—to the effect that, should she marry ‘el official Americano’—so they are worded—both she and her father will be murdered. You know the feeling that is abroad in regard to those who have shown us hospitality.”

“Why not take her with you, then?”

“Her father, he would suffer.”

“Take him, too.”

“That I proposed, but he will not consent. He fears the confiscation of his property, which is considerable. I would not care for that, though my own fortune, as you know, would be small enough to support us. But the old man will go on no terms, and she will not leave him.”

The old man’s fears in regard to the confiscation were not without good foundation. There was a party in Mexico, while we occupied the city, that had advocated “annexation”—that is, the annexing of the whole country to the United States. This party consisted chiefly of pure Spaniards, “ricos” of the republic, who wanted a government of stability and order. In the houses of these many of our officers visited, receiving those elegant hospitalities that were in general denied us by Mexicans of a more patriotic stamp. Our friends were termed “Ayankeados,” and were hated by the populace. But they were “marked” in still higher quarters. Several members of the government, then sitting at Queretaro—among others a noted minister—had written to their agents in the city to note down all those who, by word or act, might show kindness to the American army. Even those ladies who should present themselves at the theatre were to be among the number of the proscribed.

In addition to the Ayankeados were many families—perhaps not otherwise predisposed to favor us—who by accident had admitted us within their circle—such accident as that which had

opened the house and heart of Rafaela to my friend L—. These, too, were under "compromisa" with the rabble. My comrade's case was undoubtedly what he had termed it—a dilemma.

"You are not disposed to give her up, then?" said I, smiling at my anxious friend, as I put the interrogation.

"I know you are only jesting, Henry. You know me too well for that. No! Rather than give her up, I will stay and risk every thing—even life."

"Come, major," said I, "there will be no need for you to risk any thing, if you will only follow my advice. It is simply this—come home with your regiment; stay a month or two at New Orleans, until the excitement consequent upon our evacuation cools down. Shave off your mustache, put on plain clothes; come back and marry Rafaela."

"It is terrible to think of parting with her. Oh!—"

"That may all be; I doubt it not; but what else can you do?"

"Nothing—nothing. You are right. It is certainly the best—the only plan. I will follow it," and L— left me.

I saw no more of him for three days, when the brigade to which he belonged entered the city on its road homeward. He had detailed his plans to Rafaela, and bade her for a time farewell.

The other three divisions had already marched. Ours was to form the rear-guard, and that night was to be our last in the city of Mexico. I had retired to bed at an early hour, to prepare for our march on the morrow. I was about falling asleep when a loud knock sounded at my door. I rose and opened it. It was L—. I started as the light showed me his face—it was ghastly. His lips were white, his teeth set, and dark rings appeared around his eyes. The eyes themselves glared in their sockets, lit up by some terrible emotion.

"Come!" cried he, in a hoarse and tremulous voice. "Come with me, Henry, I need you."

"What is it, my dear L—? A quarrel? A duel?"

"No! No! nothing of the sort. Come! come! come! I will show you a sight that will make a wolf of you. Haste! For God's sake, haste!"

I hurried on my clothes.

"Bring your arms!" cried L—, "you may require them."

I buckled on my sword and pistol-belt, and followed hastily into the street. We ran down the Calle Correo toward the Alameda. It was the road to the Convent of San Francisco, where our regiment had quartered for the night. As yet I knew not for what I was going. Could the enemy have attacked us? No—all was quiet. The people were in their beds. What could it be? L— had not, and would not explain; but to my inquiries, continually cried, "Haste—come on!" We reached the convent, and, hastily passing the guard, made for the quarters occupied by my friend. As we entered the room

—a large one—I saw five or six females, with about a dozen men, soldiers and officers. All were excited by some unusual occurrence. The females were Mexicans, and their heads were muffled in their rebosos. Some were weeping aloud, others talking in strains of lamentation. Among them I distinguished the face of my friend's betrothed.

"Dearest Rafaela!" cried L—, throwing his arms around her—"it is my friend. Here, Henry, look here! look at this!"

As he spoke, he raised the reboso, and gently drew back her long black hair. I saw blood upon her cheek and shoulders! I looked more closely. It flowed from her ears.

"Her ears! O God! they have been cut off!"

"Ay, ay," cried L—, hoarsely; and dropping the dark tresses, again threw his arms around the girl, and kissed away the tears that were rolling down her cheeks—while uttering expressions of endearment and consolation.

I turned to the other females; they were all similarly mutilated; some of them even worse, for their foreheads, where the U.S. had been freshly burned upon them, were red and swollen. Excepting Rafaela, they were all of the "poblana" class—the laundresses—the mistresses of the soldiers.

The surgeon was in attendance, and in a short time all was done that could be done for wounds like these.

"Come!" cried L—, addressing those around him, "we are wasting time, and that is precious; it is near midnight. The horses will be ready by this, and the rest will be waiting; come, Henry, you will go? You will stand by us?"

"I will, but what do you intend?"

"Do not ask us, my friend, you will see presently."

"Think, my dear L—," said I in a whisper, "do not act rashly."

"Rashly! there is no rashness about me—you know that. A cowardly act, like this, can not be revenged too soon. Revenge! what am I talking of? It is not revenge, but justice. The men who could perpetrate this fiendish deed are not fit to live on the earth, and, by heavens! not one of them shall live by the morning. Ha, dastards! they thought we were gone; they will find their mistake. Mine be the responsibility—mine the revenge. Come, friends! Come!" And so saying, L— led the way, holding his betrothed by the hand. We all followed out of the room, and into the street.

On reaching the Alameda a group of dark objects was seen among the trees. They were horses and horsemen; there were about thirty of the latter, and enough of the former to mount the party who were with L—. I saw from their size that the horses were of our own troops, with dragoon saddles. In the hurry L— had not thought of saddles for our female companions, but the oversight was of no consequence. Their habitual mode of riding was *à la Duchess de Berri*, and in this way they mounted. Before summoning me, L— had organized his band—they

were picked men. In the dim light I could see dragoon and infantry uniforms, men in plain clothes, followers of the army, gamblers, teamsters, Texans, desperadoes, ready for just such an adventure. Here and there I could distinguish the long-tailed frock—the undress of the officer. The band in all mustered more than forty men.

We rode quietly through the streets, and, issuing from the gate of Nino Perdido, took the road for San Angel. As we proceeded onward, I gathered a more minute account of what had transpired at the village. As soon as our division had evacuated, a mob of thirty or forty ruffians had proceeded to the houses of those whom they termed “Ayankeeados,” and glutted their cowardly vengeance on their unfortunate victims. Some of these had been actually killed in attempting to resist; others had escaped to the Pedregal which runs close to the village; while a few—Kafaela among the number—after submitting to a terrible atrocity, had fled to the city for protection.

On hearing the details of these horrid scenes, I no longer felt a repugnance in accompanying my friend. I felt as he did, that men capable of such deeds were “not fit to live,” and we were proceeding to execute a sentence that was just though illegal. It was not our intention to punish all; we could not have accomplished this, had we so willed it. By the testimony of the girls, there were five or six who had been the promoters and ringleaders of the whole business. These were well known to one or other of the victims, as in most instances it had been some old grudge for which they had been singled out as objects of this cowardly vengeance. In Rafaela’s case it was a ruffian who had once aspired to her hand, and been rejected. Jealousy had moved the fiend to his terrible revenge.

It is three leagues from Mexico to San Angel. The road runs through meadows and fields of magueys. Except the lone *pulqueria*, at the corner where a cross-path leads to the hacienda of Narvarte, there is not a house before reaching the bridge of Coyoacan. Here there is a cluster of buildings—“*fabricas*”—that, during the stay of our army, had been occupied by a regiment. Before arriving at this point we saw no one; and here only people who, waked from their sleep by the tread of our horses, had not the curiosity to follow us.

San Angel is a mile further up the hill. Before entering the village we divided into five parties, each to be guided by one of the girls. L——’s vengeance was especially directed toward the *ci-devant* lover of his betrothed. She herself, knowing his residence, was to be our guide.

Proceeding through narrow lanes, we arrived in a suburb of the village, and halted before a house of rather stylish appearance. We had dismounted outside the town, leaving our horses in charge of a guard. It was very dark, and we clustered around the door. One knocked—a voice was heard from within—Rafaela recognized it as that of the ruffian himself. The knock was

repeated, and one of the party who spoke the language perfectly, called out:

“Open the door! Open, Don Pedro!”

“Who is it?” asked the voice.

“Yo,” (I) was the simple reply.

This is generally sufficient to open the door of a Mexican house, and Don Pedro was heard within, moving toward the “Saguan.”

The next moment the great door swung back on its hinges, and the ruffian was dragged forth. He was a swarthy, fierce-looking fellow—from what I could see in the dim light—and made a desperate resistance, but he was in the hands of men who soon overpowered and bound him. We did not delay a moment, but hurried back to the place where we had left our horses. As we passed through the streets, men and women were running from house to house, and we heard voices and shots in the distance. On reaching our rendezvous, we found our comrades, all of whom had succeeded in making their capture.

There was no time to be lost; there might be troops in the village—though we saw none—but whether or not, there were “leperos” enough to assail us. We did not give them time to muster. Mounting ourselves and our prisoners we rode off at a rapid pace, and were soon beyond the danger of pursuit.

Those who have passed through the gate of Nino Perdido will remember that the road leading to San Angel runs, for nearly a mile, in a straight line, and that, for this distance, it is lined on both sides with a double row of large old trees. It is one of the drives (*paseos*) of Mexico. Where the trees end, the road bends slightly to the south. At this point a cross road strikes off to the pueblito of Piedad, and at the crossing there is a small house, or rather a temple, where the pious wayfarer kneels in his dusty devotions. This little temple, the residence of a hermitical monk, was uninhabited during our occupation of the valley, and, in the actions that resulted in the capture of the city, it had come in for more than its share of hard knocks. A battery had been thrown up beside it, and the counter-battery had bored the walls of the temple with round shot. I never passed this solitary building without admiring its situation. There was no house nearer it than the aforementioned “tinacal” of Narvarte, or the city itself. It stood in the midst of swampy meadows, bordered by broad plats of the green maguey, and this isolation, together with the huge old trees that shadowed and sang over it, gave the spot an air of romantic loneliness.

On arriving under the shelter of the trees, and in front of the lone temple, our party halted by order of their leader. Several of the troopers dismounted, and the prisoners were taken down from their horses. I saw men uncoiling ropes that had hung from their saddle-bows, and I shuddered to think of the use that was about to be made of them.

“Henry,” said L——, riding up to me, and speaking in a whisper, “they must not see this.”—He pointed to the girls.—“Take them some

distance ahead and wait for us, we will not be long about it, I promise."

Glad of the excuse to be absent from such a scene, I put spurs to my horse, and rode forward, followed by the females of the party. On reaching the circle near the middle of the paseo I halted.

It was quite dark, and we could see nothing of those we had left behind us. We could hear nothing—nothing but the wind moaning high up among the branches of the tall poplars; but this, with the knowledge I had of what was going on so near me, impressed me with an indescribable feeling of sadness.

L—— had kept his promise; he was not long about it. In less than ten minutes the party came trotting up, chatting gayly as they rode, but *their prisoners had been left behind!*

As the American army moved down the road to Vera Cruz, many traveling carriages were in its train. In one of these were a girl and a gray-haired old man. Almost constantly during the march a young officer might be seen riding by this carriage, conversing through the windows with its occupants within.

A short time after the return-troops landed at New Orleans, a bridal party were seen to enter the old Spanish cathedral; the bridegroom was an officer who had lost an arm. His fame, and the reputed beauty of the bride, had brought together a large concourse of spectators.

"She loved me," said L—— to me on the morning this his happiest day; "she loved me in spite of my mutilated limb, and should I cease to love her because she has—no, I see it not; she is to me the same as ever."

And there were none present who saw it; few were there who knew that under those dark folds of raven hair were the *souvenirs* of a terrible tragedy.

The Mexican government behaved better to the Ayankeeados than was expected. They did not confiscate the property; and L—— is now enjoying his fortune in a snug hacienda, somewhere in the neighborhood of San Angel.

THE POOLS OF ELLENDEEN.

JOEL JERDAN was a thriving retail hosier, in a close street at the eastern end of the vast metropolis. He had a snug little shop, and a nice, snug little wife, together with an annually increasing nice little family; and Joel himself, if we except one weakness, was the most diligent and steady little fellow to be found within the circuit where the musical bells of Bow are heard. Small in person, pleasing in exterior, and scrupulously neat in his attire, Joel Jerdan was always considered a peculiarly dapper, civil, smart tradesman. His father had pursued the same business in the same house; and though there were not large profits, there was certainly contentment, which Joel very wisely judged was far better. It did not require any vivid stretch of imagination to form a comparison between the venerable Izaak Walton, of piscatorial celebrity, and our hosier; for, like that

immortal angler, Joel was devoted to his calling and usually confined to precincts of no large dimensions, but making his escape whenever he could to enjoy the sole recreation of his existence—that recreation being the sport with which Izaak's name is ever associated.

Joel Jerdan was a worthy disciple of this renowned piscator—at least, he would have been had he strictly followed that master's injunctions; but, if truth must be all confessed, the *one* weakness already alluded to in our little hosier, consisted of indulgence beyond the bounds of strict sobriety, when any prolonged or favorable "sport" more than usually elated his spirits. On such occasions, Patty, his faithful wife, of course lectured the recreant hosier most severely; while he, shocked and humbled, meekly promised "never to do so any more," and kept his word until betrayed into temptation again. Being a water-drinker at home, from motives of prudence, not to say necessity, it did not require much in the way of stimulus to render poor little Joel addle-headed. Whenever he could spare an hour or two on the long summer evenings, after the business of the day was pretty well over, leaving the shop to Patty's care, away sallied Joel to the docks, there to watch his float and forget his cares, until night's sombre shadows warned him that all sober citizens were retiring bedward. It was only at rare intervals that Joel enjoyed a whole day's fishing; for, in the first place, he could not absent himself from pressing daily duties, and, in the second, he had no friend resident in the country within easy access, to whom he could resort for an introduction to babbling streams and flowery meads. He had toiled early and late, as his excellent father had done before him; and when Patty's brother retired from official life (he was a nobleman's butler), and became proprietor of a small public-house about fifty miles from London, situated on the banks of a river much resorted to by anglers, and sent a hearty invitation to Joel to come and visit him, what words may paint the bright anticipations of the exulting hosier? He had not been well of late—needed summer holidays; and, in short Joel could not resist the tempting offer.

Patty urged her husband with affectionate solicitude, to "keep watch" over himself; but she loved him too well, and was too unselfish, to object to his accepting her brother's hospitality. "Make hay while the sun shines, my dear," she said; "you may never have such another opportunity. Business is slack just now—besides, baby is weaned, and I can mind the shop with Charlie; only—" here there was a private whispered admonition, the tenor of which may be inferred from Joel's answer, accompanied by a hearty kiss: "I promise you, my ducky, that I will never taste a drop, except when I get wet-footed, and *then* only just enough to keep the cold out."

"Ah, that cold, Joel!" replied Patty, "it's a queer thing, *that cold is!* always trying to gain a footing, and nothing but a sip of brandy to keep it out!" And the wife shook her head.

It was too much felicity for Joel Jerdan!—the gathering together his scanty assortment of rods and tackle—the laying out his hard-earned money to purchase more—the packing his portmanteau and setting out on a gay summer's morning!

Yet his dreams fell short of reality when Joel first beheld the paradise of greenerie wherein "The Swan" nestled on the picturesque beauties of Wood End. Here he could fish off the bank from a variegated flower-garden, whose roses hung over the broad, deep waters, where monsters of the finny tribes abounded. Here he *did* fish off the emerald bank; but, alas! the fish were strangely shy or cunning. Joel labored most assiduously; but somehow, he caught nothing. There was always *something* wrong; either it was too hot, or the water was too clear, or the fish wouldn't take the particular bait at that particular spot, and they must be sought up or down stream for miles. And so Joel followed the river's course patiently, day by day striving most manfully to ensnare the wary inhabitants of the treacherous element, on whose tranquil bosom wan lilies reposed as peacefully as primroses on the hill-side graves reflected nigh. "Try the pools of Ellendeen," said one; and "Try the pools of Ellendeen," said another, until Joel determined he *would* try these far-famed still waters, though it was a good way up stream to reach them. However, a farmer offered to give him a lift in his cart, and drop him on the road to market, leaving Joel to work his way back to Wood End as might suit his sport or inclination; and well supplied with refreshing viands, stowed away in his basket, slung across his shoulder sportsman-like with leathern belt, Joel set forth to try his luck in the "bottomless pit," for so the deepest pool of Ellendeen was significantly named by the peasant-folk, with whom the domain bounding the water was in ill-repute.

Solemn and stately were the neighboring woods, and a gray castellated mansion frowned on the summit of a high hill overhanging the water. It was uninhabited now, the family were extinct, and, of course, there was a legend attached.

A former lord of Ellendeen was most anxious for a son and heir; but on his unhappy lady presenting him with nothing but daughters, he swore that on the birth of the next he would throw it into the pool beside the wood. He did so with his own wicked hands more than once; and tradition said that no less than four baby daughters of the ancient race of Ellendeen were engulfed in those deep, dismal waters, which refused to yield their dead, and, in short, proved to be "bottomless." However, whether it was that they were left very much to themselves, or that the fish in Ellendeen Pools were really finer than elsewhere, report had not exaggerated their abundance and size; and Joel, to his infinite satisfaction, managed to capture some "splendid fellows," according to his own phrase.

It was a solitary place. The river here was dark and sleeping; it was a fitting scene for the enactment of the baby tragedy. The air was

sultry, as if a storm were brewing, clouds were lowering, and the heat was intense. There was "no cold" to keep out, and Joel's feet were perfectly dry, but so was his throat; and Edwards, his kindly brother-in-law, had placed a flask of brandy in the basket, saying he might like "a little in water by-and-by." Joel was very thirsty and he drank a vast deal of water out of a horn cup, pouring in just enough spirit to take the "chill off," which in his heated condition, was not safe or pleasant.

"I'll not forget my promise to my dear little Patty," said Joel to himself, as he sipped. "Not one drop of brandy *alone* will I touch. Ah, bless me! how her precious heart would ache if she were to hear this tale of the wicked lord and those dear innocents? She'd most think she could see their pretty upturned faces in the water. I wonder, now, if there's any truth in such a queer story." And Joel fell into a reverie as he wondered; and, sitting down on the bank, he fell asleep, and dreamt that instead of hooking a fine heavy fish he had pulled out a baby girl! Great was his horror, and he awoke with a start, to find that darkness was rapidly gathering round him, while a few pattering drops now and then betokened the approach of a storm, as the grumbling thunder faintly died away in the distance. One draught to fortify himself, and Joel commenced his homeward route—a rather difficult undertaking, seeing that he was a stranger, and obliged to diverge frequently from the immediate proximity of the river, which, however, was a sure guide, as it flowed past "The Swan's" very door. But rivers are stray, winding things; and after an hour's hard toiling over uneven paths, moving slowly and carefully, for caution was extremely necessary on the river's bank, poor little Joel Jerdan became thoroughly nervous and exhausted, as the rain pelted down and the thunder burst over head. Wet through in a trice, he had recourse to his brandy-flask. "Even Patty would recommend it now," said he; and his thoughts reverted to his snug little room behind the shop, where, beside a comfortable fire, he was wont to enjoy a frugal supper with his beloved helpmate. Now, here he was, wandering and houseless, uncertain of the way, wet through, and no sight or sound of human kind to greet his longing eyes or ears. No. He only heard the rushing of waters, the wailing of winds, and those strange, mysterious noises which issue from desolate woods by night. It was enough to appall a stouter heart than Joel Jerdan's; no wonder he had recourse to the brandy-flask!

"Catch me a-going a-fishing in a strange place again!" murmured he to himself; "only catch me at it, that's all!"

An impression that he was trespassing on haunted ground, and that, at the same time, his basket became heavier and heavier, oppressed Joel Jerdan with a sensation almost approaching to suffocation; and he ejaculated aloud, as if to increase his courage—talking *at* himself *to* himself—"Who says that Joel is tipsy? Who dares

to say so is—is—a reprobate. Who dares to say that Joel Jerdan carries a basket full of dead babies instead of fish?" But just as the reeling piscator came to this portion of his argument, a light appeared but a short distance off, and, as he made toward it, a low, dull sound, as of monotonous knocking, fell on his ear, notwithstanding his perceptions were not particularly acute.

Joël staggered onward until he reached a building from whence the sounds appeared to proceed; and, creeping slowly toward an aperture, peeped in with a remarkably sagacious expression of countenance, no doubt, had the darkness permitted it to be visible. What he beheld there caused him to start backward so suddenly that, coming in contact with a felled tree, whose bared trunk was stretched along the ground, he fell violently on his face, the blood spurting from his nose, and a cry escaping at the same moment from the hapless intruder. Joel Jerdan had seen three spectral-looking men working at a coffin, engaged in finishing the dismal receptacle with all their might, as if it was wanted in a hurry. When he recovered from temporary stupor occasioned by his fall, the scared little man in vain essayed to speak or move; for his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and his legs were powerless to sustain his own slight weight. Once, indeed, he thickly muttered, "Brandy, more brandy!" but immediately sank back helpless and hopeless, for he heard a voice say, "We'll put him in when it is finished; it is just done. We're in good time, and it'll be the safest place for the drunken rascal." Poor Joel Jerdan! to be put in a coffin alive at the suggestion of one whom he considered an evil spirit!

He heard another one say, "Halloo! let's have a look into his basket! Ho, ho, they are fine plump ones. Put them in with him, and let's be off at once."

Off at once! *Where?* thought the terrified and miserable man—where are they off to? To the "bottomless pit" of Ellendeen, said Conscience, and for stealing the dread secrets of the haunted pool, in the shape of the long sought-for Ellendeen babies! As to the brandy-drinking, *that* was nothing—ghostly beings never interfered with such terrestrial matters! The knocking discontinued, a tramping of feet was heard, a bustle as of preparation, and Joel felt himself lifted up and laid in what he felt by instinct to be—a coffin! Oh, it was most horrible! and, with a violent effort, he jerked aside the lid which was placed lightly over him, half raising himself as he did so.

"If he turns restive," said an authoritative, stern voice, "we must secure him better, or he'll be in the water before his time comes, and make food for the fishes instead of sport for Beelzebub."

So they *were* conveying him to his nameless majesty, dead babies and all, perhaps mistaking him for the wicked defunct Lord of Ellendeen himself! Oh, as to his fishing in the still, deep pools, what had it done for him? whither had it led him? Joel retained sense to be aware that

his impotent struggles only rendered things worse; for he was in powerful hands, and they tossed him about like a feather. Could his dear wife behold her husband in a coffin, what would her feelings be? And as Joel thought of this, his tears began to flow copiously. He sobbed and wailed like an infant, whining, and in a sickly maudlin tone; but it had a lulling effect, and he fell off into a sleep just as he was conscious of being lifted into a boat, and, amid gleaming torches, rowed rapidly from land, but whether "up" or "down" stream he could not tell. But of course they are taking me to the "bottomless pit," and there they will cast me in with my unhallowed load, he thought.

Could it be the brandy that made Joel Jerdan confound the fish he had caught with the Ellendeen heiresses, who had slumbered beneath the wave for upward of a century? With a stifled cry for pardon on his lips, insensibility succeeded; and when Joel awoke next day at noon, in his own cosy bed at "The Swan," with the sun's bright beams streaming in through the chinks of closely-drawn curtains, he shuddered at the remembrance of his horrible adventure, much wondering how he came *there*, and also how he had come by a bandaged cheek, from which the blood was still streaming, and a head which throbbed to agony at every breath he drew.

"What a terrific vision!" he exclaimed feebly, but aloud. "Demons rowing me in a coffin to the bottomless pool of Ellendeen! Joel Jerdan! Joel Jerdan! it is a warning to prepare for thy latter end!"

"Nay, nay, brother Joel!" exclaimed the cheerful voice of his brother-in-law; "it isn't a death-warning, but only a gentle hint not to attack the brandy-flask too often; your head is none of the strongest, and won't bear it. However, be comforted, for you have brought back four as fine fish as have been caught hereabouts for long and many a day, though both they and you came to Wood End in *rayther* a queer sort, it must be owned—all packed up in a coffin together."

"Brother Edwards," murmured Joel, solemnly, "they were *not* fish; they were the babes of Ellendeen!"

"Poor fellow, so he is wandering again! There must be another blister on!" exclaimed Mr. Edwards, compassionately. And by the time another blister was put on, and more drugs had been administered, Joel's fever was so far reduced that he was able to collect his thoughts and attempt a description of the prodigious scenes he had gone through. "Why, that was old Matthew Filkins and his two big sons whom you took for demons," shouted Mr. Edwards, as he listened attentively to Joel's account of his midnight adventures. "Mat is a teetotaller, and thinks nothing of parceling a man to Beelzebub if he gets drunk; and between ourselves, brother Joel, I do not think that Matthew is far wrong, for drunkenness is the high-road to ruin at all times."

"Yes, yes, I know that," groaned Joel. "But

they put me in a coffin, and rowed me away. How do I come *here*? Oh, I am a doomed man! I am a doomed man! I shall not be long out of my real coffin!"

"Not if you go on like this, my brother," replied Mr. Edwards, impressively, and with a serious air. "You have received a severe contusion on the head, besides other injuries; and it is absolutely necessary that you be kept quiet, and discard these foolish fancies. Old Matthew Filkins is our only undertaker hereabouts; his workshop and wood-yard are close to the river side, and by water he frequently conveys his dismal but needful burdens. The wooden box in which he laid you for safety was required urgently for the body of a poor lad who died of infectious fever, and was laid in his mother's hovel midst living brothers and sisters. Mat is a kind-hearted man, and he did that for the poor widow which he would have scrupled to do for a rich one; though night or day on the river is all the same to him, for he could guide a boat blindfold: man and boy, for seventy years, Matthew Filkins has journeyed on that highway. He thought that he was doing best by you; he found, by a letter in your coat-pocket, that you came from 'The Swan,' Wood End, and, as he dropped down stream past our door, he deposited *you*, brother Joel, on the threshold where we found you, in a sad state indeed. I believe old Mat considered his dismal box tainted from having had one in your state in it, far more so than when it contained the remains of the poor boy for whom it was destined."

"And so it was, so it was, brother Edwards," exclaimed the penitent and humbled Joel; "and before I am put in a coffin again, I deserve to be buried alive if I am not a reformed man. When I get drunk *again*, may I be hurled into the pools of Ellendeen, along with the little misses of respected memory. But I say, brother, we must keep this mishap a secret from Patty, for she would be hard of belief as to it's being a reality, as you say it is; she would stick to the warning, and make sure I was a doomed man."

Very grateful and pleased was Patty, as time progressed and temptations multiplied, to find that her dear husband was proof against the strongest. Never was he known to be in the least degree inebriated after his return from the memorable expedition to Wood End; and not even to keep the "cold out," would he sip a drop of "fire-water" undiluted. The "warning" had not been in vain; and a long while after the events recorded had taken place, when Patty was made acquainted with them by her loving husband, who detested all concealments from the partner of his cares, she exclaimed in pitying tones, "It was very natural, my dear, that your thoughts should run on the terrible story about those precious babies, you that have little ones of your own. For *my* part, nothing in the wide world would tempt *me* to go a-fishing in those deep dark pools of Ellendeen; I should expect, every time I pulled up a heavy weight to see a dear baby instead of a fish.!"

"But my dear," deprecatingly returned Joel, "even if the tale be true, it happened a century back, you know."

"Ah, Jo, Jo!" cried Patty, with a sly smile, "if I had a brandy-flask in my basket, *perhaps* I might forget *that* important fact."

A WATERSPOUT IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

ONE of the noblest and most beautiful sights in the world is a gallant, symmetrical, full-rigged ship, clothed with mighty wings from keel to truck, cleaving through the waves under the influence of a "right merrie" wind abeam. There is something exceedingly grand, to behold it steadily gliding along, like a thing instinct with life; to see its towering pyramidal sails swelling to the generous breeze; to glance from its fluttering ensigns, and bright sides, and snowy canvases, to the contrasting deep blue sea, sparkling beneath the vertical rays of the tropical sun; to hastily run over in one's mind a few only of the spirit-stirring associations conjured by the object. But it is not with a ship in this exhilarating position that I have now to deal; to the reverse—it is with one which lay like "a painted ship upon a painted ocean"—being a large East Indiaman, chartered to convey troops to the Bombay presidency, and lying totally becalmed not far from the tropics.

I was languidly swinging in my hammock, one sultry morning, when not a breath of air was stirring strong enough "to blow a lady's curl aside," when I heard a sound which convinced me that something unusual had occurred to arouse the listless idlers lounging on the upper deck. It speedily increased to such a degree that all between decks who were able (myself included) rushed up, pell-mell, to discover the reason, and soon there were none left below but the miserable sick, who could not crawl from their stifling berths.

"What's the kick-up?" roared the gigantic corporal of the grenadier company, the moment he got his head above the combing of the hatchway.

"Niver sighted sich a jamb sin' the meet at Ballyshannon!" echoed a voluble Irish comrade. "Maybe a tu-an'-thirty-punder wouldn't mak' buthermilk of us all just now."

"Can ye no kape that long red rope i' yer own impty hid, but ye must let every body know ye're a gomulah? Ain't it a watherspout, eh?" fiercely responded a brother Emeralder.

"A watherspout! an' what's that, avick? Summat to ate?"

"Ate! ye gossoon! Ay, it's summat as'll soon ate *yer*, big and ugly as *yer* are."

Some few happy-go-lucky reprobates laughed at Pat's sapience, but the majority felt the matter to be far too serious to permit their indulging in senseless merriment, and strove, with uncontrollable interest, to secure some position whence they could behold an object of which they had heard or read highly-colored accounts. I myself instantly sprang into the shrouds, and the whole

spectacle then burst full upon me in all its novel grandeur.

As already mentioned, not a breath of air was stirring, and the vessel herself lay sluggishly on the briny ocean, the sails hanging in bags, or clewed up in festoons to the yards, and the masts motionless as Pompey's Pillar. At the distance of very little more than the ship's length, the sea was bubbling up in the shape of spiral cones of varying height and sizes, all of them springing from within a circle, the circumference of which might be equal to that of the ring of an equestrian circus. The vertical rays of the sun invested the falling spray with an indescribable beauty, but the level water appeared of a dull, strong, white color. The phenomenon was attended by a very loud and long-continued hissing noise, of a peculiar and terrifying kind. This was but the commencement of a waterspout. Every moment we expected to see the several columns unite in one; and, from their contiguity, there would, in such a case, be no hope of final escape. Either the ship would be totally engulfed, or every atom of mast, rigging, and all above deck, would be whirled a hundred fathoms through the air.

Travelers say that the serpent possesses the basilisk power of fascinating its prey by the glare of its eye, and certainly a waterspout is equal in that terrible attribute, for scarcely a man in the ship that saw it was able to withdraw his gaze from the fearful spectacle. All other faculties seemed to be absorbed, and even had they had the opportunity to flee, few would have been able to move a foot.

Many on board were personally cognizant that any extraordinary concussion of the air, as that produced by the firing of guns, had been known to cause waterspouts to subside, and the captain of our ship had given orders to train two of the main-deck large carronades (for we were armed *en flûte*) upon it, with heavy charges. But so riveted and entranced were all, that it was with extreme difficulty that either soldiers or sailors could be got to move; and only when some of the officers literally placed their own shoulders to the wheel, and exhorted, and even struck the gaping, bewildered men, were the guns charged and trained in the waist of the ship. Scarcely was this done, when five or six of the largest columns suddenly joined together, as though by a species of magnetic attraction, and formed one of colossal magnitude, high as the maintop-sail-yard, the spiral motion rapidly increasing, and the whole body seeming to near the ship.

"We shall soon know our fate," exclaimed the captain. "Now, Tom," said he, to the old man-o'-war's gunner, "do your best—your very best."

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the tough old salt, in that muttering, indistinct manner, common to old seamen when much excited. "Avast a minute!" grumbled he to an assistant, who was busy with the chocks. "Hand me that monkey's tail!"

Eagerly clutching with his fish-hooks of fingers the short iron crowbar so denominated, he

rammed it as far as he could down the ample mouth of the piece, in a peculiar direction.

"Away, skylarkers! Sea-room, ye red-coats! There: *de-press* a little—more—so, avast!" He took a quick squint down the short but deadly tube, and then turned to the artillery-man presiding over the other carronade, with "Ship mate, are you all clear for a run?"

"All ready?" inquired the captain.

"All ready, sir," repeated the veteran tar.

"Very good," was the reply; and, springing on the capstan-head, the latter sang out at the top of his voice, "Now mén, I want every one of you—red-coats and blue-jackets—to try your lungs! They're strong enough on most occasions, and don't be behind-hand now. Our lives depend upon it." Here he paused; and, pointing significantly to the tremendous spout, which enlarged and neared the ship every moment, he impressively demanded, "Do you see yon big fellow?"

"Ay, ay," said the tarry-jackets

"Yes," said the red-coats.

"Very well, then, all I've got to say, is, that if we don't thrash him, he will thrash us! So no demi-semi-quavers, but give three hearty cheers to frighten him away, for he's a real coward. Hats off, and up at arm's length!" They obeyed.

"Now, my hearties," continued he, well knowing in what strain to address them, "let us try if our throats can not drown the bark of these two bull-dogs of ours! Why, we're good-for-nothing, if we can't make as much din as a couple of rusty iron candlesticks! Hu-r-rah!"

As the gallant commander waved his hat aloft, the keen eye of the old gunner glistened with uncommon ardor, and, squirting a long stream of suspicious-looking fluid some odd fathoms from the ship's side, he muttered, "Here goes a reg'lar wide-awaker"—applied the match to the priming—bang? bang! the two "candlesticks" blended into one simultaneous roar, accompanied by hurrahs which of themselves shook the sultry air.

The steady state of the ship was highly favorable to the marksmen, and the skill of the old gunner produced a result equal to his most sanguine expectations, for the "monkey's tail" struck fairly athwart the spout at an elevation of some fifteen feet, and the whole immense body immediately fell with a crash like that of a steeple, and before the cheering ended, all had subsided—old Neptune's face became unwrinkled as heretofore, ship and shadow again became double, rainbow-hued dolphins again glided like elfin shadows just beneath the translucent surface, flying-fish again skipped along it with redoubled zest, the huge albatross again inertly stretched its immense wings, the screaming sea-hawk again descended from the regions of immensity, where it had been soaring at an elevation far beyond the pierce of human vision, the white side of the insatiate shark again glanced in fearful proximity to the imprisoned ship; aboard which ship hearts rose as the waves fell, fear was indignantly kicked out of its brief abid

ing-place, tongues were again in active commission, feet were again pattering, and arms again swinging about, shrill orders were again bandied, the pet monkey ran chattering aloft to complete its lately suspended dissection of the marine's cap, tarry-jackets again freshened their quids, hitched their voluminous trowsers, and made vigorous renewed allusion to their precious eyes and limbs, and red-coats once more found themselves at the usual discount.

So heavily had the guns been charged, that they rebounded across the deck, overturning a score of the very "finest pisantry in the world," who one and all vehemently asserted in the rich brogue, and with the lively gesticulations of their native land, that they were "kilt intirely, an' no misthake, at all, at all!"

I have only to add, that a glorious spanking breeze followed within a few hours; and many a poor fellow blessed the waterspout, from a vague notion that to its agency we were indebted for the grateful change. But what mysterious affinity there could be between a waterspout in a calm, and a breeze springing up soon afterward, I leave my scientific friends to discover and explain. Such things are above a plain seaman's philosophy.

MAURICE TIERNAY,
THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.*
CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A ROYALIST "DE LA VIEILLE ROCHE."

ON a hot and sultry day of June, I found myself seated in a country cart, and under the guard of two mounted dragoons, wending my way toward Kuffstein, a Tyrol fortress, to which I was sentenced as a prisoner. A weary journey was it; for in addition to my now sad thoughts, I had to contend against an attack of ague, which I had just caught, and which was then raging like a plague in the Austrian camp. One solitary reminiscence, and that far from a pleasant one, clings to this period. We had halted on the outskirts of a little village called "Broletto," for the siesta; and there, in a clump of olives, were quietly dozing away the sultry hours, when the clatter of horsemen awoke us; and on looking up, we saw a cavalry escort sweep past at a gallop. The corporal who commanded our party hurried into the village to learn the news, and soon returned with the tidings that "a great victory had been gained over the French, commanded by Bonaparte in person; that the army was in full retreat; and this was the dispatch an officer of Melas's staff was now hastening to lay at the feet of the emperor."

"I thought several times this morning," said the corporal, "that I heard artillery; and so it seems I might, for we are not above twenty miles from where the battle was fought."

"And how is the place called?" asked I, in a tone skeptical enough to be offensive.

"Marengo," replied he; "mayhap the name will not escape your memory."

How true was the surmise, but in how differ-

ent a sense from what he uttered it! But so it was; even as late as four o'clock the victory was with the Austrians. Three separate envoys had left the field with tidings of success; and it was only late at night that the general, exhausted by a disastrous day, and almost broken-hearted, could write to tell his master that "Italy was lost."

I have many a temptation here to diverge from a line that I set down for myself in these memoirs, and from which as yet I have not wandered—I mean, not to dwell upon events wherein I was not myself an actor; but I am determined still to adhere to my rule; and leaving that glorious event behind me, plod wearily along my now sad journey.

Day after day we journeyed through a country teeming with abundance; vast plains of corn and maize, olives, and vines every where: on the mountains, the crags, the rocks, festooned over cliffs, and spreading their tangled networks over cottages, and yet every where poverty, misery, and debasement, ruined villages, and a half-naked, starving populace, met the eye at every turn. There was the stamp of slavery on all, and still more palpably was there the stamp of despotism in the air of their rulers.

I say this in sad spirit; for within a year from the day in which I write these lines, I have traveled the self-same road, and with precisely the self-same objects before me. Changed in nothing, save what time changes, in ruin and decay! There was the dreary village as of yore; the unglazed windows closed with some rotten boarding, or occupied by a face gaunt with famine. The listless, unoccupied group still sat or lay on the steps before the church; a knot of nearly naked creatures sat card-playing beside a fountain, their unsheathed knives alongside of them; and, lastly, on the wall of the one habitation which had the semblance of decency about it, there stared out the "double-headed eagle," the symbol of their shame and their slavery! It never can be the policy of a government to retard the progress and depress the energies of a people beneath its rule. Why, then, do we find a whole nation, gifted and capable as this, so backward in civilization? Is the fault with the rulers? or are there, indeed, people, whose very development is the obstacle to their improvement; whose impulses of right and wrong will submit to no discipline; and who are incapable of appreciating true liberty? This would be a gloomy theory; and the very thought of it suggests darker fears for a land to which my sympathies attach me more closely!

If any spot can impress the notion of impregnability, it is Kuffstein. Situated on an eminence of rock over the Inn, three sides of the base are washed by that rapid river, a little village occupies the fourth; and from this the supplies are hoisted up to the garrison above, by cranes and pulleys; the only approach being by a path wide enough for a single man, and far too steep and difficult of access to admit of his carrying any burden, however light. All that science and skill could do is added to the natural strength of

* Continued from the August Number.

the position, and from every surface of the vast rock itself the projecting mouths of guns and mortars show resources of defense it would seem madness to attack.

Three thousand men, under the command of General Urleben, held this fortress at the time I speak of; and by their habits of discipline and vigilance, showed that no over-security would make them neglect the charge of so important a trust. I was the first French prisoner that had ever been confined within the walls, and to the accident of my uniform was I indebted for this distinction. I have mentioned that in Genoa they gave me a staff-officer's dress and appointments, and from this casual circumstance it was supposed that I should know a great deal of Massena's movements and intentions, and that by judicious management I might be induced to reveal it.

General Urleben, who had been brought up in France, was admirably calculated to have promoted such an object, were it practicable. He possessed the most winning address, as well as great personal advantages; and although now past the middle of life, was reputed one of the handsomest men in Austria. He at once invited me to his table, and having provided me with a delightful little chamber, from whence the view extended four miles along the Inn, he sent me stores of books, journals, and newspapers, French, English, and German, showing by the very candor of their tidings a most flattering degree of confidence and trust.

If imprisonment could ever be endurable with resignation, mine ought to have been so. My mornings were passed in weeding or gardening a little plot of ground outside my window, giving me ample occupation in that way, and rendering carnations and roses dearer to me, through all my after life, than without such associations they would ever have been. Then I used to sketch for hours, from the walls, bird's-eye views, prisoner's glimpses, of the glorious Tyrol scenery below us. Early in the afternoon came dinner, and then, with the general's pleasant converse, a cigar, and a chess-board, the time wore smoothly on till nightfall.

An occasional thunder-storm, grander and more sublime than any thing I have ever seen elsewhere, would now and then vary a life of calm but not unpleasant monotony; and occasionally, too, some passing escort, on the way to or from Vienna, would give tidings of the war; but except in these, each day was precisely like the other, so that when the almanac told me it was autumn, I could scarcely believe a single month had glided over. I will not attempt to conceal the fact, that the inglorious idleness of my life, this term of inactivity at an age when hope, and vigor, and energy, were highest within me, was a grievous privation; but, except in these regrets, I could almost call this time a happy one. The unfortunate position in which I started in life, gave me little opportunity, or even inclination, for learning. Except the little Père Michel had taught me, I knew nothing. I need not say that this was but a sorry stock of

education, even at that period; when I must say, the sabre was more in vogue than the grammar.

I now set steadily about repairing this deficiency. General Urleben lent me all his aid, directing my studies, supplying me with books, and at times affording me the still greater assistance of his counsel and advice. To history generally, but particularly that of France, he made me pay the deepest attention, and seemed never to weary while impressing upon me the grandeur of our former monarchies, and the happiness of France when ruled by her legitimate sovereigns.

I had told him all that I knew myself of my birth and family, and frequently would he allude to the subject of my reading, by saying, "The son of an old 'Garde du Corps' needs no commentary when perusing such details as these. Your own instincts tell you how nobly these servants of a monarchy bore themselves—what chivalry lived at that time in men's hearts, and how generous and self-denying was their loyalty."

Such and such like were the expressions which dropped from him from time to time; nor was their impression the less deep, when supported by the testimony of the memoirs with which he supplied me. Even in deeds of military glory, the Monarchy could compete with the Republic, and Urleben took care to insist upon a fact I was never unwilling to concede—that the well-born were ever foremost in danger, no matter whether the banner was a white one or a tricolor.

"*Le bon sang ne peut mentir*" was an adage I never disputed, although certainly I never expected to hear it employed in the disparagement of those to whom it did not apply.

As the winter set in I saw less of the general. He was usually much occupied in the mornings, and at evening he was accustomed to go down to the village, where, of late, some French emigré families had settled—unhappy exiles, who had both peril and poverty to contend against! Many such were scattered through the Tyrol at that period, both for the security and the cheapness it afforded. Of these Urleben rarely spoke; some chance allusion, when borrowing a book or taking away a newspaper, being the extent to which he ever referred to them.

One morning, as I sat sketching on the walls, he came up to me, and said, "Strange enough, Tiernay, last night I was looking at a view of this very scene, only taken from another point of sight; both were correct, accurate in every detail, and yet most dissimilar—what a singular illustration of many of our prejudices and opinions. The sketch I speak of was made by a young countrywoman of yours—a highly gifted lady, who little thought that the accomplishments of her education were one day to be the resources of her livelihood. Even so," said he, sighing, "a marquise of the best blood of France is reduced to sell her drawings!"

As I expressed a wish to see the sketches in question, he volunteered to make the request, if I would send some of mine in return, and thus

accidentally grew up a sort of intercourse between myself and the strangers, which gradually extended to books, and music, and, lastly, to civil messages and inquiries of which the general was ever the bearer.

What a boon was all this to me! What a sun-ray through the bars of a prisoner's cell was this gleam of kindness and sympathy! The very similarity of our pursuits, too, had something inexpressibly pleasing in it, and I bestowed ten times as much pains upon each sketch, now that I knew to whose eyes it would be submitted.

"Do you know, Tiernay," said the general to me, one day, "I am about to incur a very heavy penalty in your behalf—I am going to contravene the strict orders of the War Office, and take you along with me this evening down to the village."

I started with surprise and delight together, and could not utter a word.

"I know perfectly well," continued he, "that you will not abuse my confidence. I ask, then, for nothing beyond your word, that you will not make any attempt at escape; for this visit may lead to others, and I desire, so far as possible, that you should feel as little constraint as a prisoner well may."

I readily gave the pledge required, and he went on—

"I have no cautions to give you, nor any counsels. Madame d'Aigreville is a royalist."

"She is madame, then!" said I, in a voice of some disappointment.

"Yes, she is a widow, but her niece is unmarried," said he, smiling at my eagerness. I affected to hear the tidings with unconcern, but a burning flush covered my cheek, and I felt as uncomfortable as possible.

I dined that day as usual with the general; adjourning after dinner to the little drawing-room, where we played our chess. Never did he appear to me so tedious in his stories, so intolerably tiresome in his digressions, as that evening. He halted at every move—he had some narrative to recount, or some observation to make, that delayed our game to an enormous time; and at last, on looking out of the window, he fancied there was a thunder-storm brewing, and that we should do well to put off our visit to a more favorable opportunity.

"It is little short of half a league," said he, "to the village, and in bad weather is worse than double the distance."

I did not dare to controvert his opinion, but, fortunately, a gleam of sunshine shot, the same moment, through the window, and proclaimed a fair evening.

Heaven knows I had suffered little of a prisoner's durance—my life had been one of comparative freedom and ease; and yet, I can not tell the swelling emotion of my heart with which I emerged from the deep archway of the fortress, and heard the bang of the heavy gate, as it closed behind me. Steep as was the path, I felt as if I could have bounded down it without a fear! The sudden sense of liberty was maddening in its excitement, and I half suspect that had I

been on horseback in that moment of wild delight, I should have forgotten all my plighted word and parole, though I sincerely trust that the madness would not have endured beyond a few minutes. If there be among my readers one who has known imprisonment, he will forgive this confession of a weakness, which to others of less experience will seem unworthy, perhaps dishonorable.

Dorf Kuffstein was a fair specimen of the picturesque simplicity of a Tyrol village. There were the usual number of houses, with carved galleries and quaint images in wood, the shrines and altars, the little "Platz," for Sunday recreation, and the shady alley for rifle practice.

There were also the trelliced walks of vines, and the orchards, in the midst of one of which we now approached a long, low farm-house, whose galleries projected over the river. This was the abode of Madame d'Aigreville.

A peasant was cleaning a little mountain pony, from which a side-saddle had just been removed as we came up, and he, leaving his work, proceeded to ask us into the house, informing us as he went, that the ladies had just returned from a long ramble, and would be with us presently.

The drawing-room into which we were shown was a perfect picture of cottage elegance; all the furniture was of polished walnut wood, and kept in the very best condition. It opened by three spacious windows upon the terrace above the river, and afforded a view of mountain and valley for miles on every side. An easel was placed on this gallery, and a small sketch in oils of Kuffstein was already nigh completed on it. There were books, too, in different languages, and, to my inexpressible delight, a piano!

The reader will smile, perhaps, at the degree of pleasure objects so familiar and every-day called forth; but let him remember how removed were all the passages of my life from such civilizing influences—how little of the world had I seen beyond camps and barrack-rooms, and how ignorant I was of the charm which a female presence can diffuse over even the very humblest abode.

Before I had well ceased to wonder, and admire these objects, the marquise entered.

A tall and stately old lady, with an air at once haughty and gracious, received me with a profound courtesy, while she extended her hand to the salute of the general. She was dressed in deep mourning, and wore her white hair in two braids along her face. The sound of my native language, with its native accent, made me forget the almost profound reserve of her manner, and I was fast recovering from the constraint her coldness imposed, when her niece entered the room. Mademoiselle, who was, at that time, about seventeen, but looked older by a year or two, was the very ideal of "brunette" beauty; she was dark-eyed and black-haired, with a mouth the most beautifully formed; her figure was light, and her foot a model of shape and symmetry. All this I saw in an instant, as she came, half-sliding, half-bounding, to meet the general: and

then turning to me, welcomed me with a cordial warmth, very different from the reception of Madame la Marquise.

Whether it was the influence of her presence, whether it was a partial concession of the old lady's own, or whether my own awkwardness was wearing off by time, I can not say—but gradually the stiffness of the interview began to diminish. From the scenery around us we grew to talk of the Tyrol generally, then of Switzerland, and lastly of France. The marquise came from Auvergne, and was justly proud of the lovely scenery of her birth-place.

Calmly and tranquilly as the conversation had been carried on up to this period, the mention of France seemed to break down the barrier of reserve within the old lady's mind, and she burst out in a wild flood of reminiscences of the last time she had seen her native village. "The Blues," as the revolutionary soldiers were called, had come down upon the quiet valley, carrying fire and carnage into a once peaceful district. The chateau of her family was razed to the ground; her husband was shot upon his own terrace; the whole village was put to the sword; her own escape was owing to the compassion of the gardener's wife, who dressed her like a peasant boy, and employed her in a menial station, a condition she was forced to continue so long as the troops remained in the neighborhood. "Yes," said she, drawing off her silk mittens, "these hands still witness the hardships I speak of. These are the marks of my servitude."

It was in vain the general tried at first to sympathize, and then withdraw her from the theme; in vain her niece endeavored to suggest another topic, or convey a hint that the subject might be unpleasing to me. It was the old lady's one absorbing idea, and she could not relinquish it. Whole volumes of the atrocities perpetrated by the revolutionary soldiery came to her recollection; each moment, as she talked, memory would recall this fact or the other, and so she continued rattling on with the fervor of a heated imagination, and the wild impetuosity of a half-crazed intellect. As for myself, I suffered far more from witnessing the pain others felt for me, than from any offense the topic occasioned me directly. These events were all "before my time." I was neither a Blue by birth nor adoption; a child during the period of revolution, I had only taken a man's part when the country, emerging from its term of anarchy and blood, stood at bay against the whole of Europe. These consolations were, however, not known to the others, and it was at last, in a moment of unendurable agony, that mademoiselle rose and left the room.

The general's eyes followed her as she went, and then sought mine with an expression full of deep meaning. If I read his look aright, it spoke patience and submission; and the lesson was an easier one than he thought.

"They talk of heroism," cried she, frantically—"it was massacre! And when they speak of chivalry, they mean the slaughter of women and

children!" She looked round, seeing that her niece had left the room, suddenly dropped her voice to a whisper, and said, "Think of her mother's fate; dragged from her home, her widowed, desolate home, and thrown into the Temple, outraged and insulted, condemned on a mock trial, and then carried away to the guillotine! Ay, and even then, on that spot, which coming death might have sanctified, in that moment, when even fiendish vengeance can turn away, and leave its victim at liberty to utter a last prayer in peace, even then, these wretches devised an anguish greater than all death could compass. You will scarcely believe me," said she, drawing in her breath, and talking with an almost convulsive effort, "you will scarcely believe me in what I am now about to tell you, but it is the truth—the simple but horrible truth. When my sister mounted the scaffold there was no priest to administer the last rites. It was a time, indeed, when few were left; their hallowed heads had fallen in thousands before that. She waited for a few minutes, hoping that one would appear; and when the mob learned the meaning of her delay, they set up a cry of fiendish laughter, and with a blasphemy that makes one shudder to think of, they pushed forward a boy, one of those blood-stained 'gamins' of the streets, and made him gabble a mock litany! Yes, it is true: a horrible mockery of our service, in the ears and before the eyes of that dying saint."

"When? in what year? in what place was that?" cried I, in an agony of eagerness.

"I can give you both time and place, sir," said the marquise, drawing herself proudly up, for she construed my question into a doubt of her veracity. "It was in the year 1793, in the month of August; and as for the place, it was one well seasoned to blood—the Place de Grève, at Paris."

A fainting sickness came over me as I heard these words; the dreadful truth flashed across me that the victim was the Marquise D'Estelles, and the boy, on whose infamy she dwelt so strongly, no other than myself. For the moment, it was nothing to me that she had not identified me with this atrocity; I felt no consolation in the thought that I was unknown and unsuspected. The heavy weight of the indignant accusation almost crushed me. Its falsehood I knew, and yet, could I dare to disprove it? Could I hazard the consequences of an avowal, which all my subsequent pleadings could never obliterate. Even were my innocence established in one point, what a position did it reduce me to in every other.

These struggles must have manifested themselves strongly in my looks, for the marquise, with all her self-occupation, remarked how ill I seemed. "I see, sir," cried she, "that all the ravages of war have not steeled your heart against true piety; my tale has moved you strongly." I muttered something in concurrence, and she went on. "Happily for you, you were but a child when such scenes were happening! Not, indeed, that childhood was

always unstained in those days of blood; but you were, as I understand, the son of a Garde du Corps, one of those loyal men who sealed their devotion with their life. Were you in Paris then?"

"Yes, madam," said I, briefly.

"With your mother, perhaps?"

"I was quite alone, madam; an orphan on both sides."

"What was your mother's family-name?"

Here was a puzzle; but at a hazard I resolved to claim her who should sound best to the ears of La Marquise. "La Lasterie, madam," said I.

"La Lasterie de La Vignoble—a most distinguished house, sir. Provençal, and of the purest blood. Auguste de La Lasterie married the daughter of the Duke de Miriancourt, a cousin of my husband's, and there was another of them who went as ambassador to Madrid."

I knew none of them, and I supposed I looked as much.

"Your mother was, probably, of the elder branch, sir;" asked she.

I had to stammer out a most lamentable confession of my ignorance.

"Not know your own kinsfolks, sir; not your nearest of blood!" cried she, in amazement. "General, have you heard this strange avowal? or is it possible that my ears have deceived me?"

"Please to remember, madam," said I, submissively, "the circumstances in which I passed my infancy. My father fell by the guillotine."

"And his son wears the uniform of those who slew him!"

"Of a French soldier, madam, proud of the service he belongs to; glorying to be one of the first army in Europe."

"An army without a cause is a banditti, sir. Your soldiers, without loyalty, are without a banner."

"We have a country, madam."

"I must protest against this discussion going further," said the general, blandly, while in a lower tone he whispered something in her ear.

"Very true, very true," said she; "I had forgotten all that. Monsieur de Tiernay, you will forgive me this warmth. An old woman, who has lost nearly every thing in the world, may have the privilege of bad temper accorded her. We are friends now, I hope," added she, extending her hand, and, with a smile of most gracious meaning, beckoning to me to sit beside her on the sofa.

Once away from the terrible theme of the Revolution, she conversed with much agreeability; and her niece having re-appeared, the conversation became animated and pleasing. Need I say with what interest I now regarded mademoiselle; the object of all my boyish devotion; the same whose pale features I had watched for many an hour in the dim half light of the little chapel; her whose image was never absent from my thoughts waking or sleeping; and now again appearing before me in all the grace of coming womanhood!

Perhaps to obliterate any impression of her aunt's severity—perhaps it was mere manner—but I thought there was a degree of anxiety to please in her bearing toward me. She spoke, too, as though our acquaintance was to be continued by frequent meetings, and dropped hints of plans that implied constant intercourse. Even excursions into the neighborhood she spoke of; when, suddenly stopping, she said, "But these are for the season of spring, and before that time Monsieur de Tiernay will be far away."

"Who can tell that?" said I. "I would seem to be forgotten by my comrades."

"Then you must take care to do that which may refresh their memory," said she, pointedly; and, before I could question her more closely as to her meaning, the general had risen to take his leave.

"Madame La Marquise was somewhat more tart than usual," said he to me, as we ascended the cliff; "but you have passed the ordeal now, and the chances are, she will never offend you in the same way again. Great allowances must be made for those who have suffered as she has. Family—fortune—station—even country—all lost to her; and even hope now dashed by many a disappointment."

Though puzzled by the last few words, I made no remark on them, and he resumed,

"She has invited you to come and see her as often as you are at liberty; and, for my part, you shall not be restricted in that way. Go and come as you please, only do not infringe the hours of the fortress; and if you can concede a little now and then to the prejudices of the old lady, your intercourse will be all the more agreeable to both parties."

"I believe, general, that I have little of the Jacobin to recant," said I, laughing.

"I shall go farther, my dear friend, and say none," added he. "Your uniform is the only tint of 'blue' about you." And thus chatting, we reached the fortress, and said good-night.

I have been particular, perhaps tiresomely so, in retailing these broken phrases and snatches of conversation; but they were the first matches applied to a train that was long and artfully laid.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"A SORROWFUL PARTING."

THE general was as good as his word, and I now enjoyed the most unrestricted liberty; in fact the officers of the garrison said truly, that they were far more like prisoners than I was. As regularly as evening came, I descended the path to the village, and, as the bell tolled out the vespers, I was crossing the little grass plot to the cottage. So regularly was I looked for, that the pursuits of each evening were resumed as though only accidentally interrupted. The unfinished game of chess, the half read volume, the newly begun drawing, were taken up where we had left them, and life seemed to have centred itself in those delightful hours between sunset and midnight.

I suppose there are few young men who have not, at some time or other of their lives, enjoyed similar privileges, and known the fascination of intimacy in some household, where the affections became engaged as the intellect expanded; and, while winning another's heart, have elevated their own. But to know the full charm of such intercourse, one must have been as I was—a prisoner—an orphan—almost friendless in the world—a very “waif” upon the shore of destiny. I can not express the intense pleasure these evenings afforded me. The cottage was my home, and more than my home. It was a shrine at which my heart worshiped—for I was in love! Easy as the confession is to make now, tortures would not have wrung it from me then!

In good truth, it was long before I knew it; nor can I guess how much longer the ignorance might have lasted, when General Urleben suddenly dispelled the clouds, by informing me that he had just received from the minister of war at Vienna a demand for the name, rank, and regiment of his prisoner, previous to the negotiation for his exchange.

“You will fill up these blanks, Tiernay,” said he, “and within a month, or less, you will be once more free, and say adieu to Kuffstein.”

Had the paper contained my dismissal from the service, I shame to own it would have been more welcome! The last few months had changed all the character of my life, suggested new hopes and new ambitions. The career I used to glory in had grown distasteful; the comrades I once longed to rejoin were now become almost repulsive to my imagination. The marquise had spoken much of emigrating to some part of the new world beyond seas, and thither my fancy alike pointed. Perhaps my dreams of a future were not the less rose-colored, that they received no shadow from any thing like a “fact.” The old lady’s geographical knowledge was neither accurate nor extensive, and she contrived to invest this land of promise with old associations of what she once heard of Pondicherry—with certain features belonging to the United States. A glorious country it would, indeed, have been, which, within a month’s voyage, realized all the delights of the tropics, with the healthful vigor of the temperate zone, and where, without an effort beyond the mere will, men amassed enormous fortunes in a year or two. In a calmer mood, I might, indeed must, have been struck with the wild inconsistency of the old lady’s imaginings, and looked with somewhat of skepticism on the map for that spot of earth so richly endowed; but now I believed every thing, provided it only ministered to my new hopes. Laura, evidently, too, believed in the “Canaan” of which, at last, we used to discourse as freely as though we had been there. Little discussions, would, however, now and then vary the uniformity of this creed, and I remember once feeling almost hurt at Laura’s not agreeing with me about zebras, which I assured her were just as trainable as horses, but which the marquise flatly refused ever to use in

any of her carriages. These were mere passing clouds; the regular atmosphere of our wishes was bright and transparent. In the midst of these delicious day dreams, there came one day a number of letters to the marquise by the hands of a courier on his way to Naples. What were their contents I never knew, but the tidings seemed most joyful, for the old lady invited the general and myself to dinner, when the table was decked out with white lilies on all sides; she herself, and Laura also, wearing them in bouquets on their dresses.

The occasion had, I could see, something of a celebration about it. Mysterious hints of circumstances I knew nothing of were constantly interchanged, the whole ending with a solemn toast to the memory of the “Saint and Martyr;” but who he was, or when he lived, I knew not one single fact about.

That evening—I can not readily forget it—was the first I had ever an opportunity of being alone with Laura! Hitherto the marquise had always been beside us; now she had all this correspondence to read over with the general, and they both retired into a little boudoir for the purpose, while Laura and myself wandered out upon the terrace, as awkward and constrained as though our situation had been the most provoking thing possible. It was on that same morning I had received the general’s message regarding my situation, and I was burning with anxiety to tell it, and yet knew not exactly how. Laura, too, seemed full of her own thoughts, and leaned pensively over the balustrade and gazed on the stream.

“What are you thinking of so seriously?” asked I, after a long pause.

“Of long, long ago,” said she sighing, “when I was a little child. I remember a little chapel like that yonder, only that it was not on a rock over a river, but stood in a small garden; and though in a great city, it was as lonely and solitary as might be—the Chapelle de St. Blois.”

“St. Blois, Laura,” cried I; “oh, tell me about that!”

“Why you surely never heard of it before,” said she, smiling. “It was in a remote quarter of Paris, nigh the outer Boulevard, and known to but a very few! It had once belonged to our family; for in olden times there were chateaux and country houses within that space, which then was part of Paris, and one of our ancestors was buried there! How well I remember it all! The dim little aisle, supported on wooden pillars; the simple altar, with the oaken crucifix, and the calm, gentle features of the poor curé.”

“Can you remember all this so well, Laura?” asked I, eagerly, for the theme was stirring my very heart of hearts.

“All—every thing—the straggling weed-grown garden, through which we passed to our daily devotions—the congregation standing respectfully to let us walk by, for my mother was still the great Marquise D’Estelles, although my father had been executed, and our estates confiscated. They who had known us in our pros-

perity, were as respectful and devoted as ever; and poor old Richard, the lame sacristan, that used to take my mother's bouquet from her, and lay it on the altar; how every thing stands out clear and distinct before my memory! Nay, Maurice, but I can tell you more, for strangely enough, certain things, merely trifles in themselves, make impressions that even great events fail to do. There was a little boy, a child somewhat older than myself, that used to serve the mass with the Père, and he always came to place a footstool or a cushion for my mother. Poor little fellow, bashful and diffident he was, changing color at every minute, and trembling in every limb; and when he had done his duty, and made his little reverence, with his hands crossed on his bosom, he used to fall back into some gloomy corner of the church, and stand watching us with an expression of intense wonder and pleasure! Yes, I think I see his dark eyes glistening through the gloom, ever fixed on me! I am sure, Maurice, that little fellow fancied he was in love with me!"

"And why not, Laura; was the thing so very impossible? was it even so unlikely?"

"Not that," said she archly, "but think of a mere child; we were both mere children; and fancy him, the poor little boy, of some humble house, perhaps; of course he must have been *that*, raising his eyes to the daughter of the great 'marquise;' what energy of character there must have been to have suggested the feeling; how daring he was, with all his bashfulness!"

"You never saw him afterward?"

"Never!"

"Never thought of him, perhaps?"

"I'll not say that," said she, smiling. "I have often wondered to myself, if that hardihood I speak of had borne good or evil fruit. Had he been daring or enterprising in the right, or had he, as the sad times favored, been only bold and impetuous for the wrong!"

"And how have you pictured him to your imagination?" said I, as if merely following out a fanciful vein of thought.

"My fancy would like to have conceived him a chivalrous adherent to our ancient royalty, striving nobly in exile to aid the fortunes of some honored house, or daring, as many brave men have dared, the heroic part of La Vendée. My reason, however, tells me, that he was far more likely to have taken the other part."

"To which you will concede no favor, Laura; not even the love of glory."

"Glory, like honor, should have its fountain in a monarchy," cried she proudly. "The rude voices of a multitude can confer no meed of praise. Their judgments are the impulses of the moment. But why do we speak of these things, Maurice? nor have *I*, who can but breathe my hopes for a cause, the just pretension to contend with *you*, who shed your blood for its opposite."

As she spoke, she hurried from the balcony, and quitted the room. It was the first time, as have said, that we had ever been alone to-

gether, and it was also the first time she had ever expressed herself strongly on the subject of party. What a moment to have declared her opinions, and when her reminiscences, too, had recalled our infancy! How often was I tempted to interrupt that confession, by declaring myself, and how strongly was I repelled by the thought that the avowal might sever us forever. While I was thus deliberating, the marquise, with the general entered the room, and Laura followed in a few moments.

The supper that night was a pleasant one to all save me. The rest were gay and high-spirited. Allusions, understood by *them*, but not by *me*, were caught up readily, and as quickly responded to. Toasts were uttered, and wishes breathed in concert, but all was like a dream to me. Indeed my heart grew heavier at every moment. My coming departure, of which I had not yet spoken, lay drearily on my mind, while the bold decision with which Laura declared her faith showed that our destinies were separated by an impassable barrier.

It may be supposed that my depression was not relieved by discovering that the general had already announced my approaching departure, and the news, far from being received with any thing like regret, was made the theme of pleasant allusion, and even congratulation. The marquise repeatedly assured me of the delight the tidings gave her, and Laura smiled happily toward me, as if echoing the sentiment.

Was this the feeling I had counted on? were these the evidences of an affection, for which I had given my whole heart? Oh, how bitterly I reviled the frivolous ingratitude of woman! how heavily I condemned their heartless, unfeeling nature. In a few days, a few hours, perhaps, I shall be as totally forgotten here, as though I had never been, and yet these are the people who parade their devotion to fallen monarchy, and their affection for an exiled house! I tried to arm myself with every prejudice against royalism. I thought of Santron and his selfish, sarcastic spirit. I thought of all the stories I used to hear of cowardly ingratitude, and noble infamy, and tried to persuade myself that the blandishments of the well-born were but the gloss that covered cruel and unfeeling natures.

For very pride sake, I tried to assume a manner cool and unconcerned as their own. I affected to talk of my departure as a pleasant event, and even hinted at the career that Fortune might hereafter open to me. In this they seemed to take a deeper interest than I anticipated, and I could perceive that more than once the general exchanged looks with the ladies most significantly. I fear I grew very impatient at last. I grieve to think that I fancied a hundred annoyances that were never intended for me, and when we arose to take leave, I made my adieux with a cold and stately reserve, intended to be strongly impressive, and cut them to the quick.

I heard very little of what the general said as we ascended the cliff. I was out of temper with

him, and myself, and all the world; and it was only when he recalled my attention to the fact, for the third or fourth time, that I learned how very kindly he meant by me in the matter of my liberation, for while he had forwarded all my papers to Vienna, he was quite willing to set me at liberty on the following day, in the perfect assurance that my exchange would be confirmed.

"You will thus have a full fortnight at your own disposal, Tiernay," said he, "since the official answer can not arrive from Vienna before that time, and you need not report yourself in Paris for eight or ten days after."

Here was a boon now thrown away! For my part, I would a thousand times rather have lingered on at Kuffstein than have been free to travel Europe from one end to the other. My outraged pride, however, put this out of the question. La marquise and her niece had both assumed a manner of sincere gratification, and I was resolved not to be behindhand in my show of joy! I ought to have known it, said I again and again. I ought to have known it. These antiquated notions of birth and blood can never co-exist with any generous sentiment. These remnants of a worn-out monarchy can never forgive the vigorous energy that has dethroned their decrepitude! I did not dare to speculate on what a girl Laura might have been under other auspices; how nobly her ambition would have soared; what high-souled patriotism she could have felt; how gloriously she would have adorned the society of a regenerated nation. I thought of her as she was, and could have hated myself for the devotion with which my heart regarded her!

I never closed my eyes the entire night. I lay down and walked about alternately, my mind in a perfect fever of conflict. Pride, a false pride, but not the less strong for that, alone sustained me. The general had announced to me that I was free. Be it so; I will no longer be a burden on his hospitality. La marquise hears the tidings with pleasure. Agreed, then—we part without regret! Very valorous resolutions they were, but come to, I must own, with a very sinking heart and a very craven spirit.

Instead of my full uniform, that morning I put on half dress, showing that I was ready for the road; a sign, I had hoped, would have spoken unutterable things to la marquise and Laura.

Immediately after breakfast, I set out for the cottage. All the way, as I went, I was drilling myself for the interview, by assuming a tone of the coolest and easiest indifference. They shall have no triumph over me in this respect, muttered I. Let us see if I can not be as unconcerned as they are! To such a pitch had I carried my zeal for flippancy, that I resolved to ask them whether they had no commission I could execute for them in Paris or elsewhere. The idea struck me as excellent, so indicative of perfect self-possession and command. I am sure I must have rehearsed our interview at least a dozen times, supplying all the stately grandeur

of the old lady, and all the quiet placitude of Laura.

By the time I reached the village I was quite strong in my part, and as I crossed the Platz I was eager to begin it. This energetic spirit, however, began to waver a little as I entered the lawn before the cottage, and a most uncomfortable throbbing at my side made me stand for a moment in the porch before I entered. I used always to make my appearance unannounced, but now I felt that it would be more dignified and distant were I to summon a servant, and yet I could find none. The household was on a very simple scale, and in all likelihood the labors of the field or the garden were now employing them. I hesitated what to do, and after looking in vain around the "cour" and the stable-yard, I turned into the garden to seek for some one.

I had not proceeded many paces along a little alley, flanked by two close hedges of yew, when I heard voices, and at the same instant my own name uttered.

"You told him to use caution, Laura, that we know little of this Tiernay beyond his own narrative—"

"I told him the very reverse, aunt. I said that he was the son of a loyal Garde du Corps, left an orphan in infancy, and thrown by force of events into the service of the Republic; but that every sentiment he expressed, every ambition he cherished, and every feeling he displayed was that of a gentleman; nay, farther—" But I did not wait for more, for, striking my sabre heavily on the ground to announce my coming, I walked hurriedly forward toward a small arbor where the ladies were seated at breakfast.

I need not stop to say how completely all my resolves were routed by the few words I had overheard from Laura, nor how thoroughly I recanted all my expressions concerning her. So full was I of joy and gratitude, that I hastened to salute her before ever noticing the marquise, or being conscious of her presence.

The old lady, usually the most exacting of all beings, took my omission in good part, and most politely made room for me between herself and Laura at the breakfast-table.

"You have come most opportunely, Monsieur de Tiernay," said she, "for not only were we just speaking of you, but discussing whether or not we might ask of you a favor."

"Does the question admit of a discussion, madame?" said I, bowing.

"Perhaps not, in ordinary circumstances, perhaps not; but—" she hesitated, seemed confused, and looked at Laura, who went on,

"My aunt would say, sir, that we may be possibly asking too much—that we may presume too far."

"Not on my will to serve you," broke I in, for her looks said much more than her words.

"The matter is this, sir," said the aunt, "we have a very valued relative—"

"Friend," interposed Laura, "friend, aunt."

"We will say friend, then," resumed she; "a friend in whose welfare we are deeply interested,

and whose regard for us is not less powerful, has been for some years back separated from us by the force of those unhappy circumstances which have made so many of us exiles! No means have existed of communicating with each other, nor of interchanging those hopes or fears for our country's welfare which are so near to every French heart! He in Germany, we in the wild Tyrol, one half the world apart! and dare not trust to a correspondence the utterance of those sympathies which have brought so many to the scaffold!"

"We would ask of you to see him, Monsieur de Tiernay, to know him," burst out Laura; "to tell him all that you can of France—above all, of the sentiments of the army; he is a soldier himself, and will hear you with pleasure."

"You may speak freely and frankly," continued the marquise; the count is man of the world enough to hear the truth even when it gives pain. Your own career will interest him deeply; heroism has always had a charm for all his house. This letter will introduce you; and, as the general informs us, you have some days at your own disposal, pray give them to our service in this cause."

"Willingly, madame," replied I, "only let me understand a little better—"

"There is no need to know more," interrupted Laura; "the Count de Marsanne will himself suggest every thing of which you will talk. He will speak of us, perhaps—of the Tyrol—of Kuffstein; then he will lead the conversation to France—in fact, once acquainted you will follow the dictates of your own fancy."

"Just so, Monsieur de Tiernay, it will be a visit with as little of ceremony as possible—"

"Aunt!" interrupted Laura, as if recalling the marquise to caution, and the old lady at once acknowledged the hint by a significant look.

I see it all, thought I, De Marsanne is Laura's accepted lover, and I am the person to be employed as a go-between. This was intolerable, and when the thought first struck me I was out of myself with passion.

"Are we asking too great a favor, Monsieur de Tiernay?" said the marquise, whose eyes were fixed upon me during this conflict.

"Of course not, madam," said I, in an accent of almost sarcastic tone. "If I am not wrong in my impressions the cause might claim a deeper devotion; but this is a theme I would not wish to enter upon."

"We are aware of that," said Laura, quickly, "we are quite prepared for your reserve, which is perfectly proper and becoming."

"Your position being one of unusual delicacy," chimed in the marquise.

I bowed haughtily and coldly, while the marquise uttered a thousand expressions of gratitude and regard to me.

"We had hoped to have seen you here a few days longer, monsieur," said she, "but perhaps, under the circumstances, it is better as it is."

"Under the circumstances, madam," repeated

I, "I am bound to agree with you;" and I turned to say farewell.

"Rather *au revoir*, Monsieur de Tiernay," said the marquise, "friendship, such as ours, should at least be hopeful; say then '*au revoir*.'"

"Perhaps Monsieur de Tiernay's hopes run not in the same channel as our own, aunt," said Laura, "and perhaps the days of happiness that we look forward to, would bring far different feelings to his heart."

This was too pointed—this was insupportably offensive! and I was only able to mutter, "You are right, mademoiselle;" and then, addressing myself to the marquise, I made some blundering apologies about haste and so forth; while I promised to fulfill her commission faithfully and promptly.

"Shall we not hear from you?" said the old lady, as she gave me her hand. I was about to say, "under the circumstances," better not, but I hesitated, and Laura, seeing my confusion, said, "It might be unfair, aunt, to expect it; remember how he is placed."

"Mademoiselle is a miracle of forethought and candor too," said I. "Adieu! adieu forever!" The last word I uttered in a low whisper.

"Adieu, Maurice," said she, equally low, and then turned away toward the window.

From that moment until the instant when, out of breath and exhausted, I halted for a few seconds on the crag below the fortress, I knew nothing; my brain was in a whirl of mad, conflicting thought. Every passion was working within me, and rage, jealousy, love, and revenge were alternately swaying and controlling me. Then, however, as I looked down for the last time on the village and the cottage beside the river, my heart softened, and I burst into a torrent of tears. There, said I, as I arose to resume my way, there is one illusion dissipated; let me take care that life never shall renew the affliction! Henceforth I will be a soldier, and only a soldier.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SENSITIVE SPIRIT.

MY earliest recollections are of a snug, modest-looking cottage, far away in the country, whose shady garden was full of the sweet breath of roses, and honeysuckle, and many other flowers. This house and this garden were, to my tiny apprehension, the sum and substance of all delight; and, truly, never was a scene more calculated to strike on the young soul in its bud of being, and to touch those mysterious chords yet unjarred by the world's rough hand. My father was an humble and unpretending country pastor, void of ambition, except as he could train the soul for Heaven. Alike removed from envying the powerful or scorning the poor, he, with calm dignity of mien and tenderness of heart, pursued the duties of his sacred calling. It seems so far back, that I can scarcely say whether I be a recollection of this life or a dream of some other

but there we sit, on the evening of a summer's day, in our shady alcove, my father reading aloud, my mother at her work, little Edward and myself at their feet. We little ones are playing with some wild flowers, and form these into a variety of devices. Suddenly I break off, and look up in my father's face. He is not reading now. His eyes are resting on some object in the distance. His face wears a strange expression—a kind of faded, unearthly look. I did not know what this was then—I know it now. I am fascinated by this shadow on the beloved face, till I feel a strange pang at my heart, the first that has ever visited it. My father at last looks down, kindly pats my curly head, and says, "Why, how quiet we all are!" Upon this, I look at my mother, and see that her blue eyes are full of tears. She hurries into the house; my father follows; and I, finding my little brother fast asleep on his flowers, bury my face in my hands, and burst into a passion of weeping. I can not tell why I wept, but a shadow had come into my gay young heart; and, clasping little Edward in my arms, at last I sobbed myself to sleep also.

Yet another evening, and we sit in our humble parlor. We youngsters have had a merry day of it, for some little friends have been taking tea with us. The spirit of our exuberant glee has not yet died away, but we are quiet now, for it is the hour of prayer. Sally, our sole domestic, with her red arms, and red, good-humored face, tries to look demurely at us—which, in truth, she can not accomplish—and, by various telegraphic nods and shakes of the head, secures our good behavior. My mother plays on the piano, and we sing a hymn. We all join, in our way, Sally's rough voice setting off my mother's wonderfully. I wonder if the angels in Heaven sing as sweetly as she. I believe, in my small mind, that my father thinks so, for sometimes he does not sing, but listens to her, and looks at her, in a kind of rapt, admiring way. The hymn over, we listen to a portion of the Holy Book—God's Book—for that is the name by which we know it. Then my father prays, and we pray, in our simple manner, to the great Father above the blue sky. The religion of our dear home is neither morose nor sullen. All pleasant, simple delights are ours. Our merry laugh is not chidden, and we are early taught to minister to others. Thus it follows that we, unasked, give our weekly pence to the poor little boy whose father died last week, of whose desolate condition, and that of his mother, we hear our parents speak. We know very well, though none ever told us, that these same dear parents are ministering angels to the afflicted and distressed. We do sometimes wonder where the money comes from that helps the poor; for when I, seized with an envious fit, ask why I can not have gay apparel, like one of my little friends—why I must wear an old frock, while she displays a new one—my father shakes his head, and says, "My dear Mary, I can not afford finery for my children." Then a light breaks upon me, and I know that father is careful, and mother is care-

ful, and that we must be careful, too, that we may give to the poor. And now, after the lapse of some months, I observe again the old look on my father's face. He has a short cough, and seems tired with doing very little. His deep, dark eyes have a strange shadow about them, and there is a peculiar tenderness in his whole manner. Somehow, we children are more silent than we used to be. We do not feel so much inclined to be noisy and boisterous as heretofore. Days and weeks pass on. The shadow deepens on the beloved face. We are now told that our father is very ill, and urged to be quiet. In these days, we do much as we like—wander about the field at the back of our house, and through the shady garden, but the spirit of gladness has left our young hearts, and we go hither and thither with a strange weight resting on us. Fatigued, we sit beneath the aged elm. The happy birds sing in its branches. Far off, the cattle are lowing in the meadows, and sheep bleating on the hill-side. The busy hum of haymakers comes to us, but it does not make us merry as once it did.

Then come times of deeper gloom. We all tread on tiptoe. We just step within our father's room. His breath is very short and quick, and his eyes are bright—oh, how bright! He places his hand upon our heads, and, in trembling accents, commits us to our Heavenly Father. We hear him say he is tired, and will sleep. All is hushed. He closes his eyes. We watch long to see him wake, but he is now a pure seraph in the presence of his God; and, through life's pilgrimage, he is henceforth to be to those who love him a memory, a dream of other days, and yet a burning and shining light, whose rays penetrate not the less, because they are mild and benign.

For some time after this event all seems a blank. There is a sale at our house. Our cherished things are going to be taken from us. Then I understand that we are poor. My mother has a little, but not enough for our support; so she is fain to accept an offer that has been made her by a distant relative, who keeps a boarding-school for young ladies in a distant county. My mother is to assist in the school. She does not much like the scheme. She is telling all to a sympathizing friend. She speaks rather in a shuddering way of her relative, whom she describes as overbearing and tyrannical. Henceforth I look on this lady as a kind of dragon, and my state of mind toward her is not such as to insure her regard. I can not now speak of the tokens of affection we receive from our loving friends. Now the children call with nosegays of wild flowers. Now my little brother has a rabbit given him; I a canary. Now cakes and sweetmeats are thrust into our hands from humble donors, with tears and blessings. Now my mother receives anonymous gifts, from a £20 note, down to a pair of knitted stockings to travel in, accompanied by an ill-spelt, ill-written blessing and prayer, "That the Almighty will set his two eyes on the purty lady and her children, and make his honor's bed in heaven, although he did not worship the blessed Vargin." My mother

smiles through her tears, for she knows this is from old Judy, our Romish neighbor, whom, in a fit of illness, she befriended, long ago. And so, after much loving leave-taking, we depart, and at length reach our destination.

And now we alight from the hackney-coach, and take a timid survey of our new abode. It is a gaunt brick building, large and stately, with 'Miss ——'s Establishment for Young Ladies,' inscribed on a brass plate on the door. I hold my mother's hand, and feel that it trembles, as we are ushered into a stark, staring room, which, at this cool season of the year, is without fire. The door opens, and our relative appears. She imprints a fashionable kiss on my mother's pale cheek, and notices our presence by the words, "Fine children, but very countrified, my dear cousin." We have tea in a small parlor, where is a fire, but I observe that my mother can not eat; and little Edward bursting into a fit of crying, with the words, "I do not like this house—I want to go home," we are all dissolved together, at which Miss —— frowns mentally, ejaculating, "No spirit, no energy—a bad beginning, truly." I wonder, in my simple soul, what this energy means, of which my mother has been said to be deficient. It can not be that she has done wrong in letting those tears flow which have filled her eyes so often during the day, for I have often seen people weep at our house in the olden time, when they have been relating their troubles, when my father's gentle eye would grow more kind, his voice more soft. He would then speak another language, which now I know to be the language of promise, breathed by the great Eternal himself in the ear of his suffering ones.

I pass over some weeks, during which my mother has been duly installed into her office of teacher—rising early, to give lessons before breakfast; afterward walking out with the young people; then teaching all through the livelong day, till evening brings some repose. She always puts us to bed herself, and this is not a very hurried operation, for we clasp her round the neck, call her "dear mamma," and tell her how much we love her. She will then listen to our simple devotions, and tear herself away. Then we hear her in a room adjoining, pouring forth her soul in song. She sings the old lays, but there is another tone mingling with them—one that affects the listener to tears; for, stealing out of bed and opening the door, I have met other listeners, whose gay young faces showed that those saddened melodies had touched some mysterious chord, awaking it to sadness and tears.

My mother was greatly beloved by the young people. I soon found out that this fact was any thing but pleasing in the eyes of the lady superior, who could not imagine how a person so devoid of energy, as she termed it, could possess so much influence. Nevertheless, this best of all influence—the influence of affection—was possessed in no common degree. With what zest and pleasure was every little office rendered—with what sweetmeats were we feasted—what bouquets were placed on my mother's table—what nu-

merous presents of needlework were made her—how her wishes were anticipated—I know well. I know, too, how much my dear parent suffered in this house—how unequal her strength was to her labors—how the incessant small tyranny to which she was subjected ate out all the life of her spirit. Still she never complained; but I could hear her sometimes, in the silence of night, weeping bitterly, and calling on her beloved dead, who, when on earth, had never allowed one shadow to cross her path which he could avert.

Thus four years were passed, during which my brother died. This second blow pierced me to the heart, but, strange to say, mamma bore it calmly. I wondered at her, till I noticed how very thin she had become—how very trembling and frightened with every little thing—and how attentive the young people were to her wishes. Then the old agony came over my heart, and I knew all.

About this time, a gentleman, who had known and loved my father, dying, left my mother a legacy of £100. This sum enabled her to take a lodging near our old home, and here, some two months after our return, she died, in the full assurance of faith. Our faithful old Sally was now married to an honest yeoman, and from this good creature we received much kind attention.

I pass over some years, in which I experienced all the trials of a shabby-genteel life at a large school, where I was placed by the kindness of a distant friend. After trials and vicissitudes of no ordinary kind, I found myself, by the death of a relative in India, whose name I had never heard, entitled to the sum of £5000. With this wealth, which to my young imagination seemed boundless, I retired to my native village, in the quiet shades to enjoy the peace for which I had long sighed.

A stranger hand writes that Mary —— resided for some time in the retreat she had chosen, the idolized of the poor, the friend of the afflicted, more like an angel than aught belonging to this lower sphere, yet showing that she was of the earth, by the look of tender melancholy which haunted her cheek, and said how surely, "early griefs a lengthened shadow fling." She died in her youthful bloom, and the bitter sobs and lamentations of the poor testified to her worth. Her money still remains for them in perpetuity, but the meek, dove-like eyes are darkened, and gone the voice whose music made many glad. So have we seen a stream suddenly dried up, whose presence was only known by the verdure on its margin, scarcely known, scarcely cared for, except by the humble floweret, but, when gone, its absence was deplored by the sterility where once were bloom and freshness.

ESCAPE FROM A MEXICAN QUICKSAND.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

A FEW days afterward, another "adventure" befell me; and I began to think that I was destined to become a hero among the "mountain men."

A small party of the traders—myself among

the number—had pushed forward ahead of the caravan. Our object was to arrive at Santa Fé, a day or two before the wagons, in order to have every thing arranged with the governor for their entrance into that capital. We took the route by the Cimmaron.

Our road, for a hundred miles or so, lay through a barren desert, without game, and almost without water. The buffalo had already disappeared, and deer were equally scarce. We had to content ourselves on the dried meat which we had brought from the settlements. We were in the deserts of the *Artemisia*. Now and then we could see a stray antelope bounding away before us, but keeping far out of range. They, too, seemed to be unusually shy.

On the third day after leaving the caravan, as we were riding near the Cimmaron, I thought I observed a pronged head disappearing behind a swell in the prairie. My companions were skeptical, and would none of them go with me; so, wheeling out of the trail, I started alone. One of the men—for Godé was behind—kept charge of my dog, as I did not choose to take him with me, lest he might alarm the antelopes. My horse was fresh and willing; and whether successful or not, I knew that I could easily overtake the party by camping time.

I struck directly toward the spot where I had seen the object. It appeared to be only half a mile or so from the trail. It proved more distant—a common illusion in the crystal atmosphere of these upland regions.

A curiously-formed ridge—a *couteau des prairies*, on a small scale—traversed the plain from east to west. A thicket of cactus covered part of its summit. Toward this thicket I directed myself.

I dismounted at the bottom of the slope, and leading my horse silently up among the cactiplants, tied him to one of their branches. I then crept cautiously through the thorny leaves, toward the point where I fancied I had seen the game. To my joy, not one antelope, but a brace of those beautiful animals, was quietly grazing beyond; but alas! too far off for the carry of my rifle. They were fully three hundred yards distant, upon a smooth, grassy slope. There was not even a sage-bush to cover me, should I attempt to “approach” them. What was to be done?

I lay for several minutes, thinking over the different tricks known in hunter-craft for taking the antelope. Should I imitate their call? Should I hoist my handkerchief, and try to lure them up? I saw that they were too shy; for, at short intervals, they threw up their graceful heads, and looked inquiringly around them. I remembered the red blanket on my saddle. I could display this upon the cactus-bushes—perhaps it would attract them.

I had no alternative; and was turning to go back for the blanket; when, all at once, my eye rested upon a clay-colored line running across the prairie, beyond where the animals were feeding. It was a break in the surface of the plain—a

buffalo-road—or the channel of an *arroyo*—in either case the very cover I wanted—for the animals were not a hundred yards from it; and were getting still nearer to it as they fed.

Creeping back out of the thicket, I ran along the side of the slope toward a point, where I had noticed that the ridge was depressed to the prairie level. Here, to my surprise, I found myself on the banks of a broad arroyo, whose water—clear and shallow—ran slowly over a bed of sand and gypsum.

The banks were low—not over three feet above the surface of the water—except where the ridge impinged upon the stream. Here there was a high bluff; and, hurrying around its base, I entered the channel; and commenced wading upward.

As I had anticipated, I soon came to a bend, where the stream, after running parallel to the ridge, swept round and *cañoned* through it. At this place I stopped; and looked cautiously over the bank. The antelopes had approached within less than rifle range of the arroyo; but they were yet far above my position. They were still quietly feeding, and unconscious of danger. I again bent down, and waded on.

It was a difficult task proceeding in this way. The bed of the creek was soft and yielding, and I was compelled to tread slowly and silently, lest I should alarm the game; but I was cheered in my exertions by the prospect of fresh venison for my supper.

After a weary drag of several hundred yards, I came opposite to a small clump of wormwood-bushes, growing out of the bank. “I may be high enough,” thought I, “these will serve for cover.”

I raised my body gradually, until I could see through the leaves. I was in the right spot.

I brought my rifle to a level; sighted for the heart of the buck; and fired. The animal leaped from the ground, and fell back lifeless.

I was about to rush forward, and secure my prize, when I observed the doe—instead of running off as I had expected—go up to her fallen partner, and press her tapering nose to his body. She was not more than twenty yards from me; and I could plainly see that her look was one of inquiry, and bewilderment! All at once, she seemed to comprehend the fatal truth; and throwing back her head, commenced uttering the most piteous cries—at the same time running in circles around the body!

I stood wavering between two minds. My first impulse had been to reload, and kill the doe; but her plaintive voice entered my heart, disarming me of all hostile intentions. Had I dreamed of witnessing this painful spectacle, I should not have left the trail. But the mischief was now done. “I have worse than killed her,” thought I, “it will be better to dispatch her at once.”

Actuated by these principles of a common, but to her fatal, humanity, I rested the butt of my rifle, and reloaded. With a faltering hand, I again leveled the piece, and fired.

My nerves were steady enough to do the

work. When the smoke floated aside, I could see the little creature bleeding upon the grass—her head resting against the body of her murdered mate!

I shouldered my rifle; and was about to move forward, when, to my astonishment, I found that I was caught by the feet! I was held firmly, as if my legs had been screwed in a vice!

I made an effort to extricate myself—another, more violent, and equally unsuccessful—and, with a third, I lost my balance, and fell back upon the water!

Half-suffocated, I regained my upright position; but only to find that I was held as fast as ever!

Again I struggled to free my limbs. I could neither move them backward nor forward—to the right nor the left; and I became sensible that I was gradually going down. Then the fearful truth flashed upon me—I was sinking in a quicksand!

A feeling of horror came over me. I renewed my efforts with the energy of desperation. I leaned to one side, then to the other, almost wrenching my knees from their sockets. My feet remained fast as ever. I could not move them an inch!

The soft clingy sand already overtopped my horse-skin boots, wedging them around my ankles, so that I was unable to draw them off; and I could feel that I was still sinking, slowly but surely, as though some subterraneous monster were leisurely dragging me down! This very thought caused me a fresh thrill of horror; and I called aloud for help! To whom! There was no one within miles of me—no living thing. Yes! the neigh of my horse answered me from the hill, mocking my despair!

I bent forward, as well as my constrained position would permit; and, with frenzied fingers, commenced tearing up the sand. I could barely reach the surface; and the little hollow I was able to make, filled up almost as soon as it had been formed.

A thought occurred to me. My rifle might support me, placed horizontally. I looked around for it. It was not to be seen. It had sunk beneath the sand!

Could I throw my body flat, and prevent myself from sinking deeper? No. The water was two feet in depth. I should drown at once!

This last hope left me as soon as formed. I could think of no plan to save myself. I could make no further effort. A strange stupor seized upon me. My very thoughts became paralyzed. I knew that I was going mad. For a moment I was mad!

After an interval, my senses returned. I made an effort to rouse my mind from its paralysis, in order that I might meet death—which I now believed to be certain—as a man should.

I stood erect. My eyes had sunk to the prairie level, and rested upon the still bleeding victims of my cruelty. My heart smote me at the sight. Was I suffering a retribution of God?

With humbled and penitent thoughts, I turned

my face to heaven, almost dreading that some sign of omnipotent anger would scowl upon me from above. But no. The sun was shining as bright as ever; and the blue canopy of the world was without a cloud.

I gazed upward, and prayed, with an earnestness known only to the hearts of men in positions of peril like mine.

As I continued to look up, an object attracted my attention. Against the sky, I distinguished the outlines of a large dark bird. I knew it to be the obscene bird of the plains—the buzzard-vulture. Whence had it come? Who knows! Far beyond the reach of human eye, it had seen, or scented, the slaughtered antelopes; and, on broad silent wing, was now descending to the feast of death.

Presently another, and another, and many others, mottled the blue field of the heavens, curving and wheeling silently earthward. Then, the foremost swooped down upon the bank; and, after gazing around for a moment, flapped off toward its prey.

In a few seconds the prairie was black with filthy birds, who clambered over the dead antelopes; and beat their wings against each other, while they tore out the eyes of the quarry with their fetid beaks.

And now came gaunt wolves—sneaking and hungry—stealing out of the cactus-thicket; and loping, coward-like, over the green swells of the prairie. These, after a battle, drove away the vultures; and tore up the prey—all the while growling and snapping vengefully at each other.

"Thank heaven! I shall at least be saved from this!"

I was soon relieved from the sight. My eyes had sunk below the level of the bank. I had looked my last on the fair green earth. I could now see only the clayey walls that contained the river, and the water that ran unheeding past me.

Once more I fixed my gaze upon the sky; and, with prayerful heart, endeavored to resign myself to my fate.

In spite of my endeavors to be calm, the memories of earthly pleasures, and friends, and home, came over me—causing me, at intervals, to break into wild paroxysms, and make fresh though fruitless struggles.

Again I was attracted by the neighing of my horse.

A thought entered my mind, filling me with fresh hopes. "Perhaps my horse—"

I lost not a moment. I raised my voice to its highest pitch; and called the animal by name. I knew that he would come at my call. I had tied him but slightly. The cactus-limb would snap off. I called again, repeating words that were well known to him. I listened with a bounding heart. For a moment there was silence. Then I heard the quick sounds of his hoof, as though the animal was rearing and struggling to free himself. Then I could distinguish the stroke of his heels, in a measured and regular gallop!

Nearer came the sounds—nearer and clearer, until the gallant brute bounded out on the bank above me. There he halted, and flinging back his tossed mane, uttered a shrill neigh. He was bewildered, and looked upon every side, snorting loudly!

I knew that, having once seen me, he would not stop until he had pressed his nose against my cheek—for this was his usual custom. Holding out my hands, I again uttered the magic words.

Now looking downward he perceived me; and, stretching himself, sprang out into the channel. The next moment I held him by the bridle!

There was no time to be lost. I was still going down; and my armpits were fast nearing the surface of the quicksand.

I caught the lariat; and, passing it under the saddle-girths, fastened it in a tight, firm knot. I then looped the trailing end, making it secure around my body. I had left enough of the rope, between the bit-ring and the girths, to enable me to check and guide the animal—in case the drag upon my body should be too painful.

All this while the dumb brute seemed to comprehend what I was about. He knew, too, the nature of the ground on which he stood; for, during the operation, he kept lifting his feet alternately to prevent himself from sinking.

My arrangements were at length completed; and, with a feeling of terrible anxiety, I gave my horse the signal to move forward. Instead of going off with a start, the intelligent animal stepped away slowly, as though he understood my situation! The lariat tightened—I felt my body moving, and, the next moment, experienced a wild delight—a feeling I can not describe—as I found myself dragged out of the sand!

I sprang to my feet with a shout of joy. I rushed up to my steed; and, throwing my arms around his neck, kissed him with as much delight as I would have kissed a beautiful girl. He answered my embrace with a low whimper, that told me I was understood.

I looked for my rifle. Fortunately it had not sunk deeply, and I soon found it. My boots were behind me, but I staid not to look for them—being smitten with a wholesome dread of the place where I had left them.

I was not long in retreating from the arroyo; and, mounting, I galloped back to the trail.

It was sundown before I reached camp; where I was met by the inquiries of my wondering companions: "Did you come across the 'goats?'" "Where's your boots?" "Whether have you been hunting or fishing?"

I answered all these questions by relating my adventures; and, for that night, I was again the hero of the camp-fire.

THE BEAR-STEAK.

A GASTRONOMIC ADVENTURE.

THE Englishman's predilection for a beef-steak is almost proverbial; but we fancy it would take some time to reconcile John Bull in general to a bear-steak, however much we might

expatiate to him on its excellence and the superiority of its flavor over that of his old-established favorite, however confidently we might assure him that the bear was a most delicate feeder, selecting the juiciest fruits of the forest and the most esculent roots of the earth for his ordinary nourishment. It might be supposed that this dislike to bear's flesh as an article of food arose from our national aversion to every thing that is outlandish; but the following gastronomic adventure, related in the pages of a modern French traveler, proves that our frog-eating neighbors find it just as difficult to surmount their aversion to feeding on the flesh of Master Bruin, as the most sturdy and thoroughbred Englishman among us.

M. Alexandre Dumas, after a long mountainous walk, arrived about four o'clock one fine autumn afternoon at the inn at Martigny. Exercise and the keen mountain air had combined to sharpen his appetite, and he inquired from the host, with some degree of eagerness, at what hour the *table-d'hôte* dinner was usually served.

"At half past five," replied the host.

"That will do very well," rejoined M. Dumas; "I shall then have time to visit the old castle before dinner."

Punctual to the appointed hour the traveler returned, but found to his dismay that every seat at the long table was already occupied. The host, however, who appeared to have taken M. Dumas, even at first sight, into his especial favor, approached him with a courteous smile, and, pointing to a small side-table carefully laid out, said: "Here, sir, this is your place. I had not enough of bear-steak left to supply the whole *table d'hôte* with it; and, besides, most of my guests have tasted this bear already, so I reserved my last steak for you: I was sure you would like it." So saying, the good-natured host placed in the centre of the table a fine, juicy-looking steak, smoking hot, and very tempting in appearance; but glad would the hungry traveler have been could he only have believed that it was a beef, and not a bear-steak, which now lay before him. Visions of the miserable-looking animals he had seen drowsily slumbering away existence in a menagerie, or covered with mud, and led about by a chain, for the amusement of the multitude, presented themselves to the traveler's eyes, and he would fain have turned away from the proffered treat. But he could not find it in his heart to be so ungracious as to express a dislike to food which the host evidently considered as the choicest delicacy the country could afford. He accordingly took his seat at the table, and cut off a small slice of the steak; then screwing his courage to the sticking-point, and opening his mouth wide, as if about to demolish a bolus, he heroically gulped the dreaded morsel. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.* He had no sooner achieved this feat than he began to think that bear-flesh was, after all, not quite so bad a thing as he had expected. He swallowed a second morsel. "It was really the tenderest and most juicy steak he had ever tasted." "Are

you sure this is a bear-steak?" he inquired of the landlord.

"Yes, sir, I can assure you it is," replied the good-natured bustling man as he hurried off to attend upon his other guests at the *table-d'hôte*. Before he returned to M. Dumas at the side-table, three-quarters of the steak had disappeared; and, highly gratified at finding his favorite dish was so much approved of, he renewed the conversation by observing: "That was a famous beast, I can tell you; it weighed three hundred and twenty pounds."

"A fine fellow indeed he must have been," rejoined the traveler.

"It cost no small trouble to kill him."

"I can well believe that," rejoined M. Dumas, at the same time raising the last morsel to his mouth.

"He devoured half the huntsman who shot him!" added the loquacious landlord.

Hastily flinging aside the loathed morsel which he had just placed within his lips, the traveler indignantly exclaimed: "How dare you pass such jokes upon a man when he is in the middle of his dinner?"

"I can assure you, sir, I am not joking," replied the landlord: "I am only telling you the simple truth."

The traveler, whose appetite for further food of any description whatever was by this time effectually destroyed, rose from table, and with a look of horror, begged that the host would acquaint him with the particulars of the tragedy which had now acquired in his eyes so painful an interest. The good man, nothing loth to hear himself talk, yielded a ready acquiescence to this request, and continued his story as follows:

"You must know, sir, the man who killed this bear was a poor peasant belonging to the village of Foula, and named William Mona. This animal, of which there now only remains the small morsel you have left upon your plate, used to come every night and steal his pears, giving a special preference to the fruit of one fine pear-tree laden with bergamottes. Now it so happened that William Mona unfortunately also preferred the bergamottes to all other fruit. He at first imagined it was some of the children of the village who committed these depredations in his orchard, and having consequently loaded his gun with powder only, he placed himself in ambush that he might give them a good fright. Toward eleven o'clock at night he heard a distant growl. 'Ho, ho!' said he, 'there is a bear somewhere in the neighborhood.' Ten minutes afterward a second growl was heard; but this time it was so loud and so near at hand that he began to fear he should scarcely have time to reach a place of refuge, and threw himself flat upon the ground, in the earnest hope that the bear would be satisfied with taking his pears instead of devouring himself. A few moments of anxious suspense ensued, during which the bear, passing within ten paces of the terrified peasant, advanced in a straight line toward the pear-tree in question. He climbed it with the utmost agility, although its branches creaked beneath the weight of his

ponderous body; and having secured for himself a comfortable position, committed no small havoc among the luscious bergamottes. Having gorged himself to his heart's content, he slowly descended from the tree, and returned in tranquil dignity toward his mountain-home. All this had occupied about an hour, during which time had appeared to travel at a much slower pace with the man than it did with the bear.

"William Mona was, however, at heart a brave and resolute man, and he said to himself, as he watched his enemy's retiring steps: 'He may go home *this* time, if he pleases, but, Master Bruin, we shall meet again.' The next day one of his neighbors, who came to visit him, found him sawing up the teeth of a pitchfork, and transforming them into slugs.

"What are you about there?" he asked.

"I am amusing myself," replied William. The neighbor, taking up one of the pieces of iron, turned it over and over in his hand, like a man who understood such things, and then said quietly:

"If you were to own the truth, William, you would acknowledge that these little scraps of iron are destined to pierce a tougher skin than that of the chamois."

"Perhaps they may," replied William.

"You know that I am an honest fellow," resumed Francis (for so was the neighbor called): "well, if you choose, we will divide the bear between us; two men in such a case are better than one."

"That's as it may be," replied William, at the same time cutting his third slug.

"I'll tell you what," continued Francis, "I will leave you in full possession of the skin, and we will only share the flesh between us, together with the bounty offered by government for every bear that is killed, and which will give us forty francs apiece."

"I should prefer having the whole myself," replied William.

"But you can not prevent me from seeking the bear's track in the mountain, and placing myself in ambush on his passage."

"You are free to do that, if you please." So saying, William, who had now completed the manufacture of his slugs, began to measure out a charge of powder double in amount to that usually placed in a carabine.

"I see you intend to use your musket?" said Francis.

"Yes, of course I do; three iron slugs will do their work more surely than a leaden bullet."

"They will spoil the skin."

"Never mind that, if they do their work more effectually."

"And when do you intend to commence your chase?"

"I will tell you that to-morrow."

"Once more, then—are you quite determined not to let me share the chance with you?"

"Yes, I prefer managing the whole matter myself, and sharing neither the danger nor the profit—*chacun pour soi*."

"Farewell, then, neighbor—I wish you success."

"In the evening, as Francis was passing Mona's dwelling, he saw the huntsman quietly seated on the bench before his door, engaged in smoking his pipe. He once more approached him and said:

"See, I bear you no ill-will—I have discovered the bear's track, therefore I might lie in wait for him and shoot him, if I pleased, without your help; but I have come once more to you, to propose that we should attack him together."

"Each one for himself," replied William, as before.

"Francis knew nothing of Mona's proceedings during the remainder of that evening, except that his wife saw him take up his musket at about half-past ten o'clock, roll up a bag of gray sackcloth, place it under his arm, and leave the house. She did not venture to ask him what he was about; for Mona, in such cases, was apt to tell her to hold her tongue, and not trouble herself about matters which did not concern her.

"Francis had really in the mean time tracked the bear, as he had said he would. He had followed its traces as far as the border of William's orchard, and, not liking to trespass upon his neighbor's territory, he then took up his post on the borders of the pine-wood which lay on the slope of the hill overhanging Mona's garden.

"As it was a clear night, he could observe with ease from this spot all that was going on below. He saw the huntsman leave his house, and advance toward a gray rock, which had rolled down from the adjoining heights into the centre of his little inclosure, and now stood at the distance of about twenty paces from his favorite pear-tree. There Mona paused, looked round as if to ascertain that he was quite alone, unrolled his sack, and slipped into it, only allowing his head and his two arms to emerge above the opening. Having thus in a great measure concealed his person, he leaned back against the rock, and remained so perfectly still that even his neighbor, although he knew him to be there, could not distinguish him from the lifeless stone. A quarter of an hour thus elapsed in patient expectation. At last a distant growl was heard, and in less than five minutes afterward the bear appeared in sight. But whether by accident, or whether it were that he had scented the second huntsman, he did not on this occasion follow his usual track, but diverging toward the right, escaped falling into the ambush which Francis had prepared for him.

"William, in the meantime, did not stir an inch. It might have been imagined that he did not even see the savage animal for which he was lying in wait, and which seemed to brave him by passing so closely within the reach of his gun. The bear, on his side, appeared quite unconscious of an enemy's presence, and advanced with rapid strides toward the tree. But at the moment when he rose upon his hind legs, in order to clasp the trunk with his fore-paws, thus leaving his breast exposed, and no longer protected by

his broad and massive shoulders, a bright flash of light illuminated the face of the rock, and the whole valley re-echoed with the report of the doubly-loaded gun, together with the loud howl which proceeded from the wounded animal. The bear fled from the fatal spot, passing once more within ten paces of William without perceiving him. The latter had now taken the additional precaution of drawing the sack over his head, and rested motionless as before against the face of the rock.

"Francis, with his musket in his hand, stood beneath the shelter of the wood, a silent and breathless spectator of the scene. He is a bold huntsman, but he owned to me that he fairly wished himself at home when he saw the enormous animal, furious from its wound, bearing straight down upon the spot where he stood. He made the sign of the cross (for our hunters, sir, are pious men), commended his soul to God, and looked to see that his gun was well loaded. Already was the bear within a few paces of the pine-wood; in two minutes more a deadly encounter must take place, in which Francis was well aware that either he or the bear *must* fall, when suddenly the wounded animal paused, raised his nostrils in the air, as if catching some scent which was borne by the breeze, and then uttering one furious growl, he turned hastily round, and rushed back toward the orchard.

"Take care of yourself, William—take care!" exclaimed Francis, at the same time darting forward in pursuit of the bear, and forgetting every thing else in his anxiety to save his old comrade from the terrible danger which threatened him; for he knew well that if William had not had time to reload his gun, it was all over with him—the bear had evidently scented him. But suddenly a fearful cry—a cry of human terror and human agony—rent the air: it seemed as though he who uttered it had concentrated every energy in that one wild, despairing cry—an appeal to God and man—"Help! oh, help, help!" A dead silence ensued: not even a single moan was heard to succeed that cry of anguish. Francis flew down the slope with redoubled speed, and as he approached the rock, he began yet more clearly to distinguish the huge animal, which had hitherto been half-concealed beneath its shade, and perceived that the bear was trampling under foot, and rending to pieces, the prostrate form of his unfortunate assailant.

"Francis was now close at hand; but the bear, still intent upon his prey, did not even seem aware of his presence. He did not venture to fire, for terror and dismay had unnerved his arm, and he feared that he might miss his aim, and perhaps shoot his unhappy friend, if indeed he yet continued to breathe. He took up a stone and threw it at the bear. The infuriated animal turned immediately upon this new and unexpected foe, and raising himself upon his hind legs, prepared to give him that formidable hug, which the experienced huntsman well knew would prove a *last embrace*. Paralyzed with fear, his presence of mind had well-nigh deserted

him, when all of a sudden he became conscious that the animal was pressing the point of his gun with its shaggy breast. Mechanically almost he placed his finger upon the lock, and pulled the trigger. The bear fell backward—the ball had this time done its work effectually. It had pierced through his breast, and shattered the spinal bone. The huntsman, leaving the expiring animal upon the ground, now hastened to his comrade's side. But, alas! it was too late for human assistance to be of any avail. The unfortunate man was so completely mutilated, that it would have been impossible even to recognize his form. With a sickening heart, Francis hastened to call for help; for he could perceive by the lights which were glancing in the cottage-windows that the unwonted noise had roused many of the villagers from their slumbers.

"Before many moments had elapsed, almost all the inhabitants of the village were assembled in poor Mona's orchard, and his wife among the rest. I need not describe the dismal scene. A collection was made for the poor widow through the whole valley of the Rhone, and a sum of seven hundred francs was thus raised. Francis insisted upon her receiving the government bounty, and sold the flesh and the skin of the bear for her benefit. In short, all her neighbors united to assist her to the utmost of their power. We innkeepers also agreed to open a subscription-list at our respective houses, in case any travelers should wish to contribute a trifle; and in case you, sir, should be disposed to put down your name for a small sum, I should take it as a great favor."

"Most assuredly," replied M. Dumas, as he rose from the table, and cast a parting glance of horror at the last morsel of the bear-steak, inwardly vowing never again to make experiments in gastronomy.

WEOVIL BISCUIT MANUFACTORY.

AT Weovil, in the south of England, are produced biscuits for the royal navy. There the motive power is a large steam-engine, whose agency is visible in all parts of the establishment. The services of this engine commence with the arrival of a cargo of wheat under the walls of the building; and we should have a very imperfect notion of the ingenuity displayed in the establishment if we did not examine some of the earlier processes. Let us, then, begin with the beginning; and having observed that the wheat is lifted by a steam-worked crane, from the lighter to the uppermost floor, let us descend to the floor below, and examine the first process to which it is submitted—that of cleaning. The grain supplied from above flows in a continual stream into one end of a cylinder of fine wire-work, about two feet in diameter and ten in length which revolves steadily in a horizontal position. A spiral plate runs through the interior of this cylinder, dividing it into several sections, and thus forming a sort of Archimedean screw. The revolutions of this cylinder carry the grain onward through its whole length, so that in the

passage any particles of dirt that may have been mixed with it fall through the interstices of the wirework. The effectual character of this operation is exemplified by the quantities of dirt deposited from wheat which to all appearance was clean before entering the cylinder; the grain thus thoroughly cleansed, descends another stage to the grinding-room (for the wheat is ground on the premises), where ten pairs of millstones are worked by the same steam-power. There is nothing peculiar in the process of grinding; but the manner in which the flour is afterward collected deserves notice. As it flows from the several stones, it is led into horizontal troughs, along which it is propelled by the action of perpetual screws working in each trough. The contents of all the troughs are brought to one point, whence, by means of a succession of plates or buckets revolving round a wheel, on the principle of a chain-pump or dredging-machine, the flour is lifted to the story above, where it is cooled, sifted, and put into sacks, for removal to the bakehouse. It is not long since we observed in a newspaper the announcement of an invention for collecting and saving the impalpable powder, which flies off in the process of grinding corn, and which, containing the purest portions of the flour, has hitherto been wasted. This saving has not yet been effected at Weovil, as our whitened appearance on leaving the mill-room sufficiently testified; but doubtless, the zeal and ingenuity that has introduced the improvements we are describing will not stop short while any thing remains to be done.

We now arrive at the bakehouse, the principal theatre of Mr. Grant's ingenuity. We are in a large room on the ground floor—it may be one hundred and twenty feet in length, lofty, and well lighted, the centre portions of which are occupied by machinery of no very complex aspect; and it may be a dozen men and boys slipshod and bare-armed, are moving here and there among it. There is no bustle, no confusion; and notwithstanding the unceasing movements of the machinery, very little noise. We are at once sensible that we are witnessing a scene of well-organized industry; but we can hardly persuade ourselves that we see the whole staff employed in converting flour into biscuit at the rate of one hundred sacks per day. In the midst of the general activity, the eye is caught by the figure of one man whose attitude of repose contrasts strangely with the movements going on all round him. He seems to have nothing to do but to lean listlessly with one or both of his elbows on the top of a sort of box or chest, much resembling an ordinary stable corn-bin, which stands against the wall at the left of the entrance; yet that occupation will not account for the mealy state of his bare arms; let us look into the bin, and see if we can discover any thing. The bottom of it is filled with water, just above the surface of which, extending from end to end, we see a circular shaft, armed with iron blades, crossing it at intervals of two inches apart, and protruding six inches or more on each side of

the axle, at right angles with it, and with each other. In one corner of the bin is the mouth of a pipe, which, even while we look, discharges an avalanche of flour into the water; at the same moment some invisible power causes the shaft to revolve—slowly at first, that the light dust may not entirely blind us; then, as the flour becomes more and more saturated with water, rapidly and more rapidly, until the whole is thoroughly mixed up together; and in the space of four and a half minutes, one hundred-weight of flour is converted into dough. The revolutions of the shaft now cease, and our hitherto inactive friend proceeds to transfer the contents of the bin to a board placed to receive them, in masses resembling in shape Brobdignag pieces of pulled bread. Again, we see that the surface which a moment since was free from mark or indentation, is now scored all over in hexagonal figures. The lower side of the plate, in fact, consists of a bed of sharp-edged punches of hexagonal form, reminding us in appearance of a gigantic honey-comb, which at one blow divides the dough into single biscuits, leaving no superfluous material except the trifling inequalities of the outer edges. Twenty-four whole biscuits, with a due complement of halves, are cut out at one stroke, each of which is at the same time impressed with the broad arrow of Her Most Gracious Majesty. We now see why the old circular form of the biscuit has given way to the hexagonal. The latter shape manifestly economizes labor in the manufacture and space in stowage, while it is hardly more liable than the former to waste by breakage. When it is borne in mind that before the introduction of this machinery every single biscuit was separately kneaded, shaped, and stamped by hand, the extent to which the productive powers of the establishment have been increased may be imagined.

We have now arrived at the last stage of the process, and must, for a time, lose sight of the biscuits; but we will accompany them to the mouth of the oven. A range of nine ovens occupies one side of the building, but only four of them are ordinarily in use. We are informed that one man attends to two ovens. We notice that the fires by which they are heated are continually burning in one corner of them, even while the baking goes on; so that as soon as one batch of biscuits is withdrawn, the floor is ready for another. A light frame, on which are deposited the trays of biscuits as they issue from the stamp-office, is wheeled up to the oven; the trays are transferred by the baker to the mouth, and thence, by means of a long pole, armed with a hook, pushed to the farthest recesses of the oven, where they are carefully ranged, side by side, to the number of twelve, when the cargo is complete, and the door is shut upon them. Formerly it was the work of two men to charge the oven; one wielded the peel, which the other supplied with single biscuits; and we have watched with much amusement the unerring accuracy with which constant practice had enabled the latter to hit the mark from a distance

of several feet. The new mode is perhaps more prosaic: but not only is the saving of labor great, but it is easy to conceive that the action of the heat can be regulated with more uniformity under it than under the tedious system of introducing and removing the biscuits singly. In fourteen minutes the baking is completed; and thus, in twenty-eight minutes from the first admixture with water, we have a sack of flour weighing one hundred weight, converted into the like weight of biscuits, fit for immediate consumption. A subsequent exposure of two or three days to the high temperature of a room over the ovens, is all that is required to render them fit for packing and storing. We have stated that at present four only out of nine ovens are in use; and the hours of working are from 7 30 A.M. to 2 P.M. Even this limited amount of work is more than sufficient to keep up the requisite supply of bread for the navy; and it is frequently found necessary to stop on alternate days, to prevent the stores accumulating beyond what is desirable. If the whole force of the establishment were set in motion, it would easily, our guide informs us, supply 10,000 men with half a pound of meal and half a pound of biscuit per day. The quality also of the bread is improved, by the uniformity with which all the processes of making it are conducted under the operation of the machinery.

We do not know whether the apparatus we have been describing is in use in any other establishment; probably it is. There seems no reason why it should not be brought into general operation. Though few, if any bakeries can have to supply so large a demand as that of the Royal Navy, there must be many of sufficient extent to make it worth while saving labor at the cost of the machinery; and though at Weovil it is only applied to making biscuit, the principle of it would seem applicable to the manufacture of any kind of bread. The great labor of the baker is in kneading. The process that effectually kneads flour and water would work equally well if other ingredients were mixed with those primary elements. Due regard being had to the rights of the inventor, we would wish to see his machinery widely employed in private as well as public establishments. It might prove a powerful ally in the cause of cheap bread. It might also be worth the consideration of brickmakers whether the machinery here described might not be advantageously applied to the purposes of their business. There seems a sufficient similarity in the two processes to render such an application of it very practicable.

MEMS FOR MUSICAL MISSES.

SIT in a simple, graceful, unconstrained posture. Never turn up the eyes, or swing about the body: the expression you mean to give, if not heard and felt, will never be understood by those foolish motions which are rarely resorted to but by those who do not really feel what they play. Brilliancy is a natural gift, but great execution may be acquired: let it be always distinct, and however loud you wish to be,

never trumph. *Practice* in private music far more difficult than that you play in general society, and aim more at pleasing than astonishing. Never bore people with ugly music merely because it is the work of some famous composer, and do not let the pieces you perform before people not professedly scientific be too long. If you mean to play at all, do so at once when requested: those who require much pressing are generally more severely criticised than others who good-humoredly and unaffectedly try to amuse the company by being promptly obliging. Never carry books about with you unasked; learn by heart a variety of different kinds of music to please all tastes. Be above the vulgar folly of pretending that you can not play for dancing; for it proves only that if not disobliging, you are stupid. The chief rule in performing this species of music is to be strictly accurate as to time, loud enough to be heard amid the dancers' feet, and always particularly distinct—*marking* the time: the more expression you give, the more life and spirit, the better will your performance be liked: good dancers can not dance to bad music. In waltzes the first note in the bass of every bar must be strongly accented. In quadrilles the playing, like the dancing, must be gliding. In reels and strathspeys the bass must *never* be running—always octaves—struck with a strong staccato touch; and beware of playing too quick. In performing simple airs, which very few people can do fit to be listened to, study the *style* of the different nations to which the tunes belong. Let any little grace be clearly and neatly executed, which is never done brilliantly or well by indifferent performers of a higher style of merit. Make proper pauses; and although you must be strictly accurate as to time, generally speaking, it should sometimes be relaxed to favor the expression of Irish and Scotch airs. Beware of being too sudden and abrupt in your *nationalities*—caricaturing them as it were—which ignorant and sometimes indeed scientific performers often do, totally spoiling by those “quips and cranks” what would otherwise be pleasing, and which sounds also to those who really understand the matter very ridiculous. Do not *alter* national airs; play them simply, but as *full* as you please, and vary the bass. In duets, communicate your several ideas of the proper expression to your fellow-performer, so that you may play into one another's hands—give and take, if I may so express myself; and should a mistake occur, do not pursue your own track, leaving your unfortunate companion in difficulties which will soon involve yourself; but cover it as well as you can, and the generality of listeners will perhaps never discover that one was made, while the more sapient few will give you the credit you deserve.

As regards singing, practice two or three times a day, but at first not longer than ten minutes at a time, and let one of these times be before breakfast. Exercise the extremities of the voice, but do not dwell long upon those notes you touch

with difficulty. Open the mouth at all times, in the higher notes especially, open it to the ears, as if smiling. Never dwell upon consonants. Be distinct from one note to another, yet carry them on glidingly. Never sing with the slightest cold or sore throat. Vocalize always upon A, and be careful to put no B's before it. Never take breath audibly. Begin to shake *slowly* and steadily. Practice most where the *voce di petto* and the *voce di gola* join, so as to attain the art of making the one glide imperceptibly into the other. The greatest sin a singer can commit is to sing out of tune. Be clear, but not shrill; deep, but not coarse.

When you intend to sing, read the words, and see that you understand them, so as to give the proper expression. Let all your words be heard: it is a great and a common fault in English singers to be indistinct. Study flexibility. Practice both higher, louder, and lower than you sing in public; and when practicing, open your mouth wider than it would be graceful to do in company. Do not change the sound of the letters; sing as like speaking as you can. It is better to sing *quite plain* than to make too many turns and trills: these, when attempted at all, should be executed very neatly. Study simplicity: it is better to give no expression than false expression. Never appear to sing with effort or grimace; avoid affectation and every peculiarity. Never sit when you sing, if you can possibly help it, but stand *upright*. Give more strength in ascending than in descending. Do not suffer yourself to be persuaded to sing soon after eating. Accidental sharps ought to be sung with more emphasis than accidental flats. The Italian vowels *a* and *i* have always the same sound, but *e* has two different ones: the first like the *ai* in *pain*; the other like *ea* in *tear*, *wear*, or *swear*. *O* has also two sounds: one like *o* in *tone*; the other like the *au* in *gaudy*. Articulate strongly your *double* consonants when singing French or Italian. The voice is said to be at its best at eight-and-twenty, and to begin to decline soon after forty, when the more you strain and try to reach the higher notes that are beginning to fail you, the quicker you hasten the decay of your powers. Children should never be allowed to sing much, or to strain their voices: fifteen or sixteen is soon enough to begin to practice constantly and steadily the two extremities of the voice; before that age, the middle notes only should be dwelt upon, or you run the risk of *cracking*, as it is termed, the tones. Never force the voice in damp weather, or when in the least degree unwell; many often sing out of tune at these times who do so at no other. Take nothing to clear the voice but a glass of cold water; and always avoid pastry, rich cream, coffee, and cake, when you intend to sing.

POULAILLER, THE ROBBER.

CARTOUCHE had been arrested, tried, condemned, and executed, some seven or eight years, and no longer occupied the attention of the good people of Paris, to whom his almost

melo-dramatic life and death had afforded a most interesting and enduring topic. They were languishing, like the Athenians of old, for something new, when there arose a rumor that another robber, more dextrous, more audacious, more extraordinary, ay, and more cruel than Cartouche, was roaming about the streets of their city. What was his name?—whence did he come?—were questions in the mouth of every one, as each of his numerous daring acts was made public—questions which no one could answer.

In vain was every arm of the police put in requisition, crime after crime was committed with impunity, and terror reigned supreme.

At last the criminal himself disdained concealment, and all Paris—nay, a considerable portion of Europe—trembled at the name of POULLAILLER.

He appeared about the year 1730, and astonished the world by deeds, some of them so shocking, and at the same time so wonderful, that they gave some color to the belief of many, that he was aided by supernatural agency.

This belief was supported by a history of the circumstances attending his birth.

There lived in a village on the coast of Brittany a man, poor but of good repute and well-beloved by his neighbors, an intrepid mariner, but as poor as Job himself when his friends came to comfort him. A robust and well-knit frame, combined with a fine, frank countenance, well-bronzed by the sea breezes, was looked on favorably by all, and by none more than by the young lasses, whose furtive glances rested with pleasure on the manly form and gallant bearing of Jacques Poullailier.

His strength was prodigious, and his temerity upon the ocean incredible.

Such qualities are appreciated in every country; and among the beauties of the village, one remarkable for her superiority in wealth, as well as natural gifts, was attracted by them, and Jacques Poullailier had the good fortune to find favor in the eyes of her who was known in her little world as *La belle Isabeau Colomblet*.

At no great distance from this maritime village, on the crest of a rock lashed by the waves, which at high tides was perfectly insulated, dwelt a personage of whose origin every one was ignorant. The building where he had established himself had long been of evil fame throughout the country, and was only known as *La Tour Maudite*. The firesides resounded with tales of terror enacted in this lonely and ominous theatre. Fiends, in the olden time, had made it their abode, as was currently reported, and believed. From that time, it was asserted, that no human being could dwell there without having previously entered into a compact with the evil one. The isolation of the place, the continued agitation of the waves at its base, the howlings of the wind around its frowning battlements, the traces of the thunder-bolts which from time to time had blackened and almost charred its walls, the absence of bush or tree, or

any thing in the shape of blossom or verdure—for neither wall-flower, nor even moss, would grow there—had produced their effect on the superstitious spirit of the neighbors, and the accursed place had remained untenanted by any thing earthly for forty or fifty years.

One gloomy day, however, a man was seen prowling about its vicinity: he came and went over the sands; and, just as the storm was rising, he threw himself into a boat, gained the offing, and disappeared.

Every one believed that he was lost; but next morning there he was. Surprised at this, the neighbors began to inquire who he could be; and, at last, learned that he had bought the tower of the proprietor, and had come to dwell there. This was all the information that their restless curiosity could obtain. Whence did he come?—what had he done? In vain were these questions asked. All were querists, and none found a respondent. Two or three years elapsed before his name transpired. At last it was discovered, nobody knew how, that his name was Roussart.

He appeared to be a man about six feet in height, strongly built, and apparently about thirty years of age. His countenance was all but handsome, and very expressive. His conduct was orderly and without reproach, and, proving himself to be an experienced fisherman, he became of importance in that country.

No one was more weather-wise than Roussart, and no one turned his foreknowledge to such good account. He had been seen frequently to keep the sea in such fearful tempests, that all agreed that he must have been food for fishes if he had not entered into some agreement with Satan. When the stoutest hearts quailed, and ordinary men considered it suicidal to venture out, Roussart was to be seen braving the tumult of winds and waves, and always returned to the harbor safe and sound.

People began to talk about this, and shook their heads ominously. Little cared Roussart for their words or gestures; but he was the only one in the commune who never went to church. The curé at last gave out that he was excommunicated; and from that time his neighbors broke off all communication with him.

Things had arrived at this point, when it was rumored in the village that the gallant fisherman, Jacques Poullailier, had touched the heart of *La belle Isabeau*. Soon their approaching marriage became the topic of the village; and, finally, one Sunday, after mass, the bans were first published by the vicar.

The lads of the village, congregated on the shore, were congratulating Poullailier on the auspicious event, when Roussart suddenly appeared among them.

His presence was a surprise: he had always avoided the village meetings as much as others had sought them; and this sudden change in his habits gave a new impulse to curiosity.

The stranger appeared to seek some one with his eyes, and presently walked straight up to

the happy Jacques, who, intoxicated with joy, was giving and receiving innumerable shakes of the hand.

"Master Poulailler," said Roussart, "you are going to be married, then?"

"That seems sure," replied Poulailler.

"Not more sure than that your first-born will belong to the evil one. I, Roussart, tell you so."

With that he turned on his heel, and regained his isolated dwelling, leaving his auditors amazed at his abrupt and extraordinary announcement, and poor Jacques more affected by it than any one else.

From that moment Roussart showed himself no more in the neighborhood, and soon disappeared altogether, without leaving a trace to indicate what had become of him.

Most country people are superstitious—the Bretons eminently so, and Jacques Poulailler never forgot the sinister prophecy of Roussart. His comrades were not more oblivious; and when, a year after his marriage, his first-born came into the world, a universal cry saluted the infant boy as devoted to Satan. *Donné au diable* were the words added to the child's name whenever it was mentioned. It is not recorded whether or no he was born with teeth, but the gossips remarked that during the ceremony of baptism the new-born babe gave vent to the most fearful howlings. He writhed, he kicked, his little face exhibited the most horrible contortions; but as soon as they carried him out of the church, he burst out into laughter as unearthly as it was unnatural.

After these evil omens, every body expected that the little Pierre Poulailler would be ugly and ill-formed. Not a bit of it: on the contrary, he was comely, active, and bold. His fine, fresh complexion, and well-furnished mouth, were set off by his brilliant black eyes and hair, which curled naturally all over his head. But he was a sad rogue, and something more. If an oyster-bed, a warren, or an orchard was robbed, Pierre Poulailler was sure to be the boy accused. In vain did his father do all that parent could to reform him: he was incorrigible.

Monsieur le curé had some difficulty to bring him to his first communion. The master of the village exhausted his catalogue of corrections—and the catalogue was not very short—without succeeding in inculcating the first notions of the Christian faith and the doctrine of the cross. "What is the good of it?" would the urchin say. "Am not I devoted to the devil, and will not that be sufficient to make my way?"

At ten years of age, Pierre was put on board a merchant-ship, as cabin-boy. At twelve, he robbed his captain, and escaped to England with the spoil. In London he contrived to pass for the natural son of a French duke; but his numerous frauds forced him again to seek his native land, where, in his sixteenth year, he enlisted as a drummer in the regiment of Champagne, commanded by the Count de Variclères. Before he had completed his eighteenth year he deserted, joined a troop of fortune-telling gipsies, whom

he left to try his fortune with a regular pilferer, and finally engaged himself to a rope-dancer. He played comedy, sold orvietan with the success of Doctor Dulcamara himself; and, in a word, passed through all the degrees which lead to downright robbery.

Once his good angel seemed to prevail. He left his disreputable companions, and entered the army honorably. For a short time there were hopes of him; it was thought that he would amend his life, and his superiors were satisfied with his conduct. But the choicest weapon in the armory of him to whom he had been devoted, was directed against him. A *vivandière*—the prettiest and most piquante of her tribe—raised a flame in his heart that burnt away all other considerations; but he might still have continued in a comparatively respectable course, if the sergeant-major had not stood forward as his rival. The coquette had in her heart a preference for Pierre; and, the sergeant taking advantage of his rank, insulted his subordinate so grossly, that he was repaid by a blow. The sergeant's blood was up, and as he rushed to attack Pierre, the soldier, drawing his sabre, dangerously wounded his superior officer, who, after lingering a few days, went the way of all flesh. Pierre would have tasted the tender mercies of the provost-marshal; but fortunately, the regiment was lying near the frontier, which our hero contrived to cross, and then declared war against society at large.

The varied knowledge and acquirements of the youth—his courage, true as steel, and always equal to the occasion—the prudence and foresight with which he meditated a *coup de main*—the inconceivable rapidity of his execution—his delicate and disinterested conduct toward his comrades all contributed to render him famous, in the *famosus* sense, if you will, and to raise him to the first place.

Germany was the scene of his first exploits. The world had condemned him to death, and he condemned the world to subscribe to his living.

At this period, he had posted himself in ambush on the crest of a hill, whence his eye could command a great extent of country; and certainly the elegance of his mien, his graceful bearing, and the splendor of his arms, might well excuse those who did not take him for what he really was. He was on the hill-side when two beautiful young women appeared in sight. He lost no time in joining them; and, as youth is communicative, soon learnt, in answer to his questions, that, tired of remaining in the carriage, they had determined to ascend the hill on foot.

"You are before the carriage, then, made-moiselle?"

"Yes, sir; can not you hear the whip of the postillions?"

The conversation soon became animated, and every moment made a deeper inroad into the heart of our handsome brigand: but every moment also made the situation more critical. On the other side of the hill was the whole band

ranged in order of battle, and ready to pounce upon the travelers. Having ascertained the place of abode of his fair companions, and promised to avail himself of the first opportunity to pay his compliments to them there, he bade them politely adieu, and having gained a path cut through the living rock, known but to few, descended with the agility of a chamois to his party whom he implored not to attack the carriage which was approaching.

But if Poulailler had his reasons for this chivalrous conduct, his band were actuated by no such motives, and they demurred to his prayer. He at once conquered their hesitation by bidding them name the value that they put on their expected booty, purchased the safety of the travelers by the sum named, and the two fair daughters of the Baron von Kirbergen went on their way full of the praises of the handsome stranger whose acquaintance they had made, and in blissful ignorance of the peril they had passed.

That very day, Poulailler left his lieutenant in the temporary command of the band, mounted his most beautiful horse, followed his beloved to the castle of her father, and introduced himself as the Count Petrucci of Sienna, whom he had lately robbed, and whose papers he had taken care to retain, with an eye to future business.

His assumed name, backed by his credentials, secured for him a favorable reception, and he well knew how to improve the occasion. An accomplished rider, and bold in the chase, he won the good opinion of the baron; while his musical and conversational talent made him the pet of the drawing-room. The young and charming Wilhelmina surrendered her heart to the gay and amiable cavalier; and all went merrily, till one fine morning Fortune, whose wheel is never stationary, sent the true count to the castle. It was no case of the two Sosias, for no two persons could well be more unlike; and as soon as the real personage saw his representative, he recognized him as the robber who had stolen his purse as well as his name.

Here was a pretty business. Most adventurers would have thrown up the game as desperate; but our hero, with a front worthy of Fathom himself, boldly proclaimed the last visitor to be an impostor, and argued the case so ably, and with such well-simulated indignation at the audacity of the new-comer, that the baron was staggered, and dispatched messengers to the partners of a mercantile house at Florence, to whom the true Petrucci was well known.

To wait for the result of the inquiry would have been a folly of which Poulailler was not likely to be guilty; so he made a moonlight flitting of it that very night—but not alone. Poor Wilhelmina had cast in her lot with her lover for good or for evil, and fled with him.

The confusion that reigned in the best of all possible castles, the next morning, may be conceived; but we must leave the baron blaspheming, and the baroness in hysterics, to follow the fugitives, who gained France in safety, and were soon lost in the labyrinths of Paris.

There he was soon joined by his band, to the great loss and terror of the honest people of the good city. Every day, M. Hérault, the lieutenant of police, was saluted by new cases of robbery and violence, which his ablest officers could neither prevent nor punish. The organization of the band was so complete, and the head so ably directed the hands, that neither life nor property was considered safe from one moment to another. Nor were accounts of the generosity of the chief occasionally wanting to add to his fame.

One night, as Poulailler was traversing the roofs with the agility of a cat, for the purpose of entering a house whose usual inmates were gone into the country, he passed the window of a garret whence issued a melancholy concert of sobs and moans. He stopped, and approached the apartment of a helpless family, without resources, without bread, and suffering the pangs of hunger. Touched by their distress, and remembering his own similar sufferings before Fortune favored him, he was about to throw his purse among them, when the door of the chamber opened violently, and a man, apparently beside himself, rushed in with a handful of gold, which he cast upon the floor.

"There," cried he, in a voice broken by emotion—"there, take—buy—eat; but it will cost you dear. I pay for it with my honor and peace of mind. Baffled in all my attempts to procure food for you honestly, I was on my despairing return, when I beheld, at a short distance from me, a tall, but slight-made man, who walked hurriedly, but yet with an air as if he expected some one. Ah! thought I, this is some lover; and yielding to the temptation of the fiend, I seized him by the collar. The poor creature was terrified, and, begging for mercy, put into my hands this watch, two gold snuff-boxes, and those louis, and fled. There they are; they will cost me my life. I shall never survive this infamy."

The starving wife re-echoed these sentiments; and even the hungry children joined in the lamentations of the miserable father.

All this touched Pierre to the quick. To the great terror of the family, he entered the room, and stood in the midst.

"Be comforted," said he to the astonished husband; "you have robbed a robber. The infamous coward who gave up to you this plunder, is one of Poulailler's sentinels. Keep it; it is yours."

"But who are you?" cried the husband and wife; "who are you, and by what right is it that you thus dispose of the goods of another?"

"By the right of a chief over his subalterns. I am Poulailler."

The poor family fell on their knees, and asked what they could do for him.

"Give me a light," said Pierre, "that I may get down into the street without breaking my neck."

This reminds one of the answer which Rousseau gave to the Duc de Praslin, whose Danish

dog, as it was running before the carriage, had upset the peripatetic philosopher.

"What can I do for you?" said the duke to the fallen author of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, whose person he did not know.

"You can tie up your dog," replied Jean-Jacques, gathering himself up, and walking away.

Poulailler having done his best to render a worthy family happy, went his way, to inflict condign punishment on the poltroon who had so readily given up the purse and the watches.

The adventures of this accomplished robber were so numerous and marvelous, that it is rather difficult to make a selection. One evening, at the *bal de l'Opéra*, he made the acquaintance of a charming woman, who, at first, all indignation, was at length induced to listen to his proposal, that he should see her home; and promised to admit him, "if Monseigneur should not be there."

"But who is this Monseigneur?" inquired Pierre.

"Don't ask," replied the fair lady.

"Who is he, fairest?"

"Well, how curious you are; you make me tell all my secrets. If you must know, he is a prince of the church, out of whose revenues he supports me; and I can not but show my gratitude to him."

"Certainly not; he seems to have claims which ought to be attended to."

By this time they had arrived at an elegantly furnished house, which they entered, the lady having ascertained that the coast was clear; and Poulailler had just installed himself, when up drove a carriage—Monseigneur in person.

The beauty, in a state of distraction, threw herself at the feet of her spark, and implored him to pass into a back cabinet. Poulailler obeyed, and had hardly reached his hiding-place, when he beheld, through the glazed door, Monseigneur, who had gone to his Semele in all his apostolical magnificence. A large and splendid cross of diamonds, perfect in water, shot dazzling rays from his breast, where it was suspended by a chain of cat's-eyes, of great price, set in gold; the button and loop of his hat blazed with other precious stones; and his fingers sparkled with rings, whose brilliants were even greater and more beautiful than those that formed the constellation of his cross.

It is very seldom that the human heart, however capacious, has room for two grand passions in activity at the same time. In this instance, Poulailler no sooner beheld the rich and tempting sight, than he found that the god of Love was shaking his wings and flying from his bosom, and that the demon of Cupidity was taking the place of the more disinterested deity. He rushed from his hiding-place, and presented himself to the astonished prelate with a poniard in one hand and a pistol in the other, both of which he held to the sacred breast in the presence of the distracted lady. The bishop had not learned to be careless of life, and had sufficient self-possession in his terror not to move, lest he should

compromise his safety, while Poulailler proceeded to strip him with a dexterity that practice had rendered perfect. Diamonds, precious stones, gold, coined and ornamental, rings, watch, snuff-box, and purse, were transferred from the priest to the robber with marvelous celerity; then turning to the lady, he made her open the casket which contained the price of her favors, and left the house with the plunder and such a laugh as those only revel in who win.

The lieutenant of police began to take the tremendous success of our hero to heart, and in his despair at the increasing audacity of the robber, caused it to be spread among his spies, archers, and sergeants, that he who should bring Poulailler before him should be rewarded with one hundred pistoles, in addition to a place of two thousand livres a year.

M. Hérault was seated comfortably at his breakfast, when the Count de Villeneuve was announced. This name was—perhaps is—principally borne by two celebrated families of Provence and Languedoc. M. Hérault instantly rose and passed into his cabinet, where he beheld a personage of good mien, dressed to perfection, with as much luxury as taste, who in the best manner requested a private interview. Orders were immediately issued that no one should venture to approach till the bell was rung; and a valet was placed as a sentinel in an adjoining gallery to prevent the possibility of interruption.

"Well, Monsieur le Comte, what is your business with me?"

"Oh, a trifle; merely a thousand pistoles, which I am about to take myself from your strong box, in lieu of the hundred pistoles and the snug place which you have promised to him who would gratify you by Poulailler's presence. I am Poulailler, who will dispatch you to the police of the other world with this poisoned dagger, if you raise your voice or attempt to defend yourself. Nay, stir not—a scratch is mortal."

Having delivered himself of this address, the audacious personage drew from his pockets some fine but strong whipecord, well hackled and twisted, and proceeded to bind the lieutenant of police hand and foot, finishing by making him fast to the lock of the door. Then the robber proceeded to open the lieutenant's secrétaire, the drawers of which he well rumaged, and having filled his pockets with the gold which he found there, turned to the discomfited lieutenant with a profound bow, and after a request that he would not take the trouble to show him out, quietly took his departure.

There are some situations so confounding, that they paralyze the faculties for a time; and the magistrate was so overcome by his misfortune, that, instead of calling for aid, as he might have done when the robber left him, he set to work with his teeth in vain endeavors to disengage himself from the bonds which held him fast. An hour elapsed before any one ventured to disturb M. Hérault, who was found in a rage to be imagined, but not described, at this daring act. The loss was the least part of the annoyance.

A cloud of epigrams flew about, and the streets resounded with the songs celebrating Poulailier's triumph and the defeat of the unfortunate magistrate, who dared not for some time to go into society, where he was sure to find a laugh at his expense.

But ready as the good people of Paris were with their ridicule, *they* were by no means at their ease. The depredations of Poulailier increased with his audacity, and people were afraid to venture into the streets after nightfall. As soon as the last rays of the setting sun fell on the Boulevards, the busy crowds began to depart; and when that day-star sank below the horizon, they were deserted. Nobody felt safe.

The Hôtel de Brienne was guarded like a fortress; but difficulty seemed to give additional zest to Poulailier. Into this hotel he was determined to penetrate, and into it he got. While the carriage of the Princess of Lorraine was waiting at the opera, he contrived to fix leathern bands, with screws, under the outside of the bottom of the body, while his associates were treating the coachman and footman at a *cabaret*, slipped under the carriage in the confusion of the surrounding crowd when it drew up to the door of the theatre, and, depending on the strength of his powerful wrists, held on underneath, and was carried into the hotel under the very nose of the Swiss Cerberus.

When the stable-servants were all safe in their beds, Poulailier quitted his painful hiding-place, where the power of his muscles and sinews had been so severely tested, and mounted into the hay-loft, where he remained concealed three nights and four days, sustaining himself on cakes of chocolate. No one loved good cheer better than he, or indulged more in the pleasures of the table; but he made himself a slave to nothing, save the inordinate desire of other men's goods, and patiently contented himself with what would keep body and soul together till he was enabled to make his grand *coup*.

At last, Madame de Brienne went in all her glory to the Princess de Marsan's ball, and nearly all the domestics took advantage of the absence of their mistress to leave the hotel in pursuit of their own pleasures. Poulailier then descended from the hay-loft, made his way to the noble dame's cabinet, forced her secrétaire, and possessed himself of two thousand louis d'or and a portfolio, which he doubtless wished to examine at his ease; for, two days afterward, he sent it back (finding it furnished with such securities only as he could not negotiate with safety), and a polite note signed with his name, in which he begged the princess graciously to receive the restitution, and to accept the excuses of one who, had he not been sorely pressed for the moderate sum which he had ventured to take, would never have thought of depriving the illustrious lady of it; adding, that when he was in cash, he should be delighted to lend her double the amount, should her occasions require it.

This impudent missive was lauded as a marvel of good taste at Versailles, where, for a whole

week, every one talked of the consummate cleverness, and exquisite gallantry of the *Chevalier de Poulailier*.

This title of honor stuck, and his fame seemed to inspire him with additional ardor and address. His affairs having led him to Cambrai, he happened to have for a traveling companion, the dean of a well-known noble Belgian chapter. The conversation rolled on the notorieties of the day, and Poulailier was a more interesting theme than the weather. But our chevalier was destined to listen to observations that did not much flatter his self-esteem, for the dean, so far from allowing him any merit whatever as a brigand, characterized him as an infamous and miserable cut-purse, adding, that at his first and approaching visit to Paris, he would make it his business to see the lieutenant of police, and reproach him with the small pains he took to lay so vile a scoundrel by the heels.

The journey passed off without the occurrence of any thing remarkable; but, about a month after this colloquy, M. Hérault received a letter, informing him, that on the previous evening, M. de Potter, *chanoine-doyen* of the noble chapter of Brussels, had been robbed and murdered by Poulailier, who, clad in the habits of his victim, and furnished with his papers, would enter the barrier St. Martin. This letter purported to be written by one of his accomplices, who had come to the determination of denouncing him, in the hope of obtaining pardon.

The horror of M. Hérault at the death of this dignified ecclesiastic, who was personally unknown to him, was, if the truth must be told, merged in the delight which that magistrate felt in the near prospect of avenging society and himself on this daring criminal. A cloud of police officers hovered in ambush at each of the barriers, and especially at that which bore the name of the saint who divided his cloak with the poor pilgrim, with directions to seize and bring into the presence of M. Hérault a man habited as an ecclesiastic, and with the papers of the dean of the Brussels chapter. Toward evening the Lille coach arrived, was surrounded, and escorted to the hôtel des Messageries; and, at the moment when the passengers descended, the officers pounced upon the personage whose appearance and vestments corresponded with their instructions.

The resistance made by this personage only sharpened the zeal of the officers who seized him, and, in spite of his remonstrances and cries, carried him to the hôtel of the police, where M. Hérault was prepared with the proofs of Poulailier's crimes. Two worthy citizens of Brussels were there, anxious to see the murderer of their friend, the worthy ecclesiastic, whose loss they so much deplored: but what was their joy, and, it must be added, the disappointment of M. Hérault, when the supposed criminal turned out to be no other than the good Dean de Potter himself, safe and sound, but not a little indignant at the outrage which he had sustained! Though a man of peace, his ire so far ruffled a

generally calm temper, that he could not help asking M. Hérault whether Poulailier (from whom a second letter now arrived, laughing at their beards) or he, M. Hérault, was the chief director of the police?

William of Deloraine, good at need—

By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best bloodhounds.
Five times outlawed had he been,
By England's king and Scotland's queen.

But he was never taken, and had no occasion for his

neck-verse at Hairibee,

even if he could have read it. Poulailier was arrested no less than five times, and five times did he break his bonds. Like Jack Sheppard and Claude Du Vall, he owed his escape in most instances to the frail fair ones, who would have dared any thing in favor of their favorite, and who, in Jack's case, joined on one occasion without jealousy in a successful effort to save him.

Poulailier was quite as much the pet of the petticoats as either of these hempen heroes. With a fine person and accomplished address, he came, saw, and overcame, in more instances than that of the fair daughter of the Baron von Kirbergen; but, unlike John Sheppard or Claude Du Vall, Poulailier was cruel. Villains as they were, John and Claude behaved well, after their fashion, to those whom they robbed, and to the unhappy women with whom they associated. In their case, the "ladies" did their utmost to save them, and men were not wanting who endeavored to obtain a remission of their sentence. But Poulailier owed his fall to a woman whom he had ruined, ill-treated, and scorned. The ruin and ill-treatment she bore, as the women, poor things, will bear such atrocities; but the scorn roused all the fury which the poets, Latin and English, have written of; and his cruelties were so flagrant, that he could find no man to say, "God bless him."

Wilhelmina von Kirbergen had twice narrowly escaped from a violent death. Poulailier, in his capricious wrath, once stabbed her with such murderous will, that she lay a long time on the verge of the grave, and then recovered to have the strength of a poison which he had administered to her in insufficient quantities. Henry the Eighth forwarded his wives, when he was tired of them, to the other world, by form of what was, in his time, English law; but when Poulailier "felt the fullness of satiety," he got rid of his mistresses by a much more summary process. But it was not till this accomplished scoundrel openly left Wilhelmina for a younger and more beautiful woman, that she, who had given up station, family, and friends, to link herself with his degrading life, abandoned herself to revenge.

She wrote to him whom she had loved so long and truly, to implore that they might once more meet before they parted in peace forever. Poulailier, too happy to be freed on such terms, accepted her invitation, and was received so warm-

ly, that he half repented his villainous conduct, and felt a return of his youthful affection. A splendid supper gave zest to their animated conversation; but toward the end of it Poulailier observed a sudden change in his companion, who manifested evident symptoms of suffering. Poulailier anxiously inquired the cause.

"Not much," said she; "a mere trifle. I have poisoned myself, that I may not survive you."

"Quoi! coquine, m'aurais-tu fait aussi avaler le boucon?" cried the terrified robber.

"That would not have sufficiently avenged me. Your death would have been too easy. No, my friend, you will leave this place safe and well; but it will be to finish the night at the Conciergerie; and, to-morrow, as they will only have to prove your identity, you will finish your career on the wheel in the Place de Grève."

So saying, she clapped her hands, and, in an instant, before he had time to move, the Philistines were upon him. Archers and other officers swarmed from the hangings, door, and windows. For a few moments, surrounded as he was, his indomitable courage seemed to render the issue doubtful; but what could one man do against a host armed to the teeth? He was overpowered, notwithstanding his brave and vigorous resistance.

His death, however, was not so speedy as his wretched mistress prophesied that it would be. The love of life prevailed, and in the hope of gaining time which he might turn to account in effecting his escape, he promised to make revelations of consequence to the state. The authorities soon found out that he was trifling with them, and the *procureur-général*, after having caused him to be submitted to the most excruciating torture, left him to be broken on the wheel alive. He was executed with all the accursed refinement of barbarity which disgraced the times; and his tormentors, at last, put the finishing stroke to his prolonged agonies, by throwing him alive into the fire that blazed at his feet.

Nothing can justify such penal atrocities. If any thing could, Poulailier, it must be admitted, had wrought hard to bring down upon himself the whole sharpness of the law of retaliation. Upward of one hundred and fifty persons had been murdered by him and his band. Resistance seemed to rouse in him and them the fury of devils. Nor was it only on such occasions that his murderous propensities were glutted.

At the village of St. Martin, he caused the father, the mother, two brothers, a newly-married sister, her husband, and four relations, or friends, to be butchered in cold blood.

One of his band was detected in an attempt to betray him. Poulailier had him led to a cellar. The traitor was placed upright in an angle of the wall, gagged, and there they built him in alive. Poulailier, with his own hand, wrote the sentence and epitaph of the wretch on the soft plaster; and there it was found some years afterward, when the cellar in which this diabolical act of vengeance was perpetrated passed into the hands of a new proprietor.

It was current in the country where Poulailier first saw the light, and where his father, mother, brethren, and sisters still lived an honorable life, embittered only by the horrible celebrity of their relation, that, on the night which followed the day of Pierre's execution, the isolated tower, which had been uninhabited since its last occupier so mysteriously disappeared, seemed all on fire, every window remaining illuminated by the glowing element till morning dawned. During this fearful nocturnal spectacle, it was affirmed, that infernal howlings and harrowing cries proceeded from the apparently burning mass, and some peasants declared that they heard Pierre Poulailier's name shouted from the midst of the flames in a voice of thunder.

The dawn showed the lonely tower unscathed by fire, but a fearful tempest arose, and raged with ceaseless fury for thrice twenty-four hours. The violence of the hurricane was such, that it was impossible during that time for any vessel to keep the sea; and when at length the storm subsided, the coast was covered with pieces of wreck, while the waves continued for many days to give up their dead at the base of the rock, from whose crest frowned *La Tour Maudite*.

SCIENTIFIC FANTASIES.

A RE-INSTALLATION AND A DRAMA.*

I.

WITH animals it is the same as with men; some enjoy an unmerited reputation, while others find themselves the subjects of an undeserved opprobrium.

Among the victims of popular prejudice, I would mention the Toad.

Yes! at this name alone, you begin to exclaim against the ugliness of the animal, the venom he ejaculates, and a thousand other calumnies with which the poor beast is very unjustly charged.

I will not seek to disguise the fact—granted, the toad is ugly; but, then, I do not think that ugliness hinders those who are afflicted with it from possessing a crowd of excellent qualities and virtues. The negro Eustache and M. de Monthyon were not handsome, and yet the former, with the acclamations of all France, has been crowned by the Academy; the latter has consecrated his immense fortune to charitable institutions. We could further cite, in support of our opinion, a great number of politicians, nay even of artists, who have attained renown far otherwise than by the regularity of their features or by their personal attractions; but we would not pain any one.

Now, as to the toad, though he is ugly and calumniated he does not the less possess a multitude of domestic virtues, which ought to place him far higher in the esteem of impartial persons, than the dove, whom we cite so often as a model of tenderness, yet who, let it be noticed in passing, employs one half of her life in quarreling with her mate, and the other in exchanging with him blows of the beak, often bloody.

If you doubt the truth of my assertions, be

kind enough to follow me into the forest of Meudon, where toads are found in greater abundance perhaps than any where else in the environs of Paris.

And first, do you hear in the distance that strange chant which is not wanting in melody and charm, when it rises afar in the air, like the plaint of love? That little cry, flute-like, short monotonous, repeated several times in succession, at brief intervals, varies in such a manner, that one seems to hear it retire and approach on one side or another, like the sound of a trumpet by which the motions of a flag are directed. The greater part of the time one can not determine whence proceeds this strange music, often attributed to some bird, and without our being willing to acknowledge the obscure and unknown singer who produces it. It is the announcement of the betrothal—it is the love-song of the Batrachian.

Never was love more sincere, or more devoted. When once the toad has pledged his faith to a spouse, not only does he exhibit toward her a romantic fidelity, but he, moreover, protects her at the peril, and often even at the sacrifice of his life. If any one attacks a female, the male rushes in front of the aggressor, provokes him swells himself out in sign of defiance, and endeavors to irritate him, in order to give his companion time to fly, and take refuge in a safe asylum.

If, on the other hand, nothing disturbs him, he quits not his spouse for a moment; he surrounds her with anxious and tender attentions, lays before her the most delicate morsels of the prey he hunts for her, only eats after she has finished, and altogether acts in a manner, that might make many a Parisian husband blush. Further, he is fiery, jealous; he permits no rival to approach her to whom he is united. Woe to the audacious one who would seek to win her affection! almost invariably he pays with his life for his impudent endeavors.

This model husband, when he becomes a father has no less tenderness for his children than for their mother. When the hour, dear to the ancient Lucina, arrives, it is he who performs for his companion, the tender duties of the occasion; he takes the eggs in his arms, and places them along the body of the female, to which they remain attached till the period of hatching.

At this epoch alone, the female approaches the water, in it she deposits her eggs, and therein the eggs undergo the different transformations peculiar to the Batrachians. Then the double mission of father and mother is ended.

You see, that in writing an eulogium on the toad, and in seeking to re-install him in public favor, we have not been utopian.

Besides, the toad is a very sociable animal, and readily becomes the companion and the friend of man. Often, he establishes his dwelling in our houses. Pennant relates the history of a toad, who took up his abode under a stair-case, and who, every evening as soon as he saw the lights, came into the dining-room. He suffered

* Translated from Berthoud by B. Harrison.

himself to be taken up and placed on the table, where they fed him with worms, flies, and woodlice. He took these insects delicately, inflated himself to express his gratitude, and knew very well how to ask them to put him on the table, when they pretended not to be willing to do so. This toad lived thirty-six years, and then was the victim of an accident.

II.

Another being, no less contemptuously regarded than the toad, is the spider; and yet the study of the spider's habits, would render him, who gave himself up to it, witness of fantastic and tragic dramas, often of a nature to throw into the shade all that our gloomiest melodramatists invent, even of the most sinister and most affecting kind.

One day, a spider fell into a large glass vase, forgotten for a long time in a library. How, and by what course of peripatetics this accident happened, I know not. I can only tell you, that it was a large domestic spider, with an enormous oval abdomen, and its back of a blackish color, on which were marked two longitudinal lines of yellow spots. The animal caught in this transparent snare, as a wolf in a pitfall, set to work, running round the bottom of the vase, with all the speed his eight legs could achieve.

When he had satisfied himself that no outlet was to be found on the ground-floor, he attempted to scale the glassy sides, which formed around him a circle of slippery and invisible walls; but his claws, sharp and bent like the tiger's, slipped on the hard, bare crystal, and after a quarter of an hour spent in the useless struggle, he fell back fatigued, discouraged, and panting into the middle of the vase. There he rolled and gathered his limbs together, resigned to die, as a gladiator of old kneeled in the midst of the arena, when he saw the Roman ladies raise their white hands and depress their delicate thumbs, to demand the death of the victim.

A witness of the captive's efforts, feeling curious to know what would be the other acts of the drama now begun, took the glass vase and placed it in his cabinet, where there was the least light, so that he might be able to watch the spider without disturbing it.

The latter remained immovable, rolled up, and dead to all appearance, until night closed in. Then, the observer, carelessly stretched in his easy chair, heard a movement, imperceptible, but which sounded at the bottom of the vase. He drew near to it with a light—immediately the spider feigned death. He was obliged, therefore, for that evening, to give up knowing all that took place, and the prisoner remained free from *surveillance* till the next day morning.

Then it was seen that the bottom of the vase was diapered all round, and about an inch up, with myriads of little whitish points, placed at distances almost geometrically regular. The spider slept in the middle.

The next day silver threads were found, starting from each of these points to those opposite; these formed the warp of the web. The third

day, the woof enlaced the threads of the warp, and thus a vast net was made to outstretch above the bottom of the glass vase; and some threads, arranged at equal distances, fixed this elastic floor, and rendered it firm.

The spider, notwithstanding these gigantic labors, remained still in view, and wanted a dwelling. It had indeed a floor, or rather a carpet, on which it could walk without wearing or breaking its claws; the nets for hunting were stretched, but there was need of an apartment where it could find shelter and concealment, besides, it had no bed to sleep on.

With difficulty and unheard-of trouble, it succeeded in fixing, at some distance above the net, thirty of the white points, of which I told you before. These served as fixtures for a roof, which was constructed down to the net, rounded, fashioned little by little like a horn, furnished with threads finer, silkier, more closely woven, and more deeply colored, and thus became a nest impenetrable to the eye, and impervious to moisture. Some drops of water poured on this dwelling glided down its walls without penetrating them the least in the world, fell in trembling pearls through the net, and stopped at the bottom of the vase, where they evaporated.

The spider had drawn the threads, which an approximative calculation might estimate, without exaggeration, at two thousand feet in length, from six spinners attached to the abdomen, and which secrete a grayish fluid, instantly transformed, by contact with the air, into silky threads, and of astonishing strength, if we consider their tenuity! A single spider's-thread, if not broken by a shock, will sustain a weight of 270 grains!

Once his establishment finished, the spider took to passing the days and nights on the threshold of his dwelling, waiting with unexampled patience until chance should bring him some prey. This, however, did not happen; flies were yet scarce, and there was nothing in the vase of a kind to attract them. Two months rolled by, during which the poor animal grew remarkably thin.

At last, one day, moved by compassion, the observer threw a fly to the famished creature. The little insect fell on the net, caught its wings in the invisible meshes, which covered the principal tissue, and struggled violently. Immediately the spider ran up, quickly but heavily, seized its prey with its eight feet at once, gripped it with its formidable jaws, shaped like a hook, and dragged the body into his nest. An hour after he brought out of his house the remains of the fly, and threw them into the obscurest corner, the one most distant from his web, nor did he leave them without covering them with tissue, so as to hide entirely from sight the aspect of his charnel-house. Thus Brutus cast his mantle over the body of Cæsar.

Every day, at the same hour, the observer threw a fly into the vase. It was not long before he perceived that the spider, as soon as the time for its repast arrived, came out of its retreat, advanced over the web, watched for the fall of

the fly, and was no more frightened at the movement, which before caused it to fly and return to its dwelling, when the provider's hand brought its dinner.

A short time later, instead of waiting until he had withdrawn, it ran immediately and with boldness to the fly, and did not even take the trouble to drag it within to eat it. Curious to know how far this familiarity might be carried, he took a fly by one of its wings and presented it to the spider. The first time it returned frightened to its nest, and remained there closely concealed; but the next day, pressed by hunger, it rushed on the fly with the speed of an arrow, seized it, and hurried away with it to the recesses of its apartments. Once and again and again, the observer repeated this trial. At the end of this time, the spider fed on the fly in the fingers of the observer. It went so far even as to come out of the vase by the help of the finger its master presented. Thus free, it ran along the wrist, the arm, and the breast of the naturalist to get a fly which he held in his other hand as far off as possible.

The observer took a lively interest in his prisoner, and loved it almost as much as Pelisson did his. He procured then some books on natural history, in order to find out to which sex the spider of the glass vase belonged. He ascertained that it was a female by the filiform pulps which were lengthened near her jaws, and by the legs of the thorax being shorter and broader than those of the abdomen. Having made this discovery, he resolved to marry the recluse, and for this purpose sought a male of handsome appearance and worthy of the tenderness of so lovely a conquest. He had little difficulty; for it was spring time, and love moved the Arachnides as well as the rest of nature.

Once in possession of a fine male with pulps well swelled, limbs long and slender, eight bright eyes, and a conquering and off-hand address, he brought it in triumph to his guest. He laid him softly on the web, at the extremity opposite the spider's nest, and withdrew to a little distance, yet so that he could still observe all that took place.

Soon he saw the coquette come out of her boudoir, and advance toward the stranger with that voluptuous movement which imparts such a lively charm to the walk of Spanish ladies, and which Fanny Ellsler reproduced with so much grace, poetry, and felicity in those days, already growing distant, when she danced at the Opera. I assure you that to see her thus, this hideous creature was beautiful, gilded by the glorious beams of her passion, and glistening with the halo of love. For his part, the male did not show himself awkward, but made proof of his fashion and gallantry: his fore-feet caressed in a subduing manner the demi-curves formed by his legs; a sub-lieutenant of hussars could not put more foppiness into the twisting of the conquering bends of his curled mustache. He advanced toward her at a rapid pace, stamping with his feet, strutting, fluttering; the lady recoiled

and fled, but in such a manner as to let him divine that she wished to be followed. The happy lover sped on after her retreating steps. Nevertheless he began to exhibit a singular reserve and fear, the evidence of which, however, was unmistakable. On her part, the female waited for him with a cunning which gave her eyes a strange expression. At length she turned her head and walked right before him, preoccupied as it appeared, in getting rid of some threads in which her feet were caught.

Then the male bounded on her, seized her in his arms, gave her a kiss, and took to flight—she turned. It was no longer a bold coquette that walked, it was a lioness that chases her prey; it was Diana before Actæon. The male, all trembling, sought to fly; he attempted to climb the sides of the vase. Vain efforts! Margaret of Burgundy advanced to her victim; fascinated him; stopped him. The unfortunate one betook himself to a corner trembling. She, her claw high and threatening as a poinard, struck him, slew him, and, after having contemplated him, who was but ere now her husband, she devoured him.

The observer, curious to learn the motives of so much barbarity, wished to ascertain if the death of the poor male was the chastisement of a personal fault, or the result of a system of assassination. He therefore put another male into the vase. Alas! no room was left for doubt! the crime of this cruel wife was without excuse, without extenuating circumstances; the most humane jury must have condemned her with all the aggravations foreseen by the law! The second victim shared the same fate as the first. To this wretch, murder was a necessity after love. During a whole month she lived on the corpses of her husbands.

While this month rolled on she was contented with devouring nothing but the male spiders, which were thrown in. Soon after, however, she found this dish palling and insipid, refused to eat, but not to kill them, and returned to flies with an evident pleasure.

Notwithstanding so many murders, the spider continued always to lead a peaceful life, undisturbed by remorse, in her vase of glass.

One day the window of the apartment, where the vase was, was left open; a swallow entered the room, saw the spider, and with a single blow of his beak, avenged all the victims of the murderess, so well, that the vase was found and may to this day be found empty and without a guest.

We promised you a *re-installation and a drama!* Have we not kept our promise?

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THO^s. MORE.*

LIBELLUS A MARGARETA MORE,
QUINDECIM ANNOS NATA, CHELSEÆ INCEPTVS.

"Nulla dies sine linea."

WHO could have thought that those *apo* grapes whereof dear Gaffer ate soe plenti-
fullie, s^d have ended his dayes? This event hath

* Continued from the August Number.

filled y^e house with mourning. He had us all about his bed to receive his blessing; and 'twas piteous to see father fall upon his face, as Joseph on the face of Jacob, and weep upon him and kiss him. Like Jacob, my grandsire lived to see his well-beloved son attain to y^e height of earthly glory, his heart unspoiled and untouched.

The days of mourning for my grandsire are at an end; yet father still goeth heavilie. This forenoon, looking forthe of my lattice, I saw him walking along the river side, his arm cast about Will's neck; and 'twas a dearer sight to my soul than to see the king walking there with his arm around father's neck. They seemed in such earnest converse, that I was avised to ask Will, afterwards, what they had been saying. He told me that, after much friendly chat together on 'his and that, father fell into a muse, and presently, fetching a deep sigh, says:

"Would to God, son Roper, on condition three things were well established in Christendom, I were put into a sack, and cast presently into the Thames." Will sayth:

"What three soe great things can they be, father, as to move you to such a wish?"

"In faith, Will," answers he, "they be these: First, that whereas the most part of Christian princes be at war, they were at universal peace. Next, that whereas the Church of Christ is at present sore afflicted with divers errors and heresies, it were well settled in a godly uniformity. Last, that this matter of the king's marriage were, to the glory of God, and the quietness of alle parties, brought to a good conclusion."

Indeed, this last matter preys on my father's soul. He hath even knelt to the king to refrain from exacting compliaunce with his grace's will concerning it; movingly reminding him, even with tears, of his grace's own words to him on delivering the great seal, "First look unto God, and, after God, unto me." But the king is heady in this matter; stubborn as a mule or wild ass's colt, whose mouths must be held with bit and bridle if they be to be governed at alle; and the king hath taken y^e bit between his teeth, and there is none dare ride him. All for love of a brown girl, with a wen on her throat, and an extra finger.

How short a time agoe it seemeth, that in my prosperity I sayd, "We shall never be moved; Thou, Lord, of Thy goodness hast made our hill soe strong!" . . . Thou didst turn away Thy face, and I was troubled!

Thus sayth Plato: of Him whom he soughte, but hardly found: "Truth is his body, and Light his shadow." A marvelous saying for a heathen.

Hear also what St. John sayth: "God is Light; and in him is no darkness at all." "And the Light was the life of men: and the Light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not."

Hear also what St. Augustine sayth: "They

are the most uncharitable towards error who have never experienced how hard a matter it is to come at the Truth."

Hard, indeed. Here's father agaynst Will, and agaynst Erasmus, of whom he once c^d not speak well enough; and now he says that if he upholds such and such opinions, his dear Erasmus may be the devil's Erasmus for what he cares. And here's father at issue with half y^e learned heads in Christendom concerning y^e king's marriage. And yet, for alle that, I think father is in the right.

He taketh matters soe to heart that e'en his appetite fails. Yesterday he put aside his old favorite dish of brewis, saying, "I know not how 'tis, good Alice; I've lost my stomach, I think, for my old relishes" . . . and this, e'en with a tear in his eye. But 'twas not the brewis, I know, that made it start.

He hath resigned the Great Seal! And none of us knew e'en of his meditating it, nor of his having done soe, till after morning prayers to-day, when, insteade of one of his gentlemen stepping up to my mother in her pew with the words, "Madam, my Lord is gone," he cometh up to her himself, with a smile on's face, and sayth, low bowing as he spoke, "Madam, my Lord is gone." She takes it for one of the manie jests whereof she misses the point; and 'tis not till we are out of church, in y^e open air, that she fully comprehends my Lord Chancellor is indeed gone, and she hath onlie her Sir Thomas More.

A burst of tears was no more than was to be lookt for from poor mother; and, in sooth, we alle felt aggrieved and mortyfide enough; but 'twas a short sorrow; for father declared that he had cast Pelion and Ossa off his back into the bottomless pit; and fell into such funny antics that we were soon as merry as ever we were in our lives. Patteson, so soon as he hears it, comes leaping and skipping across the garden, crying, "A fatted calf! let a fatted calf be killed, masters and mistresses, for this my brother who was dead is alive again!" and falls a-kissing his hand. But poor Patteson's note will soon change; for father's diminished state will necessitate y^e dismissal of all extra hands; and there is manie a servant under his roof whom he can worse spare than the poor fool.

In the evening he gathers us alle about him in the pavillion, where he throws himself into his old accustomed seat, casts his arm about mother, and cries, "How glad must Cincinnatus have been to spy out his cottage again, with Racilia standing at the gate!" Then, called for curds and cream; sayd how sweet y^e soft May air was coming over the river, and bade Cecil sing "The king's hunt's up." After this, one ballad after another was called for, till alle had sung their lay, ill or well, he listing the while with closed eyes, and a composed smile about his mouth; the two furrows between his brows relaxing graduallie till at length they c^d no more be seene. At last he says,

"Who was that old prophet that could not or would not prophesy for a King of Judah till a minstrel came and played unto him? Sure, he must have loved as I do, the very lovely song of one that playeth well upon an instrument, yclept the human heart; and have felt, as I do now, the spirit given him to speak of matters foreign to his mind. 'Tis of *res angusta domæ*, dear brats, I must speak; soe, the sooner begun, the sooner over. Here am I, with a dear wife and eight loved children . . . for my daughters' husbands and my son's wife are my children as much as any; and Mercy Giggs is a daughter too . . . nine children, then, and eleven grandchildren, and a swarm of servants to boot, all of whom have as yet eaten what it pleased them, and drunken what it suited them at my board, without its being any one's business to say them nay. 'Twas the dearest privilege of my Lord Chancellor; but now he's dead and gone, how shall we contract the charges of Sir Thomas More?"

We looked from one to another, and were silent.

"I'll tell ye, dear ones," he went on, "I have been brought up at Oxford, at an inn of Chancery, at Lincoln's Inn, and at the King's Court; from the lowest degree, that is, to the highest; and yet have I in yearly revenues at this present, little above one hundred pounds a-year; but then, as Chilo sayth, 'honest loss is preferable to dishonest gain: by the first, a man suffers once; by the second, forever;' and I may take up my parable with Samuel, and say: "Whose ox have I taken? whose ass have I taken? whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? of whose hand have I received any bribe to blinde mine eyes therewith?" No, my worst enemies can not lay to my charge any of these things, and my trust in you is, that, rather than regret I should not have made a purse by any such base methods, you will all cheerfully contribute your proportions to the common fund, and share and share alike with me in this my diminished state."

We all gat about him, and by our words and kisses gave warrant that we would.

"Well, then," quoth he, "my mind is, that since we are all of a will to walk down-hill together, we will do soe at a breathing pace, and not drop down like a plummet. Let all things be done decently and in order: we won't descend to Oxford fare first, nor yet to the fare of New Inn. We'll begin with Lincoln's Inn diet, whereon many good and wise men thrive well; if we find this draw too heavily on the common purse, we will, next year, come down to Oxford fare, with which many great and learned doctors have been conversant; and, if our purse stretch not to cover e'er this, why, in heaven's name! we'll go begging together, with staff and wallet, and sing a *Salve Regina* at every good man's door, whereby we shall still keep company, and be merry together!"

Now that the first surprise and grief, and the

first fervour of fidelity and self-devotion have passed off, we have subsided into how deep and holy a quiet!

We read of the desertion of the world as a matter of course; but, when our own turn comes, it does seem strange, to find ourselves let fall down the stream without a single hand outstretched to help us; forgotten, in a moment, as though we had never been, by those who lately ate and laughed at our table. And this, without any fault or offense of ours, but merely from our having lost the light of the king's countenance. I say, it does seem strange; but how fortunate, how blessed are those to whom such a course of events only seems strange, unaccompanied by self-reproach and bitterness! I could not help feeling this, in reading an affectionate letter deare father writ this forenoon to Erasmus, wherein he sayd, "I have now obtained what, from a child, I have continually wished! that, being entirely quit of businesse and all publick affairs, I might live for a time only to God and myself."

Having no hankering after the old round he soe long hath run, he now, in fact, looks younger every day; and yet, not with the same kind of youth he had before his back was bowed under the chancellorship. 'Tis a more composed, chastised sort of rejuvenescence: rather the soft warmth of autumn, which sometimes seems like May, than May itself: the enkindling, within this mortal tabernacle, of a heavenly light that never grows dim, because it is immortal; and burns the same yesterday, to-day, and forever: a youthfulness of soul and mind characterised by growth; something with which this world and its fleeting fancies has nothing to do; something that the king can neither impart nor take away.

We have had a tearfull morning . . . poor Patteson has gone. My father hath obtained good quarters for him with my Lord Mayor, with a stipulation that he shall retain his office with the Lord Mayor for the time being, as long as he can fill it at all. This suits Patteson, who says he will sooner shift masters year by year, than grow too fond of any man again, as he hath of father; but there has been sad blubbering and blowing of noses.

This afternoon, coming upon Mercy seated in y^e alcove, like unto the image of some saint in a niche, her hands folded on her lap, and her eyes steadfastly agaze on the setting sun, I could not but mark how years were silentlie at work upon her, as doubtless upon us alle; the tender, fearfull girl having thus graduallie changed into the sober, high-minded woman. She is so seldom seene in repose, so constantly astir and afoot in this or that kind office, mostly about the children, that I had never thought upon it before; but now I was alle at once avised to marvel that she who had so long seemed fitter for heaven than earth, shoulde never literallie have vowed herself y^e spouse of Christ, more in especiall as all expectation of being y^e spouse of anie else must long since have died within her.

I said, "Mercy, thou lookst like a nun: how is't thou hast ne'er become one in earnest?"

She started; then said, "Could I be more usefull? more harmless? less exposed to temptation? or half so happy as I am now? In sooth, Meg, the time has been when methought, how sweet y^e living death of the cloister! How good that must needs be which had the suffrages of Chrysostom the golden-mouthed, and holy Ambrose, and our own Anselm! How peacefull, to take wing like y^e dove, and fly away from a naughty world, and be at rest! How brave, to live alone, like St. Antony, in the desert! only, I would have had some books with me in my cave, and 'tis uncertayn whether St. Antony had knowledge of letters, beyond y^e heaven-taught lesson, 'God is love' . . . for methought so much reflection and no action would be too much for a woman's mind to bear—I might goe mad: and I remembered me how the dove that gladly flew away from the ark, gladly flew back, and abode in y^e ark till such time as a new home was ready for her. And methought, cannot I live apart from sin here, and now; and as to sorrow, where can we live apart from that? Sure, we may live on y^e skirts of the world in a spirit as truly unwordlie as though we were altogether out of it: and here I may come and go, and range in the fresh air, and love other folks' children, and read my Psalter, and pore over the sayings of the wise men of old, and look on the faces I love, and sit at the feet of Sir Thomas More. Soe, there, Meg, are my poor reasons for not caring to be a nun. Our deare Lord is in himself all that our highest, holiest affections can seek or comprehend; for he made these our hearts; he gave us these our affections; and through them the Spirit speaks. Aspiring to their source, they rise up like the white smoke and bright flame; while, on earth, if left unmastered, they burn, suffocate, and destroy. Yet they have their naturall and innocent outlets even here; and a woman may warm herself by them without scorching, and yet be neither a wife nor a nun."

Ever since father's speech to us in y^e pavillion, we have beene of one heart and one soul; neither have any of us said that aught of the things we possessed were our own, but we have had all things in common. And we have eaten our meat with gladness and singleness of heart.

This afternoon, expressing to father my gratefull sense of our present happiness . . . "Yes, Meg," returns he, "I, too, am deeply thankful for this breathing space."

"Do you look on it as no more, then?" I said.

"As no more, Meg: we shall have a thunder-clap by-and-by. Look out on the Thames. See how unwontedlie clear it is, and how low the swallows fly. . . . How distinctlie we see the green sedges on Battersea bank, and their reflected images in the water. We can almost discern the features of those poor knaves digging in the cabbage gardens, and hear 'em talk, so still is y^e air. Have you ne'er before noted these signs!"

"A storm is brewing," I said.

"Aye, we shall have a lightning-flash anon. So still, Meg, is also our moral atmosphere just now. God is giving us a breathing space, as he did to the Egyptians before the plague of hail, that they might gather their live stock within doors. Let us take for example them that believed and obeyed him; and improve this holy pause."

Just at this moment, a few heavie drops fell agaynst the window pane, and were seene by both. Our eyes met; and I felt a silent pang.

"Five days before the Passover," resumed father, "all seemed as still and quiet as we are now; but Jesus knew his hour was at hand. E'en while he yet spake familiarly among the people, there came a sound from heaven, and they that stood by said it thundered; but he knew it for the voice of his dear Father. Let us, in like manner, when the clap cometh, recognise in it the voice of God, and not be afraid with any amazement."

Gammer Gurney is dead, and I must say I am glad of it. The change, to her, must be blessed, and there seemed some danger lest, after having escaped being ducked for a witch, she shoulde have been burnt for a heretic. Father looked on her as an obstinate old woman; Will counted her little short of a saint and prophetess, and kept her well supplied with alle she could need. Latterly she was stone deaf; so 'tis a happy release.

The settled purpose of father's soul, just now, is to make up a marriage between Mercy and Dr. Clement. 'Tis high advancement for her, and there seems to have been some old liking between 'em we never knew of.

Though some months have passed since my father uttered his warning voice, and all continues to go quiet, I cannot forbear, now and then, to call his monition to mind, and look about for the cloud that is to bring the thunder-clap; but the expectation sobers rather than saddens me.

This morning, leaning over the river wall, I was startled by the cold, damp hand of some one from behind being laid on mine. At the same time a familiar voice exclaimed, "Canst tell us, mistress, why fools have hot heads and hands icy cold?"

I made answer, "Canst tell me, Patteson, why fools should stray out of bounds?"

"Why, that's what fools do every day," he readily replied; "but this is All Fools' Day, mine own special holiday; and I told my Lord Mayor overnight, that if he lookt for a fool this morning, he must look in the glass. In sooth, mistress Meg, I should by rights wear the gold chain and he the motley; for a proper fool he is, and I shall be glad when his year's service to me is out. The worst o' these Lord Mayors is, that we can't part with 'em till their time's up. Why now, this present one hath not so much under standing as would foot an old stocking; 'twas but yesterday when, in quality of my taster, he

civilly enough makes over to me a half-eaten plate of gurnet, which I wave aside, thus, saying, I eat no fish of which I cannot affirm 'rari sunt boni,' few are the bones . . . and I protest to you he knew it not for fool's latin. Thus I'm driven, from mere discouragement, to leave prating for listening, which thou knowest, mistress, is no fool's office; and among y^e sundrie matters I hear at my lord's table . . . for he minds not what he says before his servants, thereby giving new proof 'tis he shoulde wear the motley. . . . I note his saying that y^e king's private marriage will assuredlie be made publick this coming Easter, and my Lady Anne will be crowned . . . more by token, he knows y^e merchant that will supply the Genoa velvet and cloth of gold, and the masquers that are to enact the pageant. For the love o' safety, then, mistress Meg, bid thy good father e'en take a fool's advice, and eat humble pie betimes, for, doubt not this proud madam to be as vindictive as Herodias, and one that, unless he appease her full early, will have his head set before her in a charger. I've said my say."

Three bishops have been here this forenoon, to bid father to y^e coronation, and offer him twenty pounds to provide his dress; but father hath, with courtesie, declined to be present. After much friendly pressing, they parted, seemingly on good terms; but I have misgivings of y^e issue.

A ridiculous charge hath been got up 'gainst dear father; no less than of bribery and corruption. One Parnell complaineth of a decree given agaynst him in favour of one Vaughan, whose wife, he deponeth, gave father a gilt flaggon. To y^e noe small surprise of the Council, father admitted that she had done soe: "But, my lords," proceeded he, when they had uttered a few sentences of reprehension somewhat too exultantlie, "will ye list the conclusion of the tale? I bade my butler fill the cup with wine, and having drunk her health, I made her pledge me, and then restore'd her the gift, and would not take it again."

As innocent a matter, touching the offering him a pair of gloves containing forty pounds, and his taking the first and returning the last, saying he preferred his gloves without lining, hath been made publick with like triumph to his own good fame; but alack! these feathers show which way sets the wind.

WORDSWORTH, BYRON, SCOTT, AND SHELLEY.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH is generally allowed to have exercised a deeper and more permanent influence upon the literature and modes of thinking of our age, than any of the great poets who lived and wrote during the first quarter of the present century. In proportion as his fame was of slower growth, and his poems were longer in making their way to the understanding and affections of his countrymen, so their roots seem to have struck deeper down,

and the crown of glory that encircles his memory is of gold, that has been purified and brightened by the fiery ordeal through which it has passed. Tennyson says of the laureate wreath which he so deservedly wears, that it is

Greener from the brows
Of him who uttered nothing base.

And this, which seems at first sight negative praise, is, in reality, a proof of exquisite discernment; for it is just that which constitutes the marked distinction between Wordsworth and the other really original poets who are likely to share with him the honor of representing poetically to posterity the early part of the nineteenth century. In their crowns there is alloy, both moral and intellectual. His may not be of so imperial a fashion; the gems that stud it may be less dazzling, but the gold is of ethereal temper, and there is no taint upon his robe. Weakness, incompleteness, imperfection he had, for he was a mortal man of limited faculties, but spotless purity is not to be denied him—he uttered nothing base. Our readers will anticipate us in ranking with him, as the representative poets of their age, Byron, Scott, and Shelley. Of each of these we shall say a few words, especially in this representative character.

Lord Byron's poems are the actual life-experience of a man whose birth and fortune enabled him to mix with the highest society, and whose character led him to select for his choice that portion of it which pursued pleasure as the main if not the sole object of existence. Under a thin disguise of name, country, and outward incident, they present us with the desires which actuated, the passions which agitated, and the characters which were the ideals of the fashionable men and women of the earlier part of this century. Limited and monotonous as they are in their essential nature, ringing perpetual changes upon one passion and one phase of passion, the brilliance of their diction, the voluptuous melody of their verse, the picturesque beauty of their scenery, well enough represent that life of the richer classes, which chases with outstretched arms all the Protean forms of pleasure, only to find the subtle essence escape as soon as grasped, leaving behind in its place weariness, disappointment, and joyless stagnation. The loftiest joys they paint are the thrillings of the sense, the raptures of a fine nervous organization; their pathos is the regret, and their wisdom the languor and the satiety of the jaded voluptuary. These form the staple, the woof of Lord Byron's poetry, and with it is enwoven all that which gives outward variety and incessant stimulating novelty to the pursuits of an Englishman of fashion. These pursuits are as numerous, as absorbing, and demand as much activity of a kind as those of the student or the man of business. Among them will be found those upon which the student and the man of business are employed, though in a different spirit, and with a different aim. Thus we frequently see among the votaries of pleasure men who are fond of literature, of art, of politics, of foreign travel, of all manly and active enterprise

but all these will be pursued, not as duties to be done, in an earnest, hopeful, self-sacrificing spirit, "that scorns delights and lives laborious days," but for amusement, for immediate pleasure to be reaped, as a resource against ennui and vacuity, to which none but the weakest and most effeminate nature will succumb. This difference of object and of motive necessitates a difference in the value of the results. The soil, which is plowed superficially, and for a quick return, will bear but frail and fading flowers; the planter of oaks must toil in faith and patience, and sublime confidence in the future. And so, into whatever field the wide and restless energies of men like Lord Byron carry them, they bring home no treasures that will endure—no marble of which world-lasting statue or palace may be hewn or built—no iron, of which world-subduing machines may be wrought. Poems, pictures, history, science, the magnificence and loveliness of Nature, cities of old renown, adventures of desperate excitement, new manners, languages, and characters, supply them with an ever fresh flow of sensation and emotion, keep the senses and the faculties cognate with sense in a pleasant activity, but no well-based generalization is gained for the understanding; facts are not even carefully observed and honestly studied; pleasant sensation was the object, and that once obtained, there is no more worth in that which produced it, though in it may lie a law of God's manifestation, one of those spiritual facts, to know and obey which would seem the chief purpose of man's existence, to discover and make them known, the noblest glory and highest function of genius. It is in this spirit that Lord Byron has questioned Life: "Oh! where can pleasure be found?" and Life, echo-like, would only answer, "Where!" It is because he put that question more earnestly, lived up to its spirit more fearlessly, and more faithfully and experimentally reported the answer, that he is so eminently a representative poet—representative of what a large and important class in every country actually is, of what a far larger class aspires to be. It is in his fearless attempt at solving the problem of life in his own way, his complete discomfiture, and his unshrinking exhibition of that discomfiture, that the absolute and permanent value of his social teaching consists. For he was endowed with such gifts of nature and of fortune, so highly placed, so made to attract and fascinate, adorned with such beauty and grace, with such splendor of talents, with such quick susceptibility to impressions, with such healthy activity of mind, with such rich flow of speech, with such vast capacity of enjoyment, that no one is likely to make the experiment he made from a higher vantage-ground, with more chances of success. And the result of his experience he has given to the world, and has thrown over the whole the charm of a clear, vigorous, animated style, at once masculine, and easy, and polished, sparkling with beauty, instinct with life, movement, and variety; by turns calm, voluptuous, impassioned, enthusias-

tic, terse, and witty, and always most prominent that unstudied grace, that Rubens-like facility of touch, which irresistibly impresses the reader with a sense of power, of strength not put fully forth, of resources carelessly flowing out with exhaustless prodigality, not husbanded with timid anxiety, and exhibited with pompous ostentation. It is the combination of these qualities of the artist, with his peculiar fearlessness and honesty of avowal—his plain, unvarnished expression of what he found pleasant, and chose for his good, that will ever give him a high, if not almost the highest place among the poets of the nineteenth century, even with those readers who perceive and lament the worthlessness of his matter, the superficiality and scantiness of his knowledge, the want of purity and elevation in his life and character. Those will best appreciate his wonderful talents who are acquainted with the works of his countless imitators, who have admirably succeeded in re-producing his bad morality, his superficial thoughts, and his characterless portraits, without the fervor of his feeling, the keenness of his sensations, the ease and vigor of his language, the flash of his wit, or the knowledge of the world, and the manly common-sense which redeemed and gave value to what else had been entirely worthless.

If the name of Lord Byron naturally links itself with the fashionable life of great cities; with circles where men and women live mutually to attract and please each other; where the passions are cherished as stimulants and resources against ennui, are fostered by luxurious idleness, and heightened by all the aids that an old and elaborate material civilization can add to the charms of beauty, and the excitements of brilliant assemblies; where art and literature are degraded into handmaids and bondslaves of sensuality; where the vanity of social distinction fires the tongue of the eloquent speaker, wakens the harp of the poet, colors the canvas of the painter, moulds the manners and sways the actions, directs even the loves and the hatreds of all; no less naturally does the name of Sir Walter Scott stand as the symbol and representative of the life and tastes of the country aristocracy, who bear the titles and hold the lands of the feudal barons, and of the country gentlemen whose habits and manners are in such perfect contrast to those of the Squire Westerns to whose places they have succeeded. Possessing in a high degree the active and athletic frame, the robust health, the hardy training, the vigorous nerve, the bold spirit, the frank bearing, and the genial kindness of the gentlemen of the olden time, he could heartily appreciate and unhesitatingly approve all that time and revolution had spared of feudal dominion and territorial grandeur. The ancient loyalty, so happily tempering the firmness of a principle with the fervor of a feeling, never beat higher in the heart of a cavalier of the seventeenth than in that of the Scottish advocate of the nineteenth century. Every one will remember that he refused to write a life of Mary Queen of Scots, because in reference to her con-

duct, his feelings were at variance with his judgment. And in painting those old times in which his imagination delighted to revel, all that would most have revolted our modern mildness of manners, and shocked our modern sense of justice, was softened down or dropped out of sight, and the nobler features of those ages, their courage, their devotion, their strength and clearness of purpose, their marked individuality of character, their impulses of heroism and delicacy, their manly enterprise, their picturesque costumes and manners of life, were all brought into bold relief, and placed before the reader with such fullness of detail, in such grandeur of outline, in such bright and vivid coloring, as gave even to the unimaginative a more distinct conception of, and a more lively sympathy with the past than they could gain for themselves of the present, as it was whirling and roaring round them, confusing them with its shifting of hues and forms, and stunning them with its hurricane of noises. And apart from the fascination which History, so presented, must have for the descendants of men and classes of historical renown, for the hereditary rulers and the privileged families of a great country, and though probably the creator of the splendid pageantry was definitely conscious of no such purpose, yet there must have mingled with this fascination, and have infused into it a deeper and more personal feeling, the regretful sense that the state of society so glowingly depicted had passed away—a foreboding that even its last vestiges were fast disappearing before the wave of democratic equality, and the uprising of a new aristocracy of wealth and intellect. If at the time those famous verse and prose romances came upon the world in a marvelously rapid succession, all that the public were conscious of was a blind pleasure and unreflecting delight, it is no less true that in an age of revolution they raised up before it in a transformed and glorified life the characters, the institutions, the sentiments and manners of an age of absolute government by the strong arm or by divine right—of an age of implicit belief, inspiring heroic action, sanctioning romantic tenderness, harmonizing and actuating all the virtues that adorn and elevate fallen humanity; and that since then there has arisen in our country a thoughtful reverence and love for the past—a sense of the livingness and value of our history—a desire and a determination to appreciate and comprehend, and so not forfeit, the inheritance of wisdom, forethought, brave action, and noble self-denial, which our ancestors have bequeathed to us. How many false and puerile forms this feeling has taken it does not fall within our present scope to notice. In spite of white waistcoat politics and Pugin pedantries, the feeling is a wise and a noble one—one which is the surety and the safeguard of progress; and that much of it is owing to the interest excited so widely and so deeply by Sir Walter Scott's writings, those will be least disposed to deny who have thought most on the causes which mould a nation's character, and the influences which work out a nation's destiny.

It is in no fanciful or arbitrary spirit of system that, while we assign to Byron the empire over the world of fashion and of pleasure, and seek the mainspring of Scott's popularity in the sway of old historical traditions over a landed aristocracy, and the longing regret with which they look back to a state of society passed or rapidly passing away, we should regard Shelley as the poetical representative of those whose hopes and aspirations and affections rush forward to embrace the great Hereafter, and dwell in rapturous anticipation on the coming of the golden year, the reign of universal freedom, and the establishment of universal brotherhood. By nature and by circumstance he was marvelously fitted for his task—gentle, sensitive, and fervid, he shrank from the least touch of wrong, and hated injustice with the zeal and passion of a martyr; while, as if to point him unmistakably to his mission, and consecrate him by the divine ordination of facts, he was subjected at his first entrance into life to treatment, both from constituted authority and family connection, so unnecessarily harsh, so stupidly cruel, as would have driven a worse man into reckless dissipation, a weaker man into silent despair. "Most men," he says himself,

"Are cradled into poetry by wrong;

They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

Whether this be the best or most usual training for the poet may well be doubted, but it is quite indubitable that such discipline will soonest open a man's eyes to the evils of existing institutions, and the vices of old societies; and will lend to his invectives that passion which raises them above satire—to his schemes, that enthusiasm which redeems them from being crotchets; will turn his abstract abhorrence of oppression into hatred against the oppressors—his loathing of corruption into a withering scorn and contempt for tyrants and their tools, the knaves and hypocrites who use holy names and noble offices to promote their selfish ends, and to fetter and enslave their brother men. And so it happened with Shelley. The feelings of poignant anguish and bitter indignation, which had been roused in him by cruelty and injustice toward himself, colored all his views of society, and at once sharpened his hostility to the civil and religious institutions of his country, and lent more glowing colors to the rainbow of promise that beamed upon him from the distance, through the storm of bloodshed and revolution. Add to this, that his mind was ill-trained, and not well furnished with facts; that he revelled with the delight of an eagle on the wing in the most audacious speculations, and was drawn on by the force of mental gravitation toward the boldest and most startling conclusions; that he was at once pure and impassioned—sensuous and spiritual; that he could draw from form, color, and sound a voluptuous enjoyment, keener and more intense than the grosser animal sensations of ordinary men; that his intellect hungered and thirsted after absolute truth, after central being, after a living personal unity of all things. Thus he united in himself many of the mightiest tenden-

cies of our time—its democratic, its skeptical, its pantheistic, its socialistic spirit; and thus he has become the darling and the watchword of those who aim at reconstructing society, in its forms, in its principles, and in its beliefs—who regard the past as an unmitigated failure, as an entire mistake—who would welcome the deluge for the sake of the new world that would rise after the subsidence of the waters. Nor has their affectionate admiration been ill-bestowed. With one exception, a more glorious poet has not been given to the English nation; and if we make one exception, it is because Shakspeare was a man of profounder insight, of calmer temperament, of wider experience, of more extensive knowledge; a greater philosopher, in fact, and a wiser man; not because he possessed more vital heat, more fusing, shaping power of imagination, or a more genuine poetic impulse and inspiration. After the passions and the theories, which supplied Shelley with the subject-matter of his poems have died away and become mere matters of history, there will still remain a song, such as mortal man never sung before, of inarticulate rapture and of freezing pain—of a blinding light of truth and a dazzling weight of glory, translated into English speech, as colored as a painted window, as suggestive, as penetrating, as intense as music.

We have assigned to three great poets of our age the function of representing three classes, distinct in character, position, and taste. But as these classes intermingle and become confused in life, so that individuals may partake of the elements of all three, and, in fact, no one individual can be exactly defined by his class type, so the poets that represent them have, of course an influence and a popularity that extend far beyond the classes to whose peculiar characteristics and predominant tastes we have assumed them to have given form and expression. Men read for amusement, to enlarge the range of their ideas and sympathies, to stimulate the emotions that are sluggish or wearied out; and thus the poet is not only the interpreter of men and of classes to themselves, but represents to men characters, modes of life, and social phenomena with which they are before unacquainted, excites interest, and arouses sympathy, and becomes the reconciler, by causing misunderstandings to vanish, as each man and each class comprehends more fully the common humanity that lies under the special manifestation, the same elemental passions and affections, the same wants, the same desires, the same hopes, the same beliefs, the same duties. It is thus especially that poets are teachers, that they aid in strengthening and civilizing nations, in drawing closer the bonds of brotherhood.

Wordsworth has said of himself, "The poet is a teacher. I wish to be considered as a teacher, or as nothing." If we are asked wherein lay the value of his teaching, we reply, that it lay mainly in the power that was given him of unfolding the glory and the beauty of the material world, and in bringing consciously before the minds of men the high moral function that belonged in the

human economy to the imagination, and in thereby redeeming the faculties of sense from the comparatively low and servile office of ministering merely to the animal pleasures, or what Mr. Carlyle has called "the beaver inventions." That beside, and in connection with this, he has shown the possibility of combining a state of vivid enjoyment, even of intense passion, with the activity of thought, and the repose of contemplation. He has, moreover, done more than any poet of his age to break down and obliterate the conventional barriers that, in our disordered social state, divide rich and poor into two hostile nations; and he has done this, not by bitter and passionate declamations on the injustice and vices of the rich, and on the wrongs and virtues of the poor, but by fixing his imagination on the elemental feelings, which are the same in all classes, and drawing out the beauty that lies in all that is truly natural in human life. Dirt, squalor, disease, vice, and hard-heartedness, are not natural to any grade of life; where they are found, they are man's work, not God's; and the poet's business is not with the misery of man's making, but with the escape from that misery revealed to those that have eyes to see, and ears to hear—we mean, that no true poet will be merely a painter of that which is low, deformed, essentially inhuman, as his ultimate and highest aim, though, as means, he may, as the greatest poets have done, use them to move and rouse the sleeping soul. This, we say, in answer to those that asserted that Wordsworth was not a true painter of manners and character from humble life: we say he was, for that he painted, as minutely as served his aim, that which was essential to its occupations and its general outward condition—that which it must be, if Christian men are to look upon the inequalities of wealth and station as a permanent element in society. And all this which he taught in his writings, he taught equally by his life. And furthermore, he manifested a deep sense of the sacredness of the gift of genius, and refused to barter its free exercise for aught that the world could hold out to him, either to terrify or to seduce; and he lived to prove, not only that the free exercise of poetic genius is its own exceeding great reward, bringing a rich harvest of joy and peace, and the sweet consciousness of duty well discharged, and God's work done; but, what was quite as much needed in our time, he showed that for the support and nourishment of poetic inspiration, no stimulants of social vanity, vicious sensuality, or extravagant excitement, were requisite, and that it could flourish in the highest vigor on the simple influence of external nature, and the active exercise of the family affections.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.*

THE knowledge of an extensively organized conspiracy embittered the last years of the Emperor Alexander, and increased his constitu-

* Translated from the French of Alexandre Dumas with omissions and additions, by Miss Jane Strickland

tional melancholy. His attachment to Tzarsko Zelo made him linger longer at his summer palace than was prudent in a man subject to erysipelas. The wound in his leg re-opened with very unfavorable symptoms, and he was compelled to leave his favorite residence in a closed litter for St. Petersburg; and the skill and firmness of Mr. Wyllie, his Scotch surgeon, alone saved the diseased limb from amputation. As soon as he was cured, he returned again to Tzarsko Zelo, where the spring found him as usual alone, without a court or chamberlain, only giving audience to his ministers twice a week. His existence resembled rather that of an anchorite weeping for the sins of his youth, than that of a great emperor who makes the happiness of his people.

He regulated his time in the following manner: in summer he rose at five, and in winter at six o'clock every morning, and as soon as the duties of the toilet were ended, entered his cabinet, in which the greatest order was observed.

He found there a cambric handkerchief folded, and a packet of new pens. He only used these pens in signing his name, and never made use of them again. As soon as he had concluded this business, he descended into the garden, where, notwithstanding the report of a conspiracy which had existed two years against his life and government, he walked alone, with no other guards than the sentinels always stationed before the palace of Alexander. At five he returned, to dine alone, and after his solitary meal was lulled to sleep by the melancholy airs played by the military band of the guard regiment on duty. The selection of the music was always made by himself, and he seemed to sink to repose, and to awake, with the same sombre dispositions and feelings which had been his companions throughout the day.

His empress, Elizabeth, lived like her consort, in profound solitude, watching over him like an invisible angel. Time had not extinguished in her heart the profound passion with which the youthful Czarowitz had inspired her at first sight, and which she had preserved in her heart, pure and inviolate. His numerous and public infidelities could not stifle this holy and beautiful attachment, which formed at once the happiness and misery of a delicate and sensitive woman.

At this period of her life, the empress at five-and-forty retained her fine shape and noble carriage, while her countenance showed the remains of considerable beauty, more impaired by sorrow than time. Calumny itself had never dared to aim her envenomed shafts at one so eminently chaste and good. Her presence demanded the respect due to virtue, still more than the homage proper to her elevated rank.

She resembled indeed more an angel exiled from heaven, than the imperial consort of a prince who ruled a large portion of the earth.

In the summer of 1825, the last he was destined to see, the physicians of the emperor unanimously recommended a journey to the Crimea, as the best medicine he could take. Alexander ap-

peared perfectly indifferent to a measure which regarded his individual benefit, but the empress, deeply interested in any event likely to restore her husband's health, asked and obtained permission to accompany him. The necessary preparations for this long absence overwhelmed the emperor with business, and for a fortnight he rose earlier, and went to bed later, than was customary to him.

In the month of June, no visible alteration was observed in his appearance, and he quitted St. Petersburg after a service had been chanted, to bring down a blessing from above on his journey. He was accompanied by the empress, his faithful coachman Ivan, and some officers belonging to the staff of General Diebitch. He stopped at Warsaw a few days, in order to celebrate the birthday of his brother, the Grand-Duke Constantine, and arrived at Tangaroff in the end of August, 1825. Both the illustrious travelers found their health benefited by the change of scene and climate. Alexander took a great liking to Tangaroff, a small town on the borders of the Sea of Azof, comprising a thousand ill-built houses, of which a sixth-part alone are of brick and stone, while the remainder resemble wooden cages covered with dirt. The streets are large, but then they have no pavement, and are alternately loaded with dust, or inundated with mud. The dust rises in clouds, which conceals alike man and beast under a thick veil, and penetrates every where the carefully closed jalousies with which the houses are guarded, and covers the garments of their inhabitants. The food, the water, are loaded with it; and the last can not be drunk till previously boiled with salt of tartar, which precipitates it; a precaution absolutely necessary to free it from this disagreeable and dangerous deposit.

The emperor took possession of the governor's house, where he sometimes slept and took his meals. His abode there in the day-time rarely exceeded two hours. The rest of his time was passed in wandering about the country on foot, in the hot dust or wet mud. No weather put any stop to his out-door exercise, and no advice from his medical attendant nor warning from the natives of Tangaroff, could prevail upon him to take the slightest precaution against the fatal autumnal fever of the country. His principal occupation was planning and planting a great public garden, in which undertaking he was assisted by an Englishman whom he had brought with him from St. Petersburg for that purpose. He frequently slept on the spot on a camp-bed, with his head resting upon a leather pillow.

If general report may be credited, planting gardens was not the principal object that engrossed the Russian emperor's attention. He was said to be employed in framing a new constitution for Russia, and unable to contend at St. Petersburg with the prejudices of the aristocracy, had retired to this small city, for the purpose of conferring this benefit upon his enslaved country.

However this might be, the emperor did not

stay long at a time at Tangaroff, where his empress, unable to share with him the fatigues of his long journeys, permanently resided, during his frequent absences from his head-quarters. Alexander, in fact, made rapid excursions to the country about the Don, and was sometimes at Tcherkask, sometimes at Donetz. He was on the eve of departure for Astracan, when Count Woronzoff in person, came to announce to his sovereign, the existence of the mysterious conspiracy which had haunted him in St. Petersburg, and which extended to the Crimea, where his personal presence could alone appease the general discontent.

The prospect of traversing three hundred leagues appeared a trifle to Alexander, whom rapid journeys alone diverted from his oppressive melancholy. He announced to the empress his departure, which he only delayed till the return of a messenger he had sent to Alapka. The expected courier brought new details of the conspiracy, which aimed at the life, as well as the government of Alexander. This discovery agitated him terribly. He rested his aching head on his hands, gave a deep groan, and exclaimed, "Oh, my father, my father!" Though it was then midnight, he caused Count Diebitch to be roused from sleep and summoned into his presence. The general, who lodged in the next house, found his master in a dreadfully excited state, now traversing the apartment with hasty strides, now throwing himself upon the bed with deep sighs and convulsive starts. He at length became calm, and discussed the intelligence conveyed in the dispatches of Count Woronzoff. He then dictated two, one addressed to the Viceroy of Poland, the other to the Grand-Duke Nicholas.

With these documents, all traces of his terrible agitation disappeared. He was quite calm, and his countenance betrayed nothing of the emotion that had harassed him the preceding night.

Count Woronzoff, notwithstanding this apparent calmness, found him difficult to please, and unusually irritable, for Alexander was constitutionally sweet-tempered and patient. He did not delay his journey on account of this internal disquiet, but gave orders for his departure from Tangaroff, which he fixed for the following day.

His ill-humor increased during the journey; he complained of the badness of the roads and the slowness of the horses. He had never been known to grumble before. His irritation became more apparent when Sir James Wyllie, his confidential medical attendant, recommended him to take some precaution against the frozen winds of the autumn; for he threw away with a gesture of impatience the cloak and pelisse he offered, and braved the danger he had been entreated to avoid. His imprudence soon produced consequences. That evening he caught cold, and coughed incessantly, and the following day on his arrival at Orieloff, an intermittent fever appeared, which soon after, aggravated by the obstinacy of the invalid, turned to the remittent

fever common to Tangaroff and its environs in the autumn.

The emperor, whose increasing malady gave him a presage of his approaching death, expressed a wish to return to the empress, and once more took the route to Tangaroff; contrary to the prayers of Sir James Wyllie, he chose to perform a part of the journey on horseback, but the failure of his strength finally forced him to re-enter his carriage. He entered Tangaroff on the fifth of November, and swooned the moment he came into the governor's house. The empress, who was suffering with a complaint of the heart, forgot her malady, while watching over her dying husband. Change of place only increased the fatal fever which preyed upon his frame, which seemed to gather strength from day to day. On the eighth, Wyllie called in Dr. Stephiegen, and on the thirteenth they endeavored to counteract the affection of the brain, and wished to bleed the imperial patient. He would not submit to the operation, and demanded iced-water, which they refused. Their denial irritated him, and he rejected every thing they offered him, with displeasure. These learned men were unwise to deprive the suffering prince of the water, a safe and harmless beverage in such fevers. In fact, nature herself sometimes, in inspiring the wish, provides the remedy. The emperor, on the afternoon of that day wrote and sealed a letter, when, perceiving the taper remained burning he told his attendant to extinguish it, in words that plainly expressed his feelings in regard to the dangerous nature of his malady. "Put out that light, my friend, or the people will take it for a bier candle, and will suppose I am already dead."

On the fourteenth of November, the physicians again urged their refractory patient to take the medicines they prescribed, and were seconded by the prayers of the empress. He repulsed them with some haughtiness, but quickly repenting of his hastiness of temper, which in fact was one of the symptoms of the disease, he said, "Attend to me, Stephiegen, and you too, Sir Andrew Wyllie. I have much pleasure in seeing you, but you plague me so often about your medicine, that really I must give up your company if you will talk of nothing else." He however was at last induced to take a dose of calomel.

In the evening, the fever had made such fearful progress that it appeared necessary to call in a priest. Sir Andrew Wyllie, at the instance of the empress, entered the chamber of the dying prince, and approaching his bed with tears in his eyes, advised him "to call in the aid of the Most High, and not to refuse the assistance of religion as he had already done that of medicine."

The emperor instantly gave his consent. Upon the fifteenth, at five o'clock in the morning, a humble village priest approached the imperial bed to receive the confession of his expiring sovereign. "My father, God must be merciful to kings," were the first words the emperor ad-

dressed to the minister of religion; "indeed they require it so much more than other men." In this sentence all the trials and temptations of the despotic ruler of a great people—his territorial ambition, his jealousy, his political ruses, his distrusts, and over-confidences, seem to be briefly comprehended. Then, apparently perceiving some timidity in the spiritual confessor his destiny had provided for him, he added, "My father, treat me like an erring man, not as an emperor." The priest drew near the bed, received the confession of his august penitent, and administered to him the last sacraments.

Then having been informed of the emperor's pertinacity in rejecting medicine, he urged him to give up this fatal obstinacy, remarking, "that he feared God would consider it absolutely suicidal." His admonitions made a deep impression upon the mind of the prince, who recalled Sir Andrew Wyllie, and, giving him his hand, bade him do what he pleased with him. Wyllie took advantage of this absolute surrender, to apply twenty leeches to the head of the emperor, but the application was too late, the burning fever continually increased, and the sufferer was given over. The intelligence filled the dying chamber with weeping domestics, who tenderly loved their master.

The empress still occupied her place by the bed-side, which she had never quitted but once, in order to allow her dying husband to unbosom himself in private to his confessor. She returned to the post assigned her by conjugal tenderness directly the priest had quitted it.

Two hours after he had made his peace with God, Alexander experienced more severe pain than he had yet felt; "Kings," said he, "suffer more than others." He had called one of his attendants to listen to this remark, with the air of one communicating a secret. He stopped, and then as if recalling something he had forgotten, said in a whisper, "they have committed an infamous action."

What did he mean by those words? Was he suspicious that his days had been shortened by poison? or did he allude, with the last accents he uttered, to the barbarous assassination of the Emperor Paul? Eternity can alone reveal the secret thoughts of Alexander I. of Russia.

During the night, the dying prince lost consciousness. At two o'clock in the morning, Count Diebitch came to the empress, to inform her that an old man, named Alexandrowitz, had saved many Tartars in the same malady. A ray of hope entered the heart of the imperial consort at this information, and Sir Andrew Wyllie ordered him to be sought for with haste.

This interval was passed by the empress in prayer, yet she still kept her eyes fixed upon those of her husband, watching with intense attention the beams of life and light fading in their unconscious gaze. At nine in the morning, the old man was brought into the imperial chamber almost by force. The rank of the patient, perhaps, inspiring him with some fear respecting the consequences that might follow

his prescriptions, caused his extreme unwillingness. He approached the bed, looked at his dying sovereign, and shook his head. He was questioned respecting this doubtful sign. "It is too late to give him medicine; besides, those I have cured were not sick of the same malady."

With these words of the peasant physician, the last hopes of the empress vanished; but if pure and ardent prayers could have prevailed with God, Alexander would have been saved.

On the sixteenth of November, according to the usual method of measuring time, but on the first of December, if we follow the Russian calendar, at fifty minutes after ten in the morning, Alexander Paulowitz, Emperor of all the Russias, expired. The empress, bending over him felt the departure of his last breath. She uttered a bitter cry, sank upon her knees, and prayed. After some minutes passed in communion with heaven, she rose, closed the eyes of her deceased lord, composed his features, kissed his cold and livid hands, and once more knelt and prayed.

The physicians entreated her to leave the chamber of death, and the pious empress consented to withdraw to her own. The autopsy exhibited the same appearance generally discovered in those subjects whose death has been caused by the fever of the country: the brain was watery, the veins of the head were gorged, and the liver was soft. No signs of poison were discovered; the death of the emperor was in the course of nature.

The body of the emperor lay in state, on a platform raised in an apartment of the house where he died. The presence-chamber was hung with black, and the bier was covered with a cloth of gold. A great many wax tapers lighted up the gloomy scene. A priest at the head of the bier prayed continually for the repose of his deceased sovereign's soul. Two sentinels, with drawn swords, watched day and night beside the dead, two were stationed at the doors, and two stood on each step leading to the bier. Every person received at the door a lighted taper, which he held while he remained in the apartment. The empress was present during these masses, but she always fainted at the conclusion of the service. Crowds of people united their prayers to hers, for the emperor was adored by the common people. The corpse of Alexander I. lay in state twenty-one days before it was removed to the Greek monastery of St. Alexander, where it was to rest before its departure for interment in St. Petersburg.

Upon the 25th December, the remains of the emperor were placed on a funeral car drawn by eight horses, covered to the ground with black cloth ornamented with the escutcheons of the empire. The bier rested on an elevated dais, carpeted with cloth of gold; over the bier was laid a flag of silver tissue, charged with the heraldic insignia proper to the imperial house. The imperial crown was placed under the dais. Four major-generals held the cords which supported the diadem. The persons composing the

nousehold of the emperor and empress, followed the bier dressed in long black mantles, bearing in their hands lighted torches. The Cossacks of the Don every minute discharged their light artillery, while the sullen booming of the cannon added to the solemnity of the imposing scene.

Upon its arrival at the church, the body was transferred to a catafalco covered with red cloth, surmounted by the imperial arms in gold, displayed on crimson velvet. Two steps led up to the platform on which the catafalco was placed. Four columns supported the dais upon which the imperial crown, the sceptre, and the globe rested.

The catafalco was surrounded by curtains of crimson velvet and cloth of gold, and four massy candelabra, at the four corners of the platform, bore wax tapers sufficient to dispel the darkness, but not to banish the gloom pervading the church, which was hung with black, embroidered with white crosses. The empress made an attempt to assist at this funeral service, but her feelings overpowered her, and she was borne back to the palace in a swoon; but as soon as she came to herself, she entered the private chapel, and repeated there the same prayers then reciting in the church of St. Alexander.

While the remains of the Emperor Alexander were on their way to their last home, the report of his dangerous state which had been forwarded officially to the Grand-Duke Nicholas, was contradicted by another document, which bore date of the 29th of November, announcing that considerable amendment had taken place in the emperor's health, who had recovered from a swoon of eight hours' duration, and had not only appeared collected, but declared himself improved in health.

Whether this was a political ruse of the conspirators or the new emperor, remains quite uncertain; however, a solemn *Te Deum* was ordered to be celebrated in the cathedral of Casan, at which the empress-mother and the Grand-Dukes Nicholas and Michael were present. The joyful crowds assembled at this service scarcely left the imperial family and their suite a free space for the exercise of their devotions. Toward the end of the *Te Deum*, while the sweet voices of the choir were rising in harmonious concert to heaven, some official person informed the Grand-Duke Nicholas, that a courier from Tangaroff had arrived with the last dispatch, which he refused to deliver into any hand but his own. Nicholas was conducted into the sacristy, and with one glance at the messenger divined the nature of the document of which he was the bearer. The letter he presented was sealed with black. Nicholas recognized the handwriting of the empress-consort, and hastily opening it, read these words:

"Our angel is in heaven; I still exist on earth, but I hope soon to be re-united to him."

The bishop was summoned into the sacristy by the new emperor, who gave him the letter, with directions to break the fatal tidings it contained to the empress-mother with the tenderest

care. He then returned to his place by the side of his august parent, who alone, of the thousands assembled there, had perceived his absence.

An instant after, the venerable bishop re-entered the choir, and silenced the notes of praise and exultation with a motion of his hand. Every voice became mute, and the stillness of death reigned throughout the sacred edifice. In the midst of the general astonishment and attention he walked slowly to the altar, took up the massy silver crucifix which decorated it, and throwing over that symbol of earthly sorrow and divine hope, a black veil, he approached the empress-mother, and gave her the crucifix in mourning to kiss.

The empress uttered a cry, and fell with her face on the pavement; she comprehended at once that her eldest son was dead.

The Empress Elizabeth soon realized the sorrowful hope she had expressed. Four months after the death of her consort she died on her way from Tangaroff, at Beloff, and soon rejoined him she had pathetically termed, "*her angel in heaven.*"

The historical career of the Emperor Alexander is well known to every reader, but the minor matters of every-day life mark the man, while public details properly denote the sovereign.

The faults of Alexander are comprised in his infidelity to a beautiful, accomplished, and affectionate wife. He respected her even while wounding her delicate feelings by his criminal attachments to other women. After many years of mental pain, the injured Elizabeth gave him the choice of giving her up, or banishing an imperious mistress, by whom the emperor had a numerous family.

Alexander could not resolve to separate forever from his amiable and virtuous consort—he made the sacrifice she required of him.

His gallantry sometimes placed him in unprincipely situations, and brought him in contact with persons immeasurably beneath him. He once fell in love with a tailor's wife at Warsaw, and not being well acquainted with the character of the pretty grisette, construed her acceptance of the visit he proposed making her, into approbation of his suit. The fair Pole was too simple, and had been too virtuously brought up, to comprehend his intentions. Her husband was absent, so she thought it would not be proper to receive the imperial visit alone; she made, therefore, a re-union of her own and her husband's relations—rich people of the bourgeoisie class—and when the emperor entered her saloon, he found himself in company with thirty or forty persons, to whom he was immediately introduced by his fair and innocent hostess. The astonished sovereign was obliged to make himself agreeable to the party, none of whom appear to have divined his criminal intentions. He made no further attempt to corrupt the innocence of this beautiful woman, whose simplicity formed the safeguard of her virtue.

A severe trial separated him forever from his last mistress, who had borne him a daughter

this child was the idol of his heart, and to form her mind was the pleasure of his life. At eighteen the young lady eclipsed every woman in his empire by her dazzling beauty and graceful manners. Suddenly she was seized with an infectious fever, for which no physician in St. Petersburg could find a remedy. Her mother, selfish and timid, deserted the sick chamber of the suffering girl, over whom the bitter tears of a father were vainly shed, while he kept incessant vigils over one whom he would have saved from the power of the grave at the expense of his life and empire. The dying daughter asked incessantly for her mother upon whose bosom she desired to breathe her last sigh, but neither the passionate entreaties nor the commands of her imperial lover could induce the unnatural parent to risk her health by granting the interview for which her poor child craved, and she expired in the arms of her father, without the consolation of bidding her mother a last adieu.

Some days after the death of his natural daughter, the Emperor Alexander entered the house of an English officer, to whom he was much attached. He was in deep mourning, and appeared very unhappy.

"I have just followed to the grave," he said, "as a private person, the remains of my poor child, and I can not yet forgive the unnatural woman who deserted the death-bed of her daughter. Besides, my sin, which I never repented of, has found me out, and the vengeance of God has fallen upon its fruits. Yes, I deserted the best and most amiable of wives, the object of my first affection, for women who neither possessed her beauty nor merit. I have preferred to the empress even this unnatural mother, whom I now regard with loathing and horror. My wife shall never again have cause to reproach my broken faith.

Devotion and his strict adherence to his promise balm the wound, which, however, only death could heal. To the secret agony which through life had haunted the bosom of the son was added that of the father, and the return of Alexander to the paths of virtue and religion originated in the loss of this beloved daughter, smitten, he considered, for his sins.

The friendship of this prince for Madame Krudener had nothing criminal in its nature, though it furnished a theme for scandal to those who are apt to doubt the purity of Platonic attachments between individuals of opposite sexes.

In regard to this emperor's political career, full of ambition and stratagem, we can only re-echo his dying words to his confessor: "God must be merciful to kings!" His career, however, varied by losses on the field, or humiliated by treaties, ended triumphantly with the laurels of war and the olives of peace; and he bore to his far northern empire the keys of Paris as a trophy of his arms. His moderation demands the praise of posterity, and excited the admiration of the French nation at large. His immoral conduct as a man and a husband was afterward

effaced by his sincere repentance, and he died in the arms of the most faithful and affectionate of wives, who could not long survive her irreparable loss. His death was deeply lamented by his subjects, who, if they did not enroll his name among the greatest of their rulers, never have hesitated to denote him as the best and most merciful sovereign who ever sat upon the Russian throne.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF JOHN RAYNER.

I.

IT was the strangest and most beautiful sight in the world—certainly the most beautiful they had ever seen or dreamt of; and the party, after surmounting the perils of the ascent, stood gazing in astonished amazement. "The Falls of Niagara may be very grand," observed they; not that they could speak from experience, never having crossed the Atlantic to view them; the sight of the Pyramids of Egypt, worth a pilgrimage thither, and all the other known wonders of the earth, natural and artificial, equally imposing and sublime, but it was scarcely to be conceived that any one of them could vie in beauty with the Glaciers of Switzerland.

The party, some half-dozen in number, and of the English nation, had arrived at Chamouny in the night, later by some hours than they ought to have done, owing to the break-down of their nondescript vehicle, called a *char-à-banc*, just after they had quitted St. Martin, a quiet little village, whence the view of Mont Blanc is splendid in the extreme.

They were weary with traveling, and sought their beds at once, the earliest riser among them—and he not until the sun was up—rushing to his window, before his eyes were half open, to see if any view was to be obtained.

He pulled aside the curtain, and stood transfixed; utterly regardless of the bipeds, male and female, human and animal, whose attention might be attracted upward by the unusual apparition of a gentleman exhibiting himself at the open window in his costume *de nuit*, his tasseled nightcap stretching a yard into the air. But John Rayner was a man much more accustomed to act from impulse than from reflection, and it is possible that in this instance the scene he beheld excused it.

The Glacier de Bosson was before him—the large, unbroken Glacier de Bosson—with its color of bright azure, and its shining peaks of gold, rising to a sky more deeply blue than we ever see it in England, glittering along as far as the eye could reach. A glimpse of the Mer de Glace was caught in the distance, its white surface presenting a contrast to the blue of the glaciers.

John Rayner soon summoned his party; and, after a hasty breakfast, they commenced preparations for a visit to the Mer de Glace. They were soon ready—considering that some of the party were ladies, and one a staid damsel of five-and-forty, methodical and slow; another, a

fair young bride, indulged in every wish and whim. The usual appendage of mules and guides accompanied them, and they were a long while ascending the mountain—five hours at the least—but the road was sufficiently exciting, and to some minds sufficiently dangerous, to keep away ennui. The young girl, too, and indeed she was little more, was perpetually throwing them into a state of agitation with her sudden screams of terror, although the guides, with their Alpenstocks, seeing her fears, were more attentive to her than to all the rest of them put together. Once they thought she had certainly gone over, mule and all: it was when a descending party appeared almost right above their heads, advancing toward them, and she was just at a broken and rugged corner, where there was scarcely room for one mule to step, without being precipitated into the depths below. But the danger was surmounted, and on they went, the mules nearly on end; for it is scarcely possible to conceive a more perpendicular ascent. Part of the way lay through groves of tall pine-trees, and flowers and wild strawberries were growing around.

But now they gained the height, and how strangely beautiful was the scene that broke upon them! it certainly, as the gazers observed, could have no rival in nature. It was one of the sunniest days, too, that ever rose on that picturesque land: had it been less fine, the greater part of the scene's beauty would probably have been lost.

The azure-tinted plains of ice, in their rugged sublimity, were stretched out broad and large, their surface glittering as if all sorts of precious stones were thrown there. The bright-green emerald, the pale sapphire, the gay amber, the purer topaz, the sweet-tinted amethyst, the richer garnet, the blue turquoise, the darker lapis lazuli, the rare jacinth, the elegant onyx, the delicate opal, the gaudy gold, and the brilliant diamond. All gay and glittering colors were there, presenting a dazzling profusion of tints such as the eye had never yet rested on. Pinnacles of snow rose up to the heavens, and frozen torrents, arrested midway in their course, hung over the waves of ice below. Plains, plains of ice, were extended there, clear and transparent; masses of white, shining snow, in all fanciful shapes, were crowded, as if they were rocks, one above another, and magnificent pinnacles, or aiguilles, as they are appropriately termed, raised their golden tops to the dark blue sky, numbers of them upon numbers, as far away in the distance as the eye could reach. It is impossible to do justice in description to the exquisite coloring of these heaps or rocks of ice, between each of which yawned a fissure or abyss, fearful to look down upon. You may have witnessed the blue of a Southern sky, and the rich blue of the Rhone's waters—wondrously dark and rich as they roll on from Geneva's lake; you may have seen the bright plumage of rare birds, rivaling the exquisite tint that is known as "ultramarine," but never, never have

you imagined any thing so lovely as the transparent azure of portions of these masses of ice.

There are more things in heaven and earth, *Hamlet* tells us, than are dreamt of in our philosophy. It is very probable; and there are certainly more places. When John Rayner's geographical master at school expounded to him the dreamy, repellant attributes of the Icy Sea, making him shiver as he listened, he little thought there was *another* icy sea nearer home, one that he might some time visit, and whose strangely magnificent beauty would cling to his recollections for all his future years.

The guides began pointing out to him some of the glistening peaks by name: the Aiguilles Rouges, the Col de Baume, the Grands Periers, the Grands Mulets, the Egralets, and others. And—strange, strange scene! in the midst of this region of petrification, this enduring ice of ages, the green banks, verdant as our plains in the spring-time, lay on the edge of the white waters; causing them to think of the blending of climes that they would never see blended—the smiling pastures of Arcadia in the midst of the desolation of the North Pole.

They were gathered in a group close to the little chalet, as it is called, partaking of the refreshments they had brought with them, all save that pretty plaything the young bride, who, her terrors subsided, sat twisting some wood-strawberries round her straw-bonnet, much to the staining and detriment of its white ribbons, as John Rayner's staid aunt kept assuring her, when some fresh comers appeared upon the scene. They consisted of a lady and gentleman, a man servant, in undress livery, and some guides. He, the gentleman, was young and remarkably handsome, aristocratic to the last degree, and there was an air of reserve and hauteur about him, conspicuous at the first glance. But he was forgotten when his companion, whom he had assisted from her mule and placed upon his arm, turned her countenance to their view. Seldom has a human face been formed so classically faultless, and though there was not the slightest coloring in her features, the delicate beauty of their form was such, that could a painter have transferred them to canvas, he would need to toil for fame no more. Her hair was of the deepest shade, next to black, and her eyes were blue, but such a blue—dark and lovely as were the edges of the masses of ice she was looking at. They did not advance toward our party, preferring, no doubt, to shroud themselves in their habits of aristocratic reserve, and keep themselves aloof from promiscuous travelers. Once she withdrew her arm from his, and began slipping about on the waves of ice, trying hard to climb them; and, as she thus amused herself, he strolled away and approached nearer the other party. But he took no notice of it, save one or two involuntary glances of admiration which showed from his eyes as they fell upon the fair young wife before mentioned, who still sat weaving her strawberries, not quite consistent, as John Ray

ner's maiden aunt stiffly observed, with his devotion to *his* young wife down there.

"I wonder if they are English?" quoth Miss Rayner—the first "wonder" an Englishwoman expresses, and that invariably, when strangers appear in sight in a foreign land.

"English! of course not!" retorted her young lady-relative, pushing up the wreath to see how many stains she could count upon her bonnet, and who, since she crossed the channel, had been pleased to express a mania for every body and every thing that was foreign.

But the day at length wore away, with its pleasure, toil, and excitement; and not sorry were they, after their perpendicular descent, to find themselves safe in the inn at Chamouny.

Early the next morning they went out to visit the source of the Arveiron; but it calls for little notice here, and its description would scarcely be read after that of the Icy Sea. They were standing by the grove of pines that skirts the rivulet, bargaining with some little children for the minerals they so anxiously displayed, when the same couple they had seen the day before, amid the glaciers, advanced toward them, but this time quite unattended. The gentleman was attired in a sort of shooting-coat, his tall slender form appearing to advantage in this mode of dress; and the young lady was enveloped in a Cashmere, her lovely features colorless as ever; but she hastily shook her vail over them as she neared the strangers.

They had scarcely passed, when the gentleman, in drawing something from his pocket—a sketch-book it looked like—let fall a gold pencil-case, probably out of the book. It was unperceived by him, and he continued his way, the pencil-case rolling to the feet of John Rayner. He picked it up, and stepping after the stranger, returned it into his hand.

He proffered his thanks politely and very courteously. There was something extremely prepossessing in his manner when he spoke, and in his smile also, in spite of the hauteur visible in his features when they were at rest.

"He is an Englishman, then!" cried John's good aunt, who had been watching and listening.

"And a nobleman to boot," added John.

On the blood-red stone of the chased pencil-case was engraved an elaborate coat-of-arms, surmounted by a viscount's coronet.

During their quiet journey back to St. Martin, in the char-à-banc, they, having nothing better to do, began discussing the episode, as John Rayner himself named it. Miss Rayner, who, many years before, had owned a real countess for a godmother, and still boasted of a cousin—she did not say how many removes—in an ambassador's lady, had, as a matter of course, all the peerage at her fingers' ends, and knew the names and ages of every body in it, as well as she did the Church Catechism. So she began speculating upon which of the peers' sons it was, and trying to recollect who among them had recently wedded.

"I have it!" she cried at last. "It is Lord

L——. He was married just before we left England—to that old admiral's daughter, you know, John, with the wooden leg: he is something at the Admiralty. An exceedingly fine young man is Viscount L——, but so was his father before him, though I dare say he is altered now. He stood for our county in early life, and I saw him ride round the town the day of his election."

"My good madam," interrupted a gentleman, leaning down from his seat by the driver to speak, "the party we saw this morning is just as much like Lord L—— as you are like me. He is a regular dwarf, is L——; stands five feet one in his boots."

"How do *you* know Viscount L——?" snappishly demanded the lady, vexed at finding herself, with all her aristocratic lore, at fault.

"I was at college with him," was the reply, as the speaker threw away the end of his cigar.

"It is useless to discuss the matter further," observed John Rayner. "We have seen the last of them, and the prospect here is worth all the coronets in Europe."

They were leaving the Glacier de Bosson, with its form of grace, and its color of brilliant blue shading itself off above to snowy whiteness; but shining cataracts, silvery and beautiful, were rushing down from the heights, amid the trees, the rocks, and the green, green banks. And further on, as the char-à-banc continued its way out of the valley, the snowy range of mountains appeared, their outline sharply cut against the clear summer sky, and the pinnacles, domes, and obelisks, as they might be fancied, shooting up to it; with Mont Blanc—Mont Blanc so splendidly radiant—seen from thence, standing forth in all its glory.

II.

It may have been several months prior to the date of the events recorded above, that a family-party were gathered one evening in the drawing-room of a handsome house, situated near to one of those parts of London much frequented by lawyers. A lady of advancing years sat in an easy-chair; the worsted-work with which she had been occupied was thrown aside, and she had placed her hand fondly upon the head of a young girl, who knelt before the recently-lighted fire, enjoying its blaze, for the autumn evenings were growing chilly. A stranger would have been struck at once with the girl's beauty. Had a masterly hand sculptured out her features from marble, they could not have been more exquisitely moulded, and they were pale as the purest ivory. She seemed to be about eighteen, and a cherished, petted child.

Two ladies, each more than thirty years of age, sat also in the apartment. They were quiet-looking women, dressed with a plainness which formed a contrast to the elegant attire of the younger lady. One sat before her desk, the other—having drawn close to the window, for she was near-sighted—sat reading attentively.

"Louisa, my dear," observed the mother, removing her hand from her youngest daughter's

head, "I think you should put your writing aside: it is getting too late to see."

"In a few minutes, mother: my epistle is just finished, and I want to send it by to-night's post."

"Is it for the convent?" inquired the youngest girl.

"It is."

"As a matter of certainty," she rejoined; a saucy smile—in which might be traced a dash of derision—illuminating her features.

The expression was observed, and a deep sigh broke from the two elder sisters; the one looking up from her book, which was a Roman-Catholic edition of the "Lives of the Saints," to give vent to it.

At the same moment a servant entered, and presented a salver to his mistress. She took a note from it, and broke the seal. The man quitted the room, and Frances, like a spoiled child, leaned her head upon her mother's lap to look at the handwriting.

"It is from your papa, my dearest, written from the office; but a couple of lines. He says he shall bring home a client to dinner—a nobleman, who will probably take a bed at our house. It may be as well, perhaps, that I order some trifling additions to the table."

"The dinner is very well, madam," meekly observed one of her elder daughters. "It is handsome and good: will not the enlarging of it savor much of worldly vanity?"

"Additions! to be sure, mamma!" cried Frances. "What are you dreaming of, Mary? it is a nobleman who is coming, did you not hear?" And bending forward, she pulled hastily the bell, that Mrs. Hildyard might issue her orders.

But while they are up-stairs dressing, it may be as well to give a short intimation of who the parties are.

Mr. Hildyard was an eminent lawyer, ranking high in his profession, of unblemished character, and of great wealth. He was of the Roman Catholic persuasion. His family consisted but of the three daughters we have already seen. The two elder ones, Louisa and Mary, had been placed in early childhood at a convent in one of the midland counties. Merry-hearted girls they were when they entered it; but at their departure, after a sojourn there of several years, their joyous spirits had been subdued to gloom. The world and all its concerns was to them a sin; and they decidedly deemed that no person was worthy to live in it, save those who were continually out of it "in the spirit," and whose time was passed in the offices of religion, and in ecclesiastical acerbities. They returned home young women, while their little sister, the willful child, Frances, was but eight years of age. Most passionately fond of this child, coming to them so many years after the birth of the others, were Mr. and Mrs. Hildyard; and, like too many fond parents, they merged her future well-being in present indulgence. Oh! better had it been for Frances Hildyard to have turned into stone her heart's best feelings, and to have lived a life

of contented gloom as her sisters did, than to have grown up the vain, self-willed girl which she had done, reveling in the world and its vanities as if it were to be her resting-place forever.

It is impossible to tell you how Frances Hildyard was idolized—how indulged. This is no ideal story, and I speak but of things as they were. When only seven years of age, she dined at table with her parents, at their late dinner-hour. Her will was law in the house; the very servants, taking their tone from their superiors, made her their idol, or professed to do so. The most insidious flatteries were poured into her ear, and every hour in the day, one eagerly drank in theme was whispered there—the beauty of Miss Frances. This indulgence, coupled with that fostered vanity, brought forth its fruits—and can you wonder at it? Good seeds were in her heart—good, holy seeds, planted in it by God, as they are in the heart of all; but in lieu of being carefully fostered and pruned, they were let run to waste, and the baneful weeds overgrew them.

A governess was provided for her, a kind, judicious Catholic woman. Send Frances to the convent, indeed! What object would Mr. and Mrs. Hildyard have had to doat upon had their precious child been removed from their sight? Mrs. Mainwaring was anxious for the welfare of her charge, and to do her duty; but Frances was the most rebellious pupil. The governess appealed to the mother, and Mrs. Hildyard, with showers of kisses and presents, implored Frances to be more attentive; but Frances heard her whisper to the governess not to be harsh with her darling child. It was a continued scene of struggle for mastery, and Mrs. Mainwaring threw up her engagement. A French lady was procured in her place, who had the accommodation, to use no more reprehensible term, to assimilate her views to those of Miss Frances. And so she grew up; her extreme beauty palliating to the household all her little willful faults, and the admiration she excited filling the very crevices of her heart. To hear the echo of the word "beautiful" coupled with Frances Hildyard, was of itself, to her, worth living for. But soon one was to come, for whose admiration she would alone care, one for whose step she would learn to listen, and in whose absence existence would be irksome.

She was the first, on the evening which has been mentioned, to enter the drawing-room, after dressing for dinner. Her attire proved she had not forgotten that a noble stranger was to partake of their hospitality. Mr. Hildyard was standing before the fire with a gentleman. They both moved as she advanced, and her father, taking her hand, said, "My love, allow me to introduce Lord Winchester. Your lordship sees my youngest daughter, Miss Frances Hildyard."

She saw that he was young and handsome—she saw that he was noble and courteous beyond any that she had hitherto formed acquaintance with, but she saw not the whole of his fascinations then.

He led Mrs. Hildyard in to dinner, and sat

next to her; Frances was on his other hand. The two elder sisters, in their quiet gray silk dresses, sat opposite, and Mr. Hildyard occupied his customary place at the foot of the table.

Vain girl! She was looking her very best, and she tried to look it. She was conscious that he regarded her with no common admiration. She was used to that; but she was *not* used to this homage from a nobleman.

The secret of his visit was made known to the family—to no one else. Viscount Winchester, but following the example set him by many another noble viscount, had got himself into a scrape: plainly speaking, he had run headlong into debt, and was in the hands of the Jews. The respectable old earl, his father, shocked and astonished, had, in the first flush of anger, refused to assist him, and the viscount, threatened with arrest, and not daring to apply to the family-solicitor, had flown to Mr. Hildyard, of whom he had a slight knowledge. So here he was located, *en famille*, in the lawyer's house; it may be said, secreted, for the servants were left in ignorance of his name and rank, and the family were denied to visitors.

Upon Frances chiefly devolved the care of entertaining him. Louisa and Mary—even had the necessity of any task so vain and useless as that of amusing a handsome young gentleman occurred to their minds—possessed not the time to attend to it, what with their voluminous correspondence kept up with the convent, and their multifarious religious duties at home, and its ceremonies abroad; and Mrs. Hildyard was in delicate health, and rarely descended from her apartments until late in the day.

It was nearly a week before he left the house. For four days the earl had continued obstinate; and after he relented, it took two more to arrange matters, so that Lord Winchester might be free again. He and Frances had become very friendly with each other; it is too early yet to say, attached—but the seeds for that were sown. He quitted the house, but not to remain absent from it forever—now a morning visit, now a friendly dinner with them. Neither did it seem any thing but a natural occurrence that he should frequently return to his friends from whom he had received so much kindness. But it needed not his whisperings to Frances, to convince her that she was the magnet that drew him thither, for she saw it in every look, and traced it in every action.

III.

The winter had come. Frost and snow lay chillingly upon the ground, when one afternoon the visiting-carriage of Mrs. Hildyard drew up to her house, and Frances, followed by her mother, leaped lightly out of it. A radiant smile of happiness was on her beautiful face, for a well-known cab, elegant in all its appurtenances, was in waiting at the door, giving sure token that its owner was within.

Lord Winchester's visits had been frequent and constant; and oh, the change that had come over the feelings of Frances Hildyard—over her

whole life! She had learned to love; but few could imagine how wildly and passionately.

There he was, as she entered the morning-room, striding up and down it impatiently. A hasty embrace, while they were yet uninterrupted, and Lord Winchester walked forward to shake hands with Mrs. Hildyard.

"So, Frances," he whispered, when an opportunity, offered and others were in the room to draw off attention from them, "you are tiring already of your conquest?"

Tiring of him! A faint blush upon her pure cheek, and a look of inquiry, formed her only answer.

"It was unkind not to reply to my note, when I so earnestly urged it."

"What note?" she asked.

"The one I sent you yesterday."

"I had no letter from you yesterday."

"Think again, my love. James tells me he delivered it as usual into the hands of your own maid."

"Then she never gave it me," answered Frances, earnestly.

"Some negligence!" ejaculated Lord Winchester.

But the visitors who had been present were leaving, and their conversation was interrupted.

As soon as she was at liberty, Frances hastened to her room, and ringing for her maid, a chattering French girl, demanded if she had not received a note for her on the previous day.

"Most certainly," answered the girl, jabbering on with her false accent, and occasionally introducing a word of her native language. "It came when you were out, mademoiselle, and I placed it here on your toilet-table."

"Then where is it?" inquired Frances.

"Mais—I supposed you took it," replied the attendant, looking puzzled; and she was beginning to scan the ground, as if thinking it might have fallen there, when Miss Louisa Hildyard entered the apartment, and the servant was dismissed.

"I—I took the liberty, Frances," began Miss Hildyard, clearing her throat, and speaking in the mild, monotonous manner which distinguished her and her sister, "to open a letter yesterday which was addressed to you."

The thoughts of Frances reverted to the lost note, and the impetuous flush of anger rose to her brow. Her answer was delivered in a tone of the utmost astonishment:

"You—opened—a—letter—addressed—to—me!" was her exclamation, with a pause between every word.

"I did," meekly replied Miss Louisa.

"And you presumed—was it from here? Did you find it here?" reiterated Frances, pointing to the dressing-table.

"It was—I did," responded the elder lady, scarcely above a whisper, "and I am now come to converse—"

But Frances, with a perfect torrent of passion, overwhelmed her words. "And how could you—how dared you break the seal of a letter which

bore my address! how dare you presume to stand in my presence and assert it?"

"The superscription was in Viscount Winchester's handwriting, and the seal bore his arms," was the placid reply. "A sufficient warranty for my proceeding, for I had suspected there was a private understanding going on between you, and deemed it my duty to look into it."

"And don't you know," exclaimed Frances, stamping her foot in her passion, "that the act you have been guilty of is so vile, that, but recently, one committing it was deemed worthy of a felon's death upon the scaffold? That degradation so utter can have been committed by my father's child!"

"This storm of passion and violence is very bad," deplored Miss Louisa Hildyard, crossing her hands upon her chest. "May the Virgin bring your mind to habitual meekness!"

"May the Virgin bring you to a sense of the shameful act you have stooped to, and keep you out of my apartments for the future!" retorted the exasperated girl, who, in truth to say, was looked upon as little better than a heathen, in religious matters, by her pious sisters.

Miss Louisa took a small ivory crucifix from her bosom, kissed it, and crossed herself, while ejaculating audible aspirations for patience.

"Retire from my presence," resumed Frances, haughtily, "and return to my maid, whom I will send after you, the letter you have robbed me of."

"It is no longer in my possession," sighed Miss Louisa, coolly taking a seat as if in open defiance of her sister's imperious command. "I am in the habit of consulting Sister Mildred, my dear old preceptress at the convent, upon all points, and I submitted Lord Winchester's communication to her by last night's post, requesting her advice as to what course we ought to pursue with you upon this deplorable matter."

Frances turned quite wild. "You eavesdropper—you impersonation of all jealousy—how dared you do so? This is worse and worse! Consult the nuns about yourselves and your own concerns; go and live with them and stop with them if you like; but who gave you right or power over mine?"

"The right and the power that one soul has to concern itself for the well-being of another. Had Viscount Winchester—"

"Had Viscount Winchester come with his coronet in hand, and laid it at *your* feet," interrupted Frances, vehemently, "you would have grasped at the offer—unsuitable to him as you would be in years. We should have had no saintly appeals to the convent then."

Miss Louisa gave a faint scream, and nearly fainted. To do her justice, it was not so much her sister's ill-judged words that affected her—not even the irreverent allusion to her age—as the coupling her holy and catholic person, though only in idea, in union with one who was a sworn enemy to the true faith.

"Oh, that you had been reared among our pious sisterhood!" she aspirated, looking on Fran-

ces with compassion, "you would then know the terrible sin you have been guilty of in encouraging the addresses of this lost man."

"I wish the pious sisterhood had been in the sea before they had taught you these disgraceful tricks," retorted the young lady. "Why don't you attend to your priests, and your visitings, and your week-day masses, and your holy robes, and leave rational people to pursue their way unmolested?"

This last was a hint at her sister's embroidery; they never were without a "holy robe" in hand, intended for the decoration of some priest or another.

"Thanks be to the saints and to their blessed servants who tutored me, you can not provoke me to anger, Frances. What I have done, I have done for your good. It is incumbent on us to stop this affair in the bud, rather than suffer you to become deeply attached to this young nobleman. Alas! that hearts still dead to the spirit, *should* be guilty of passion so reprehensible for a fellow-creature!"

"Whatever attachment there may be between me and Lord Winchester, it does not concern you."

"You can never marry him."

"I shall not ask your consent."

Miss Louisa Hildyard fell upon one knee when she heard these words, and prayed for reformation to the sinful heart of her young sister.

"You might as well marry the—the—" she seemed to hesitate for a mild expression, "the person down below who is not an angel," she continued, tapping the floor with her foot, lest Frances should mistake her meaning; "you might as well marry *him*, as a man professing the religion they call Protestant."

The pale face of Frances bore a tinge of red—always a sign in her of deep emotion. She liked not the turn the discussion was taking, for she had been nurtured in the doctrines of the Romish faith, and even she, careless as she was of fulfilling the duties of her religion, owned to prejudices against those of an opposite creed, though her all-potent love for Lord Winchester willingly buried in his case these prejudices in oblivion.

"Oh, Frances! think of your soul! How can that be saved if you willfully ally yourself with one who can never enter into the fold of Christ?"

"Have you increased my obligations to you," interrupted Frances, trying to smother her sister's words, "by informing papa that you are a breaker-open of other people's letters?"

"My lips are sealed upon the subject until the arrival of the answer of Sister Mildred," replied Miss Hildyard. "I shall be guided, as I ever am, by her advice."

IV.

The answer of "Sister Mildred" was not long in coming. It was a voluminous epistle, partly consisting of pathetic lamentations over the "stray lamb who seemed prone to wonder;" and earnestly urging, nay, commanding her dear

daughter Louisa to consult at once with her confessor, and to let him see and explain the danger to Mr. Hildyard.

Mr. and Mrs. Hildyard were sufficiently confounded when the unwelcome news was made known to them. That they were taken with Lord Winchester as a fascinating man and pleasing companion, could not be denied; but that their greatly-beloved daughter should have become attached to one lying under the ban of their faith, was an overwhelming blow. The first time that Mr. Hildyard entered his drawing-room, after hearing the tale, appearances seemed to confirm it, for there sat Frances at the piano, playing ever and anon a few bars with one hand, and his lordship was leaning over her and speaking in whispers. Mrs. Hildyard had dozed asleep upon the sofa, her frequent habit after dinner, and Miss Mary Hildyard sat at the table underneath the light of the great chandelier, forming a wreath of flowers, intended, when worked, to ornament a veil for the profession of a young friend, who was about to become a nun. Altogether, what with the old lady's doze, and the younger one's preoccupation, they had it pretty much to themselves, and Mr. Hildyard walked across the well-carpeted room without being perceived, in time to see the viscount toying with his daughter's ringlets. Frances started up when she saw her father.

"What do you do, Frances, so far from the fire?" he cried with asperity, the first time in her life she ever remembered harsh tones used to her.

"Is it so cold a night?" inquired the young man.

"Very cold, my lord," was the short reply.

"This room is warm any where," observed Frances, as she slowly approached the table where her sister was sitting.

"Shall I sing you your favorite songs to-night, papa?" she inquired.

"No. I am in no mood for singing?"

"Will you give me my revenge at chess?" asked the viscount of Mr. Hildyard.

"If your lordship will excuse me, I shall feel obliged."

So with this chilling reception of course his lordship soon walked himself off, and then Mr. Hildyard spoke to Frances.

Kindly and cautiously he pointed out to her now impossible it was that she could ever marry Lord Winchester, or any one save a professor of her own creed. He told her to choose from the whole world—that he and her mother had but her happiness at heart, but she must choose a Roman Catholic. "I hope," he continued, "that a mistake has arisen upon this point, and that you do not love Lord Winchester—that it will be no pain to you not to see him again."

Her heart beat tumultuously, and a film gathered before her eyes; but she turned her face, with its agitation, away from their view, and gave an evasive answer.

"Because to-morrow I shall write to him," proceeded Mr. Hildyard, "that a stop may be put to this at once, and forever."

v.

Astonished as Mr. and Mrs. Hildyard may have been, that was nothing compared with the indignant amazement of the earl when the affair broke upon him. For Mr. Hildyard, not contented with writing fully to Lord Winchester, had dropped an explanatory note to the earl, intimating his hope that the latter would urge upon his son the futility of the expectation that Miss Frances Hildyard could ever become Viscountess Winchester.

That the viscount admired Frances was beyond a doubt; nay, that he loved her; but that he had entertained any serious thoughts of making her his wife, was a mistake. He was not so ready to give up the attractions of bachelorship. He had passed his leisure hours most agreeably by the side of Frances, without any ultimate end in view, and without giving a thought to one.

What commotion there was in the house when the supercilious letter of the haughty old peer arrived at Mr. Hildyard's. A lawyer's daughter a fit mate for the heir to one of the most ancient earldoms! Had Mr. Hildyard and his wife ever entertained so aspiring a thought, they were now plainly undeceived.

Lord Winchester was forbidden the house; all intercourse with him, even but a passing nod, should they meet in public, was denied to Frances; and she who had never been chidden or crossed, who did not know what control was, had her mother and sisters constantly peeping and peering over her, night and day.

But their vigilance was sometimes eluded. There were servants in the house, who, devoted to Frances's interests or to the viscount's bribery, frequently passed letters from one to the other, and even contrived to bring about interviews between them. One unlucky evening, however, that Frances was missing from the sitting-room, her eldest sister bethought herself to go in search of her—a suspicion, it may have been, rife in her heart.

Reception-rooms and other chambers were searched in vain, and the lady stealthily made her way to the apartments of the servants, scaring one that she met on the road by her unusual appearance there. The housekeeper's parlor was at the end of a passage, and Miss Hildyard advanced to it, and turned the handle of the door, and—she did not faint, but sank down upon a chair with a succession of groans so loud, that they might have been heard at any given place within three miles—Lord Winchester stood there, clasping her sister in his arms, and, to use poor Miss Louisa's expression to her mother afterward, actually kissing her!—kissing her cheek as fast as he could kiss.

The retiring Miss Louisa had never in all her life received such a shock. It was enough to turn her hair gray. Such a thing had never been heard of in the convent. And that she should witness a young sister of hers, almost an infant it might be said, quietly suffering herself to be upon such dreadfully familiar terms with one of the other sex—and he not a holy priest, or even a Catholic! What a humiliating con-

fession she should have for her spiritual director the next day!—what an octavo budget for Sister Mildred and the nuns!

Lord Winchester, instead of sinking through the floor with contrition, appeared little daunted. He raised his head proudly up, and placing Frances's hand within his arm, demanded of Miss Louisa if she had any commands for him.

This hardihood put the finishing stroke upon Miss Louisa's agitation. She fell into hysterics, and screamed so loud, that the housekeeper, followed by the servants, came rushing in.

But the scene next day was terrible. Mr. Hildyard had been at a political meeting, but the next morning he assembled the whole of the family in conclave.

"Will you," he cried to Frances, after an hour spent in fruitless discussion and recrimination, "will you, or will you not, give up this man?"

"I will not," she murmured.

"Frances, do you remember how I and your mother—there she stands—have cherished you? Do you know that you are entwined round our hearts as never child was yet entwined? Will you outrage this affection of years for the sake of a stranger—and he an apostate?"

Ah! Mr. and Mrs. Hildyard, you now see the effects of your woefully indulgent training. What response does Frances make? Why, she turns away her head, and makes none.

"Frances, for the last time," continued her father, "will you undertake to renounce all friendship with Viscount Winchester—that he shall be to you henceforth as if you had never met? It must be sworn upon the crucifix."

The faint crimson shone in her cheek, and her voice and hands trembled as she replied, in a low tone,

"I will never promise it."

VI.

"If any thing can recall her to a sense of her duty," remarked Miss Louisa Hildyard, as she consulted that night alone with her father and mother, the family priest being alike present, "it will be a prolonged residence in that blessed convent. There her mind may be led to peace. Oh, that she had been brought up in it!"

"You say right, my daughter," acquiesced the priest. "I see no other way to reclaim her; for here, alas! the temptations of worldly life must ever interfere, and counteract all good effects that might be wrought. Place her in the convent. I myself will be her conductor thither, and will offer up my prayers that the step may conduce to her spiritual welfare."

Mr. and Mrs. Hildyard started, and the former smoothed his hand across his brow, as if pain had settled there.

"Your inclinations may be at variance with this counsel," continued the holy father, breaking the silence which had followed, "but will you oppose them to the salvation of her immortal soul? *I see no other way to save it.*"

And so it was decided; but not until the night hours had grown into morning.

"Oh, the holy work that will have been

wrought, should the heart of this erring lamb be won over to a peaceful life, and embrace the veil!" uttered the priest in the ear of Miss Louisa, as he bestowed upon her the night benediction, ere retiring from the council. "We shall say then that that carnal-minded apostate was sent to this house in mercy."

VII.

But three days had elapsed, when a traveling-carriage drove into the outer yard of the convent of the Nuns of the Visitation in —shire. A young lady descended from it, and those in attendance gently led her forward, now through one court-yard, now through another, until the interior of the convent was gained. Then the great gates closed with a bang that almost shook the building, and Frances Hildyard was shut out from the world she had so idolized.

JOYS AND PERILS OF LUMBERING.*

LUMBERMEN not only cut and haul from clumps and communities, but reconnoitre the forest, hill, vale, and mountain side for scattering trees; and when they are deemed *worth an effort*, no location in which they may be found, however wild or daring, can oppose the skill and enterprise of our men.

For taking logs down mountain sides, we adopt various methods, according to the circumstances. Sometimes we construct what are termed dry sluice-ways, which reach from the upper edge of a precipice down to the base of the hill. This is made by laying large poles or trunks of straight trees together the whole distance, which is so constructed as to keep the log from running off at the sides. Logs are rolled into the upper end, the descent or dip often being very steep; the log passes on with lightning-like velocity, quite burying itself in the snow and leaves below. From the roughness of the surfaces, the friction is very great, causing the bark and smoke to fly plentifully.

At other times, when the descent is more gradual, and not too steep, and when there is not a sufficient quantity to pay the expense of a sluice-way, we fell a large tree, sometimes the Hemlock, trim out the top, and cut the largest limbs off a foot, more or less, from the trunk. This is attached to the end of the log by strong chains, and as the oxen draw the load, this drag thrusts its stumpy limbs into the snow and frozen earth, and thus prevents the load from forcing the team forward too rapidly. Should the chain give way which attaches the hold-back to the load, nothing could save the team from sudden destruction.

There is a mountain on the "west branch" of the Penobscot where Pine-trees of excellent quality stand far up its sides, whose tops appear to sweep the very clouds. The side which furnishes timber rises in terraces of gigantic proportions, forming a succession of abrupt precipices and shelving table-land. There are three of these giant mountain steps, each of which

* From "Forest Life and Forest Trees," by J. S. SPRINGER—a unique and truly American work, in the press of Harper and Brothers.

produces lumber which challenges the admiration and enterprise of the log-men. The ascent to these Alpine groves is too abrupt to allow the team to ascend in harness; we therefore unyoke and drive the oxen up winding pathways. The yokes and chains are carried up by the workmen, and also the bob-sled in pieces, after taking it apart. Ascending to the uppermost terrace, the oxen are re-yoked and the sled adjusted. The logs being cut and prepared as usual, are loaded, and hauled to the edge of the first precipice, unloaded, and rolled off to the table of the second terrace, where they are again loaded, hauled, and tumbled off as before, to the top of the first rise, from which they are again pitched down to the base of the mountain, where for the last time they are loaded, and hauled to the landing.

To obtain logs in such romantic locations was really as hazardous as it was laborious, varying sufficiently from the usual routine of labor to invest the occasion with no ordinary interest. It was, indeed, an exhibition well calculated to awaken thrilling emotions to witness the descent of those massive logs, breaking and shivering whatever might obstruct their giddy plunge down the steep mountain side, making the valleys reverberate and ring merrily with the concussion.

In other instances loads are eased down hill sides by the use of "tackle and fall," or by a strong "warp," taking a "bight" round a tree, and hitching to one yoke of the oxen. In this manner the load is "tailed down" steepes where it would be impossible for the "tongue oxen" to resist the pressure of the load. Sometimes the warp parts under the test to which it is thus subjected, when the whole load plunges onward like an avalanche, subjecting the poor oxen to a shocking death.

But the circumstance which calls forth the most interest and exertion is the "rival load." When teams are located with sufficient proximity to admit of convenient intercourse, a spirit of rivalry is often rife between the different crews on various points. The "largest tree," the "smartest chopper," the "best cook," the "greatest day's work," and a score of other superlatives, all invested with attractions the greater from the isolated circumstances of swamp life.

The "crack" load is preceded by all needful preliminaries. All defective places in the road are repaired. New "skids" are nicely peeled by hewing off the bark smoothly, and plentifully as well as calculatingly laid along the road. All needful repairs are made on the bob-sled, and the team put in contending plight. The trees intended for the "big load" are carefully prepared, and hauled to some convenient place on the main road singly, where they are reloaded, putting on two and sometimes three large trees. All things in readiness, the men follow up with handspikes and long levers. Then comes the "tug of war;" rod by rod, or foot by foot, the whole is moved forward, demanding every ounce of strength, both of men and oxen united, to perform the feat of getting it to the landing.

Were life and fortune at stake, more could not be done under the circumstances. The surveyor applies the rule, and the result gives either the one or the other party "whereof to glory." If not "teetotalers," the vanquished "pay the bit-terms" when they get down river. Men love and will have excitement; with spirits never more buoyant, every thing, however trifling, adds to the stock of "fun alive" in the woods. Every crew has its "Jack," who, in the absence of other material, either from his store of "mother-wit" or "greenness," contributes to the merry shaking of sides, or allows himself to be the butt of good-natured ridicule.

But while the greater part of swamp life is more or less merry, there are occasional interruptions to the joyousness that abounds. Logging roads are generally laid out with due regard to the conveniences of level or gently descending ground. But in some instances the unevenness of the country admits only of unfavorable alternatives. Sometimes there are moderate rises to ascend or descend on the way to the landing; the former are hard, the latter dangerous to the team. I knew a teamster to lose his life in the following shocking manner: On one section of the main road there was quite a "smart pitch" of considerable length, on which the load invariably "drove" the team along on a forced trot. Down this slope our teamster had often passed without sustaining any injury to himself or oxen. One day, having, as usual, taken his load from the stump, he proceeded toward the landing, soon passing out of sight and hearing. Not making his appearance at the expiration of the usual time, it was suspected that something more than usual had detained him. Obeying the impulses of a proper solicitude on his behalf, some of the hands started to render service if it were needed. Coming to the head of the hill down which the road ran, they saw the team at the foot of it, standing with the forward oxen faced about up the road, but no teamster. On reaching the spot, a most distressing spectacle presented itself; there lay the teamster on the hard road, with one of the sled-runners directly across his bowels, which, under the weight of several tons of timber, were pressed down to the thickness of a man's hand. He was still alive, and when they called out to him, just before reaching the sled, he spoke up as promptly as usual, "Here am I," as if nothing had been the matter. These were the only and last words he ever uttered. A "pry" was immediately set, which raised the deadfall from his crushed body, enabling them to extricate it from its dreadful position. Shortly after, his consciousness left him, and never more returned. He could give no explanation; but we inferred, from the position of the forward oxen, that the load had forced the team into a run, by which the tongue cattle, pressed by the leaders, turning them round, which probably threw the teamster under the runner, and the whole load stopped when about to poise over his body.

He was taken to the camp, where all was done

that could be done under the circumstances to save him, but to no purpose. His work was finished. He still lingered, in an apparently unconscious state, until midnight, when his spirit, forsaking its bruised and crushed tenement, ascended above the sighing pines, and entered the eternal state. The only words he uttered were those in reply to the calling of his name. As near as we could judge, he had lain two hours in the position in which he was found. It was astonishing to see how he had gnawed the rave* of the sled. It was between three and four inches through. In his agony he had bitten it nearly half off. To do this, he must have pulled himself up with his hands, gnawed a while, then fallen back again through exhaustion and despair. He was taken out to the nearest settlement, and buried.

At a later period, we lost our teamster by an accident not altogether dissimilar. It was at the winding up our winter's work in hauling. Late in the afternoon we had felled and prepared our final tree, which was to finish the last of the numerous loads which had been taken to the well-stowed landing. Wearied with the frequency of his travels on the same road for the same purpose, this last load was anticipated with no ordinary interest; and when the tree was loaded, he seemed to contemplate it with profound satisfaction. "This," said he, "is my last load." For the last time the team was placed in order, to drag from its bed the tree of a hundred summers. Onward it moved at the signal given, and he was soon lost to view in the frequent windings of the forest road. It was nearly sundown, and, had it not been for closing up the winter's work that day, the hauling would have been deferred until next morning.

The usual preparations for our evening camp-fire had been made, and the thick shadows of evening had been gathering for an hour, and yet he did not come. Again and again some one of the crew would step out to listen if he could catch the jingling of the chains as they were hauled along; but nothing broke upon the ear in the stillness of the early night. Unwilling longer to resist the solicitude entertained for his safety, several of us started with a lantern for the landing. We continued to pass on, every moment expecting to hear or meet him, until the landing was finally reached. There, quietly chewing the cud, the oxen were standing, unconscious of the cause that detained them, or that for the last time they had heard the well-known voice of their devoted master. Hastening along, we found the load properly rolled off the sled, but heavens! what a sight greeted our almost unbelieving vision! There lay the poor fellow beneath that terrible pressure. A log was resting across his crushed body. He was dead. From appearances, we judged that, after having knocked out the "fid," which united the chain that bound the load, the log rolled suddenly upon him. Thus, without a moment's warning, he ceased in the same instant to work and live. It proved, indeed, his "last load."

* 'Rave,' the railing of the sled.

To contemplate the sameness of the labor in passing to and fro from the swamp to the landing several times a day, on a solitary wilderness-road, for a term of several months, with only those respites afforded in stormy weather and on Sundays, one might think himself capable of entering into the feelings of a teamster, and sympathetically share with him the pleasurable emotions consequent upon the conclusion of his winter's work. While it must be conceded that, of things possessing every element capable of contributing pleasure, we sometimes weary through excess, let it not be supposed that our knight of the goad has more than usual occasion to tire, or sigh for the conclusion of the hauling-season. To be sure, "ta and fra" the livelong winter, now with a load wending along a serpentine road, as it winds through the forest, he repeats his visits to the swamp, and then the landing; but he is relieved by the companionship of his dumb but docile oxen, for whom he contracts an affection, and over whom he exercises the watchful vigilance of a faithful guardian, while he exacts their utmost service. He sees that each performs his duty in urging forward the laboring sled. He watches every hoof, the clatter of shoes, the step of each ox, to detect any lameness. He observes every part and joint of the bob-sled while it screeches along under the massive log bound to it. He examines the chains, lest they should part, and, above all, the objects more watched than any others, the "fid-hook" and the "dog-hook," the former that it does not work out, the latter that it loose not its grappling hold upon the tree. Sometimes his little journeys are spiced with the infinite trouble which a long, sweeping stick will give him, by suddenly twirling and oversetting the sled every time it poises over some abrupt swell in the road. There is really too much to be looked after, thought of, and cared for, in his passage to the landing, to allow much listlessness or burdensome leisure. As well might a pilot indulge irresponsible dormancy in taking a fine ship into port, as for a teamster to be listless under his circumstances. No: the fact is, that, with the excitement attendant upon each load as it moves to the landing, ten times the number of tobacco quids are required that abundantly suffice him on his return.

Then look at the relaxation and comfort of the return. The jingling chains, as they trail along on the hard-beaten way, discourse a constant chorus. With his goad-stick under his arm or as a staff, he leisurely walks along, musing as he goes, emitting from his mouth the curling smoke of his unfailing pipe, like a walking chimney or a locomotive; anon whistling, humming, or pouring forth with full-toned voice some favorite air or merry-making ditty. He varies the whole exercise by constant addresses to the oxen, individually and collectively: "Haw, Bright!" "Ge, Duke!" "Whoop! whoop!" "What ye 'bout there, you lazy—" "If I come there, I'll tan your old hides for you!" "Pship, pship, go along there!" Knowing him not half in earn-

est, unless it happens to be a sharp day, the oxen keep on the even tenor of their way, enjoying the only apparent comfort an ox can enjoy while away from his crib—chewing the cud.

Recently, however, the wolves have volunteered their services, by accompanying the teams, in some places, on their way to and from the landing, contributing infinitely more to the fears than conscious security of the teamsters.

Three teams, in the winter of 1844, all in the same neighborhood, were beset with these ravenous animals. They were of unusually large size, manifesting a most singular boldness, and even familiarity, without the usual appearance of ferocity so characteristic of the animal.

Sometimes one, and in another instance three, in a most unwelcome manner volunteered their attendance, accompanying the teamster a long distance on his way. They would even jump on the log and ride, and approach very near the oxen. One of them actually jumped upon the sled, and down between the bars, while in motion.

Some of the teamsters were much alarmed, keeping close to the oxen, and driving on as fast as possible. Others, more courageous, would run toward and strike at them with their goadsticks; but the wolves sprang out of the way in an instant. But, although they seemed to act without a motive, there was something so cool and impudent in their conduct that it was trying to the nerves—even more so than an active encounter. For some time after this, fire-arms were a constant part of the teamster's equipage. No further molestation, however, was had from them that season.

One of my neighbors related, in substance, the following incidents: "A short time since," said he, "while passing along the shores of Mattawamkeag River in the winter, my attention was suddenly attracted by a distant howling and screaming—a noise which might remind one of the screeching of forty pair of old cart-wheels (to use the figure of an old hunter in describing the distant howling of a pack of wolves). Presently there came dashing from the forest upon the ice, a short distance from me, a timid deer, closely pursued by a hungry pack of infuriated wolves. I stood and observed them. The order of pursuit was in single file, until they came quite near their prey, when they suddenly branched off to the right and left, forming two lines; the foremost gradually closed in upon the poor deer, until he was completely surrounded, when, springing upon their victim, they instantly bore him to the ice, and in an incredibly short space of time devoured him, leaving the bones only; after which they galloped into the forest and disappeared." On the same river a pack of these prowling marauders were seen just at night, trailing along down the river on the ice. A family living in a log house near by happened to have some poison, with which they saturated some bits of meat, and then threw them out upon the ice. Next morning early the meat was missing, and, on making a short search in the vicinity, six wolves were found "dead as hammers,"

all within sight of each other. Every one of them had dug a hole down through the snow into the frozen earth, in which they had thrust their noses, either for water to quench the burning thirst, or to snuff some antidote to the fatal drug. A bounty was obtained on each of ten dollars, besides their hides, making a fair job of it, as well as ridding the neighborhood of an annoying enemy. The following account of a wolf chase will interest the reader:

"During the winter of 1844, being engaged in the northern part of Maine, I had much leisure to devote to the wild sports of a new country. To none of these was I more passionately addicted than that of skating. The deep and sequestered lakes of this northern state, frozen by intense cold, present a wide field to the lovers of this pastime. Often would I bind on my rusty skates, and glide away up the glittering river, and wind each mazy streamlet that flowed on toward the parent ocean, and feel my very pulse bound with joyous exercise. It was during one of these excursions that I met with an adventure which, even at this period of my life, I remember with wonder and astonishment.

"I had left my friend's house one evening, just before dusk, with the intention of skating a short distance up the noble Kennebeck, which glided directly before the door. The evening was fine and clear. The new moon peered from her lofty seat, and cast her rays on the frosty pines that skirted the shore, until they seemed the realization of a fairy-scene. All Nature lay in a quiet which she sometimes chooses to assume, while water, earth, and air seemed to have sunk into repose.

"I had gone up the river nearly two miles, when, coming to a little stream which emptied into the larger, I turned in to explore its course. Fir and hemlock of a century's growth met overhead, and formed an evergreen archway, radiant with frost-work. All was dark within; but I was young and fearless, and as I peered into the unbroken forest, that reared itself to the borders of the stream, I laughed in very joyousness. My wild hurra rang through the woods, and I stood listening to the echo that reverberated again and again, until all was hushed. Occasionally a night-bird would flap its wings from some tall oak.

"The mighty lords of the forest stood as if naught but time could bow them. I thought how oft the Indian-hunter concealed himself behind these very trees—how oft the arrow had pierced the deer by this very stream, and how oft his wild halloo had rung for his victory. I watched the owls as they fluttered by, until I almost fancied myself one of them, and held my breath to listen to their distant hooting.

"All of a sudden a sound arose; it seemed from the very ice beneath my feet. It was loud and tremendous at first, until it ended in one long yell. I was appalled. Never before had such a noise met my ears. I thought it more than mortal—so fierce, and amid such an unbroken solitude, that it seemed a fiend from hell had blown

a blast from an infernal trumpet. Presently I heard the twigs on the shore snap, as if from the tread of some animal, and the blood rushed back to my forehead with a bound that made my skin burn, and I felt relieved that I had to contend with things of earthly and not spiritual mould, as I first fancied. My energies returned, and I looked around me for some means of defense. The moon shone through the opening by which I had entered the forest, and considering this the best means of escape, I darted toward it like an arrow. It was hardly a hundred yards distant, and the swallow could scarcely excel my desperate flight; yet, as I turned my eyes to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the underbrush at a pace nearly double that of my own. By their great speed, and the short yells which they occasionally gave, I knew at once that they were the much-dreaded gray wolf.

"I had never met with these animals, but, from the description given of them, I had but little pleasure in making their acquaintance. Their untamable fierceness, and the untiring strength which seems to be a part of their nature, render them objects of dread to every benighted traveler.

"With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate, the hunter's fire,"

they pursue their prey, and naught but death can separate them. The bushes that skirted the shore flew past with the velocity of light as I dashed on in my flight. The outlet was nearly gained; one second more, and I would be comparatively safe, when my pursuers appeared on the bank directly above me, which rose to the height of some ten feet. There was no time for thought; I bent my head and dashed wildly forward. The wolves sprang, but, miscalculating my speed, sprang behind, while their intended prey glided out into the river.

"Nature turned me toward home. The light flakes of snow spun from the iron of my skates, and I was now some distance from my pursuers, when their fierce howl told me that I was again the fugitive. I did not look back; I did not feel sorry or glad; one thought of home, of the bright faces awaiting my return, of their tears if they should never again see me, and then every energy of mind and body was exerted for my escape. I was perfectly at home on the ice. Many were the days I spent on my skates, never thinking that at one time they would be my only means of safety. Every half minute an alternate yelp from my pursuers made me but too certain they were close at my heels. Nearer and nearer they came; I heard their feet pattering on the ice nearer still, until I fancied I could hear their deep breathing. Every nerve and muscle in my frame was stretched to the utmost tension.

"The trees along the shore seemed to dance in the uncertain light, and my brain turned with my own breathless speed; yet still they seemed to hiss forth with a sound truly horrible, when an involuntary motion on my part turned me out of my course. The wolves close behind, unable to stop and as unable to turn, slipped, fell, and

going on far ahead, their tongues lolling out, their white tusks gleaming from their bloody mouths, their dark, shaggy breasts freckled with foam; and as they passed me their eyes glared, and they howled with rage and fury. The thought flashed on my mind that by this means I could avoid them, viz., by turning aside whenever they came too near; for they, by the formation of their feet, are unable to run on ice except on a right line.

"I immediately acted on this plan. The wolves, having regained their feet, sprang directly toward me. The race was renewed for twenty yards up the stream; they were already close on my back, when I glided round and dashed past my pursuers. A fierce growl greeted my evolution, and the wolves slipped upon their haunches and sailed onward, presenting a perfect picture of helplessness and baffled rage. Thus I gained nearly a hundred yards each turning. This was repeated two or three times, every moment the wolves getting more excited and baffled, until, coming opposite the house, a couple of stag-hounds, aroused by the noise, bayed furiously from their kennels. The wolves, taking the hint, stopped in their mad career, and after a moment's consideration turned and fled. I watched them till their dusky forms disappeared over a neighboring hill; then, taking off my skates, I wended my way to the house, with feelings better to be imagined than described."

Such annoyances from these migrating beasts, in the vicinity of logging berths as above named, are of recent date. Up to 1840 I had been much in the wild forests of the northeastern part of Maine, clearing wild land during the summer and logging in the winter, and up to this period had never seen a satisfactory evidence of their presence. But since this period they have often been seen, and in such numbers and of such size as to render them objects of dread.

THE HIGHEST HOUSE IN WATHENDALE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

HIGH up among the mountains of Westmoreland, there is a valley which we shall call Wathendale. The lowest part of this valley is some hundreds of feet above the heads of the dwellers on the nearest mail-road; and yet, as if such a place of abode was not near enough to the sky, there are houses as high up as they can well be put, in the hollows of the mountains which overlook the dale. One of these small farmsteads is as old-fashioned a place as can be seen; and well it may be so; for the last owners were fond of telling that the land had been in their family for five hundred years. A stranger might wonder what could carry any body up to such a place five hundred years ago; but the wonder would only show that the stranger did not know what was doing in the district in those days. Those were the days when the tenants of the Abbots of Furness used to hold land in the more fertile spots, in companies of four—one of whom was always to be ready to go forth to

fight in the Border wars. And those were the days when the shepherds and herdsmen in the service of the Abbey used to lead their sheep and cattle as far up the mountains as they could find food—to be the better out of the way of the marauders from the north. Besides the coarse grass of these uplands, there were the sprouts of the ash and holly, which were a good food for the beasts. To be sure, there were wolves, up in those lonely places; but they were kept out by rough stone walls, which were run up higher and higher on the mountain side, as the woods receded before the tillage of new settlers. The first of the Fells, who made their boast of a proprietorship of five hundred years, was probably a shepherd of the Abbots of Furness; who, having walled in some of the sprouting and sheltering wood on this upland, and built himself a hut of stones in the midst, became regarded as the tenant first, and then the proprietor, like many of the dwellers in the vales below. When the woods were decayed and gone, the croft came under tillage; and no tradition has told of the time when the Fells did not yearly crop, in one way or another, the three fields which were seen from below, like little patches of green beside the fissure which contained the beck (or brook) that helped to feed the tarn (or mountain pond) a quarter of a mile below.

There was grumbling in this mountain nest about the badness of our times in comparison with the old days; grumbling in a different dialect from that which is heard in our cities; but in much the same spirit. In this house, people were said to be merrier formerly—the girls spinning and weaving, and the lads finding plenty to do in all weathers; while the land produced almost every thing that the family wanted—with the help of the hill-side range for the cows and sheep. A man had not to go often to market then; and very rarely was it necessary to buy any thing for money, though a little bartering might go forward among the Dalesmen on occasion. Now—but we shall see how it was “now.”

Mrs. Fell and her daughter Janet were making oaten bread one December day;—a work which requires the full attention of two persons. The cow-boy appeared at the door, with a look of excitement very unusual in him. He said somebody was coming; and the somebody was Backhouse, the traveling merchant. The women could not believe it—so late in the year; but they left their baking to look out; and there, sure enough, was the peddler, with his pack on his shoulders, toiling up the steep. They saw him sit down beside the barn, and wipe his brows, though it was December. They saw him shoulder his pack again; and then the women entered into consultation about something very particular that they had to say to him. As people who live in such places grow dull, and get to think and speak with extraordinary slowness, the plot was not complete when the peddler appeared at the door. He explained himself quickly enough; had thought he would make one more round, as the season was mild—did not know

how long the snow might lie when it did come—believed people liked to wear something new at Christmas; so here he was. When would he take his next round? O! when the weather should allow of his bringing his stock of spring goods. He detected some purpose under the earnestness with which he was pressed to say when he would come. He would come when the Fells pleased, and bring what they pleased. He must come before the first of April, and must bring a bunch of orange flowers, and a white shawl, and—

“Two sets of the orange flowers,” said Janet.

“What! two brides!” exclaimed Backhouse.

“Are they to be both married in one day?”

Mrs. Fell explained that there was to be a bride’s maid, and that Janet wished that her friend should be dressed exactly like herself. Backhouse endeavored to prove that only brides should wear orange flowers; but Janet was sure her friend would be best pleased to wear what she wore; and the peddler remembered that nobody within call of the chapel bell would know any better; so he promised all that was desired. And next, he sold half the contents of his pack, supplying the women with plenty of needle-work for the winter evenings. Brides enjoy having a new wardrobe as much in the mountains as in towns—perhaps more.

Whenever the young carpenter, Raven, came up to see his betrothed, he found her sewing, and some pretty print, or muslin, or bit of gay silk lying about. It was all very pleasant. The whole winter went off pleasantly, except for some shadow of trouble now and then, which soon passed away. For instance, Raven was once absent longer than usual, by full three days; and when he did come, there were marks left which told that he had staid away because he had been ashamed of two black eyes.

“He had been drinking, I dare say,” said Mrs. Fell to Janet afterward, with the air of indifference with which drunkenness is apt to be spoken of in the district. “I don’t wonder he did not like to show himself.”

“I don’t think it is his way,” observed Janet.

“No; it is not a habit with him; and they all do get too much, now and then—two or three times a year—and it will be seldomer than that when he comes to live up here.”

Raven was to be adopted as a son, on marrying the only child, and it was very right; for Fell was growing old; and he was more feeble than his years warranted. Rheumatism plagued him in the winter, and he was overworked in the summer. Raven would help to manage the little farm, and he would do all the carpentering work, and put the whole place in repair, outside and in. Every thing was to go well after the wedding.

Sally, the bridesmaid, came in good time to put the orange flowers into her coarse Dunstable bonnet, which streamed with white ribbons. It was a fine April morning, when the party set off down the mountain for their walk of three miles to the chapel. The mother remained at home

When Fell returned, he told her it had gone off extremely well, and the clergyman had spoken very kindly; and that Fleming's cart was ready, as had been promised, to take the young people to the town where they were to be entertained at dinner. It was all right, and very pleasant. And the old people sat down to dinner, dressed in their best, and saying, many times over, that it was all right with them, and very pleasant. The only thing was—if Raven's name had but been Fell! The Fells having lived here for five hundred years—

"The family, but not always the name," the wife observed. There was a Bell that lived here once; and the land would be in the family still, in the best way it could, as they had no children but Janet.

Well; that was true, Fell agreed; and it was all right, and very pleasant.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

That evening, three ladies went up to the chapel to see the sunset from the church-yard, which commanded an exquisite view. It was a place in which, at such an hour, it was easy to forget, even with the graves before their eyes, that there was sin or sorrow in the world. The ladies sat on the steps till the last glow had faded from the clouds, and the mountains stood up, clear and solemn, against a green sky, from which every tinge of sunset had vanished; and then they came down, with thoughts as bright and calm as the stars which were beginning to come out overhead. When they entered on a long stretch of straight road, they saw before them an odd-looking group. In the dusk it seemed as if a man and a woman were carrying something very heavy—moving toward them at a pace hopelessly slow. A woman was some way in advance of them—loitering and looking back. When they came up to her, it was a young woman, with orange flowers in her bonnet, and a smart white shawl on her shoulders. She was carrying a man's hat, new, but half covered with mud. It was now too clear that the heavy thing which the other two were trying to haul along was a man. Never did man look more like a brute. His face, when it could be seen, was odious; swollen, purple, without a trace of reason or feeling left in it; but his head hung so low, with his long black hair dipping on the ground, that it was not easy to see his face. His legs trailed behind him, and his new clothes were spattered with dirt.

"It looks like apoplexy," said the elder lady to her companions: and she asked the young woman who was carrying the hat, whether the man was in a fit.

"No, ma'am; he has only been overcome. It is his wedding. He was married this morning."

"Married this morning! And is that his wife?"

"Yes, ma'am; and the other is bridegroom's man."

It would have touched any heart to see poor Janet, as the ladies passed—her honest, sun-

burned face, all framed in orange flowers, grave and quiet, while she put forth her utmost strength (which was not small) to hold up her wretched husband from the dirt of the road. The other man was a comely youth, dressed in his best, with a new plaid fastened across his breast. The ladies looked back, and saw that it would never do. The elder lady returned, and laying her hand on the poor young woman's shoulder, said,

"This is no work for you. It is too much for you. Let him lie, while I speak to the people at this farm-house. I know them; and they will send a man to take him into the house."

Poor Janet spoke very calmly when she said they could take him a little further; but her lips quivered slightly. The lady spoke to a man who was feeding calves in a stable; and asked him to help to dip the bridegroom's head in a cistern by the road-side, and then take him into the house.

"How far is it from his home?" the lady inquired of Sally. "The High House in Wathendale! You will not get him there to-night at this rate."

The farm-house people promised a cart, if the party could wait till it came by.

"How could such a thing happen?" said the lady. "Is there no one to teach this man his duty better than this? Does he know the clergyman?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Sally, adding very simply, "but there would be no use in the clergyman speaking to him now, he would not understand."

"No, indeed," replied the lady. "But he will feel ill enough to-morrow, and then I hope somebody that he respects will speak to him in a way that he will remember."

"To think," she said to her companions, as they walked away past the cistern where the groveling bridegroom was undergoing his ducking, "that that is the creature whom the poor girl bound herself this morning to love, cherish, and obey! What a beginning of the cherishing!"

Fell and his wife had not expected the young people home early; but it was much later than the latest time they had fixed, before they heard any thing of them. When at last the party appeared, emerging from the night mist, all the three sober ones were dreadfully weary. The ascent had been terrible; for Raven had not yet begun to recover.

No fine sentiment was wasted upon the occasion; for the indifference which had rather shocked the ladies, was the real state of mind of people too much accustomed to the spectacle of intemperance. Mrs. Fell declared she was vexed with him—that she was; and then she put on her bedgown, in order to sit up with her daughter, for Raven was now so sick that he must be waited on all night. Mrs. Fell said repeatedly, as so often before, that all men were apt to take too much now and then; and it would happen less often now he had come to live up here. Yet, her husband's words would run in her head, that it was all right, and very

pleasant. When, in the dawn of the morning, her daughter made her go to bed, she dropped asleep with those words in her ears; while poor Janet, chilly, sick at heart, and worn out, was at length melting into tears.

When, the next afternoon, her husband sat nursing his aching head beside the fire-place, he was struck with some compunction at the sight of her red eyes. Of course, he declared, as drunkards always do, it should never happen again. Of course, he laid the blame, as drunkards always do, on other people. Of course, he said, as drunkards always do, that it was no habit of his; and that this was an accident—for once and away. Of course, his wife believed him, as young wives always do.

For some time it appeared all true, and every thing went on very cheerfully. On the fine days there was as much field-work as both men could do; and so many repairs were needed of gates and posts, cart and cow-house, dwelling-house and utensils, that all the rainy days for six months were too little for the carpentering Raven had upon his hands. He had not been tipsy above twice in all that time: once on a stormy day, when he had sat lazily scorning himself before the fire, with the laborer and cow-boy, who were driven in by stress of weather, and who yawned till they made the whole party weary. Raven disappeared for a couple of hours in the afternoon, and came out of the barn to supper in a state far from sober. The other time was when he had gone to market in October, to sell oats. At all other times he worked well, was kind to the old people, and very fond of Janet, and justified Fell's frequent declaration, that it was all right now, and very pleasant.

The winter was the trying season. Sometimes the dwellers in the high house were snowed up, and many days were too stormy for work. The men grew tired of sitting round the fire all day, hearing the wind blow, and the rain pelt; and the women were yet more tired of having them there. There were no books; and nobody seemed to think of reading. There were some caricatures of the Pope and of Bonaparte, and a portrait of King George the Third, on the walls; and these were all the intellectual entertainment in the house, unless we except four lines of a hymn which Janet had marked on her sampler, when she was a child. Raven went more and more to the barn, sometimes on pretense of working; but his hammer and saw were less and less heard; and instead of coming in cheerfully to supper, he was apt to loiter in, in a slouching way, to hide the unsteadiness of his gait, and was quarrelsome with Fell, and cross to Janet. He never conducted himself better, however; never was more active, affectionate, helpful, and considerate, than at the time when old Fell sank and died—during that month of early spring when Janet was confined. He was like son and daughter at once, Mrs. Fell declared—and doctor and nurse, too, for that matter: and his father-in-law died, blessing him,

and desiring him to take care of the farm, and prosper on it, as it had been in the family for five hundred years.

When the old man was buried, and the seed all in the ground, and Janet about again, Raven not only relaxed his industry, but seemed to think some compensation due to him for his late good behavior. Certain repairs having been left too long untouched, and Mrs. Fell being rather urgent that they should not be further neglected, it came out that Raven had sold his tools. Sold his tools!—Yes; how could he help it? It was necessary, as they had all agreed, to change away the old cow for a spring calver; and what could he do but sell his tools to pay the difference? Janet knew, and so did her mother, though neither of them said so, that more money had gone down his throat, all alone in the barn, than would have paid for the exchange of cows.

The decline of their property began with this. When decline has begun with the "statesmen" of the Lake District, it is seldom or never known to stop; and there was nothing to stop it in this case. On a small farm, where the health and industry of the owner are necessary to enable him to contend with the new fashions and improvements of the low country, and where there is no money capital behind to fall back upon, any decline of activity is fatal; and in two or three years Raven's health had evidently given way. His industry had relaxed before. He lost his appetite; could not relish the unvaried and homely fare which his land supplied; craved for dainties which could not be had, except by purchase; lost his regular sleep, and was either feverish and restless, or slept for fifteen hours together, in a sort of stupor. His limbs lost their strength, and he became subject to rheumatism. Then he could not go out in all weathers to look after his stock. One of his best sheep was missing after a flood; and it was found jammed in between two rocks in the beck, feet uppermost—drowned, of course. Another time, four more sheep were lost in a snow-drift, from not being looked after in time. Then came the borrowing a plow. It was true, many people borrowed a plow; nobody thought much of that—nobody but Mrs. Fell. She thought much of it; for her husband, and his father before him, had always used their own plows. Then came borrowing money upon the land, to buy seed and stock. It was true, many "statesmen" mortgaged their land; but then, sooner or later, it was always found too difficult to pay the interest, and the land went into the hands of strangers; and Mrs. Fell sighed when she said she hoped Raven would remember that the farm had been in the family for five hundred years. Raven answered that he was not likely to forget it for want of being told; and from that moment the fact was not mentioned again. Mrs. Fell kept it in her heart, and died in the hope that no new-fangled farmer, with a south country name would ever drive his plow through the old fields.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

After her mother's death, Janet found her hands over-full of work, when her heart was, as she thought, over-full of care. She did not know how much more she could bear. There were two children now, and another coming. Fine children they were; and the eldest was her pride and comfort. He was beginning to prattle; and never was speech so pretty as his. His father loved to carry him about in his arms; and sometimes, when he was far from sober, this child seemed to set his wits straight, and soften his temper, in a sort of magical way. There was the drawback that Raven would sometimes insist on having the boy with him when he was by no means fit to have the charge of so young a child: but the mother tried to trust that all would be well; and that God would watch over an innocent little creature who was like an angel to his sinning parent. She had not considered (as too many do not consider) that the "promises" are given under conditions, and that it is impious to blame Providence for disasters when the conditions are not observed. The promises, as she had heard them at chapel, dwelt on her mind, and gave her great comfort in dark seasons; and it would have been a dreary word to her if any one had reminded her that they might fail through man's neglect and sin. She had some severe lessons on this head, however. It was pleasant to hear that day and night, seed-time and harvest, should not cease; and when difficulties pressed, she looked on the dear old fields, and thought of this: but, to say nothing of what day and night were often to her—the day as black to her spirits as night, and the night as sleepless as the day—seed-time was nothing, if her husband was too ill or too lazy to sow his land; and the harvest month was worse than nothing if there was no crop: and there was no true religion in trusting that her babes would be safe if she put them into the hands of a drunkard, who was as likely as not to do them a mischief. And so she too sadly learned. One day, Raven insisted on carrying the boy with him into the barn. He staggered, stumbled, dashed the child's head against the door-post, and let him fall. It was some minutes before the boy cried; and when he did, what a relief it was! But, O! that cry! It went on for days and nights, with an incessant prattle. When at last he slept, and the doctor hoped there would be no lasting mischief, the prattle went on in his sleep, till his mother prayed that he might become silent, and look like himself again. He became silent; but he never more looked like himself. After he seemed to be well, he dropped one pretty word after another—very slowly—week by week, for long months; but the end of it was that he grew up a dumb idiot.

His father had heart and conscience enough to be touched by this to the point of reformation. For some months, he never went down into the valley at all, except to church, for fear of being tempted to drink. He suffered cruelly,

in body as well as mind, for a time; and Janet wished it had pleased God to take the child at once, as she feared her husband would never recover his spirits with that sad spectacle always before his eyes. Yet she did not venture to propose any change of scene or amusement, for fear of the consequences. She did her utmost to promote cheerfulness at home; but it was a great day to her when Backhouse, paying his Spring visit, with his pack, produced, among the hand-bills, of which he was the hawker, one which announced a Temperance meeting in the next vale. The Temperance movement had reached these secluded vales at last, where it was only too much wanted; and so retired had been the life of the family of the High House, that they had not even heard of it. They heard much of it now; for Backhouse had sold a good many ribbons and gay shawls among members who were about to attend Temperance festivals.

When he told of processions, and bands of music, and public tea-drinkings, and speeches, and clapping, with plenty of laughter, and here and there even dancing, or a pic-nic on a mountain, Janet thought it the gayest news she had ever heard. Here would be change and society, and amusement for her husband—not only without danger, but with the very object of securing him from danger. Raven was so heartily willing, that the whole household made a grand day of it—laborer, cow-boy, and all. The cows were milked early, and for once left for a few hours. The house was shut up, the children carried down by father and mother; and, after a merry afternoon, the whole party came home pledged teetotalers.

This event made a great change in Raven's life. He could go down among his old acquaintances now, for he considered himself a safe man; and Janet could encourage his going, and be easy about his return; for she, too, considered all danger over. Both were deceived as to the kind and degree of safety caused by a vow.

The vow was good, in as far as it prevented the introduction of drink at home, and gave opportunity for the smell, and the habit, and the thought of drink to die out. It was good as a reason for refusing, when a buyer or seller down in the vale, to seal a bargain with a dram. It was good as keeping all knowledge of drinking from the next generation in the house. It was good as giving a man character in the eyes of his neighbors and his pastor. But, was it certainly and invariably good in every crisis of temptation? Would it act as a charm when a weak man—a man weak in health, weak in old associations, weak in self-respect—should find himself in a merry company of old comrades, with fumes of grog rising on every side, intoxicating his mind before a drop had passed his lips? Raven came to know, as many have learned before him, that self-restraint is too serious a thing to be attained at a skip, in a moment, by taking an oath; and that reform must have gone deeper, and risen higher, than any

process of sudden conversion, before a man should venture upon a vow; and in such a case, a vow is not needed. And if a man is not strong enough for the work of moral restraint, his vow may become a snare, and plunge him in two sins instead of one. A temperance-pledge is an admirable convenience for the secure; but it must always be doubtful whether it will prove a safeguard or a snare to the infirm. If they trust wholly to it, it will, too probably, become a snare—and thus it was with poor Raven. When the temperance-lecturer was gone, and the festival was over, and the flags were put away, and the enthusiasm passed, while his descents among his old companions were continued, without fear or precaution, he was in circumstances too hard for a vow, the newness of which had faded. He hardly knew how it happened. He was, as the neighbors said, "overcome." His senses once opened to the old charm, the seven devils of drink rushed into the swept and garnished house, and the poor sinner was left in a worse state than ever before.

Far worse; for now his self-respect was utterly gone. There is no need to dwell on the next years—the increase of the mortgage, the decrease of the stock—the dilapidation of house, barn, and stable—the ill-health and discomfort at home, and the growing moroseness of him who caused the misery.

No more festivals now! no talk to the children of future dances! and so few purchases of Back-house, that he ceased to come, and the household were almost in rags. No more going to church, therefore, for any body! When the wind was in the right quarter for bringing to the uplands the din-dinning of the chapel-bell, Janet liked to hear it, though it was no summons to her to listen to the promises. The very sound revived the promises in her mind. But what could she make of them now? An incident, unspeakably fearful to her, suddenly showed her how she ought to view them. The eldest girl was nursing her idiot-brother's head in her lap while the younger children were at play, when the poor fellow nestled closer to her.

"Poor Dan!" said she. "You can't play about, and be merry, like the others: but I will always take care of you, poor Dan!"

Little Willy heard this, and stopped his play. In another moment his face flushed, his eyes flashed, he clenched his hands, he even stamped, as he cried out,

"Mother, it's too bad! Why did God make Dan different from the rest?"

His panic-stricken mother clapped her hand over his mouth. But this was no answer to his question. She thought she must be a wicked mother, that a child of hers should ask such a question as that. It was not often that she wept; but she wept sorely now. It brought her back to the old lesson of the seed-time and harvest. The promise here, too, failed, because the conditions were not fulfilled. The hope had been broken by a collision with the great natural laws, under which alone all promise can be fulfilled.

But how explain this to Willy? How teach him that the Heavenly Father had made Dan as noble a little fellow as ever was seen, and that it was his own father there that had made him an idiot.

When Raven came in, he could not but see her state; and he happened to be in so mild a mood, that she ventured to tell him what her terror and sorrow were about. He was dumb for a time. Then he began to say that he was bitterly punished for what was no habit of his, but that he vowed—

"No, no—don't vow!" said his wife, more alarmed than ever. She put her arm round his neck, and whispered into his ear,

"I dare not hear you vow any more. You know how often—you know you had better not I dare not hear you promise any more."

He loosened her arm from his neck, and called Willy to him. He held the frightened boy between his knees, and looked him full in the face, while he said,

"Willy, you must not say that God made Dan an idiot. God is very good, and I am very bad. I made Dan an idiot."

The stare with which Willy heard this was too much for his mother. She rushed up-stairs and threw herself upon the bed, where she was heard long afterward sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Father," said Willy, timidly, but curiously, "did you make mother cry too?"

"Yes, Willy, I did. It is all my doing."

"Then I think you are very wicked."

"So I am—very wicked. Take care that you are not. Take care you are never wicked."

"That I will. I can't bear that mother should cry."

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

Janet did all she could to arrest the ruin which all saw to be inevitable. Her great piece of success was the training she gave to her eldest daughter, little Sally. By the time she was twelve years old, she was the most efficient person in the house. Without her, they could hardly have kept their last remaining cow; and many a time she set her mother at liberty to attend upon her father and protect him, when otherwise the children must have engrossed her.

There was no cowboy now; and her mother too often filled the place of the laborer, when the sowing or reaping season would otherwise have passed away unused. It was a thing unheard of in the district that a woman should work in the fields; but what else could be done? Raven's wasted and trembling limbs were unequal to the work alone; and, little as he could do at best, he could always do his best when his wife was helping him. So Sally took care of poor Dan and the four younger ones, and made the oaten bread with Willy's help, and boiled the potatoes and milked and fed the cow, and knitted, at all spare minutes; for there was no prospect of stockings for any body, in the bitter winter, but from the knitting done at home. The children

had learned to be thankful now, when they could eat their oat-bread and potatoes in peace. They seldom had any thing else; and they wanted nothing else when they could eat that without terror.

But their father was now sometimes mad. It was a particular kind of madness, which they had heard the doctor call by a long name (*delirium tremens*), and they thought it must be the most terrible kind of all, though it always went off, after a fit of it, which might last from a day to a week. The doctor had said that it would not always go off—that he would die in one of the attacks. The dread was lest he should kill somebody else before that day came; for he was as ungovernable as any man in bedlam at those times, and fearfully strong, though so weak before and after them.

When it was possible, the children went down into the valley, and sent up strong men to hold him; but if the weather was stormy, or if their father was in the way, they could only go and hide themselves out of his sight, among the rocks in the beck, or up in the loft, or somewhere; and then they knew what their mother must be suffering with him. By degrees they had scarcely any furniture left whole but their heavy old-fashioned bedsteads. The last of their crockery was broken by his overturning the lame old table at which they had been dining. Then their mother said, with a sigh, that they must somehow manage to buy some things before winter. There really was nothing now for any of them to eat out of. She must get some wooden trenchers and tin mugs; for she would have no more crockery. But how to get the money! for the whole of the land was mortgaged now.

A little money was owing for oats when November arrived; and the purchaser had sent word that he should be at a certain sale in Langdale, at Martinmas; and that if Raven should be there, they could then settle accounts. Now, this money had been destined to go as far as it would toward the payment of interest due at Christmas. But if Raven went to the sale (the usual occasions for social meetings in the lake-district, in spring and autumn), he would only waste or lose the money. He had long ceased to bring home any money, unless his wife was with him; and then it was she that brought it, and, if possible, without his knowledge. She must go with him, and lay out the money immediately, in necessaries for the house and the children, before her husband could make away with it, in a worse way than if he threw it into the sea.

They went, at dawn, in a clear cold November day. Raven had taken care of himself for a day or two, aware of the importance of the occasion, and anxious not to disable himself for the first social meeting he had enjoyed for long, and thinking, in spite of himself, of the glasses of spirits which are, unhappily, handed round very often indeed at these country-sales. As the walk was an arduous one for an infirm man, and the days were short, and the sale was to last two

days, the children were to be left for one night. Oatmeal and potatoes enough were left out for two days, and peat, to dry within the house, for fuel. Willy engaged to nurse the baby, while Sally looked to the cow. Their mother promised the little ones some nice things for the winter, if they were good while she was gone; and their father kissed them all, and said he knew they would be good.

And so they were, all that first day; and a very good dinner they made, after playing about the whole morning; and they all went instantly to sleep at night, while Sally sat knitting for an hour longer by the dim red light of the peat fire. The next day was not so fine. The mountain ridges were clear; but the sky was full of very heavy gray clouds; and before dinner, at noon, there was some snow falling. It came on thicker and thicker; and the younger children began to grow cross, because they could not go out to play, and did not know what to do with themselves. Sally cheered them with talking about how soon mother would come home. Mother had not come, however, when the little things, worried and tired, went to bed. Nor had she come, hours after, when Sally herself wanted very much to be asleep. She had looked out at the door very often, and it was still snowing; and the last time, such a cloud of snow was driven against her face, that it was a settled matter in her mind at once that father and mother would not be home to-night. They would stay in the vale for daylight, and come up to breakfast. So she put on another peat, to keep in the fire, and went to bed.

In the morning, it seemed dark when baby cried to get up; and well it might; for the window was blocked up with snow, almost to the very top. When the door was opened, a mass of snow fell in, though what remained was up to Willy's shoulders. The first thing to be done was to get to the cow, to give her her breakfast, and bring baby's. So Sally laid on her last dry peat, and filled the kettle; and then she and Willy set to work to clear a way to the cow. They were obliged to leave baby to the little ones; and it took an hour to cross the yard. Willy was to have brought in some fuel; but the peat-stack was at the end of the house, and, as they could see, so completely buried in snow, as to be hopelessly out of reach. Here was the milk, however, and there was a little of the oatmeal left, and some potatoes. Sally wished now they had brought in more from the barn; but who could have thought they would want any more? Father would get them presently, when he came.

But nobody came all that day. Late at night all the children but Sally were asleep at last though they had been too cold and too hungry to go to rest quietly as usual. The fire had been out since noon; and the last cold potatoes had been eaten in the afternoon. Sally was lying with the baby cuddled close to her for warmth; and, at last, she fell asleep too, though she was very unhappy. In the morning, she felt

that their affairs were desperate. Willy must get down the mountain, be the snow what it might, and tell somebody what state they were in; for now there was no more food for the cow within reach, and she gave very little milk this morning; and there was nothing else. It had not snowed for some hours; and Willy knew the way so well that he got down to the valley, being wet to the neck, and having had a good many falls by the way. At the first farm-house he got help directly. The good woman took one of the laborers with her, with food, and a basket of dry peat, and a promise to clear the way to the oat-straw and hay for the relief of the cow. The farmer set off to consult the neighbors about where Raven and his wife could be; and the rest of the family dried the boy's clothes, and gave him a good bowl of porridge.

In a very short time, all the men in the valley, and their dogs, were out on the snow, their figures showing like moving specks on the white expanse. Two of them, who had been at the sale, knew that Raven and his wife had set out for home, long before dark on the second day. Raven was, as might be expected, the worse for liquor; but not so much so but that he could walk, with his wife to keep him in the path. They might possibly have turned back; but it was too probable that they were lost. Before night, it was ascertained that they had not been seen again in Langdale; and in two days more, during which the whole population was occupied in the search, or in taking care of the children, their fate was known. Raven's body was found a little way from the track, looking like a man in a drunken sleep. Some hours after, the barking of a dog brought the searchers to where Janet was lying, at the foot of a precipice about thirty feet deep. Her death must have been immediate.

It seemed that her husband, overcome by the effect of the cold (which, however, had not been excessive) on his tipsy brain, had fallen down in sleep or a stupor; and that Janet, unable to rouse him, had attempted to find her way back; and, by going three or four yards aside from the path, in the uniformity of the snow, had stepped over the rock. There was a strange and ghastly correspondence between the last day of her married life and the first; and so thought her old friend and bridesmaid, Sally, who came over to the funeral, and who, in turning over the poor remnants of Janet's wardrobe, found the bunches of orange flowers carefully papered up, and put away in the furthest corner of a drawer.

There was nothing left for the children, but the warning of their father's life, and the memory of their mother's trials. They were not allowed to go upon the parish—not even Dan. It was plain that he would not live very long; and neighborly charity was sure to last as long as he. The others were dispersed among the farms in that and the nearest vales, and they have grown up as laborers. The land and buildings had been mortgaged beyond their value, and they went at once into the hands of strangers.

SHOTS IN THE JUNGLE.

IT was late in the month of June, 1840, that myself and a friend (who had together hunted elk on the Newara plains, and shot snipe at Ratnapoora) finding ourselves at its capital, Jaffna, resolved to have a shot at the spotted deer of the Northern Province of Ceylon. The only difficulties to overcome were the want of a tent and guide. These the government agent of the province kindly supplied, giving us, besides, a peon, who, with him, had been over the country we intended to shoot in. When we left the fort, one of the prettiest pieces of Dutch fortification in existence, it was about half-past five—the morning, as usual, lovely. The process by which our horses were shipped was so primitive, that I will stop on my way to give an account of it: The boats in which we were to cross are of about three tons burthen, with a single tall mast shipped amidships, which carries a square yard. This is hoisted according to the weather, the reefs being taken in the bottom of the sail. To the top of the mast the crew had now made fast a lot of ropes, which were seized by all hands; and the vessel thus made to careen till its gunwale met the water-level. Then, by dint of great exertions, the horses were made to jump out of the sea, here only three feet deep, into the boats. Mine refused altogether until they put a bamboo under his girth, and fairly lifted his fore legs over the bulwark. In the embarkation, our horses lost their shoes; but as all our journey lay over sandy plains, we gave ourselves no trouble on that score.

Once on board, we lost no time in making sail, and by eleven o'clock had reached the other side, which is the northern coast of the island—Jaffna being, properly speaking, an island. The sun was now extremely hot, so we rode only a mile to a dilapidated old fort, and then breakfasted; after which we set to arranging all things for our expedition. Here the coolies were curiously deceived, by insisting on carrying the smallest loads, which contained our guns and ammunition, misjudging their weight by their size. After a good deal of talking, without which nothing Oriental can be achieved, we again got our party under-weight, and proceeded due south, toward the village of Maniacolom, which was to be head-quarters for our first day's sport. The country through which we passed was a flat sandy plain, covered with low jungly brushwood, with occasional creeks and hollows, where the ancient tanks (whose builders are unknown) had once made fertile this now barren waste. No cultivation—no inhabitants; but every now and then a herd of deer, or a timid hare would dart away far ahead, disturbed by our noisy followers, or the uncouth cry of the tank-birds, break the monotony of the march. It was already dark when we made out the round roof of the village of Maniacolom, with its sugar-loaf ricks of paddy-straw, peeping above the stockade which incloses its area. The houses are built something in the fashion in which

Catlin describes those of the now extinct Mandans. A hole is sunk in the ground, and a pole fixed in the centre, to which the rafters that support the roof are tied. In these small huts, perhaps only fifteen feet in diameter, whole families live together; but the climate is so fine, that few care to sleep in their houses—preferring the peelas or verandas to their smoky room. I am sorry to say our appearance was not by any means hailed by the natives with cordiality—perhaps a ripple of the severities of August, 1848, had reached their quiet spot, and the minds of its inhabitants may still have been filled with dread of the merciless aim of our riflemen.

At last an old man came up and told us not to encamp near the wells, as the women of the village could not come for water. He said all the young men were out shooting, so we could have no guides or gun-bearers; moreover, that there was neither milk nor rice for our horses; but that a few miles further on, there was plenty of all that was here deficient—in short, he begged to suggest the propriety of our moving on. Being quite up to the old gentleman's strategy, we answered, that the ladies need not fear us (they were certainly no beauties, as we found out afterward); that we could do without his young men, and had our own gun-bearers; that as to milk or paddy, we could do without the former, and had got enough of the latter; and, finally, that we meant to stay where we were. Having failed in his diplomatic embassy, the old gentleman retired. So we set to, pitching the tent; and soon the savory smell of a couple of hares we had shot by the way, gave the villagers an idea of the destructive propensities of their unwelcome visitors. While we were smoking our afternoon cheroots, a volunteer from the village, having heard, no doubt, that we were good pay, came in, and offered to show us the best ground and pools or tanks, and said he would bring a companion with him at gun-fire next morning. He was a small, well-made fellow, his hair fastened in a jaunty club on the side of his head, instead of behind it, as is the Cingalese fashion, which the Malabars of the Northern Province only adopt when married; his dress, as usual, nothing but a cloth bound round his loins, with the usual accompaniment of a betel-cracker and pouch. Having come to a satisfactory agreement with this hero, we rigged out our iron beds, blew up our air mattresses, and in less than ten minutes were deep in dreams of waltzes and polkas with the fair nymphs of our island capital.

At four next morning, having got our rifles and double-barreled guns ready, we sat down, expecting the arrival of our last night's friend. He came, after sundry messages had been sent after him, and with him his *fidus Achates*. The head of hair which this fellow had defies all description. It was curled into a thousand little corkscrews, each consisting of about twelve hairs, and varying from three to six inches in length, darting out at all angles from his head

like the quills of an angry porcupine. Giving each of these guides a spare gun, we started in silence, and nothing but the cracking of some ill-natured stick, or the cry of a wild bird we had started from its roost, gave warning of our progress.

The excitement we felt can not be described, when we first got sight of our game feeding in a tank, about a quarter of a mile from us. Imagine a herd of sixty or more spotted deer grouped in every imaginable way in a grassy bottom, some under the branches of stately tamarind trees, some drinking at the edge of the water; some lying down, little dreaming of the greedy and remorseless eyes so eagerly watching their repose. Our gun-bearers now altered our direction in order to gain the lee of their position; and a few anxious moments brought us again in sight of the deer, and not more than two hundred yards from a stately stag, the outlying picket of their troop. Looking to our locks, we now took the place of guides, and began cautiously to advance.

By this time it was past five. The sun had not yet risen, but the light was quite sufficient to distinguish every twig and blade, and the increased noise of the awakening spoonbills and water-fowl served considerably to conceal our careful approach. A hundred yards are now passed—twenty more would make success a certainty—when crash went a dead branch under a leathern sole, and the whole herd at once are roused from their careless attitudes. The stag I had just marked, at once prepared for flight; but, stopping to sniff the wind, fell under my first bullet. My friend's gun also brought down a fine buck, just as he was starting at the report of my shot. The herd are now off; but still two fall as they press forward; one, never to rise.

Thus ended our first morning's sport, and having gathered our game together, we left a fellow in charge, to drive off the jackals, and other wild beasts, while we joyfully wended our way back to the encampment to dispatch a dozen of our men to bring in the spoil, and to recruit ourselves with a hearty breakfast.

As we had expected, we found the whole village, ladies and all, at the tent, looking with curiosity at our apparatus, and bringing scanty supplies of milk, eggs, and fowls, which they exchanged for a few charges of powder, and a bullet or two. Here money is of little value, for they grow all the food they require in the Palmyra tree and paddy-field. A few yards of cloth last them for years, and what taxes they pay to government are generally brought in, in kind.

The sun, between nine o'clock and four, is too powerful to allow of our being out, so we read and talked till the lengthened shadow of the tent showed us that the time of action was again come. I took a stroll with my rifle as companion, and returned about seven o'clock with a fine doe. My friend had not shot any deer; but a young pea-fowl and some hares made a goodly

show at our dinner. As we had another kind of sport for the night, we did not waste much time over this meal, and were ready by eight, P.M., to take possession of our olies, or watching-places.

Each was provided with a bottle of very weak grog, blankets, guns, and a small piece of ember; for the natives are afraid to be out at night without fire to keep away devils. Thus fortified, we proceeded to the edge of the tank, which had proved so fatal in the morning to the deer, and found a round hole dug in the ground, between the water's edge and the jungle; it was about two feet deep, with the earth it had contained thrown up as a breastwork, and some loose branches strewn before it, so as to screen the hunter from sight, and make the ground look natural. This was to be my sleeping-place, so into it I crept, and curling myself up to adapt myself to its shape, began meditating on the comforts of a four-poster at home, and on the luck my friend would meet with, at his watching-place, which they told me was half a mile distant. Gradually my thoughts began to give way to faint images of bygone scenes—I was riding a hurdle-race at Colombo—dancing the *deux-temps* at Government House—shooting ducks at Bolgodda—playing whist at the mess—when “Ani, Ani,” struck on my ear, and sure enough, there they were—sixteen splendid elephants standing on the other side of the tank, drinking its thick waters, or filling their trunks with the mud, jetting it over their huge backs. But how to get at them? My friend was on that side; so off I set, in hopes of catching him before he began his attack. By dint of great exertion, I got round just as he was starting for the onslaught; but still we were too far off to do any good by shooting at them, so down we went on our hands and knees, to crawl nearer to our unsuspecting foes. All went well at first. By the moonlight their backs—now covered with white mud—looked strangely ghost-like, and they loomed twice their natural size in the hazy atmosphere. We were now within twenty paces of them, and I was still crawling on, when a scuffle behind me suddenly drew away my attention—my friend's gun-bearer had got frightened; and, judging that we were already near enough, was trying to make off with the gun; unfortunately, as he turned, he was caught by the heel, and in the struggle the gun was discharged. I saw it was of little use firing, as the startled elephants were already on the move; but taking aim at the nearest, an old one, with her punchi, had the luck to bring her down on her knees. Delusive hope! she quickly rose again; and in an instant, the far-off crashing of the jungle was all that told us of the reality of our late encounter. Anathematizing heartily our cowardly follower, we returned to the olies, and sought comfort in the sleep from which we had been so fruitlessly aroused. The growling of the bears fighting for the yellow fruit under the iron trees, mixed with the mournful belling of the bucks, was our melodious lullaby.

It must have been some hours afterward that I was again aroused by my watchful companion, who pointed out two splendid elks, a doe and a buck, within sixty paces of my lair. To indemnify me for my last failure, these both fell before my fowling-piece, which is second to none for smooth-bore ball-practice; so I returned about three, A.M., to the tent to rest, as we were to begin another day's work with a thirteen miles' march to Tanicolum.

Thus passed seven days, during which we visited Coolvellan, Tanekai, and several other Tamil villages, shooting spotted deer, wild boar, bears, chetas, and elks at night, and deer, hares, peacocks, alligators, and jungle-fowl by day; sometimes bivouacking under the spreading shade of a tamarind tree, sometimes by the side of a lonely tank among the lemon grass and reeds, which thickly ornament its thorny margin. The eighth morning saw us journeying homeward, regretting the shortness of our leave, but consoling ourselves with the thought, that when duty calls we must obey. We had traveled fifty miles south of Jaffna, into solitudes where white faces had, perhaps, never before been seen—our bag was respectably filled: eighteen spotted skins bore testimony to our skill; and what with alligators and boars' heads, surmounted by peacocks' tails, our party made a brilliant re-entrance into the northern capital.

A VISIT TO ROBINSON CRUSOE.

I AM not going to describe savage life, or uninhabited islands: what I have to say relates to most civilized society, and to no island whatever. My object is simply to “request the pleasure” of the reader's company in a short excursion out of Paris: an arrangement which secures to him the advantage of visiting a place which is beneath the notice of the guide-books, and to myself the society of that most desirable of companions—one who allows me to engross the entire conversation.

Imagine, then, a party of Englishmen in Paris, rising one morning with the general desire to “do something to-day.” Having done nothing for several weeks except amuse themselves—having been condemned to continual festivity, the necessity for some relaxation became imminent. We had been to see every thing that we cared to see, and every body who cared to see us, with a little over in both cases. We had filled “*avant scène*” boxes until the drama became a bore, and had reclined in *cafés* until their smoke became a nuisance. We had scoured the Boulevards by day, and the balls by night; “looked in” at the monuments with patronizing airs and at the shops with purchasing propensities. We had experienced dinners both princely and penurious; fathomed mysterious *cartes* from end to end, and even with unparalleled hardihood had ventured into the regions of the *prix-fixe*. We had almost exhausted every sort of game, active and sedentary; at billiards, we had exploded every cannon, possible and impossible, and reposed on every “cushion,” convenient and

inconvenient. One desperate youth had even proposed that we should addict ourselves to dominos; but, we were not far enough gone for that: the suggestion was received on all sides with that sensation of horror which shipwrecked mariners manifest when one of the party proposes to dine off the cabin-boy. No: we must find materials of amusement less suggestive of tombstones, that was clear, even if we perished miserably without their assistance.

The fact was, that under the influence of the sunshine and flowers—the lustre and languor of the most bewildering of capitals, I was fast subsiding into a state of collapse. I felt a dash of the infatuation of the lotus-eater, in his

“—land that seemed always afternoon.”

In our case—for we were all alike—instead of afternoon, we seemed to be in a perpetual state of “the morning after.” It was at length agreed that we should enter the first public conveyance we could find that was leaving Paris.

The conveyance destined to receive us was, in appearance, a cross between the English omnibus of domestic life and the French *diligence*, that has, alas! nearly disappeared; a fat, heavy vehicle, drawn by a couple of strong little hacks, with a driver who gave himself *diligence* airs, and cracked his whip, and smoked his pipe most ostentatiously.

The first thing we learned on taking our seats was, that we had better have gone by the railway; that is to say, if we intended only going as far as Sceaux, and were pressed for time. We replied, that we were going wherever the omnibus choose to take us, and time was no object. These observations were elicited by a good-humored old man, with a clear, hale, weather-beaten face, which he had contrived to shave to a most miraculous point of perfection, though it was as wrinkled as the boots of any groom. His dress was poor and threadbare in the extreme; and in England he might have passed for a broken-down carpenter; but he, nevertheless, wore the cordon of the eternal Legion of Honor.

The omnibus, he said, went as far as Longjumeau, a place which we were all anxious to see, as being associated with a certain postillion, with big boots, and a wonderful wig, who sang a peculiar song with immense rapidity, accompanied by jingling bells, a crackling whip, and a perpetual post-horn. To our great regret, however, we learned that this distinguished individual was not likely to be seen at Longjumeau, the natives of which had probably never heard of his existence. It was too bad, however, to allow the illusion as to the existence of our old friend to be thus dispelled; so we easily succeeded in persuading ourselves that the popularity of the postillion doubtless kept him continually on the move, and that his native place was, after all, the place where we should have remembered it was least likely to find him.

We proceeded on our way in the most approved style of French omnibuses—with a great deal of clatter, a great deal of confusion, and very little speed. The country any where within

a mile or two of Paris, is not very inviting—level wastes of barren ground, with occasionally an oasis in the shape of a brick-kiln, or something equally ornamental; dusty roads, planted with rows of little trees, and bounded by high walls, covered with quack advertisements. The passenger gazes out of window about once every ten minutes, hoping for a little variety; but as far as the waste, the trees, the walls, and the quack advertisements are concerned, he might believe himself still in the same spot. Accordingly, the wise tourist generally seeks amusement inside the vehicle, as we did on the occasion in question—by encouraging the passengers to sing country songs, and contributing ourselves something of the kind toward the general hilarity.

At last—after an hour’s jolting and stumbling, and hallooing, and cracking, on the part of omnibus, horses, driver, and whip—something like open country begins to make its appearance—with occasionally an attempt at foliage and cultivation. We have just time to congratulate ourselves upon the change—with a slight regret at the absence of hedges and green lanes—when the omnibus stops at an accommodation of rustic restaurants, schools for young ladies, billiard-rooms, tobacconists’ shops, and one church, which we are told is Sceaux. Here we alight, after an exchange of affectionate flatteries with our fellow passengers, who are bound to Longjumeau, and make our way, as a matter of course to the park. But previously a bell at the railway station announces the arrival of a train from Paris, and we have an opportunity of observing the perfect working of this pretty little line—the serpentine course of which is, at first sight, calculated to strike horror into the engineering mind—how the carriages perform impossible curves in perfect safety, and finally accomplish something very like a figure of eight at the terminus, without any relaxation of speed. The manner in which this is accomplished is principally by providing the engines with small oblique wheels, pressing against the rails, in addition to the usual vertical ones. The carriages, too, are so constructed, that both the fore and hind wheels may turn freely under them; and each carriage is connected with its neighbor by a kind of hinge, which effectually prevents a separation, while it affords every facility for independent motion. Thus almost any curve can be accomplished, and it is next to impossible that the train can come off the rails. But for this contrivance, the railway, condemned to a straight line, would probably never pay, and all the pretty places where it has stations, would lose half their visitors.

The great lion of Sceaux is its park, where the chateau, built by Colbert, and subsequently associated with persons of no less importance than the Duc du Maine and Madame de Montespan, was flourishing before the first revolution. Art has here been somewhat ungrateful to nature; the one has furnished the tallest of trees and the thickest of bosquets; but the other has

clipped them with more than her usual want of taste, and through the latter, has cut avenues, ingeniously imitative of railway tunnels—of which the pastoral effect may be imagined. On Sundays and Thursdays, during the summer, crowds flock from Paris to the balls which are held in this park—where there is also a tolerable gathering of rustic simplicity from the country round. Then it is that all the colored lamps, which now by daylight look so dingy, are brilliantly lighted up; the dirty stucco statues gleam like alabaster; the seedy drapery becomes golden and gorgeous; the grimy decorations are festive and fairy-like; and the smoky-looking glass column in the centre glitters like an immense diamond—reflecting the surrounding scene with a thousand flattering and fantastic variations.

But what about Robinson Crusoe! All in good time. Robinson is now something less than two miles off, if the information of our decorated friend may be relied upon; and perhaps the sooner we join him the better. Accordingly, with Sceaux behind us, and the prospect of dinner before us, we proceed gayly on foot through roads as rustic in appearance as the inevitable brick walls and unavoidable quack advertisements will allow them to be, and arrive at last at our journey's end—without meeting on our way with any incidents of travel more exciting than the sight of two countrymen and a windmill.

Here, then, we are, at last, at Robinson. Robinson, then, is a place; and not a person? But what relation has this to De Foe's Robinson Crusoe? Simply this; that the spot is the most romantic—the most picturesque—and *was* the most desolate within so short a distance of Paris; and it has been called "Robinson," as a tribute at once to these united charms, and to the merits of a work which is as popular in France as in its native country. The surname "Crusoe" the French throw aside, as they do every thing which they can either not pronounce, or not understand—refusing in particular to swallow any thing like a name which does not become the mouth, on the wise principle which leads every animal but the donkey to reject thistles.

The fame of the place, however, has by degrees rendered its name inapplicable. Its romantic and picturesque qualities it still retains, but its desolation is no more. It is Robinson Crusoe's island with the spell broken—the loneliness of thirty years profaned. It is Robinson Crusoe's island monopolized by common-place colonists, who have set up *cafés* and *restaurants*. It is Juan Fernandez captured by the savages, who appear there in the shape of the *bourgeoisie*, or as pert-looking young Frenchman, in varnished boots, escorting transparent bonnets. It is Robinson Crusoe's island, in fact, with a dash of Greenwich.

In common with all those who land in any sort of island, civilized or savage, our first impulse was to secure dinner. For this purpose, we betook ourselves to the most imposing *restaurant* of the place. Gueusquin was the name I think, of the Bois d'Aulnay. Here, in the midst

of a rustic and not too French style of garden, laid out upon an eminence, stands a building which has all the aspect of the most primitive of farms. It is dedicated to Robinson Crusoe, as may be seen from the verses conspicuously painted up over the door:

"Robinson! nom cher à l'enfance,
Que, vieux, l'on se rappelle encore,
Dont le souvenir, doux trésor,
Nous reporte aux jours d'innocence."

On entering we see Robinson Crusoe on every side—that is to say, all the walls are devoted to his adventures: we see multiplied in every corner the well-known goat-skin costume, pointed cap, and umbrella. Here is Crusoe outside his hut, tending his flock; there he is shooting down the savages from behind a tree. In one panel he starts back at the sight of the foot-mark in the sands, in the attitude of the leading actor of the Gymnase, to express violent surprise at the important intelligence conveyed to his mind by that powerful print. Over the window, he is feeding his goat; close to the door, he notches his calendar, or, not inappropriately, cuts his stick. He welcomes to the lonely isle the astonished white men, beside the stove; and once more steps on his native soil, just over the mantle-piece. Crusoe is every where. He is engraved on the spoons, painted on the plates, and figured on the coffee-cups. His effigy reclines upon the clock; his portrait on the vases peers through the flowers. So completely do his adventures seem associated with the place, that we almost expect to see him in his own proper person, with his parrots and dogs about him; discussing his goat's flesh at one of the rude tables, which might have been fashioned by his own hand; or busy kindling a fire upon the tiled floor, which might also be of home manufacture.

We are interrupted in the midst of this inspection, by the question where we will dine? Where. Any where. This is the *salle à manger*, is it not? Certainly; but we can dine up a tree in the garden if we please. In that case we *do* please, by all means, provided the climbing is easy, and there are good strong branches to cling to. The *garçon* smiles, as he conducts us to the garden, and introduces us to the resources of the immense tree in the centre. Here we are instructed to ascend a staircase, winding round the massive trunk, and to choose our places, on the first, second, or third "story." This dining accommodation we now find to consist of a succession of platforms, securely fixed upon the vast spreading branches, surrounded by a rustic railing, and in some cases covered with a thatched umbrella, of the veritable Robinson Crusoe pattern. With the ardor of enthusiasts, who know no finality short of extremes, we spurn the immediate resting-places, and ascend at once to the topmost branch. Here we find a couple of tables laid out, and seats for the accommodation of about a dozen persons. A jovial party of the savages before alluded to, in glazed boots, and transparent bonnets, are already in possession of one of the tables; the other is at our disposal.

The soup now makes its appearance, not borne upward by the waiters, but swung upward in enormous baskets, by means of ropes and pulleys; and we speedily bawl down, with stentorian voices—according to the most approved fashion of the *habitués*—our directions as to the succeeding courses, which are duly received through the same agency. Every body now gets extremely convivial, and we, of course, fraternize with the savages, our neighbors. At this period of the proceedings, some of the boldest of our party venture upon obvious jokes relative to dining “up a tree”—a phrase which, in England, is significant of a kind of out-of-the-way existence, associated with pecuniary embarrassment; but, I need scarcely add, that these feeble attempts at pleasantry were promptly put down by the general good-sense of the company. The Frenchmen, bolder still, now indulged in various feats of agility, which had the additional attraction of extreme peril, considering that we were more than a hundred feet from the ground. The tendency of the Robinsonites, in general, toward gymnastic exercises is very sufficiently indicated by the inscription—“*Défense de se balancer après les Paniers*”—which is posted all over the tree. To my mind the injunction sounded very like forbidding one to break one’s neck.

Being already a hundred feet from the ground, the united wisdom of our party had, by this time, arrived at the opinion that we should descend; an operation at all times less easy than ascension—more especially after dimer. The feat, however, was satisfactorily accomplished, after a pathetic appeal on the part of two or three of my friends for another quarter of an hour to sentimentalize upon the magnificent view—rendered doubly magnificent in the declining sun—of distant Paris, with its domes and towers, and light bridges, and winding river; and the more immediate masses of well-wooded plantations, and well-cultivated fields. I should have mentioned that we had to drag away the youngest of these sentimentalists by main force—which rendered our safe descent somewhat marvelous under the circumstances.

We had now to decide upon our mode of return to Paris—a work of time, owing to the numerous distracting facilities. A short walk was pronounced to be desirable, and a walk to Fontenay-aux-Roses delightful above all things. So we set forward accordingly—our way lying “all among the bearded barley”—like the road to “many-towered Camelot.” At Fontenay-aux-Roses, which, strangely enough, does justice to its name, lying in a huge nest of roses, of all degrees of deliciousness, we were fortunate enough to find that vehicular phenomenon—in the existence of which I had never before believed—the “last omnibus.” This was promptly monopolized; and my next performance, I fancy, was to go to sleep; for, on being informed that we were again in Paris, I seemed to have some recollection of a recent dinner on the top of a tree, with Robinson Crusoe, who was appropriately decorated with a pink bonnet and a parasol.

THE WHITE SILK BONNET.

BY ELIZABETH O’HARA.

“THIRTY-FIVE shillings, did you say, Mrs. Grey? I am afraid that is too dear; and yet it is really a love of a bonnet.”

“It certainly does become you exceedingly, Miss Leslie.”

“Yes, I do wish I could buy it. Just show me that straw again, will you? Dear me, I wish I had not seen the silk one; this seems so large and dowdy. Thirty-five shillings, and this will be—”

“One pound six, full trimmed, ma’am; and after all, it is but a second bonnet, certainly not a dress one.”

“Oh, I know that, but then the price—you see the difference is so very great.”

“Thirteen shillings; but it is quite made up for by the quality of the goods. This is a Paris-made bonnet; I had it sent me for a pattern; it would be two guineas to any but a customer. I really have made a considerable reduction, Miss Leslie; now if I might advise—”

“It is a sweet, pretty thing, so lady-like and quiet, but I told papa I should spend about a pound, and I don’t think I ought to go so very far beyond: these flowers in the inside suit me so well; however, I’ll decide on the straw, Mrs. Grey.”

“I’ll tell you what, Miss Leslie, I should like you to have this bonnet; I thought of you the moment I saw it; I have quite kept it for you. Besides, it is a pity you should lose such a dead bargain. Why, see, ma’am, what a lovely silk it is! and these flowers—real French flowers; why, it will do up again quite fresh next summer. Now, if you like, the bill shall go in to your papa as a pound, or say three-and-twenty shillings, and you can make up the difference to me at your convenience.”

“I should like to do so, and certainly no one who is a judge can call this bonnet dear at thirty-five shillings; it never was made for the money.”

“Oh, dear no, Miss Leslie, it costs me more; shall I send it in? Would you like me to add the pelerine you were admiring? Now I call that a very useful thing, that and the cuffs to match are so complete; I think you had better have them: I need not press them on any one, they are so exquisitely *bee-youtiful*; but I can’t help taking the liberty of advising a lady like yourself, Miss Leslie, and an old customer. I think you said you were going into the country; now people like to be dressy away from home. You could not get such goods at that figure at any other establishment, and you will find them so very convenient.”

Constance Leslie hesitated. “The woman who hesitates is lost;” the temptation was great, the things were certainly becoming; a certain birthday gift was in expectation; the economical arguments were very specious. She yielded; and against her better judgment consented to the milliner’s plan. She was but a girl—let that

plead in her favor; but there are women, wives, and mothers, who condescend to this meanness, who systematically deceive their husbands in this matter, and yet profess to love and revere them; who, involved in debt themselves, rail at the artifice and extravagance of their servants, who, while their whole life is a subterfuge, affect horror at falsehood. Oh! did they but know how contemptible such conduct is; how maid and trader despise them! Their husbands believe them—how can they doubt a wife's truth? but to others the lie is transparent! and often an insolvent is supposed to have been cognizant of extravagances which his misfortunes alone revealed to him. And for what do they weave a tissue of untruths? for what do they tremble at the slightest word or glance which may betray their secret? From the most paltry and frivolous motives—often from mere thoughtlessness.

To return to my story. It is time I should properly introduce Miss Leslie to my readers. She was an only daughter, having long lost her mother, and had for years been her father's housekeeper. He was of that most unfortunate class—a poor man bound to hide his poverty and preserve certain appearances. Strict economy was necessary to effect this; and hitherto Constance had aided him well, indeed. He was rather proud of the tact with which she made the most of their narrow income; for she had good taste and good sense, and these united achieve wonders. There was no attempt at display; but all was in such good keeping, the whole was so respectable, that few suspected their limited means. Mr. Leslie's income was so fluctuating, that he was strict on one point only: he would incur no bills on any pretext whatever; beyond this, Constance was uncontrolled, and laid out his funds as she pleased. Her brothers were growing up, and had to be pushed forward in the world; the well-doing of the whole family seemed at present to depend on the father's position. Now, when the force of appearances is not carried further than this, should we blame it? We are all bound to lay out our money to the best advantage; an appearance of easy means, when not based on debt, most frequently leads to the reality. The world can only judge by what it sees—good broadcloth invariably attracts respect, and it is of high importance to young people having their way to make in the world, that their home should stand well with it. Mr. Leslie made no pretensions to riches; he merely endeavored to hide his want of them, and succeeded.

"That's a very smart bonnet of yours, Constance; I hope you have not gone beyond your stint—"

"Only a few shillings, papa."

She thus evaded, as she thought, a direct falsehood, well knowing all the while that fifteen shillings were far from being "a few" to them.

"It is a very great bargain, and Mrs. Grey advised it, as it will last two summers with care."

"Well, well, don't look so annoyed about it,

my dear; a shilling or two, more or less, breaks no squares; but the fact is, I am rather sorry you have chosen such a dashing affair. I have had one or two losses lately, as is well known in the room, and your bonnet may be remarked on."

Constance's tears now flowed freely; but she dared not confess her fault.

"Never mind, my love, we are no worse off than our neighbors. Indeed, I should not have mentioned this, only it will guide you in your purchases and in your behavior at your uncle's. I was obliged to ask a little assistance from him respecting Edward's premium, and this last pull has prevented my paying him at the promised time. I gave him a bill, and could not take it up; but I have left off part of my office, and shall soon be all right again."

"Oh, papa, you will be so uncomfortable without a private room."

"I must not think of that, child; in fact, I don't require a double office; there's the expense, two fires to keep up; and all that's quite unnecessary now Harding is gone."

"Harding gone, papa!"

"Yes; I find I can manage without him, by doing a little extra writing at home; and until things come round a little, we must all pull up in every possible way. But, remember, I wish, for your brothers' sakes, to do the thing as quietly as we can. I am not ruined; but a whisper either way would smash me at once—and the boys' credit depends on mine."

Poor Constance! and it was at this very moment, when retrenchment was so necessary, and her father was not only curtailing his personal expenses, but redoubling his exertions, that she had incurred a trumpery debt—trumpery in amount, but large to her—for mere superfluities. She could not return her bonnet, she had worn it; she was afraid to speak to Mrs. Grey about the other articles she had sent in; for, despite her exceeding oiliness of manner, Constance felt she was a person who would never concede a single point to her own disadvantage. The bill had not yet made its appearance, and she waited its arrival in fear and trembling; for Mrs. Grey had chosen to make some indispensable additions; and though she sent a message apologizing for not having mentioned them, and saying that they would be merely a trifle, her unfortunate customer felt a strong presentiment that she would be victimized. Besides, having once yielded to temptation and set her bill "a-going," she fancied she might as well let the whole sum be booked, and had already expended the five-and-twenty shillings set aside for her bonnet on different trifling objects, not absolutely wanted, and which she had scrupulously dispensed with till now that she had these few unoccupied shillings. The coveted bonnet at once lost all its charms; it was now positively hateful; and she set forth on her visit to her country-friends with a heart sadly at variance with her gay apparel.

Her aunt and uncle Appleton had been rather inconvenienced by Mr. Leslie's dishonored bill. People who are not in business can scarcely

make allowance for the difficulties of commerce; they can not understand its inextricable links, nor how sometimes a mere change of wind may seriously embarrass the struggling trader. They had also sometimes disapproved of their brother's style of living; and, though kind, warm-hearted people, having once assisted him, thought they had purchased a right to find fault and dictate, and to this he could not submit. If there was a subject on which he was irritable, it was respecting Constance. She was an accomplished girl, and some of the wiseacres who delight in laying down the law had chosen to wonder why "she was not earning her bread and assisting her family;" overlooking the fact that in managing her father's house and adding to his comforts, she was of material service. A woman in the struggling middle ranks who really does her duty, but rarely eats the bread of idleness, even when ostensibly unemployed; and Constance had toiled incessantly to promote Mr. Leslie's views. Again: there is a kind of prejudice respecting women's employment; weak, cruel, senseless though it is, we can not step from our privacy without virtually degrading ourselves; hence, governessing is the decayed gentlewoman's last resource; and is it to be wondered at, that, knowing the light in which milliners or even governesses are regarded, Mr. Leslie should strain every nerve to screen his daughter from that trial? Of course he was blamed, called proud and speculative, all sorts of evils were predicted as the consequence; but he laughed at these occasional preachings, and pursued the tenor of his way.

Constance's dressy purchases were thus woe-fully ill-timed; her aunt was far too good a judge to believe a pound would buy such a bonnet, nor did her niece attempt to deceive her; this was but fresh confirmation of "my brother's ridiculous extravagance. Constance dressed up like a girl of fortune—it is really too bad. He has no right to squander other people's money in this way; it is almost dishonest, and I shall give her a good set-down."

The set-down came, and this time unaccompanied by the annual present on which the poor girl had depended; and as the Appletons chose to make a sort of parade of poverty just then, her smart clothes were more conspicuous. Never had she spent such a miserable six weeks; her temper gave way beneath self-reproach and her aunt's nagging, and she had the misery of feeling that she had widened the breach between her father and relations, who, after all, were kindly, nay, generously disposed toward him.

But little comfort awaited her on her return home. Business was still very flat, and her brother's expenses had unavoidably increased; her father was looking haggard and care-worn. There, too, lay Mrs. Grey's bill, the total five pounds. A mist came before her eyes; it was long before the first sickening feeling was over, and she had courage to read the items. Two guineas for the bonnet! that must be a mistake. She flew to have it rectified.

"I am sure you told me thirty-five shillings, Mrs. Grey."

"Certainly, Miss Leslie; but, of course, I was speaking of ready-money payments. You know I must make a difference where parties require credit. I am always very glad to accommodate a customer, and the bonnet is cheap at fifty shillings."

"But the cap, and the voilette—I never ordered them, and you charge them thirty shillings more."

"Why you see, ma'am, they make the whole so complete, so suitable, I thought it was a pity not to put them in—you know you could have returned them if they were not approved of."

"But you sent to say it would be but a trifle more."

"No more is it, Miss Leslie. Why the lace is dirt-cheap at that price; and it will wash up and trim a straw bonnet—wash and wear forever; as for the bill, pray don't make yourself uneasy about it; you can take your own time—pay me at your convenience."

What could Constance do? She had not five shillings to dispose of; and, fearing to annoy her father, or cause some inquiry, had foolishly allowed him to suppose she had received her usual present from aunt Appleton; she had even diverted some of the housekeeping money to make her accustomed presents to her father and brothers, their share of her birth-day gift. The sigh with which Mr. Leslie accepted her little offering smote her severely; it told how much more grateful he would have felt had she thrown it into the weekly allowance.

Five pounds seems but a very small sum, but when it is to be saved up by pence its magnitude increases fearfully; it is almost a hopeless undertaking. Constance was now fairly immersed in that slough of despond, debt; for instead of paying away her money regularly, and in order, it was here a little and there a little. Her life was a perfect scramble; a perpetual staving off, while her small bills accumulated. Mrs. Grey had her now completely in her power; she was obliged to supply herself from her, at credit prices, having always forestalled her income, and though constantly endeavoring to economize, and in essentials scarcely so well dressed as in former times, her expenses were at least doubled.

Having acquired the habit of running up bills, it required more strength of mind than she possessed to dispense with a hundred little superfluities, that, had she been obliged to pay for them on the spot, would have been instantly relinquished; but as is too often the case, while the money still glittered in her purse, she forgot the numerous calls she was preparing for it. Nor did the mischief end here; she was no longer able to pay her servants' wages; they became sulky, then saucy the work was neglected, provisions wasted; and yet she neither could nor dared discharge them, so much did she fear her father's learning her heavy arrears. These annoyances, and constant corroding anxieties, brought on a low nervous fever; change of

scene and air were ordered, but these could not be obtained without expense; and this, and the dread of any discovery during her absence, quite nullified the good effects of the prescription. Her debts had gradually, though almost imperceptibly amounted to about fifty pounds, a sum she had no present means of paying; she had learned to tremble at the sound of a single knock, and, by contemptible excuses, and frivolous pretexts for delay, was slowly undermining her father's credit.

It is a long time ere the "master" awakes to the feeling that his home is uncomfortable, or is aware of all that goes on within it, especially if he be in business. He hurries away in the morning, and ere he returns at evening things have assumed a kind of company aspect; besides, habit throws a veil over many discrepancies a stranger can easily perceive. Constance's wretched health also accounted for many errors of management; and Mr. Leslie, generally a keen, shrewd man, was blind to the state of his domestic affairs. His daughter worked so hard to retrieve her lost ground; his and his sons' linen was mended almost beyond comfort; he had discovered her busy fabricating pretty knick-knacks for which she hoped to obtain an unsuspected sale; he felt as if it would seem brutal to pry into her economy. Poor thing, she answered all the advertisements by which "ladies and gentlemen are offered an income of two pounds a week, while practicing an elegant accomplishment," but the *papier maché* and earthen stamping trade were already overstocked with workers; she only increased her difficulties by the outlay.

At this crisis, when at her wits' end, an unexpected haven appeared. She was a pretty, lady-like girl; and Allan Macdonald, a young merchant, and a rising man, chose to fall in love with her. There are many different reasons for accepting a man besides simply loving him; some girls are afraid of dying old maids; others do not know how to say "no;" others are ambitious; others mercenary; others wish to please papa and mamma; and others wish to spite some particular friend. Constance married from none of these causes; she loved—no, liked, respected Allan, and felt grateful for his preference; but her prevailing feeling was that the wedding would keep her out of her difficulties. There would be the money for her *trousseau*, and of course presents from her relations; and out of these she could surely squeeze enough to clear the greater part, if not all her debts. Allan, too, would be sure to make her a liberal allowance, and she could save something from that; once free, it would be a lesson for life.

Things seldom turn out exactly as we expect. The presents made her, though handsome, could not be turned to account; work-tables and silver tea-pots are not very serviceable in a lady's wardrobe; and though her father had strained every nerve, he did not give her more than one half of what she had reckoned on. She ventured to petition for more.

"Tut tut, Constance! Macdonald knows ex-

actly how I am situated, that I really am very much hampered, for I have no concealments from him; he is not the fellow to go rummaging over his wife's drawers, or to refuse her a new gown when she wants it. Of course I wish you to be respectable, and what you have now will set you out as well as any child of mine need be; more, in my present circumstances, would be improper."

She was silenced. Her means were all absorbed in paying off the driblets she owed in all directions, but yet there were comparatively large sums remaining. She spoke to the tradespeople, "the expenses of her wedding, &c.:" the excuse seemed reasonable, though some were inclined to wonder why Mr. Leslie left this disagreeable task to his daughter, and, as they wished to secure Mrs. Macdonald's future custom, they were exceedingly forbearing. Mrs. Grey alone remained; the wedding clothes must be supplied by her now, although Constance, anticipating so much more money, had already announced that they would not, as "she did not like her style." This report had evidently reached her, and she received her customer's explanation with a mortifying air of civil disbelief; but when Constance began to explain her errand, and hesitatingly ask for credit, "It is so very awkward, Mrs. Grey; but gentlemen can not understand these things: papa can not see why I should like to have a little money in hand, but you must know what you felt yourself."

"Oh, to be sure, Miss Leslie; but men can't see these things. I should have dropped before I could have asked Grey for money, when first we were married—it's unknown what I suffered you know I can send the bill into Mr. Leslie by and-by."

"Why, I would rather—I think it would be better for me to pay you: papa might be vexed."

"Well, then, ma'am, shall I make out the account to you? Mr. Leslie has nothing to do with it—it is quite between ourselves."

"That would be much the best way, if you have no objection, Mrs. Grey."

"Oh, not the slightest; perhaps you will look at these silks."

A very handsome outfit, far better than Constance had even contemplated, was now ordered, and all her prospects seemed brightening around her. She was indeed a happy woman as she entered her new home, and Allan fondly welcomed her to it on their return from their bridal trip. She had married him without strong affection, but their intimate communion brought out the more amiable points of his character; she had learned his worth, she confided in his manly affection, and each day increased her love for him—not even her father was more dear to her. There was but one speck on the horizon: book-keeping was her husband's hobby; though far from mean, he was naturally frugal; he was as proud of her housewifery accomplishments as of her more brilliant acquirements; her father had often vaunted them, and he liked to prove for how little she could provide their liberal table.

Therefore he insisted on every item being set down and carried to the weekly expenditure: he had drawn up a set of books for her use, and was delighted to see how well she kept them.

"There's nothing like black and white, Constance, depend on it; when a woman knows exactly what her expenses are she need never go beyond her income, unless she's a born natural."

There was an end to all the schemes of "cabbage" by which she had hoped to make Allan pay his father-in-law's debts; it was evident that he would see how every penny was laid out, and that nothing short of deliberate falsehood—of which she was then incapable—would mislead him. At length, driven to desperation by the importunities of one or two pressing creditors, she ventured to ask for a few pounds for herself.

"For yourself, my darling!—what can you mean?"

"Why, dear, isn't my meaning plain enough? I mean my pin-money, Mr. Macdonald," and she tried to laugh off her confusion and his surprise.

"Your pin-money, Constance! Why what is all I give you but that? Is it not enough?—take more; but separate purses separate interests, that's my opinion."

"My dear Allan!"

"Yes, why should you or any woman have your private purse? I have none from you, Constance."

"But then a fixed sum is so much more comfortable."

"How so? we have already settled what our expenses should be—your pretty little books here show that you do not exceed the average we struck, my wee wifey; what more would you have? Are we not one, Constance? When you want money ask for it, do what you will with it; if you are over the mark one month, we can pull up the next. I throw all our expenditure in common, you see, tailor and all; I won't buy a waistcoat even without giving you the chance of lecturing if you've a mind; if we find we have all along been within our limit, why we'll make each other a present, or have a jaunt; but in heaven's name, Constance, don't talk to me of your own purse. I've seen enough of that—no, no, let's be open, let's have no concealments or privacies of any sort."

She was so disappointed at this unexpected refusal that she could not restrain her tears, and Allan looked very rueful and uncomfortable at the sight. He had a mixture of feelings; he did not like to see his pretty Constance weep, but it was rather gratifying than otherwise to his marital pride, that his displeasure, or the fear of it, should create such emotion; so in a half-penitent, half-pacha like temper he set himself about consoling his mourning bride. He felt that according to his convictions he was right, but feared he had not gone rightly to work.

"I must not give up, that's positive," he thought; "but, poor dear girl, how sorry she is to have vexed me. I must be a brute; I dare say she wants a new dress or two now we're

going out so much; old Leslie told me he could not do as much as he wished for her."

Acting on this idea, he proceeded to kiss away her tears.

"Come, Constance, darling, you must not be angry with me—I'll be bound you want some finery for Dawson's ball; why did you not say so at once, you silly girl? There, tell me how much will be necessary—but I dare say you don't exactly know yourself; take this, dear one, and mind I expect to see my wifey the best dressed, as well as the prettiest woman in the room. There, kiss and be friends, Con.; I have one favor to ask, my love; I wish you'd take any thing you want from Green's, they can put a thing or two in my way sometimes."

The clog accompanying Allan's generous gift made it scarcely a relief to her; but those bills must be paid, and though she knew he would expect to see the sum accounted for, she could not comply with his wishes. He felt annoyed at this; why should she not say how she had laid out his present? At the same time other discrepancies forced themselves on his notice, and made him most uncomfortable. He was more grieved than angry, however. His wife had certainly not made any purchases at Green's, although he had not only requested it, but explained his reasons—nay more she was not as handsomely attired at the ball as he could have wished; he had felt that from the first, and was more inclined to admire her moderation than grumble at her appearance; but his sister had further and accidentally enlightened him. Constance's was only an old dress re-trimmed; if so, where was that money? Her books besides, though apparently very accurately kept, presented increased expenses, while his table was not so good as it had been—he could speak with certainty on that head; she looked shabby, too, sometimes; gloves, shoes, bonnet, ribbons were not so often renewed as he considered necessary. He could not understand it; something underhand was decidedly going on, but Constance always evaded any explanation. Then she was growing thin and low-spirited, nearly fretful, so he did not like to press her—what could it all mean? Comfort seemed banished from his hearth; some evil influence was hovering around them. There was some lurking mystery; and yet he was sure that she loved him. How anxious she was to please him in all save this! How proudly she looked up to him, how tenderly she had nursed him in a late severe attack. But why should she not tell him the cause of her unhappiness; why was there not perfect confidence between man and wife?

Chance solved some of his doubts. He accidentally opened a letter addressed to Mrs. Macdonald. It contained a bill and receipt, and came from her brother's tailor. The writer, while thanking her for the last payment on account, hoped she would soon make it convenient to settle the balance, as it was some time since the young gentleman had had these articles. Macdonald naturally felt annoyed, nay, indignant,

that his comforts should be curtailed to pay his brother-in-law's bills, for he never once imagined that Constance had long since received the money for them, and appropriated it to another purpose; all he could see was her weakness, and the meanness of the young man in submitting to such an obligation; and he would have spoken his mind pretty freely but for the fear of agitating his wife, whose approaching confinement had thrown her into a very precarious state of health. Rather than she should know that he was aware of her folly, he at once paid the somewhat heavy remainder. He was still smarting from the irritation when he met Edward Leslie, the elder brother, exceedingly well-dressed, and in high spirits. He had just returned from an interview with a merchant who was inclined to send him abroad on very advantageous terms; the only difficulty was a small sum to start with; and Edward naturally thought he might apply to his wealthy brother-in-law for an advance on his expected salary. At any other time Allan would willingly have made the loan, but at that moment it seemed too much like victimization, as if he were a destined prey to the Leslies; he therefore not only refused point blank, but accompanied his refusal by certain innuendoes at Edward's expenses and appearance, which were as incomprehensible as offensive to the latter, and the result was a violent quarrel between them.

Meanwhile Mr. Leslie's difficulties were increasing, and he saw himself compelled to call a meeting of his creditors; this had hitherto been concealed from Constance, but it soon became necessary to apply to her, as, to her father's utter astonishment, bills of which he had not the slightest knowledge now poured in on him. She was alone in her luxurious drawing-room, looking the picture of misery, having that day heard Edward's version of her husband's extraordinary conduct, and his own disappointment, now likely to be attended with serious consequences, as, if he could not raise this money, he must relinquish this lucrative appointment—a provision for life. And now her father's position was explained to her; what was to become of them? what could she do?

"I should not have worried you with all this, my poor girl; the general opinion is in my favor; people see how this has been brought upon me, and two or three of my creditors have come forward very handsomely; Lynch offers to back me if I will start again. I called at Allan's office as I came along; I wanted to have his advice, and to know whether he would join Lynch as security if I continued the agency; but he was out, so I left a note for him, explaining what I wanted, and came on here. I missed my dinner with it all, and really should be glad of a glass of wine, Mrs. Mac—; come, dear, don't cry, there's no disgrace in my misfortunes—we have never been extravagant or thoughtless; but, Constance, I was rather surprised to see these bills among my other accounts; surely they were paid long ago?"

"I—I—I forgot, father"

"Nonsense; I'm sure you had the money for them; those very sums are entered in my day-book. Now, do calm yourself, and look them over. See, why, they're dated two and three years back. I never had an account with any tradesmen longer than the quarter. I looked at your book, and couldn't make head or tail of it, or I would not have bothered you now. You really must examine into this, Constance; my character is touched by it—to leave such bills so long unpaid."

"Perhaps there is some mistake."

"None at all: either you did or did not pay those bills. If you did pay them, hunt up the receipts. I don't know the names even of some of these fellows—did you ever deal with them? Answer me at once—yes or no—did you ever owe them any thing?"

"Yes—I mean—that is—"

At this moment Allan entered the room, evidently in a towering passion, while a servant brought in the refreshment Constance had ordered for her father, by an opposite door.

"Take away those things!" he thundered "they are not wanted here."

The foot-boy hesitated a moment.

"My mistress, sir," he said.

"Take them away, I say!"

The servant obeyed. Constance had sunk back on the sofa in violent hysterics, while Mr. Leslie seemed petrified. Allan for the first time in his life was neglectful of his wife, and had refused her father's proffered hand.

"You wrote to me, Mr. Leslie, this morning," he continued, "to make a most modest request. I need offer no comment on you and your family's conduct toward me; but do me the favor to read this letter: it is a sufficient answer; and then, sir, leave my house, before I am tempted to kick you out of it."

"Allan!" shrieked Constance.

"Was it not enough, sir, that my comforts should be curtailed, my home rendered uncomfortable, my wife's health and spirits broken, her integrity destroyed—yes, that she should be taught to deceive me systematically, in order that my money should pay your and your sons' debts? Was not that enough without such disgrace as this? A lawyer's letter demanding payment of my wife's debts when single, her wedding clothes even not paid for!"

"Good God! what is this? Speak, Constance, this instant."

"You have killed her!" cried her husband, bending over her insensible form. "I find you here with more bills in your hand—I find her in tears, while you are feasting at my expense. Leave the house, I say."

"Allan Macdonald, I will not. You have attacked my character and my sons'. Unless you use force, I will not leave the room till Constance clears this up; let the consequences be what they will, she shall speak. I will not remain under these imputations."

"Pshaw! how can she clear you? Let me ring for her maid—she is dying."

"She is not: leave her to herself for a moment; she is recovering—see. My God! man, I am her father! There, give her some water. Be advised for once: let no one in, as you would avoid a disgraceful exposure. On my word—on my oath, if necessary—I knew nothing of this—I knew of no bills till this morning."

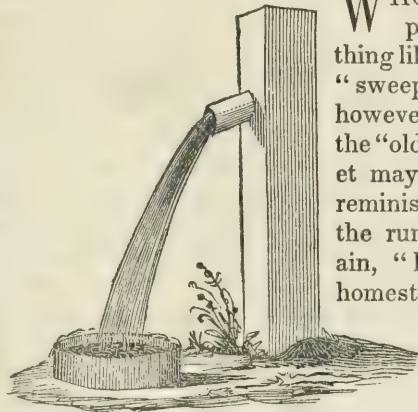
Mr. Leslie's firm tone and previous high character held Allan in check, and he submitted to his advice. It was long ere Constance revived from her death-like swoon, and then she would have evaded explanation, had not her father stuck pertinaciously to his point. All at once she seemed to gain courage from his severity and her husband's anguished features. She knew not where their suspicions might tend, and throwing herself at Allan's feet, she revealed all her errors.

Her strength again failed her; with the last words she fell prostrate, and was carried senseless to her bed. A raging fever ensued; a dead child was born. In the wildness of delirium her now intense love for her husband was betrayed, the unsparing contempt she felt for her own conduct, and her dread lest he should share in it. His voice alone could soothe her, and yet she seemed to shrink from him as if she felt she had incurred his displeasure; that was her prevailing fear. His name, her father's, Edward's, was ever on her lips; but always in conjunction with images of misery.

Consciousness was at last restored to her; all agitating conversation was forbidden; but Allan's tender kiss and gentle tones told that she was forgiven. Nor was her father inexorable; few parents but would have considered her punishment sufficient; and in the mean time her husband generously rectified the errors she had occasioned. The debts were all liquidated; their amount was comparatively so small, that it seemed astonishing how so trifling a cause could have produced so much unhappiness, and Allan thought the sum well expended that could restore his wife's peace of mind. Edward, too, obtained the requisite loan, which was repaid within the specified time, while Macdonald willingly joined Mr. Lynch as security for his father-in-law. Mr. Leslie, thus backed, at length retrieved his past losses. He never again alluded to that unfortunate scene, except when he and Allan once nearly quarreled for the second time, because he insisted on repaying the money advanced for Constance's debts. As for Charles, the younger son, he was soon well provided for; for uncle Appleton, seeing how the others were thriving, took him in hand, and using his borough interest, easily procured him a comfortable appointment.

A fine band of rosy children have long since consoled Allan for the loss of his first-born; but Constance has never forgotten that terrible lesson; and though placed beyond the necessity of rigid economy, never feels tempted to indulge in a slight extravagance, or to incur even a trifling debt, without being warned by the memory of the White Silk Bonnet

BORED WELLS IN EASTERN MISSISSIPPI.



WHO would not prefer something like this, to the "sweep and pole," however delightful the "old oaken bucket may seem as a reminiscence! That the running fountain, "hard by the homestead gate" is attainable, has been demonstrated, of

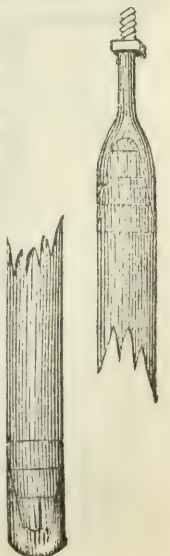
late years, in numerous instances; necessity called, science demonstrated, and experiment has proved. The Artesian well, in many localities, is but the work of a few days or a week. The implements required are simple and cheap, the supply of water afforded copious and continuous, conducing to health and comfort.

They are described as "those which are made by boring into the earth till the instrument reaches water, which spontaneously, from internal pressure, flows like a fountain." Not to quarrel with this definition, let us look at the instrument and its appurtenances, and also the processes or application, which cause the water to flow.

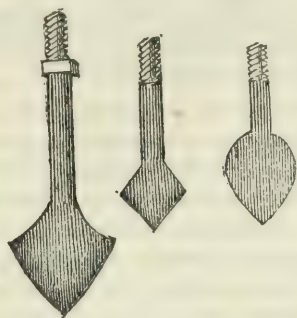


THE INSTRUMENT.—Split the barrel of a common goose-quill, lengthwise, into equal parts, and we have in either half something that closely resembles in shape the auger; the lower end looking like the old "pod," in use formerly by house builders. One side, the cutting side or edge, of the said lower end being an adjustable steel "bit," readily removed for sharpening, hardening, and the like; its entire length is about eight feet; its diameter (or half diameter) is three and a half or four inches; its upper end terminating in a shank, with a screw-thread, cut perhaps two inches.

The APPURTENANCES are *Wooden Rods* or poles, *Iron Rods*, *Pump*, *Picks*, *Windlass*, *Shears*, *Pulley-blocks*, *Yokes*, or cutters, &c. The first of these, the wooden rods or poles, are made of cypress or yellow-pine, twenty-five feet long, two and a half to three inches in diameter, planed round and smooth, armed at each end with iron, the upper a screw-shank, the lower a screw-socket. For convenience, there should be, belonging to the set, poles of half and quarter length, also an iron rod or two, of full or half length; these last being required after some depth is attained, to prevent the wooden ones from floating or



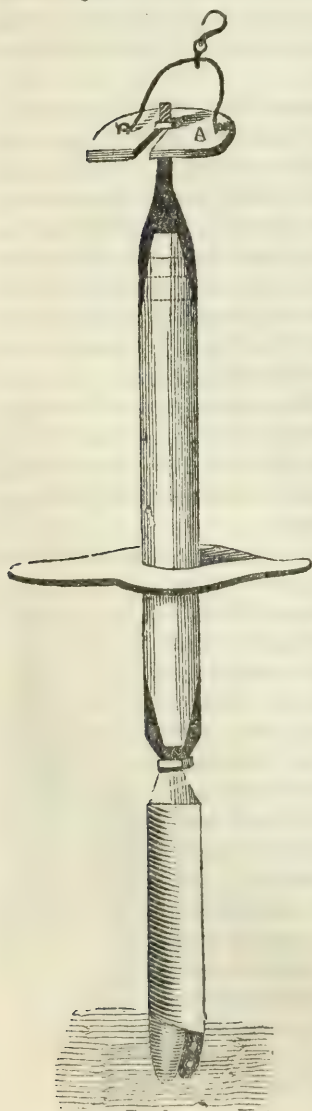
being pushed up, as the water fills the bore. The *Pump* is constructed of sheet-iron or copper, being a cylinder of nearly the size of the auger, and of the same length, having in its lower end a valve playing freely, and closing tight enough to retain borings, sand, and the like; the upper end terminating as the poles; The valve is usually made of steel, being a band riveted into its place having its lower edge sharp, and its upper edge square, seating the clapper, which is a disk of wrought iron. This is a strong, effective tool in the prosecution of the



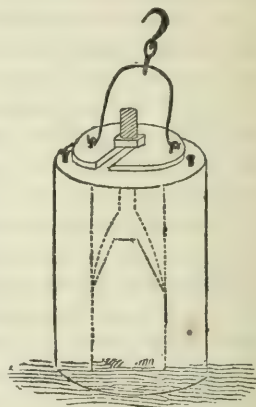
work. The *Picks* or *Drills* are pointed with steel, and take such shapes as shall best forward the boring through a strata which the auger will not cut. The *Windlass*, *Shears*,

Pulley-blocks, etc., constitute the apparatus for lowering and raising the auger, pump, or picks, as needed. The poles forming the shank of the auger, are elongated by screwing one upon another, as it descends into the earth.

THE PROCESS, OR APPLICATION.—The *Shears* and *Windlass* being erected, a short pole is suspended in the couter (A); a movable handle affixed to the pole at a convenient height from the ground, a short auger screwed into the lower end of the pole, which is then lowered till the point of the auger rests upon the ground, at the precise point where the prospective fountain is to flow. One man attends to the windlass, and one labors at the handle of the auger, walking round, with the sun, and after marking



the spot by an insertion of six inches, pours in, if the nature of the soil requires, a bucket of water to render the borings adhesive, so that they will turn with the auger and come up in it when it is withdrawn. The first few feet is usually done with an extra-sized auger, or the smaller hole reamed out to a size sufficiently large to insert a bored log (like a pump-log), the calibre of which will admit the passage of the common auger, and other instruments used in boring the well; this log is forced down by driving till its lower end is secure in the rock, or such strata as will not crumble or cave. As the auger becomes full, it is withdrawn, cleaned, and again inserted. After such depth is reached, that the water lying upon the first impermeable strata flows into the bore, the auger will not always bring up its "chips," the pump is then put down alternately with the auger, and by being forced to the bottom of the bore brings out the residuum. As the hole deepens, other poles are added; the joints being thus rendered necessary, another of the uses of the hollow log becomes apparent. Two iron spikes projecting from its squared end, serve to keep the "yoke," or couter, from turning round; and the shank, below the screw and nut, of the sunken pole, being square and fitting the slot in the yoke, the whole is retained stationary, while the succeeding pole is screwed on, in descending, or unscrewed in ascending, so that in "putting down" or in "taking out" there is a pause at every joint, a pole added, or set aside, and a new hold taken by the yoke (of which there are necessarily two).



In this manner pole after pole is added, until the auger or drill is forced through some strata which confines, or *holds down* the fluid, and a fountain of "Adam's ale" is opened, which flows on and on, neither diminished by the droughts of summer nor swollen by the rains of winter. These delightful wells are becoming common in the eastern parts of this State, as also in our sister State, Alabama. Without doubt, the same thing may be done advantageously in many parts of the United States, hitherto badly supplied with water, either for useful or ornamental purposes.

The borings in this region vary from 180 to 580 feet, but generally the greater depth is attainable with proportionally less labor and expense, being unattended with some of the difficulties which are incident to those of less depth, such as quicksands, gravel, rotten limestone, and the like. The methods of overcoming some of these difficulties are next, and last, in order.

In some places, the soil or earth covering the first layer of rock is of such a character that it is next to impossible to sink the log through to the rock; still, patient contriving will do much in



obviating this; for instance, after going as deep as the gravel or quicksand in which the first vein of water is found, will permit, and reaming out the hole, the log is inserted, having its lower end sharpened, and defended by a tapering iron band well secured. This may be driven down without much trouble through the bed of quicksand, and a passage is thus secured to the rock. It is sometimes necessary to insert the pump into, and through the log, and by agitating and withdrawing a portion of the obstructing mass, to cause the log to settle to its place. In some instances the distance to the rock, or consistent strata is so great, that the log requires "piecing." This is done neatly and effectively by banding the top of the sunken log, enlarging with a tapering instrument the mouth of the bore, and fitting another piece with a taper and shoulder.

Again, at the depth of some two or three hundred feet, a vein of rotten soap-stone, or limestone will crumble and cave into the opening, and though by continual pumping and boring it is sometimes mastered, yet the only certain remedy seems to be the reaming from the top of the well (including the logs) with a larger instrument, down to the cave, and perhaps a little past it—so that a shoulder will be left at the place where the reamer ceases cutting. A sheet iron tube is then forced down, of such a length, that its lower end rests upon this shoulder, and the upper extends up past the defect, to the solid walls above; the calibre of this tube being

such as to admit freely the tools when the boring is resumed. Should a second defect of this kind occur, another tube can be inserted of the same size (outwardly) as the well, but after it is placed, the auger and other implements must, of course, be diminished till they will pass through the smaller cylinder.

At times a layer of flint rock obstructs the downward progress. This, fortunately, is thin, and although but a few inches in a day can be drilled, yet the operator works with cheerfulness, for he expects that this is but the lid of the great strong box which holds the sought-for treasure.

Well-boring has become a regular business here with many ingenious and persevering men, and they each resort to many contrivances to obviate the various difficulties which occur; differing from each other, as individual experience, or the special occasion may seem to demand.

Those who bore deep wells usually train a horse to work the windlass, or, in that case, capstan; and it is truly interesting to observe with what precision this effective assistant per-

forms his work at the words of execution, "Walk! Trot! Slow! Whoa! Turn! Back!" &c., &c.

Knowing that in some parts of our country, thousands have been thrown away in fruitless attempts to find water convenient for man and beast, and thinking possibly some description of the way we manage this matter here, would be acceptable, "I have written what I have written."

N. E. G.

COLUMBUS, Miss., July 4th, 1851.

MY NOVEL, OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.*

CHAPTER XIII.

LEONARD and Helen settled themselves in two little chambers in a small lane. The neighborhood was dull enough—the accommodation humble; but their landlady had a smile. That was the reason, perhaps, why Helen chose the lodgings: a smile is not always found on the face of a landlady when the lodger is poor. And out of their windows they caught sight of a green tree, an elm, that grew up fair and tall in a carpenter's yard at the rear. That tree was like another smile to the place. They saw the birds come and go to its shelter; and they even heard, when a breeze arose, the pleasant murmur of its boughs.

Leonard went the same evening to Captain Digby's old lodgings, but he could learn there no intelligence of friends or protectors for Helen. The people were rude and surly, and said that the Captain still owed them £1 17s. The claim, however, seemed very disputable, and was stoutly denied by Helen. The next morning Leonard set off in search of Dr. Morgan. He thought his best plan was to inquire the address of the Doctor at the nearest chemist's, and the chemist civilly looked into the *Court Guide*, and referred him to a house in Bulstrode-street, Manchester-square. To this street Leonard contrived to find his way, much marveling at the meanness of London: Screwstown seemed to him the handsomer town of the two.

A shabby man-servant opened the door, and Leonard remarked that the narrow passage was choked with boxes, trunks, and various articles of furniture. He was shown into a small room, containing a very large round table, whereon were sundry works on homeopathy, Parry's *Cymbrian Plutarch*, Davies' *Celtic Researches*, and a Sunday newspaper. An engraved portrait of the illustrious Hahnemann occupied the place of honor over the chimney-piece. In a few minutes the door to an inner room opened, and Dr. Morgan appeared, and said politely, "Come in sir."

The Doctor seated himself at a desk, looked hastily at Leonard, and then at a great chronometer lying on the table. "My time's short, sir—going abroad; and now that I am going, patients flock to me. Too late. London will repent its apathy. Let it!"

The Doctor paused majestically, and, not re-

* Continued from the August Number

marking on Leonard's face the consternation he had anticipated, he repeated peevishly—"I am going abroad, sir, but I will make a synopsis of your case, and leave it to my successor. Hum! Hair chestnut; eyes—what color? Look this way—blue, dark blue. Hem! Constitution nervous. What are the symptoms?"

"Sir," began Leonard, "a little girl—"

DR. MORGAN (impatiently).—"Little girl! Never mind the history of your sufferings; stick to the symptoms—stick to the symptoms."

LEONARD.—"You mistake me, Doctor; I have nothing the matter with me. A little girl—"

DR. MORGAN.—"Girl again! I understand! it is she who is ill. Shall I go to her? She must describe her own symptoms—I can't judge from your talk. You'll be telling me she has consumption, or dyspepsia, or some such disease that don't exist: mere allopathic inventions—symptoms, sir, symptoms."

LEONARD (forcing his way).—"You attended her poor father, Captain Digby, when he was taken ill in the coach with you. He is dead, and his child is an orphan."

DR. MORGAN (fumbling in his medical pocket-book).—"Orphan! nothing for orphans, especially if inconsolable, like *aconite* and *chamomilla*."*

With some difficulty Leonard succeeded in bringing Helen to the recollection of the homeopathist, stating how he came in charge of her, and why he sought Dr. Morgan.

The Doctor was much moved.

"But really," said he, after a pause, "I don't see how I can help the poor child. I know nothing of her relations. This Lord Les—whatever his name is—I know of no lords in London. I knew lords, and physicked them, too, when I was a blundering allopathist. There was the Earl of Lansmere—has had many a blue pill from me, sinner that I was. His son was wiser; never would take physic. Very clever boy was Lord L'Estrange—I don't know if he was as good as he was clever—"

"Lord L'Estrange!—that name begins with Les—"

"Stuff! He's always abroad—shows his sense. I'm going abroad too. No development for science in this horrid city; full of prejudices, sir, and given up to the most barbarous allopathical and phlebotomical propensities. I am going to the land of Hahnemann, sir—sold my good-will, lease, and furniture, and have bought in on the Rhine. Natural life there, sir—homeopathy needs nature: dine at one o'clock, get up at four—tea little known, and science appreciated. But I forget. Cott! what can I do for the orphan?"

"Well, sir," said Leonard rising, "Heaven will give me strength to support her."

The Doctor looked at the young man attentively. "And yet," said he, in a gentler voice,

"you, young man, are, by your account, a perfect stranger to her, or were so when you undertook to bring her to London. You have a good heart—always keep it. Very healthy thing, sir, a good heart—that is, when not carried to excess. But you have friends of your own in town?"

LEONARD.—"Not yet, sir; I hope to make them."

DOCTOR.—"Pless me, you do? How?—I can't make any."

Leonard colored and hung his head. He longed to say, "Authors find friends in their readers—I am going to be an author." But he felt that the reply would savor of presumption, and held his tongue.

The Doctor continued to examine him, and with friendly interest. "You say you walked up to London—was that from choice or economy?"

LEONARD.—"Both, sir."

"DOCTOR.—"Sit down again, and let us talk. I can give you a quarter of an hour, and I'll see if I *can* help either of you, provided you tell me all the symptoms—I mean all the particulars."

Then, with that peculiar adroitness which belongs to experience in the medical profession, Dr. Morgan, who was really an acute and able man, proceeded to put his questions, and soon extracted from Leonard the boy's history and hopes. But when the Doctor, in admiration at a simplicity which contrasted so evident an intelligence, finally asked him his name and connections, and Leonard told them, the homeopathist actually started. "Leonard Fairfield, grandson of my old friend, John Avenel of Lansmere! I must shake you by the hand. Brought up by Mrs. Fairfield! Ah, now I look, strong family likeness—very strong!"

The tears stood in the Doctor's eyes. "Poor Nora!" said he.

"Nora! Did you know my aunt?"

"Your aunt! Ah—ah! yes—yes! Poor Nora! she died almost in these arms—so young, so beautiful. I remember it as if yesterday."

The Doctor brushed his hand across his eyes, and swallowed a globule; and, before the boy knew what he was about, had in his benevolence thrust another between Leonard's quivering lips.

A knock was heard at the door.

"Ha! that's my great patient," cried the Doctor, recovering his self-possession—"must see him. A chronic case—excellent patient—tic, sir, tic. Puzzling and interesting. If I could take that tic with me, I should ask nothing more from Heaven. Call again on Monday; I may have something to tell you then as to yourself. The little girl can't stay with you—wrong and nonsensical. I will see after her. Leave me your address—write it here. I think I know a lady who will take charge of her. Good-by. Monday next, ten o'clock."

With this, the Doctor thrust out Leonard, and ushered in his grand patient, whom he was very anxious to take with him to the banks of the Rhine

* It may be necessary to observe, that homeopathy professes to deal with our moral affections as well as with our physical maladies, and has a globule for every sorrow.

Leonard had now only to discover the nobleman whose name had been so vaguely uttered by poor Captain Digby. He had again recourse to the *Court Guide*; and finding the address of two or three lords the first syllable of whose titles seemed similar to that repeated to him, and all living pretty near to each other, in the regions of May Fair, he ascertained his way to that quarter, and, exercising his mother-wit, inquired at the neighboring shops as to the personal appearance of these noblemen. Out of consideration for his rusticity, he got very civil and clear answers; but none of the lords in question corresponded with the description given by Helen. One was old, another was exceedingly corpulent, a third was bed-ridden—none of them was known to keep a great dog. It is needless to say that the name of L'Estrange (no habitant of London) was not in the *Court Guide*. And Dr. Morgan's assertion that that person was always abroad unluckily dismissed from Leonard's mind the name the homeopathist had so casually mentioned. But Helen was not disappointed when her young protector returned late in the day, and told her of his ill success. Poor child! she was so pleased in her heart not to be separated from her new brother; and Leonard was touched to see how she had contrived, in his absence, to give a certain comfort and cheerful grace to the bare room devoted to himself. She had arranged his few books and papers so neatly, near the window, in sight of the one green elm. She had coaxed the smiling landlady out of one or two extra articles of furniture, especially a walnut-tree bureau, and some odds and ends of ribbon—with which last she had looped up the curtains. Even the old rush-bottom chairs had a strange air of elegance, from the mode in which they were placed. The fairies had given sweet Helen the art that adorns a home, and brings out a smile from the dingiest corner of hut and attic.

Leonard wondered and praised. He kissed his blushing ministrant gratefully, and they sat down in joy to their abstemious meal; when suddenly his face was overclouded—there shot through him the remembrance of Dr. Morgan's words—"The little girl can't stay with you—wrong and nonsensical. I think I know a lady who will take charge of her."

"Ah," cried Leonard, sorrowfully, "how could I forget?" And he told Helen what grieved him. Helen at first exclaimed that "she would not go." Leonard, rejoiced, then began to talk as usual of his great prospects; and, hastily finishing his meal, as if there were no time to lose, sat down at once to his papers. Then Helen contemplated him sadly, as he bent over his delighted work. And when, lifting his radiant eyes from his MS., he exclaimed, "No, no, you shall not go. This must succeed—and we shall live together in some pretty cottage, where we can see more than one tree"—then Helen sighed, and did not answer this time, "No, I will not go."

Shortly after she stole from the room, and into her own; and there, kneeling down, she prayed, and her prayer was somewhat this—"Guard me against my own selfish heart: may I never be a burden to him who has shielded me."

Perhaps, as the Creator looks down on this world, whose wondrous beauty beams on us more and more, in proportion as our science would take it from poetry into law—perhaps He beholds nothing so beautiful as the pure heart of a simple loving child.

CHAPTER XIV.

LEONARD went out the next day with his precious MSS. He had read sufficient of modern literature to know the names of the principal London publishers; and to these he took his way with a bold step, though a beating heart.

That day he was out longer than the last; and when he returned, and came into the little room, Helen uttered a cry, for she scarcely recognized him. There was on his face so deep, so silent, and so concentrated a despondency. He sat down listlessly, and did not kiss her this time, as she stole toward him. He felt so humbled. He was a king deposed. He take charge of another life! He!

She coaxed him at last into communicating his day's chronicle. The reader beforehand knows too well what it must be, to need detailed repetition. Most of the publishers had absolutely refused to look at his MSS.; one or two had good-naturedly glanced over and returned them at once, with a civil word or two of flat rejection. One publisher alone—himself a man of letters, and who in youth had gone through the same bitter process of dis-illusion that now awaited the village genius—volunteered some kindly though stern explanation and counsel to the unhappy boy. This gentleman read a portion of Leonard's principal poem with attention, and even with frank admiration. He could appreciate the rare promise that it manifested. He sympathized with the boy's history, and even with his hopes; and then he said, in bidding him farewell—

"If I publish this poem for you, speaking as a trader, I shall be a considerable loser. Did I publish all I admire, out of sympathy with the author, I should be a ruined man. But suppose that, impressed as I really am with the evidence of no common poetic gifts in this MS., I publish it, not as a trader, but a lover of literature, I shall in reality, I fear, render you a great disservice, and perhaps unfit your whole life for the exertions on which you must rely for independence."

"How, sir?" cried Leonard. "Not that I would ask you to injure yourself for me," he added, with proud tears in his eyes.

"How, my young friend? I will explain. There is enough talent in these verses to induce very flattering reviews in some of the literary journals. You will read these, find yourself proclaimed a poet, will cry, 'I am on the road to fame.' You will come to me, 'And my

poem, how does it sell?" I shall point to some groaning shelf, and say, 'Not twenty copies!' The journals may praise, but the public will not buy it. 'But you will have got a name,' you say. Yes, a name as a poet just sufficiently known to make every man in practical business disinclined to give fair trial to your talents in a single department of positive life; none like to employ poets; a name that will not put a penny in your purse—worse still, that will operate as a barrier against every escape into the ways whereby men get to fortune. But, having once tasted praise, you will continue to sigh for it: you will perhaps never again get a publisher to bring forth a poem, but you will hanker round the purlieus of the Muses, scribble for periodicals, fall at last into a bookseller's drudge. Profits will be so precarious and uncertain, that to avoid debt may be impossible; then, you who now seem so ingenuous and so proud, will sink deeper still into the literary mendicant—begging, borrowing—"

"Never—never—never!" cried Leonard, vailing his face with his hands.

"Such would have been my career," continued the publisher. "But I luckily had a rich relative, a trader, whose calling I despised as a boy, who kindly forgave my folly, bound me as an apprentice, and here I am; and now I can afford to write books as well as sell them. Young man, you must have respectable relations—go by their advice and counsel; cling fast to some positive calling. Be any thing in this city rather than poet by profession."

"And how, sir, have there ever been poets? Had *they* other callings?"

"Read their biography, and then envy them!"

Leonard was silent a moment; but, lifting his head, answered loud and quickly, "I *have* read their biography. True, their lot poverty—perhaps hunger. Sir, I envy them!"

"Poverty and hunger are small evils," answered the bookseller, with a grave, kind smile. "There are worse—debt and degradation, and—despair."

"No, sir, no—you exaggerate; these last are not the lot of all poets."

"Right, for most of our greatest poets had some private means of their own. And for others, why, all who have put into a lottery have not drawn blanks. But who could advise another man to set his whole hope of fortune on the chance of a prize in a lottery? And such a lottery!" groaned the publisher, glancing toward sheets and reams of dead authors lying like lead upon his shelves.

Leonard clutched his MSS. to his heart, and hurried away.

"Yes," he muttered, as Helen clung to him and tried to console—"yes, you were right: London is very vast, very strong, and very cruel," and his head sank lower and lower yet upon his bosom.

The door was flung widely open, and in, unannounced, walked Dr. Morgan.

The child turned to him, and at the sight of his face she remembered her father; and the tears that, for Leonard's sake, she had been trying to suppress, found way.

The good Doctor soon gained all the confidence of these two young hearts. And after listening to Leonard's story of his paradise lost in a day, he patted him on the shoulder, and said: "Well, you will call on me on Monday, and we will see. Meanwhile, borrow these of me," and he tried to slip three sovereigns into the boy's hands. Leonard was indignant. The bookseller's warning flashed on him. Mendicancy! Oh, no, he had not yet come to that! He was almost rude and savage in his rejection; and the Doctor did not like him the less for it.

"You are an obstinate mule," said the homeopathist, reluctantly putting up his sovereigns. "Will you work at something practical and prosy, and let the poetry rest awhile?"

"Yes," said Leonard, doggedly, "I will work."

"Very well, then, I know an honest bookseller, and he shall give you some employment; and meanwhile, at all events, you will be among books, and that will be some comfort."

Leonard's eyes brightened—"A great comfort, sir." He pressed the hand he had before put aside, to his grateful heart.

"But," resumed the Doctor, seriously, "you really feel a strong predisposition to make verses?"

"I did, sir."

"Very bad symptom, indeed, and must be stopped before a relapse! Here, I have cured three prophets and ten poets with this novel specific."

While thus speaking, he had got out his book and a globule. "*Agaricus muscarius* dissolved in a tumbler of distilled water—tea-spoonful whenever the fit comes on. Sir, it would have cured Milton himself.

"And now for you, my child," turning to Helen; "I have found a lady who will be very kind to you. Not a menial situation. She wants some one to read to her, and tend on her—she is old and has no children. She wants a companion, and prefers a girl of your age to one older. Will this suit you?"

Leonard walked away.

Helen got close to the Doctor's ear, and whispered, "No, I can not leave *him* now—he is so sad."

"Cott!" grunted the Doctor, "you two must have been reading *Paul and Virginia*. If I could but stay in England, I would try what *ignatia* would do in this case—interesting experiment! Listen to me—little girl, and go out of the room, you, sir."

Leonard, averting his face, obeyed. Helen made an involuntary step after him—the Doctor detained and drew her on his knee.

"What's your Christian name?—I forget."

"Helen."

"Helen, listen, in a year or two you will be

a young woman, and it would be very wrong then to live alone with that young man. Meanwhile, you have no right to cripple all his energies. He must not have you leaning on his right arm—you would weigh it down. I am going away, and when I am gone there will be no one to help you, if you reject the friend I offer you. Do as I tell you, for a little girl so peculiarly susceptible (a thorough *pulsatilla* constitution) can not be obstinate and egotistical.”

“Let me see him cared for and happy, sir,” said she, firmly, “and I will go where you wish.”

“He shall be so; and to-morrow while he is out, I will come and fetch you. Nothing so painful as leave-taking—shakes the nervous system, and is a mere waste of the animal economy.”

Helen sobbed aloud; then, writhing from the Doctor, she exclaimed, “But he may know where I am? We may see each other sometimes? Ah, sir, it was at my father’s grave that we first met, and I think Heaven sent him to me. Do not part us forever.”

“I should have a heart of stone if I did,” cried the Doctor, vehemently, “and Miss Starke shall let him come and visit you once a week. I’ll give her something to make her. She is naturally indifferent to others. I will alter her whole constitution, and melt her into sympathy—with *rhododendron* and *arsenic*!”

CHAPTER XV.

BEFORE he went, the Doctor wrote a line to Mr. Prickett, bookseller, Holborn, and told Leonard to take it, the next morning, as addressed. “I will call on Prickett myself, to-night, and prepare him for your visit. But I hope and trust you will only have to stay there a few days.”

He then turned the conversation, to communicate his plans for Helen. Miss Starke lived at Highgate—a worthy woman, stiff and prim, as old maids sometimes are. But just the place for a little girl like Helen, and Leonard should certainly be allowed to call and see her.

Leonard listened and made no opposition; now that his day-dream was dispelled, he had no right to pretend to be Helen’s protector. He could have bade her share his wealth and his fame; his penury and his drudgery—no.

It was a very sorrowful evening—that between the adventurer and the child. They sate up late, till their candle had burned down to the socket; neither did they talk much; but his hand clasped hers all the time, and her head pillowed itself on his shoulder. I fear, when they parted, it was not for sleep.

And when Leonard went forth the next morning, Helen stood at the street door, watching him depart—slowly, slowly. No doubt, in that humble lane there were many sad hearts; but no heart so heavy as that of the still quiet child, when the form she had watched was to be seen no more, and, still standing on the desolate threshold, she gazed into space and all was vacant.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. PRICKETT was a believer in homeopathy, and declared to the indignation of all the apothecaries round Holborn, that he had been cured of a chronic rheumatism by Dr. Morgan. The good Doctor had, as he promised, seen Mr. Prickett when he left Leonard, and asked him as a favor to find some light occupation for the boy, that would serve as an excuse for a modest weekly salary. “It will not be for long,” said the Doctor; “his relations are respectable and well off. I will write to his grand-parents, and in a few days I hope to relieve you of the charge. Of course, if you don’t want him, I will repay what he costs meanwhile.”

Mr. Prickett, thus prepared for Leonard, received him very graciously, and, after a few questions, said Leonard was just the person he wanted to assist him in cataloguing his books, and offered him most handsomely £1 a week for the task.

Plunged at once into a world of books vaster than he had ever before won admission to, that old divine dream of knowledge, out of which poetry had sprung, returned to the village student at the very sight of the venerable volumes. The collection of Mr. Prickett was, however, in reality by no means large; but it comprised not only the ordinary standard works, but several curious and rare ones. And Leonard paused in making the catalogue, and took many a hasty snatch of the contents of each tome, as it passed through his hands. The bookseller, who was an enthusiast for old books, was pleased to see a kindred feeling (which his shop-boy had never exhibited) in his new assistant; and he talked about rare editions and scarce copies, and initiated Leonard into many of the mysteries of the bibliographer.

Nothing could be more dark and dingy than the shop. There was a booth outside, containing cheap books and odd volumes, round which there was always an attentive group; within, a gas-lamp burned night and day.

But time passed quickly to Leonard. He missed not the green fields, he forgot his disappointments, he ceased to remember even Helen. O strange passion of knowledge! nothing like thee for strength and devotion.

Mr. Prickett was a bachelor, and asked Leonard to dine with him on a cold shoulder of mutton. During dinner the shop-boy kept the shop, and Mr. Prickett was really pleasant as well as loquacious. He took a liking to Leonard—and Leonard told him his adventures with the publishers, at which Mr. Prickett rubbed his hands and laughed as at a capital joke. “Oh, give up poetry, and stick to a shop,” cried he; “and, to cure you forever of the mad whim to be an author, I’ll just lend you the *Life and Works of Chatterton*. You may take it home with you and read before you go to bed. “You’ll come back quite a new man to-morrow.”

Not till night, when the shop was closed, did Leonard return to his lodging. And when he

entered the room, he was struck to the soul by the silence, by the void. Helen was gone!

There was a rose-tree in its pot on the table at which he wrote, and by it a scrap of paper, on which was written :

"Dear, dear Brother Leonard, God bless you. I will let you know when we can meet again. Take care of this rose, Brother, and don't forget poor
HELEN."

Over the word "forget" there was a big round blistered spot that nearly effaced the word.

Leonard leant his face on his hands, and for the first time in his life he felt what solitude really is. He could not stay long in the room. He walked out again, and wandered objectless to and fro the streets. He passed that stiller and humbler neighborhood, he mixed with the throng that swarmed in the more populous thoroughfares. Hundreds and thousands passed him by, and still—still such solitude.

He came back, lighted his candle, and resolutely drew forth the "Chatterton" which the bookseller had lent him. It was an old edition in one thick volume. It had evidently belonged to some contemporary of the Poet's—apparently an inhabitant of Bristol—some one who had gathered up many anecdotes respecting Chatterton's habits, and who appeared even to have seen him, nay, been in his company; for the book was interleaved, and the leaves covered with notes and remarks in a stiff clear hand—all evincing personal knowledge of the mournful, immortal dead. At first, Leonard read with an effort; then the strange and fierce spell of that dread life seized upon him—seized with pain, and gloom, and terror—this boy dying by his own hand, about the age Leonard had attained himself. This wonderful boy, of a genius beyond all comparison—the greatest that ever yet was developed and extinguished at the age of eighteen—self-taught—self-struggling—self-immolated. Nothing in literature like that life and that death!

With intense interest Leonard perused the tale of the brilliant imposture, which had been so harshly and so absurdly construed into the crime of a forgery, and which was (if not wholly innocent) so akin to the literary devices always in other cases viewed with indulgence, and exhibiting, in this, intellectual qualities in themselves so amazing—such patience, such forethought, such labor, such courage, such ingenuity—the qualities that, well directed, make men great, not only in books, but action. And, turning from the history of the imposture to the poems themselves, the young reader bent before their beauty, literally awed and breathless. How had this strange Bristol boy tamed and mastered his rude and motley materials into a music that comprehended every tune and key, from the simplest to the sublimest? He turned back to the biography—he read on—he saw the proud, daring, mournful spirit, alone in the Great City like himself. He followed its dismal

career, he saw it falling with bruised and soiled wings into the mire. He turned again to the later works, wrung forth as tasks for bread—the satires without moral grandeur, the politics without honest faith. He shuddered and sickened as he read. True, even here his poet mind appreciated (what perhaps only poets can) the divine fire that burned fitfully through that meaner and more sordid fuel—he still traced in those crude, hasty, bitter offerings to dire Necessity, the hand of the young giant who had built up the stately verse of Rowley. But, alas! how different from that "mighty line." How all serenity and joy had fled from these later exercises of art degraded into journey-work. Then rapidly came on the catastrophe—the closed doors—the poison—the suicide—the manuscripts torn by the hands of despairing wrath, and strewn round the corpse upon the funeral floors. It was terrible! The spectre of the Titan boy (as described in the notes written on the margin), with his haughty brow, his cynic smile, his lustrous eyes, haunted all the night the baffled and solitary child of song.

CHAPTER XVII.

It will often happen that what ought to turn the human mind from some peculiar tendency produces the opposite effect. One would think that the perusal in the newspaper of some crime and capital punishment would warn away all who had ever meditated the crime, or dreaded the chance of detection. Yet it is well known to us that many a criminal is made by pondering over the fate of some predecessor in guilt. There is a fascination in the Dark and Forbidden, which, strange to say, is only lost in fiction. No man is more inclined to murder his nephews, or stifle his wife, after reading Richard the Third or Othello. It is the *reality* that is necessary to constitute the danger of contagion. Now, it was this reality in the fate, and life, and crowning suicide of Chatterton, that forced itself upon Leonard's thoughts, and sate there like a visible evil thing, gathering evil like cloud around it. There was much in the dead poet's character, his trials, and his doom, that stood out to Leonard like a bold and colossal shadow of himself and his fate. Alas! the bookseller, in one respect, had said truly. Leonard came back to him the next day a new man; and it seemed even to himself as if he had lost a good angel in losing Helen. "Oh, that she had been by my side," thought he. "Oh, that I could have felt the touch of her confiding hand—that, looking up from the scathed and dreary ruin of this life, that had sublimely lifted itself from the plain, and sought to tower aloft from a deluge, her mild look had spoken to me of innocent, humble, unaspiring childhood! Ah! If indeed I were still necessary to her—still the sole guardian and protector—then could I say to myself, 'Thou must not despair and die! Thou hast her to live and to strive for.' But no, no! Only this vast and terrible London—the solitude

of the dreary garret, and those lustrous eyes glaring alike through the throng and through the solitude."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON the following Monday, Dr. Morgan's shabby man-servant opened the door to a young man, in whom he did not at first remember a former visitor. A few days before, embrowned with healthful travel—serene light in his eye, simple trust in his careless lip—Leonard Fairfield had stood at that threshold. Now again he stood there, pale and haggard, with a cheek already hollowed into those deep anxious lines that speak of working thoughts and sleepless nights: and a settled, sullen gloom resting heavily on his whole aspect.

"I call by appointment," said the boy testily, as the servant stood irresolute. The man gave way. "Master is just called out to a patient; please to wait, sir;" and he showed him into the little parlor. In a few moments two other patients were admitted. These were women, and they began talking very loud. They disturbed Leonard's unsocial thoughts. He saw that the door into the Doctor's receiving-room was half open, and, ignorant of the etiquette which holds such *penetralia* as sacred, he walked in to escape from the gossips. He threw himself into the Doctor's own well-worn chair, and muttered to himself, "Why did he tell me to come!—What new can he think of for me? And if a favor, should I take it? He has given me the means of bread by work; that is all I have a right to ask from him, from any man—all I should accept."

While thus soliloquizing, his eye fell on a letter lying open on the table. He started. He recognized the handwriting—the same as the letter which had inclosed £50 to his mother—the letter of his grand-parents. He saw his own name: he saw something more—words that made his heart stand still, and his blood seem like ice in his veins. As he thus stood aghast, a hand was laid on the letter, and a voice, in an angry growl, muttered, "How dare you come into my room, and be reading my letters? Er—r—r!"

Leonard placed his own hand on the Doctor's firmly, and said in a fierce tone, "This letter relates to me—belongs to me—crushes me. I have seen enough to know that. I demand to read all—learn all."

The Doctor looked round, and seeing the door into the waiting-room still open, kicked it to with his foot, and then said, under his breath, "What have you read? Tell me the truth."

"Two lines only, and I am called—I am called"—Leonard's frame shook from head to foot, and the veins on his forehead swelled like cords. He could not complete the sentence. It seemed as if an ocean was rolling up through his brain, and roaring in his ears. The Doctor saw, at a glance, that there was physical danger in his state, and hastily and soothingly answered,

"Sit down, sit down—calm yourself—you shall know all—read all—drink this water; and he poured into a tumbler of the pure liquid a drop or two from a tiny phial.

Leonard obeyed mechanically, for indeed he was no longer able to stand. He closed his eyes, and for a minute or two life seemed to pass from him; then he recovered, and saw the good Doctor's gaze fixed on him with great compassion. He silently stretched forth his hand toward the letter. "Wait a few moments," said the physician judiciously, "and hear me meanwhile. It is very unfortunate you should have seen a letter never meant for your eye, and containing allusions to a secret you were never to have known. But, if I tell you more, will you promise me, on your word of honor, that you will hold the confidence sacred from Mrs. Fairfield, the Avenels—from all? I myself am pledged to conceal a secret, which I can only share with you on the same condition."

"There is nothing," announced Leonard indistinctly, and with a bitter smile on his lip—"nothing, it seems, that I should be proud to boast of. Yes, I promise—the letter, the letter!"

The Doctor placed it in Leonard's right hand and quietly slipped to the wrist of the left his forefinger and thumb, as physicians are said to do when a victim is stretched on the rack. "Pulse decreasing," he muttered; "wonderful thing, *aconite*!" Meanwhile Leonard read as follows, faults in spelling and all:

"DR. MORGAN.

"Sir—I received your favour duly, and am glad to hear that the pore boy is safe and Well. But he has been behaving ill, and ungrateful to my good son Richard, who is a credit to the whole Famuly, and has made himself a Gentleman, and Was very kind and good to the boy, not knowing who and What he is—God forbid! I don't want never to see him again—the boy. Pore John was ill and Restless for days afterwards. John is a pore cretur now, and has had paralytiks. And he Talked of nothing but Nora—the boy's eyes were so like his Mother's. I cannot, cannot see the Child of Shame. He can't cum here—for our Lord's sake, sir, don't ask it—he can't—so Respectable as we've always been!—and such disgrace! Base born—base born: Keep him where he is, bind him prentis, I'll pay any thing for That. You says, sir, he's clever, and quick at learning; so did Parson Dale, and wanted him to go to Collidge and make a Figur—then all would cum out. It would be my death, sir; I could not sleep in my grave, sir. Nora that we were all so proud of. Sinful creturs that we are! Nora's good name that we've saved now, gone, gone. And Richard, who is so grand, and who was so fond of pore, pore Nora! He would not hold up his Head again. Don't let him make a Figur in the world—let him be a tradesman, as we were

afore him—any trade he Takes to—and not cross us no more while he lives. Then I shall pray for him, and wish him happy. And have not we had enuff of bringing up children to be above their birth? Nora, that I used to say was like the first lady o' the land—oh, but we were rightly punished! So now, sir, I leave all to you, and will Pay all you want for the boy. And be Sure that the secret's kep. For we have never heard from the father, and, at leest, no one knows that Nora has a living son but I and my daughter Jane, and Parson Dale and you—and you Two are good Gentlemen—and Jane will keep her word, and I am old, and shall be in my grave Soon, but I hope it won't be while poor John needs me. What could he do without me? And if *that* got wind, it would kill me straight, sir. Pore John is a helpless cretur, God bliss him. So no more from your servant in all dooty,

"M. AVENEL."

Leonard laid down this letter very calmly, and, except by a slight heaving at his breast, and a deathlike whiteness of his lips, the emotions he felt were undetected. And it is a proof how much exquisite goodness there was in his heart that the first words he spoke were, "Thank Heaven!"

The Doctor did not expect that thanksgiving, and he was so startled that he exclaimed, "For what?"

"I have nothing to pity or excuse in the woman I knew and honored as a mother. I am not her son—her—"

He stopped short.

"No; but don't be hard on your true mother—poor Nora!"

Leonard staggered, and then burst into a sudden paroxysm of tears.

"Oh, my own mother!—my dead mother! Thou for whom I felt so mysterious a love—thou, from whom I took this poet soul—pardon me, pardon me! Hard on thee! Would that thou wert living yet, that I might comfort thee! What thou must have suffered!"

These words were sobbed forth in broken gasps from the depth of his heart. Then he caught up the letter again, and his thoughts were changed as his eyes fell upon the writer's shame and fear, as it were, of his very existence. All his native haughtiness returned to him. His crest rose, his tears dried. "Tell her," he said, with a stern unfaltering voice—"tell Mrs. Avenel that she is obeyed—that I will never seek her roof, never cross her path, never disgrace her wealthy son. But tell her also, that I will choose my own way in life—that I will not take from her a bribe for concealment. Tell her that I am nameless, and will yet make a name."

A name! Was this but an idle boast, or was it one of those flashes of conviction which are never belied, lighting up our future for one lurid instant, and then fading into darkness?

"I do not doubt it, my prave poy," said Dr. Morgan, growing exceedingly Welsh in his excitement; "and perhaps you may find a father, who—"

"Father—who is he—what is he? He lives then! But he has deserted me—he must have betrayed her! I need him not. The law gives me no father."

The last words were said with a return of bitter anguish; then, in a calmer tone, he resumed, "But I should know who he is—as another one whose path I may not cross."

Dr. Morgan looked embarrassed, and paused in deliberation. "Nay," said he at length, "as you know so much, it is surely best that you should know all."

The doctor then proceeded to detail, with some circumlocution, what we will here repeat from his account more succinctly.

Nora Avenel, while yet very young, left her native village, or rather the house of Lady Lansmere, by whom she had been educated and brought up, in order to accept the place of governess or companion in London. One evening she suddenly presented herself at her father's house, and at the first sight of her mother's face she fell down insensible. She was carried to bed. Dr. Morgan (then the chief medical practitioner of the town) was sent for. That night Leonard came into the world, and his mother died. She never recovered her senses, never spoke intelligibly from the time she entered the house. "And never, therefore, named your father," said Dr. Morgan. "We knew not who he was."

"And how," cried Leonard, fiercely, "how have they dared to slander this dead mother? How knew they that I—was—was—was not the child of wedlock?"

"There was no wedding-ring on Nora's finger—never any rumor of her marriage—her strange and sudden appearance at her father's house—her emotions on entrance, so unlike those natural to a wife returning to a parent's home: these are all the evidence against her. But Mr. Avenel deemed them strong, and so did I. You have a right to think we judged too harshly—perhaps we did."

"And no inquiries were ever made?" said Leonard, mournfully, and after a long silence—"no inquiries to learn who was the father of the motherless child?"

"Inquiries!—Mrs. Avenel would have died first. Your grandmother's nature is very rigid. Had she come from princes, from Cadwallader himself," said the Welshman, "she could not more have shrunk from the thought of dishonor. Even over her dead child, the child she had loved the best, she thought but how to save that child's name and memory from suspicion. There was luckily no servant in the house, only Mark Fairfield and his wife (Nora's sister): they had arrived that same day on a visit.

"Mrs. Fairfield was nursing her own infant, two or three months old; she took charge of

you; Nora was buried, and the secret kept. None out of the family knew of it, but myself and the curate of the town, Mr. Dale. The day after your birth, Mrs. Fairfield, to prevent discovery, moved to a village at some distance. There her child died; and when she returned to Hazeldean, where her husband was settled, you passed for the son she had lost. Mark, I know, was as a father to you, for he had loved Nora: they had been children together."

"And she came to London—London is strong and cruel," muttered Leonard. "She was friendless and deceived. I see all—I desire to know no more. This father, he must indeed have been like those whom I have read of in books. To love, to wrong her—that I can conceive; but then to leave, to abandon; no visit to her grave—no remorse—no search for his own child. Well, well; Mrs. Avenel was right. Let us think of *him* no more."

The man-servant knocked at the door, and then put in his head. "Sir, the ladies are getting very impatient, and say they'll go."

"Sir," said Leonard, with a strange calm return to the things about him, "I ask your pardon for taking up your time so long. I go now. I will never mention to my moth—I mean to Mrs. Fairfield—what I have learned, nor to any one. I will work my way somehow. If Mr. Prickett will keep me, I will stay with him at present; but I repeat, I can not take Mrs. Avenel's money and be bound apprentice. Sir, you have been good and patient with me—Heaven reward you."

The doctor was too moved to answer. He wrung Leonard's hand, and in another minute the door closed upon the nameless boy. He stood alone in the streets of London; and the sun flashed on him, red and menacing, like the eye of a foe!

CHAPTER XIX.

LEONARD did not appear at the shop of Mr. Prickett that day. Needless it is to say where he wandered—what he suffered—what thought—what felt. All within was storm. Late at night he returned to his solitary lodging. On his table, neglected since the morning, was Helen's rose-tree. It looked parched and fading. His heart smote him: he watered the poor plant—perhaps with his tears.

Meanwhile Dr. Morgan, after some debate with himself whether or not to apprise Mrs. Avenel of Leonard's discovery and message, resolved to spare her an uneasiness and alarm that might be dangerous to her health, and unnecessary in itself. He replied shortly, that she need not fear Leonard's coming to her house—that he was disinclined to bind himself an apprentice, but he was provided for at present; and, in a few weeks, when Dr. Morgan heard more of him through the tradesman by whom he was employed, the doctor would write to her from Germany. He then went to Mr. Prickett's—told the willing bookseller to keep

the young man for the present—to be kind to him, watch over his habits and conduct, and report to the doctor in his new home, on the Rhine, what avocation he thought Leonard would be best suited for, and most inclined to adopt. The charitable Welshman divided with the bookseller the salary given to Leonard, and left a quarter of his moiety in advance. It is true that he knew he should be repaid on applying to Mrs. Avenel; but, being a man of independent spirit himself, he so sympathized with Leonard's present feelings, that he felt as if he should degrade the boy did he maintain him even secretly, out of Mrs. Avenel's money—money intended not to raise, but keep him down in life. At the worst, it was a sum the doctor could afford, and he had brought the boy into the world.

Having thus, as he thought, safely provided for his two charges, Helen and Leonard, the doctor then gave himself up to his final preparations for departure. He left a short note for Leonard with Mr. Prickett, containing some brief advice, some kind cheering; a postscript to the effect that he had not communicated to Mrs. Avenel the information Leonard had acquired, and that it were best to leave her in that ignorance; and six small powders to be dissolved in water, and a tea spoonful every fourth hour—"Sovereign against rage and sombre thoughts," wrote the doctor.

By the evening of the next day Dr. Morgan, accompanied by his pet patient with the chronic tic, whom he had talked into exile, was on the steamboat on his way to Ostend.

Leonard resumed his life at Mr. Prickett's; but the change in him did not escape the bookseller. All his ingenuous simplicity had deserted him. He was very distant, and very taciturn; he seemed to have grown much older. I shall not attempt to analyze metaphysically this change. By the help of such words as Leonard may himself occasionally let fall, the reader will dive into the boy's heart, and see how there the change had worked, and is working still. The happy, dreamy peasant-genius, gazing on Glory with inebriate, undazzled eyes, is no more. It is a man, suddenly cut off from the old household holy ties—conscious of great powers, and confronted on all sides by barriers of iron—alone with hard Reality, and scornful London; and if he catches a glimpse of the lost Helicon, he sees, where he saw the Muse, a pale, melancholy spirit, veiling its face in shame—the ghost of the mournful mother, whose child has no name, not even the humblest, among the family of men.

On the second evening after Dr. Morgan's departure, as Leonard was just about to leave the shop, a customer stepped in with a book in his hand, which he had snatched from the shop-boy, who was removing the volumes for the night from the booth without.

"Mr. Prickett, Mr. Prickett!" said the customer, "I am ashamed of you. You presume

to put upon this work, in two volumes, the sum of eight shillings."

Mr. Prickett stepped forth from the Cimmerian gloom of some recess, and cried, "What! Mr. Burley, is that you? But for your voice, I should not have known you."

"Man is like a book, Mr. Prickett; the commonalty only look to his binding. I am better bound, it is very true."

Leonard glanced toward the speaker, who now stood under the gas-lamp, and thought he recognized his face. He looked again. Yes; it was the perch-fisher whom he had met on the banks of the Brent, and who had warned him of the lost fish and the broken line.

MR. BURLEY (continuing).—"But the 'Art of Thinking!'—you charge eight shillings for the 'Art of Thinking.'"

MR. PRICKETT.—"Cheap enough, Mr. Burley. A very clean copy."

MR. BURLEY.—"Usurer! I sold it to you for three shillings. It is more than 150 per cent you propose to gain from my 'Art of Thinking.'"

MR. PRICKETT (stuttering and taken aback).—"You sold it to me! Ah, now I remember. But it was more than three shillings I gave. You forget—two glasses of brandy-and-water."

MR. BURLEY.—"Hospitality, sir, is not to be priced. If you sell your hospitality, you are not worthy to possess my 'Art of Thinking.' I resume it. There are three shillings, and a shilling more for interest. No: on second thoughts, instead of that shilling, I will return your hospitality; and the first time you come my way you shall have two glasses of brandy-and-water."

Mr. Prickett did not look pleased, but he made no objection; and Mr. Burley put the book into his pocket, and turned to examine the shelves. He bought an old jest-book, a stray volume of the Comedies of Destouches—paid for them—put them also into his pocket, and was sauntering out, when he perceived Leonard, who was now standing at the doorway.

"Hem! who is that?" he asked, whispering Mr. Prickett.

"A young assistant of mine, and very clever."

Mr. Burley scanned Leonard from top to toe.

"We have met before, sir. But you look as if you had returned to the Brent, and been fishing for my perch."

"Possibly, sir," answered Leonard. "But my line is tough, and is not yet broken, though the fish drags it among the weeds, and buries itself in the mud."

He lifted his hat, bowed slightly, and walked on.

"He is clever," said Mr. Burley to the bookseller: "he understands allegory."

MR. PRICKETT.—"Poor youth! He came to town with the idea of turning author: you know what *that* is, Mr. Burley."

MR. BURLEY (with an air of superb dignity).—"Bibliopole, yes! An author is a being between gods and men, who ought to be lodged

in a palace, and entertained at the public charge upon Ortolans and Tokay. He should be kept lapped in down, and curtained with silken awnings from the cares of life—have nothing to do but to write books upon tables of cedar, and fish for perch from a gilded galley. And that's what will come to pass when the ages lose their barbarism, and know their benefactors. Meanwhile, sir, I invite you to my rooms, and will regale you upon brandy-and-water as long as I can pay for it; and when I can not, you shall regale me."

Mr. Prickett muttered, "A very bad bargain, indeed," as Mr. Burley, with his chin in the air, stepped into the street.

CHAPTER XX.

AT first, Leonard had always returned home through the crowded thoroughfares—the contact of numbers had animated his spirits. But the last two days, since his discovery of his birth, he had taken his way down the comparatively unpeopled path of the New Road.

He had just gained that part of this outskirts in which the statuary and tomb-makers exhibit their gloomy wares—furniture alike for gardens and for graves—and, pausing, contemplated a column, on which was placed an urn half covered with a funeral mantle, when his shoulder was lightly tapped, and, turning quickly, he saw Mr. Burley standing behind him.

"Excuse me, sir, but you understand perch-fishing; and since we find ourselves on the same road, I should like to be better acquainted with you. I hear you once wished to be an author. I am one."

Leonard had never before, to his knowledge, seen an author, and a mournful smile passed his lips as he surveyed the perch-fisher.

Mr. Burley was indeed very differently attired since the first interview by the brooklet. He looked much less like an author—but more perhaps like a perch-fisher. He had a new white hat, stuck on one side of his head—a new green overcoat—new gray trowsers, and new boots. In his hand was a whalebone stick, with a silver handle. Nothing could be more vagrant, devil-me-carish, and, to use a slang word, *tigrish*, than his whole air. Yet, vulgar as was his costume, he did not himself seem vulgar, but rather eccentric—lawless—something out of the pale of convention. His face looked more pale and more puffed than before, the tip of his nose redder; but the spark in his eye was of livelier light, and there was self-enjoyment in the corners of his sensual humorous lip.

"You are an author, sir," repeated Leonard. "Well. And what is your report of the calling? Yonder column props an urn. The column is tall, and the urn is graceful. But it looks out of place by the roadside: what say you?"

MR. BURLEY.—"It would look better in the church-yard."

LEONARD.—"So I was thinking. And you are an author!"

MR. BURLEY.—“Ah, I said you had a quick sense of allegory. And so you think an author looks better in a church-yard, when you see him but as a muffled urn under the moonshine, than standing beneath the gas-lamp in a white hat, and with a red tip to his nose. Abstractedly, you are right. But, with your leave, the author would rather be where he is. Let us walk on.” The two men felt an interest in each other, and they walked some yards in silence.

“To return to the urn,” said Mr. Burley—“you think of fame and church-yards. Natural enough, before illusion dies; but I think of the moment, of existence—and I laugh at fame. Fame, sir—not worth a glass of cold without! And as for a glass of warm, with sugar—and five shillings in one’s pocket to spend as one pleases—what is there in Westminster Abbey to compare with it?”

“Talk on, sir—I should like to hear you talk. Let me listen and hold my tongue.” Leonard pulled his hat over his brows, and gave up his moody, questioning, turbulent mind to his new acquaintance.

And John Burley talked on. A dangerous and a fascinating talk it was—the talk of a great intellect fallen. A serpent trailing its length on the ground, and showing bright, shifting, glorious hues, as it groveled. A serpent, yet without the serpent’s guile. If John Burley deceived and tempted, he meant it not—he crawled and glittered alike honestly. No dove could be more simple.

Laughing at fame, he yet dwelt with an eloquent enthusiasm on the joy of composition. “What do I care what men without are to say and think of the words that gush forth on my page?” cried he. “If you think of the public, of urns, and laurels, while you write, you are no genius; you are not fit to be an author. I write because it rejoices me—because it is my nature. Written, I care no more what becomes of it than the lark for the effect that the song has on the peasant it wakes to the plough. The poet, like the lark, sings ‘from his watch-tower in the skies.’ Is this true?”

“Yes, very true!”

“What can rob us of this joy! The bookseller will not buy, the public will not read. Let them sleep at the foot of the ladder of the angels—we climb it all the same. And then one settles down into such good-tempered Lucianic contempt for men. One wants so little from them, when one knows what one’s-self is worth, and what they are. They are just worth the coin one can extract from them, in order to live. Our life—that is worth so much to us. And then their joys, so vulgar to them, we can make them golden and kingly. Do you suppose Burns drinking at the ale-house with his boozers around him, was drinking, like them, only beer and whisky? No, he was drinking nectar—he was imbibing his own ambrosial thoughts—shaking with the laughter of the gods. The coarse human liquid was just needed to unlock his spirit

from the clay—take it from jerkin and corduroys, and wrap it in the ‘singing robes’ that floated wide in the skies: the beer or the whisky needed but for that, and then it changed at once into the drink of Hebé. But come, you have not known this life—you have not seen it. Come, give me this night. I have moneys about me—I will fling them abroad as liberally as Alexander himself, when he left to his share but hope Come!”

“Whither?”

“To my throne. On that throne last sate Edmund Kean—mighty mime. I am his successor. We will see whether in truth these wild sons of genius, who are cited but ‘to point a moral and adorn a tale,’ were objects of compassion. Sober-suited cits to lament over a Savage and a Morland—a Porson and a Burns!”

“Or a Chatterton,” said Leonard, gloomily.

“Chatterton was an impostor in all things; he feigned excesses that he never knew. *He* a bacchanalian—a royster! *HE*!—No. We will talk of him. Come!”

Leonard went.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ROOM! And the smoke-reek, and the gas glare of it. The whitewash of the walls, and the prints thereon of the actors in their mime-robes, and stage postures; actors as far back as their own lost Augustan era, when the stage was a real living influence on the manners and the age. There was Betterton in wig and gown—as Cato, moralizing on the soul’s eternity, and halting between Plato and the dagger. There was Woodward as “The Fine Gentleman,” with the inimitable rake-hell air in which the heroes of Wycherly and Congreve and Farquhar live again. There was jovial Quin as Falstaff, with round buckler and “fair round belly.” There was Colly Cibber in brocade—taking snuff as with “his Lord,” the thumb and forefinger raised in air—and looking at you for applause. There was Macklin as Shylock, with knife in hand; and Kemble, in the solemn weeds of the Dane; and Kean in the place of honor over the chimney-piece.

When we are suddenly taken from practical life, with its real workday men, and presented to the portraits of those sole heroes of a World—Phantastic and Phantasmal, in the garments wherein they did “strut and fret their hour upon the stage,” verily there is something in the sight that moves an inner sense within ourselves—for all of us have an inner sense of some existence, apart from the one that wears away our days: an existence that, afar from St. James’s and St. Giles’s, the Law Courts and Exchange, goes its way in terror or mirth, in smiles or in tears, through a vague magic land of the poets. There, see those actors! They are the men who lived it—to whom our world was the false one, to whom the Imaginary was the Actual. And did Shakspeare himself, in his life, ever hearken to the applause that thundered round

the Personators of his airy images? Vague children of the most transient of the arts, fleet shadows on running waters, though thrown down from the steadfast stars, were ye not happier than we who live in the Real? How strange you must feel in the great circuit that ye now take through eternity! No prompt-books, no lamps, no acting Congreve and Shakspeare there! For what parts in the skies have your studies on the earth fitted you? Your ultimate destinies are very puzzling. Hail to your effigies, and pass we on!

There, too, on the whitewashed walls, were admitted the portraits of ruder rivals in the arena of fame—yet they, too, had known an applause warmer than his age gave to Shakspeare; the champions of the ring—Cribb, and Molyneux, and Dutch Sam. Interspersed with these was an old print of Newmarket in the early part of the last century, and sundry engravings from Hogarth. But poets, oh! they were there too; poets who might be supposed to have been sufficiently good fellows to be at home with such companions. Shakspeare, of course, with his placid forehead; Ben Jonson, with his heavy scowl; Burns and Byron cheek by jowl. But the strangest of all these heterogeneous specimens of graphic art was a full-length print of William Pitt!—William Pitt, the austere and imperious. What the deuce did he do there among prize-fighters, and actors, and poets? It seemed an insult to his grand memory. Nevertheless there he was, very erect, and with a look of ineffable disgust in his upturned nostrils. The portraits on the sordid walls were very like the crambo in the minds of ordinary men—very like the motley pictures of the FAMOUS hung up in your parlor, O my Public! Actors and prize-fighters, poets and statesmen, all without congruity and fitness, all whom you have been to see or to hear for a moment, and whose names have stared out in your newspapers, O my Public!

And the company? Indescribable! Comedians, from small theatres, out of employ; pale haggard-looking boys, probably the sons of worthy traders, trying their best to break their fathers' hearts; here and there the marked features of a Jew. Now and then you might see the curious, puzzled face of some greenhorn about town, or perhaps a Cantab; and men of grave age, and gray-haired, were there, and among them a wondrous proportion of carbuncled faces and bottle noses. And when John Burley entered, there was a shout that made William Pitt shake in his frame. Such stamping and hallooing, and such hurrahs for "Burly John." And the gentleman who had filled the great high leathern chair in his absence gave it up to John Burley; and Leonard, with his grave observant eye, and lip half sad and half scornful, placed himself by the side of his introducer. There was a nameless expectant stir through the assembly, as there is in the pit of the opera when some great singer ad-

vances to the lamps, and begins "*Di tanti palpiti*." Time flies. Look at the Dutch clock over the door. Half-an-hour! John Burley begins to warm. A yet quicker light begins to break from his eye; his voice has a mellow, luscious roll in it.

"He will be grand to-night," whispered a thin man, who looked like a tailor, seated on the other side of Leonard.

Time flies—an hour! Look again at the Dutch clock. John Burley is grand, he is in his zenith, at his culminating point. What magnificent drollery!—what luxuriant humor! How the Rabelais shakes in his easy chair! Under the rush and the roar of this fun (what word else shall describe it), the man's intellect is as clear as gold sand under a river. Such wit and such truth, and, at times, such a flood of quick eloquence. All now are listeners, silent, save in applause. And Leonard listened too. Not, as he would some nights ago, in innocent, unquestioning delight. No; his mind has passed through great sorrow, great passion, and it comes out unsettled, inquiring, eager, brooding over joy itself as over a problem. And the drink circulates, and faces change; and there are gabbling and babbling; and Burley's head sinks in his bosom, and he is silent. And up starts a wild, dissolute bacchanalian glee for seven voices. And the smoke-reek grows denser and thicker, and the gas-light looks dizzy through the haze. And John Burley's eyes reel.

Look again at the Dutch clock. Two hours have gone. John Burley has broken out again from his silence, his voice thick and husky, and his laugh cracked; and he talks, O ye gods! such rubbish and ribaldry; and the listeners roar aloud, and think it finer than before. And Leonard, who had hitherto been measuring himself, in his mind, against the giant, and saying inly, "He soars out of my reach," finds the giant shrink smaller and smaller, and saith to himself, "He is but of man's common standard, after all!"

Look again at the Dutch clock. Three hours have passed. Is John Burley now of man's common standard? Man himself seems to have vanished from the scene: his soul stolen from him, his form gone away with the fumes of the smoke, and the nauseous steam from that fiery bowl. And Leonard looked round, and saw but the swine of Circe—some on the floor, some staggering against the walls, some hugging each other on the tables, some fighting, some bawling, some weeping. The divine spark had fled from the human face; the beast is every where growing more and more out of the thing that had been Man. And John Burley, still unconquered, but clean lost to his senses, fancies himself a preacher, and drawls forth the most lugubrious sermon upon the brevity of life that mortal ever heard, accompanied with unctuous sobs; and now and then, in the midst of balderdash, gleams out a gorgeous sentence, that Jeremy Taylor might have envied: driveling

away again into a cadence below the rhetoric of a Muggleonian. And the waiters choked up the doorway, listening and laughing, and prepared to call cabs and coaches; and suddenly some one turned off the gas-light, and all was dark as pitch—howls and laughter, as of the damned, ringing through the Pandemonium. Out from the black atmosphere stept the boy-poet; and the still stars rushed on his sight, as they looked over the grimy roof-tops.

CHAPTER XXII.

WELL, Leonard, this is the first time thou hast shown that thou hast in thee the iron out of which true manhood is forged and shaped. Thou hast *the power to resist*. Forth, unebriate, unpolluted, he came from the orgy, as yon star above him came from the cloud.

He had a latch-key to his lodging. He let himself in, and walked noiselessly up the creaking, wooden stair. It was dawn. He passed on to his window, and threw it open. The green elm-tree from the carpenter's yard looked as fresh and fair as if rooted in solitudes, leagues away from the smoke of Babylon.

"Nature, Nature!" murmured Leonard, "I hear thy voice now. This stills—this strengthens. But the struggle is very dread. Here, despair of life—there, faith in life. Nature thinks of neither, and lives serenely on."

By-and-by a bird slid softly from the heart of the tree, and dropped on the ground below out of sight. But Leonard heard its carol. It awoke its companions—wings began to glance in the air, and the clouds grew red toward the east.

Leonard sighed and left the window. On the table, near Helen's rose-tree, which he bent over wistfully, lay a letter. He had not observed it before. It was in Helen's hand. He took it to the light, and read it by the pure healthful gleams of morn :

"Oh my dear brother Leonard, will this find you well, and (more happy I dare not say, but) less sad than when we parted? I write kneeling, so that it seems to me as if I wrote and prayed at the same time. You may come and see me to-morrow evening, Leonard. Do come, do—we shall walk together in this pretty garden; and there is an arbor all covered with jessamine and honeysuckle, from which we can look down on London. I have looked from it so many times—so many—trying if I can guess the roofs in our poor little street, and fancying that I do see the dear elm-tree.

"Miss Starke is very kind to me; and I think, after I have seen you, that I shall be happy here—that is, if you are happy.

"Your own grateful sister,

"HELEN.

"Ivy Lodge."

"P.S.—Any one will direct you to our house; it lies to the left, near the top of the hill, a little way down a lane which is overhung on one side with chestnut trees and lilies. I shall be watching for you at the gate."

Leonard's brow softened, he looked again like his former self. Up from the dark sea at his heart smiled the meek face of a child, and the waves lay still as at the charm of a spirit.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"And what is Mr. Burley, and what has he written?" asked Leonard of Mr. Prickett when he returned to the shop.

Let us reply to that question in our own words, for we know more about Mr. Burley than Mr. Prickett does.

John Burley was the only son of a poor clergyman, in a village near Ealing, who had scraped, and saved, and pinched, to send his son to an excellent provincial school in a northern county, and thence to college. At the latter, during his first year, young Burley was remarked by the undergraduates for his thick shoes and coarse linen, and remarkable to the authorities for his assiduity and learning. The highest hopes were entertained of him by the tutors and examiners. At the beginning of the second year his high animal spirits, before kept down by study, broke out. Reading had become easy to him. He knocked off his tasks with a facile stroke, as it were. He gave up his leisure hours to symposia by no means Socratical. He fell into an idle, hard-drinking set. He got into all kinds of scrapes. The authorities were at first kind and forbearing in their admonitions, for they respected his abilities, and still hoped he might become an honor to the university. But at last he went drunk into a formal examination, and sent in papers, after the manner of Aristophanes, containing capital jokes upon the Dons and Big-wigs themselves. The offense was the greater, and seemed the more premeditated, for being clothed in Greek. John Burley was expelled. He went home to his father's a miserable man, for, with all his follies, he had a good heart. Removed from ill-example, his life for a year was blameless. He got admitted as usher into the school in which he had received instruction as a pupil. This school was in a large town. John Burley became member of a club formed among the tradesmen, and spent three evenings a week there. His astonishing convivial and conversational powers began to declare themselves. He grew the oracle of the club; and, from being the most sober, peaceful assembly in which grave fathers of a family ever smoked a pipe or sipped a glass, it grew under Mr. Burley's auspices the parent of revels as frolicking and frantic as those out of which the old Greek Goat Song ever tipsily rose. This would not do. There was a great riot in the streets one night, and the next morning the usher was dismissed. Fortunately for John Burley's conscience, his father had died before this happened—died believing in the reform of his son. During his ushership, Mr. Burley had scraped acquaintance with the editor of the county newspaper, and given him

some capital political articles; for Burley was, like Parr and Porson, a notable politician. The editor furnished him with letters to the journalists in London, and John came to the metropolis and got employed on a very respectable newspaper. At college he had known Audley Egerton, though but slightly: that gentleman was then just rising into repute in Parliament. Burley sympathized with some question on which Audley had distinguished himself, and wrote a very good article thereon—an article so good that Egerton inquired into the authorship, found out Burley, and resolved in his own mind to provide for him whenever he himself came into office. But Burley was a man whom it was impossible to provide for. He soon lost his connection with the newspaper. First, he was so irregular that he could never be depended upon. Secondly, he had strange honest eccentric twists of thinking, that could coalesce with the thoughts of no party in the long run. An article of his, inadvertently admitted, had horrified all the proprietors, staff, and readers of the paper. It was diametrically opposite to the principles the paper advocated, and compared its pet politician to Catiline. Then John Burley shut himself up and wrote books. He wrote two or three books, very clever, but not at all to the popular taste—abstract and learned, full of whims that were *caviare* to the multitude, and larded with Greek. Nevertheless they obtained for him a little money, and among literary men some reputation. Now Audley Egerton came into power, and got him, though with great difficulty—for there were many prejudices against this scampish, harum-scarum son of the Muses—a place in a public office. He kept it about a month, and then voluntarily resigned it. “My crust of bread and liberty!” quoth John Burley, and he vanished into a garret. From that time to the present he lived—Heaven knows how. Literature is a business, like every thing else; John Burley grew more and more incapable of business. “He could not do task-work,” he said; he wrote when the whim seized him, or when the last penny was in his pouch, or when he was actually in the spunging-house or the Fleet—migrations which occurred to him, on an average, twice a year. He could generally sell what he had positively written, but no one would engage him beforehand. Magazines and other periodicals were very glad to have his articles, on the condition that they were anonymous; and his style was not necessarily detected, for he could vary it with the facility of a practiced pen. Audley Egerton continued his best supporter, for there were certain questions on which no one wrote with such force as John Burley—questions connected with the metaphysics of politics, such as law reform and economical science. And Audley Egerton was the only man John Burley put himself out of the way to serve, and for whom he would give up a drinking bout and do *task-work*; for John Burley was grateful by nature, and he felt that Egerton had really tried

to befriend him. Indeed, it was true, as he had stated to Leonard by the Brent, that, even after he had resigned his desk in the London office, he had had the offer of an appointment in Jamaica, and a place in India from the Minister. But probably there were other charms than those exercised by the one-eyed perch that kept him to the neighborhood of London. With all his grave faults of character and conduct, John Burley was not without the fine qualities of a large nature. He was most resolutely his own enemy, it is true, but he could hardly be said to be any one else's. Even when he criticised some more fortunate writer, he was good-humored in his very satire: he had no bile, no envy. And as for freedom from malignant personalities, he might have been a model to all critics. I must except politics, however, for in these he could be rabid and savage. He had a passion for independence, which, though pushed to excess, was not without grandeur. No lick-platter, no parasite, no toadeater, no literary beggar, no hunter after patronage and subscriptions; even in his dealings with Audley Egerton, he insisted on naming the price for his labors. He took a price, because, as the papers required by Audley demanded much reading and detail, which was not at all to his taste, he considered himself entitled fairly to something more than the editor of the journal, wherein the papers appeared, was in the habit of giving. But he assessed this extra price himself, and as he would have done to a bookseller. And when in debt and in prison, though he knew a line to Egerton would have extricated him, he never wrote that line. He would depend alone on his pen—dipped it hastily in the ink, and scrawled himself free. The most debased point about him was certainly the incorrigible vice of drinking, and with it the usual concomitant of that vice—the love of low company. To be King of the Bohemians—to dazzle by his wild humor, and sometimes to exalt by his fanciful eloquence, the rude gross natures that gathered round him—this was a royalty that repaid him for all sacrifice of solid dignity; a foolscap crown that he would not have changed for an emperor's diadem. Indeed, to appreciate rightly the talents of John Burley, it was necessary to hear him talk on such occasions. As a writer, after all, he was only capable now of unequal desultory efforts. But as a talker, in his own wild way, he was original and matchless. And the gift of talk is one of the most dangerous gifts a man can possess for his own sake—the applause is so immediate, and gained with so little labor. Lower, and lower, and lower had sunk John Burley, not only in the opinion of all who knew his name, but in the habitual exercise of his talents. And this seemed willfully—from choice. He would write for some unstamped journal of the populace, out of the pale of the law, for pence, when he could have got pounds from journals of high repute. He was very fond of scribbling off penny ballads, and then standing in the street to hear

them sung. He actually once made himself the poet of an advertising tailor, and enjoyed it excessively. But that did not last long, for John Burley was a Pittite—not a Tory, he used to say, but a Pittite. And if you had heard him talk of Pitt, you would never have known what to make of that great statesman. He treated him as the German commentators do Shakspeare, and invested him with all imaginary meanings and objects, that would have turned the grand practical man into a Sibyl. Well, he was a Pittite; the tailor a fanatic for Thelwall and Cobbett. Mr. Burley wrote a poem, wherein Britannia appeared to the tailor, complimented him highly on the art he exhibited in adorning the persons of her sons; and, bestowing upon him a gigantic mantle, said that he, and he alone, might be enabled to fit it to the shoulders of living men. The rest of the poem was occupied in Mr. Snip's unavailing attempts to adjust this mantle to the eminent politicians of the day, when, just as he had sunk down in despair, Britannia reappeared to him, and consoled him with the information that he had done all mortal man could do, and that she had only desired to convince pigmies that no human art could adjust to *their* proportions the mantle of William Pitt. *Sic itur ad astra*. She went back to the stars, mantle and all. Mr. Snip was exceedingly indignant at this allegorical effusion, and with wrathful shears cut the tie between himself and his poet.

Thus, then, the reader has, we trust, a pretty good idea of John Burley—a specimen of his genus, not very common in any age, and now happily almost extinct, since authors of all degrees share in the general improvement in order, economy, and sober decorum, which has obtained in the national manners. Mr. Prickett, though entering into less historical detail than we have done, conveyed to Leonard a tolerably accurate notion of the man, representing him as a person of great powers and learning, who had thoroughly thrown himself away.

Leonard did not, however, see how much Mr. Burley himself was to be blamed for his waste of life; he could not conceive a man of genius voluntarily seating himself at the lowest step in the social ladder. He rather supposed he had been thrust down there by Necessity.

And when Mr. Prickett, concluding, said, "Well, I should think Burley would cure you of the desire to be an author even more than Chatterton," the young man answered gloomily, "Perhaps," and turned to the book-shelves.

With Mr. Prickett's consent, Leonard was released earlier than usual from his task, and a little before sunset he took his way to Highgate. He was fortunately directed to take the new road by the Regent's Park, and so on through a very green and smiling country. The walk, the freshness of the air, the songs of the birds, and, above all, when he had got half-way, the solitude of the road, served to rouse him from his stern and sombre meditations. And

when he came into the lane overhung with chestnut trees, and suddenly caught sight of Helen's watchful and then brightening face, as she stood by the wicket, and under the shadow of cool murmurous boughs, the blood rushed gayly through his veins, and his heart beat loud and gratefully.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SHE drew him into the garden with such true childlike joy!

Now behold them seated in the arbor—a perfect bower of sweets and blossoms; the wilderness of roof-tops and spires stretching below, broad and far; London seen dim and silent, as in a dream.

She took his hat from his brows gently, and looked him in the face with tearful, penetrating eyes.

She did not say, "You are changed." She said, "Why, why did I leave you?" and then turned away.

"Never mind me, Helen. I am man, and rudely born—speak of yourself. This lady is kind to you, then?"

"Does she not let me see you? Oh! very kind—and look here."

Helen pointed to fruits and cakes set out on the table. "A feast, brother."

And she began to press her hospitality with pretty winning ways, more playful than was usual to her, and talking very fast, and with forced but silvery laughter.

By degrees she stole him from his gloom and reserve; and, though he could not reveal to her the cause of his bitterest sorrow, he owned that he had suffered much. He would not have owned *that* to another living being. And then, quickly turning from this brief confession, with assurances that the worst was over, he sought to amuse her by speaking of his new acquaintance with the perch-fisher. But when he spoke of this man with a kind of reluctant admiration, mixed with compassionate yet gloomy interest, and drew a grotesque though subdued sketch of the wild scene in which he had been spectator, Helen grew alarmed and grave.

"Oh, brother, do not go there again—do not see more of this bad man."

"Bad!—no! Hopeless and unhappy, he has stooped to stimulants and oblivion; but you can not understand these things, my pretty preacher."

"Yes I do, Leonard. What is the difference between being good and bad? The good do not yield to temptations, and the bad do."

The definition was so simple and so wise that Leonard was more struck with it than he might have been by the most elaborate sermon by Parson Dale.

"I have often murmured to myself since I lost you, 'Helen was my good angel;' say on. For my heart is dark to myself, and while you speak light seems to dawn on it."

This praise so confused Helen that she was long before she could obey the command annexed to it. But, by little and little, words came to both more frankly. And then he told her the sad tale of Chatterton, and waited, anxious to hear her comments.

"Well," he said, seeing that she remained silent, "how can *I* hope, when this mighty genius labored and despaired? What did he want, save birth and fortune, and friends, and human justice?"

"Did he pray to God?" said Helen, drying her tears.

Again Leonard was startled. In reading the life of Chatterton, he had not much noted the skepticism, assumed or real of the ill-fated aspirer to earthly immortality. At Helen's question, that skepticism struck him forcibly.

"Why do you ask that, Helen?"

"Because, when we pray often, we grow so very, very patient," answered the child. "Perhaps, had he been patient a few months more, all would have been won by him, as it will be by you, brother; for you pray, and you will be patient."

Leonard bowed his head in deep thought, and this time the thought was not gloomy. Then out from that awful life there glowed another passage, which before he had not heeded duly, but regarded rather as one of the darkest mysteries in the fate of Chatterton.

At the very time the despairing poet had locked himself up in his garret, to dismiss his soul from its earthly ordeal, his genius had just found its way into the light of renown. Good and learned and powerful men were preparing to serve and save him. Another year—nay, perchance another month—and he might have stood acknowledged and sublime in the foremost front of his age.

"Oh, Helen!" cried Leonard, raising his brows from which the cloud had passed, "why, indeed, did you leave me?"

Helen started in her turn as he repeated this regret, and in her turn grew thoughtful. At length she asked him if he had written for the box which had belonged to her father, and been left at the inn.

And Leonard, though a little chafed at what he thought a childish interruption to themes of graver interest, owned with self-reproach that he had forgotten to do so. Should he not write now to order the box to be sent to her at Miss Starke's.

"No; let it be sent to you. Take care of it. I should like to know that something of mine is with you; and perhaps I may not stay here long."

"Not stay here? That you must, my dear Helen—at least as long as Miss Starke will keep you, and is kind. By-and-by (added Leonard, with something of his former sanguine tone) I may yet make my way, and we shall have our

cottage to ourselves. But—Oh Helen!—I forgot—you wounded me; you left your money with me. I only found it in my drawers the other day. Fie!—I have brought it back."

"It was not mine—it is yours. We were to share together—you paid all; and how can I want it here too?"

But Leonard was obstinate; and as Helen mournfully received back all that of fortune her father had bequeathed to her, a tall female figure stood at the entrance of the arbor, and said, in a voice that scattered all sentiment to the winds, "Young man, it is time to go."

CHAPTER XXV.

"ALREADY!" said Helen, with faltering accents, as she crept to Miss Starke's side while Leonard rose and bowed. "I am very grateful to you, madam," said he, with the grace that comes from all refinement of idea, "for allowing me to see Miss Helen. Do not let me abuse your kindness." Miss Starke seemed struck with his look and manner, and made a stiff half courtesy.

A form more rigid than Miss Starke's it was hard to conceive. She was like the grim white woman in the nursery ballads. Yet, apparently, there was a good nature in allowing the stranger to enter her trim garden, and providing for him and her little charge those fruits and cakes, which belied her aspect. "May I go with him to the gate?" whispered Helen, as Leonard had already passed up the path.

"You may, child; but do not loiter. And then come back, and lock up the cakes and cherries, or Patty will get at them."

Helen ran after Leonard.

"Write to me brother—write to me; and do not, do not be friends with this man, who took you to that wicked, wicked place."

"Oh, Helen, I go from you strong enough to brave worse dangers than that," said Leonard almost gayly.

They kissed each other at the little wicket gate, and parted.

Leonard walked home under the summer moonlight, and on entering his chamber, looked first at his rose-tree. The leaves of yesterday's flowers lay strewn round it; but the tree had put forth new buds.

"Nature ever restores," said the young man. He paused a moment, and added, "Is it that Nature is very patient?"

His sleep that night was not broken by the fearful dreams he had lately known. He rose refreshed, and went his way to his day's work—not stealing along the less crowded paths, but with a firm step, through the throng of men. Be bold, adventurer—thou hast more to suffer! Wilt thou sink? I look into thy heart, and I can not answer.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

ELECTIONS for members of Congress, and other officers, have been held, during the month of August, in the following States: Alabama, Arkansas, Indiana, Kentucky, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Texas, entitled in all to 50 representatives. These States are now represented by 19 Whigs and 31 Democrats. From the returns that have come to hand up to the day when we close our Record for the month (August 18), it appears that in these States the Whigs lose one and gain two members of Congress. The States which had previously elected representatives have 144 members, of whom 61 are Whigs and 83 Democrats. The States which have still to choose are Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, Virginia, Maryland, and California, which are entitled to 39 representatives. The delegation of these States in the last Congress stood 9 Whigs to 30 Democrats. It is therefore evident that there will be a large Democratic majority in the next Congress. The results of the recent elections, as far as we are able to give them, are as follows, liable, however, to correction, in one or two instances, from the official returns. In *Kentucky*, LAZARUS W. POWELL, Democrat, is elected Governor, by a small majority; the Whig candidate for Lieutenant-gov., J. B. THOMPSON, is elected. Both branches of the Legislature are Whig, which secures a Senator from that party in 1853, when the term of Mr. UNDERWOOD expires, and another in place of Mr. CLAY, should he resign his seat, as is confidently asserted to be his purpose. The Congressional delegation stands five of each party; a Democratic gain of one member. In *Indiana* the Whigs have chosen two, and the Democrats eight members of Congress, a Whig gain of one. The Legislature is Democratic, by a large majority. In *Alabama* the main contest was between the Union and Secession parties. HENRY W. COLLIER, Democrat, who maintains that a State has the right to secede, is re-elected Governor, without any regular opposition. The Legislature is Union by a decided majority. The Congressional delegation consists of five Unionists, of whom two are Whigs and three Democrats; and two Secessionist Democrats. In *North Carolina* the members elected to Congress consist of six Whigs, of whom one is a Secessionist; and three Democrats, of whom two are Secessionists. In *Tennessee* WM. B. CAMPBELL, Whig, is elected Governor, over the present Democratic incumbent. The Congressional delegation consists of five Whigs and six Democrats; a Whig gain of one. The Legislature is said to be Whig, which will secure to that party the choice of a Senator in place of Mr. TURNER, Democrat, whose term expires this year.

The Cuban insurrection has caused considerable excitement, more especially at the South. General Lopez addressed a public meeting at New Orleans on the 26th of July. Expeditions in aid of the Cubans are reported to have sailed from Florida and New Orleans. Among the adventurers are named a number of the Hungarian refugees.

We have sedulously guarded against suffering our Monthly Record to assume the character of a chronicle of crime. But we can not omit noticing the enormous increase of crime, especially of offenses committed with violence, during the last few months. The extraordinary number of immigrants who have landed in our country for some months past begins to produce the effect upon our criminal statistics which was to be apprehended. It will be observed

that a very large proportion of those arrested for crimes are of foreign origin. The number of commitments to the New York City prison during the month of July was 1782, of whom 361 were of native, and 1421 of foreign birth. The statistics of the Alms House present a similar proportion of foreigners.

The crops, taking the whole country together, are represented as unusually abundant the present season. There are, however, some important exceptions. In Maryland, Virginia, and throughout a large part of the South, the maize has suffered severely from drought, and a very scanty return is anticipated. The tobacco crop in the same States, is said to be very deficient. It is also anticipated that taking the whole cotton crop together, it will fall short of the usual quantity, though in many localities the reports are favorable. In Louisiana, the sugar plantations suffered greatly from the overflow of the Mississippi in the early part of the season, which is reported to have affected one-third of the sugar-estates; since this, the cane has been injured by the drought. With these important exceptions, the harvest is reported to be abundant, almost beyond precedent. This is especially the case in New York, and the wheat-growing portions of the West.

From almost the entire extent of our frontier territories we have accounts of Indian hostilities. In Texas the valley of the Rio Grande is terribly annoyed by their depredations. The Seminoles, transplanted to the Mexican frontier some years since, have shown a disposition hostile to the Mexicans, and as we are bound by treaty to repress their ravages, no little annoyance is anticipated in connection with them. In New Mexico the Camanches, Navajoes, and Pueblos have committed numerous acts of hostility, and the protection of the whites will demand the utmost exertions on the part of the new military commandant. Parties of emigrants proceeding overland to Oregon have been stopped by the wandering tribes, and contributions demanded for the privilege of passing through their country. In Oregon hostilities have broken out with fresh violence. The latest arrivals bring accounts of a number of hostile engagements, attacks, and massacres. In California difficulties are by no means at an end. Large numbers of the Indians refuse to enter into peaceful arrangements, and continue their depredations.

In *South Carolina* a large meeting was held at Charleston, on the 29th of July, of those who are in favor of co-operation for the purpose of resistance, and opposed to separate State action, under present circumstances. JOHN RUTLEDGE, Esq., was chosen chairman. A letter was read from Hon. LANGDON CHEVES, approving the object of the meeting, asserting the right of secession, but affirming that it would not be "a moral or social one on the part of one Southern State in reference to sister States at the South." He thought that South Carolina ought to secede, but not alone; and that a union in favor of secession would take place. A letter from Hon. J. L. ORR was also read, reflecting in severe terms upon the spirit manifested by the "actionists" toward the "co-operationists," as affording a "beautiful commentary" on their desire "that harmony may be preserved throughout the State;" which was "the harmony which the wolf gives the lamb." He said, that "when an issue could be made, these self-appointed leaders would be routed, overwhelmed by the voice of the people, rebuking their temerity." The people of the mountain districts "were nearly

all ready for resistance to the Clay Compromise; but they were yet to be convinced that they had more courage and patriotism than their Georgia and North Carolina neighbors." A series of resolutions was passed, declaring that the measures of the Federal Government, taken in connection with the manifestations of feeling at the North, showed a settled purpose to deprive the Southern States of their rank as equals in the Confederacy, and tended to the abolition of slavery and the establishment of a consolidated government; and that the time had therefore come when the Union ought to be dissolved, and a Southern Confederacy formed; but that they would still willingly give trial to any scheme proposed by the South, short of dissolution, for reinstating them in their rights. That, as the subject of controversy concerned all the Southern States as much as South Carolina, the true policy to be observed was concert of action; and that separate State action was to be deprecated as tending to alienate the other States and thus "prevent the formation of a Southern Confederacy;" delay would insure the co-operation of the other States; while separate action would place South Carolina in the position of a foreign country; in which case the laws preventing the introduction of slaves into the United States would subject her "practically to the Wilmot Proviso in its worst form." Separate action would be "not only abortive as a measure of deliverance, but if not utterly suicidal in its effects, in the highest degree dangerous to the stability of our institutions." The right of secession was affirmed to be essential to State sovereignty. The approaching State Convention was invoked to take measures to bring about a Southern Confederacy; and, meanwhile, to define the relation which South Carolina should hold to the Federal Government. Messrs. BUTLER and BARNWELL, United States Senators from South Carolina, spoke in opposition to separate State action; the latter argued the inability of the State to sustain herself singly in a contest with the Federal Government, and showed the folly of looking for countenance and aid to Great Britain. A resolution was offered pronouncing it to be treason for any citizen of South Carolina to oppose the authorities of the State, should they decide upon secession. This was laid upon the table by a decided majority. On the evening preceding this meeting, the same hall was occupied by a meeting of Southern Rights Associations, at which, after speeches from Hon. R. B. RHETT, and others, resolutions were adopted affirming that South Carolina could "wait for no new issue to be presented; and failing in a reasonable time to obtain the co-operation of the other Southern States, should withdraw alone from the Union." Judge RICE spoke in opposition to the meeting to be held on the ensuing day, and denounced a writer in the *Charleston Courier* "who has had the audacity to tell us that the South has no cause of complaint whatever." He likewise exhorted South Carolina to "retain her ancient rights, once triumphantly asserted on the banks of the Runnymede."

In Virginia, the Convention chosen for that purpose, after a session of eight months, have framed a Constitution for the State, which is to be voted upon by the people on the 23d of October. We make the following abstract of its leading provisions: Every free white male citizen, of the age of 21 years, who has resided two years in the State, and one year in the district where he offers his vote, has the right of suffrage. The General Assembly is to consist of a House of Delegates of 152 members, and a Senate of 50, apportioned between the sections of the State,

by a compromise, of which we have given an account in previous Numbers of our Record. No person holding a lucrative office, no priest of any religious denomination, no salaried officer of any banking company, no attorney for the Commonwealth, is eligible for election to the General Assembly. The Governor is chosen by popular vote, for four years, and can not be elected for two successive terms. Judges are elected by the people for terms of eight and twelve years. Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor, and a Board of Public Works, are chosen by the General Assembly. All elections are to be *vivâ voce*; dumb persons only to be entitled to vote by ballot. Taxation to be *ad valorem*; slaves under twelve years of age to be exempt; those over that age to be taxed for an amount not exceeding that levied upon 300 acres of land. white males over 21 years of age to pay a capitation tax equal to that upon 200 acres of land; incomes, salaries, and licenses may be taxed at the discretion of the Legislature. One half of the capitation tax upon white males is to be devoted to the purposes of primary education. The liability to the State of any incorporated company can not be released. The credit of the State can not be pledged for the debts of any corporation. Lotteries are prohibited. Divorces to be granted by the courts. Laws to be passed providing for the registration of voters, and of marriages, births, and deaths, of both whites and blacks; and for taking a census of the State, at intervals of five years from the dates of the United States census. Laws may be passed disqualifying those taking part in a duel, either as principals or seconds, from holding any office whatsoever of trust or emolument under the Commonwealth; but no such law to have any retrospective action. Laws may be passed providing for the relief of the Commonwealth from the free colored population, by removal or otherwise. Emancipated slaves can not remain more than twelve months in the Commonwealth, under penalty of being reduced again to slavery. The Constitution was adopted in the Convention by a vote of 75 to 33; and there is no doubt that it will be accepted by the people; as the feature in it which allows those who have not the right of suffrage under the present Constitution, to vote upon the question whether this right shall be extended, would of itself be sufficient to carry it by a large majority. The number of members of the House of Delegates was increased from 150, as was at first agreed upon, to 152, by giving an additional member to the Eastern county of Fauquier, which had remonstrated against the apportionment, and instructed its delegates in the Convention to vote against the Constitution unless two members, instead of one, were conceded to it. This was agreed to, and an additional member allowed to the Western county of Monroe; so that there still remains a Western majority of 14 in the House, and of 4 in joint ballot.

In Ohio the Democratic State Convention met at Columbus, August 6. Resolutions were adopted in favor of the new Constitution of the State, as embodying the "principles cardinal in the Democratic faith: The election of all officers by the people; the limitation of State indebtedness, and a provision for the payment of the debt which exists; equal taxation;" restriction of the powers of the Legislature; and provisions for repeal. The resolutions on national affairs passed by the Democratic Conventions of 1848 and 1850, are approved. The present National Administration is charged with reckless expenditure, violation of pledges, and indiscriminate proscription. Contrary to the practice of the Conventions which have been held in other States, no

resolutions were passed bearing upon the Compromise measures. Hon. REUBEN WOOD was nominated by acclamation for re-election as Governor, and Hon. WM. MEDILL for Lieutenant-governor.

From *California* we have full intelligence up to July 14. It reaches us by the newly opened route across the Isthmus through Lake Nicaragua and the San Juan River, having been only 29 days in coming from San Francisco to New York. It is supposed that the time may be reduced to about 23 days, fully a week less than is required by the Panama route. The intelligence is of an extremely interesting character. The reports from the mining districts maintain the same favorable character; but acts of violence and plunder, by both whites and Indians have become most alarmingly frequent. Another destructive conflagration—the sixth within two years—occurred at San Francisco on the 22d of June. Thirteen blocks of buildings were destroyed, a number of lives lost, and injury done to property to a very large amount. The accounts transmitted, which are doubtless exaggerated, state the loss to be two or three millions of dollars. This, like the previous conflagration, is stated, apparently upon good grounds, to have been the work of an incendiary. Hostilities between the whites and Indians are still continued. Terrence Bellew McManus, one of the Irish exiles, who had made his escape from New South Wales, was welcomed at San Francisco by a public dinner, which was attended by many of the leading citizens; the Mayor of the city acted as chairman. But the most interesting feature in the intelligence from California is the prompt and vigorous measures taken to repress and punish outrages against person and property, by means more summary and sure than those furnished by the ordinary administration of law. In the early part of June it became demonstrably evident that organized bands of malefactors, composed of convicts from the English penal settlements, and desperadoes from every quarter of the globe, were leagued together for robbery and plunder; who did not hesitate to commit arson and murder in the prosecution of their designs. The highest crimes became matters of every-day occurrence, not merely in remote districts, but in the towns and cities*; in San Francisco especially. Under these circumstances, a large number of the most valuable citizens organized themselves into a Committee of Vigilance, for the purpose of securing the punishment of criminals, at all hazards. They opened a room, at which a certain number of the members, detailed for the purpose, were to be present day and night. When any offense came to their notice which, in their opinion, called for the interference of the Committee, all the members were to be summoned by the ringing of a bell. The members all pledged themselves to carry into execution the sentence of the majority of the body so convened. The Committee soon had occasion to inaugurate their administration by a public execution, so deliberately performed, and so unflinchingly avowed, as to leave no doubt of their full determination to carry their designs into effect. On the 10th of June an English convict from Botany Bay, who gave his name as Jenkins, or Jennings, was arrested in the act of carrying off a safe which he had stolen. He was brought before the Committee, by whom he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung. This sentence was carried into execution the same night in the public square. The coroner's jury, who held an inquest upon the body, named nine members of the Committee as specially and directly implicated in the execution. A card was immediately issued, signed by nearly

200 persons, avowing that they, as members of the Committee of Vigilance, were all participators in the transaction, equally with those whose names had been given by the Coroner's jury. The Committee went on adding to their numbers, and increasing the scope of their operations. Persons known as escaped convicts were ordered to leave the country within five days; and after a show of resistance, finding all opposition useless, they complied with the order. Vessels arriving from the English penal settlements were boarded in the harbor, and those on board who proved to be escaped convicts, were warned not to land. The Committee went on to establish a central and branch offices, organized a patrol, and raised funds for carrying on their operations. Persons charged with minor offenses were handed over to the public authorities, the Committee taking care to keep in their own hands the adjudication of those cases which seemed to require a prompt decision, thus keeping up the *prestige* which they had gained by their first bold act. On the 12th of July a Sidney convict named Stuart, was brought before the Committee on a charge of robbery. He proved to be the ringleader of a gang of desperadoes, who had long infested the country. He was found guilty, and the tolling of the bell summoned the public to witness the act of execution. The criminal was brought out, pinioned, and escorted by more than 500 members of the Committee, and executed in broad day, in the presence of a great crowd, without show of tumult or resistance. Previous to his death he made a long confession of the crimes he had committed, and implicated a number of persons as accomplices. It thus appears that the proceedings of the Committee, however at variance with the modes of procedure appropriate to a community living under a settled order of things, have nothing in common with mob-law or Lynch-law, as ordinarily understood. It is a summary mode of self-preservation, on the part of the community, where the ordinary forms of criminal law have proved ineffectual. That they are inadequate, the state of things that has grown up under them abundantly demonstrates. As far as we can learn, no charge is brought against the Committee that in any case their proceedings have been unjust or precipitate. No criminal confederacy can be a match for an organization which proceeds in a manner so cool, inflexible, and unrelenting. The arrest of every desperado renders his confederates more apprehensive that a clew has been obtained to their complicity. Punishment follows so unerringly and speedily upon conviction; there is so little probability that provisions designed as a protection for the innocent, can be used as a shield for the guilty, that there is every reason to hope Botany Bay and Sidney will appear as Paradise to their fugitive criminals, compared with California. From the very nature of the case, the Vigilance Committee, whose only force is derived from its moral power, must be a merely temporary arrangement, and we hope the time will not be far distant when we shall be enabled to record that the Committee has ceased to exist, along with the state of things to which it owes its origin, and the necessity arising from which formed its sole justification. We only add, that the Mayor of San Francisco has issued a proclamation, in which he urges upon the citizens to withdraw from the Committee.

In *New York* a joint call for a State Convention of the Whig party, to be held at Syracuse on the 10th of September, has been issued by the Legislative Committee and the State Committees appointed by the Syracuse and Utica Conventions last year. These Committees have agreed upon a statement of

what they believe to be the sentiments of the great body of the party in the State, of which the following are the principal: They are in favor of an economical administration of government; of strict adherence to the Constitution and the laws; of appropriations for river and harbor improvements; of protection to American industry by a discriminating tariff. They are opposed to the extension of slavery over any territory where it does not now exist; while they recognize the right of each State to regulate its own municipal affairs. They will abide by the Constitution and laws, as interpreted by the proper tribunals; while they assert the right of discussing all laws, and seeking by constitutional means their repeal or modification; but they condemn all attempts to resist, defeat, or render ineffectual any law, State or National, constitutionally passed. They approve of the course pursued by the National and State Administrations.—Hon. GREENE C. BRONSON, late Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals has furnished, at the request of the Governor of the State, an elaborate opinion respecting the constitutionality of the act lately passed for the enlargement of the canals. He examines at length the grounds upon which its constitutionality has been denied, and pronounces them insufficient. He says that the certificates do not constitute a debt against the State, since they are payable only out of the revenue of the canals, and the State incurs no general obligation. It merely assumes a trust; and can be a debtor only when chargeable with a breach of the trust. Obligation to pay is essential to a debt; and as the State assumes no obligation it incurs no debt. The Constitution appropriates the revenues of the canals to this enlargement, in such manner as the Legislature shall direct; the Legislature proposes to anticipate the receipt of these revenues by transferring them for ready money to individuals. The provision that "The remainder of the revenues of said canals shall (in each fiscal year) be applied" to the enlargement, he says must be understood to mean that the remainder accruing in each year shall be so applied; not that the remainder shall be applied in each year, which would be impossible, for the amount of the remainder can not be ascertained till after the close of the year. After examining in detail all the arguments adduced, he says that in his opinion "Every thing has been done which the people, in the Constitution, declared should be done; that it has been done without contracting a debt, or bringing any burden upon the people;" and that therefore he "entertains the firm conviction that the act does not conflict with the fundamental law."

A public dinner was given at New York, July 19, to Archbishop HUGHES, to welcome him on his return from Europe. In reply to complimentary toasts, the Archbishop spoke of the honors which he had received abroad, as having been rendered to him on account of the county and city of his residence. In speaking of his own official course, he referred to the ground he had taken on the subject of education, denying that he had interfered with the instruction of any but the members of his own flock, in respect to whom he never would consent that education should be separated from religion, using that term in its broadest sense; for "the religion of the least desirable denomination in this country, blended with education, was better than no religious teaching at all." He spoke in terms of severe reprehension of the present revolutionary party in Europe, who, he said, had no claims to rank with the founders of this Republic.—Letters were read in answer to invitations to attend, from Messrs. CLAY, CASS,

WEBSTER, BUCHANAN, SCOTT, HUNT, TANEY, DIX, and STUART.—MR. CLAY's letter concluded as follows: "I should have been glad by my presence to have demonstrated my conviction that while all sincere Christians are aiming to arrive at the same state of future bliss, no matter by what road they may pursue their journey in this life—nothing should prevent those of one denomination from manifesting all proper courtesy and honor to eminent piety and devotion in another denomination."—MR. WEBSTER wrote that could he have been present, he should have offered the following sentiment: "Religious toleration and charity—Let all Christians remember that they have one Lord, one faith, one baptism."—Among the speeches of the evening was one by CHARLES O'CONNOR, Esq., of great eloquence, and characterized by a broad and genial spirit of tolerance, concluding with this sentiment: "The Catholic Church—May she hereafter, as ever heretofore, tender her faith to all willing recipients; and force upon mankind nothing but her charity."

We continue from the August Number our notices of the Commencement exercises of the principal collegiate institutions of the country. At *Harvard University*, on the 15th of July, Hon. RUFUS CHOATE delivered before the Story Law Association an oration replete with the brilliant and ornate eloquence which characterizes all his public efforts. His object was to depict some of the leading tendencies of public opinion at the present time in reference to the obligations of law; and to set forth the duties which devolve upon the members of the legal profession. Hon. JOHN J. CRITTENDEN, of Kentucky, was elected orator for the next year; substitutes, REVERDY JOHNSON, of Baltimore, and OGDEN HOFFMANN, of New York. Rev. Dr. SPRAGUE, of Albany, delivered the oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society. His subject was "The American Mind—its Origin and Destiny." Rev. JOHN PIERPONT recited a poem upon "Progress." The graduating class numbered 65. There were also 5 graduates from the Divinity School. The Commencement exercises of *Hamilton College* were opened July 20, with a discourse by Prof. HOPKINS of Auburn, before the Society for Christian Research. Before the different Literary Societies poems were pronounced by Rev. R. H. BACON and Rev. H. W. PARKER, and an address by C. B. SEDGWICK, Esq., of Syracuse, upon Progress in General and Legal Reform in particular. WILLIAM E. ROBINSON, Esq., delivered an oration upon the subject of "The American People—Who—Whence—and Whither." In opposition to the prevalent opinion, he argued that this country was in no sense Anglo-Saxon, and contended stoutly that to his own Celtic race belongs the glory of forming the main elementary constituent of the American people. G. P. R. JAMES the Novelist, delivered a discourse on the Harmonies of Science, in the course of which he incidentally spoke of his own intention of becoming a citizen of the United States. JOHN G. SAXE repeated the brilliant poem which he had pronounced a few days before at the Commencement of the University of New York. The graduating class numbered 38. At *Rutgers College* the Baccalaureate Address was delivered to a graduating class of 18 members, by the President, Hon. THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN. The various Literary Societies of the College were addressed by WALTER RUTHERFORD, Esq., of Jersey City, in advocacy of a system of education rendered more practical by an increased attention to natural science, at the expense of a diminution of the classic element;—by Mr. DAVID COLE, on the Necessity of Thorough Study to the production of a well disciplined

Mind;—by Rev. E. DEPEAU, on a Right Improvement of Time;—and by G. W. BROWN, Esq., who presented some comparative views of the condition of our own and of other countries; conceding their superiority over us in the cultivation of the fine arts; but insisting upon countervailing advantages on our part. At *Yale* the exercises of the one hundred and fiftieth Annual Commencement were opened, July 2d, by the *Concio ad Clerum*, preached by LYMAN ATWATER, D. D., upon Luther's favorite doctrine of Justification by Faith. DANIEL LORD, Esq., of New York, delivered the annual oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society. His subject was the Influence of the Pulpit and the Bar upon the Community and upon Social Progress; with special reference to the great politico-moral questions of the day. DANIEL WEBSTER was elected orator for next year, and WILLIAM H. SEWARD substitute. The poem was pronounced by ALFRED B. STREET. It was a graceful sketch of the history of the Pilgrims, as illustrating their love of liberty. At the meeting of the Alumni it was announced that Professor KINGSLEY had tendered his resignation of the Latin Professorship, in pursuance of a resolution long since formed, to vacate the chair on the completion of the fiftieth year of his connection with the Faculty of Instruction. The number of graduates was 92. At *Dartmouth* an unusually large concourse was assembled in the expectation that Mr. WEBSTER would be present and take part in the exercises, it being the fiftieth Commencement since his graduation. He was not, however, present. The Phi Beta Kappa oration was delivered by Chief Justice GILCHRIST. The subject of this admirable oration was Classical Education as one of the best means of Preparation for the duties of Active Life. In the course of an eloquent delineation of the Character of Demosthenes, as a statesman and an orator, he said that Mr. Webster was the man who of all others bore most intellectual resemblance to the renowned Grecian orator. Mr. SAXE, whose name occurs more than once in our record of the collegiate exercises of the year, delivered a poem upon "New England." It was announced that the legacy of \$50,000 left to the College by ABIEL CHANDLER, of Boston, one of the graduates of *Dartmouth*, to establish a department for instruction in practical science and art, had been paid to the college, two years in advance of the limit allowed by the will of the testator; and that the department would soon be organized. The graduating class consisted of 43 members. The *University of Vermont* celebrated its Commencement during the week beginning August 2. The Baccalaureate Sermon, was preached to a graduating class of 19, by President SMITH. Apollos, the man "mighty in the Scriptures," was held up as a pattern and exemplar for those who were about to commence the battle of life. The Society for Religious Inquiry was addressed by Rev. HENRY NEILL, of Lenox, Mass. Hon. F. H. ALLEN, of Boston, addressed the Associated Alumni upon the subject of Political Economy, not as the mere science of the production and accumulation of material wealth, but in its nobler aspects, as a distributor of it among an entire people, and as an instrument in the formation of the race. Mr. E. P. WHIPPLE, of Boston, the brilliant Essayist, addressed the Literary Societies, depicting the characteristics of the English Mind, in a manner worthy of the high reputation of the orator. Rev. JOHN PIERPONT recited a poem in which the Yankee Character was keenly anatomized. The Commencement of the *Wesleyan University* at Middletown, Conn., occurred August 9. Rev. Dr. CHEEVER, of New York, addressed the Literary Societies upon

"The Elements of a grand and permanent American Literature." Before the Psi Upsilon Fraternity a poem was delivered by S. J. PIKE, Esq., and an oration upon "Nationality, by W. G. PRESCOTT, Esq. An address upon Imagination, by Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, and a poem by JOHN J. SAXE, were delivered before the "Mystical Seven." In connection with this institution we notice the comparatively large proportion of its Alumni who have entered the clerical profession, or have become teachers. Of the 429 graduates, 125 have become clergymen, 25 lawyers, and 16 physicians; 4 have become presidents of colleges, 18 professors, 34 principals of seminaries of learning, and 72 teachers. At *Union College*, the Theological Society was addressed by LUTHER F. BEECHER, D.D., upon the Choice of a Profession; the Senate by Hon. MITCHELL SANFORD, on the Battle of Life. The Phi Beta Kappa oration was by Rev. T. M. CLARK, of Hartford. E. P. WHIPPLE, the Essayist, delivered before the Literary Societies the oration, subsequently repeated at the University of Vermont, on the English Mind. Rev. Dr. HICKOK, of Auburn Theological Seminary was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy and Vice-president of the College. The number of graduates was 76.

The number of subscribers to the ART UNION, whose names were registered prior to July 30, is 5295, an increase of 1732 above those of the corresponding period last year.—The plaster-models of the celebrated statues of Christ and the Twelve Apostles, by THORWALDSEN, the marble copies of which adorn the principal church in Copenhagen, have been purchased by a gentleman of this city, and will be shortly exhibited here. They will be accompanied by one or two other works of the great Danish sculptor.—A colossal statue, in bronze, of DEWITT CLINTON, is to be erected in Greenwood Cemetery, from a model by H. K. BROWN.—From the *Bulletin of the Art Union* we learn that Mr. HUNTINGTON accompanied by Mr. GRAY, has gone to England. Mr. Gray took with him three of his paintings: *The Wages of War*; *Dolce far Niente*, a half-length female figure; and *Quiet Influences*, a cabinet picture, representing a lady seated at a window surrounded by books and instruments of music.—The Art Union is in daily expectation of a *Holy Family*, painted for it by Mr. PAGE, in Italy. This artist has also shipped to this country a *Psyche*, taken from a bust by Powers; a copy from Titian's portrait of one of the Dukes of Urbino; and a *Study of Florentine Nature*.—GREENOUGH's group of the *Pioneer*, designed for the Capitol, of which we gave a description some months since, is nearly completed.

The steamer *Atlantic*, the first of the Collins line, whose apprehended loss, some eight months since, caused such a general feeling of anxiety throughout the country, and the tidings of whose safety diffused such universal joy, has again made her appearance in our waters. She was greeted by cheers long and loud from a great crowd who had assembled to bid her welcome. At the hour of her arrival from the East, JENNY LIND was approaching our city from the North. The moment she heard of the arrival of the steamer, she hastened to the wharf, to greet the reappearance of the noble vessel, which conveyed her to our shores.

During the month of July the number of immigrants who arrived at the port of New York was 30,034; of whom about 20,000 were from Great Britain and Ireland, 4500 from Germany, and 4700 from France.

A convention has been called to meet at New

Orleans, to consider the propriety of taking measures for the construction of a system of railroads, to connect the States upon the Gulf of Mexico with those of the West and Northwest. The convention is to be held on the first Monday in January.

A convention of free people of color has been held at Indianapolis, Ia., to deliberate upon matters relating to their interests and prospects as a class. The convention while insisting upon their right to remain in this country, passed resolutions affirming the expediency of emigrating, provided that the laws should become intolerably burdensome to them. Among the places mentioned as suitable for them to colonize were Canada, Mexico, Jamaica, and Central America. They expressed a strong disinclination to emigrate to Liberia.

A treaty has been concluded with the Sioux Indians, by which they cede to the United States a tract of land in Minnesota, estimated to contain 21,000,000 acres. They reserve to themselves a tract in Upper Minnesota, 100 miles by 20 in extent. They are to receive \$305,000 after their removal to their reservation; and an annual payment of \$68,000 a year, for fifty years.

Mr. BRACE, the American traveler who was arrested and imprisoned in Hungary, on suspicion of being engaged in plots against the Austrian Government, has been set at liberty, through the interposition of the American Chargé at Vienna. He has published in several papers, of which he is correspondent, statements setting forth the harsh treatment to which he was subjected.

The project of introducing steam communication between New York and Galway in Ireland, has by no means been abandoned. The Midland Great Western Railway Company offer a bonus of £500 to the first vessel which shall deliver her mails at Galway within nine days from her departure from New York; and an additional sum of £10 for every hour that the passage falls short of nine days.

A recent arrival at New York has brought 47 Hungarian refugees, of whom 15 were companions of Kossuth at Kutaiah. We find in the European papers statements that the period of his detention is to expire on the first of September, when he will be at liberty to go to any part of the world. He himself, it is evident, entertains no such expectation. In a letter, dated May 4, to Mr. Homes, American Chargé at Constantinople, he says that no reliance is to be placed upon these reports; and that he is doomed to perish in captivity. He complains bitterly that the promises of hospitality which were made to him when he entered the Turkish dominions, have not been fulfilled. The so-called release of the greater portion of refugees who accompanied him, instead of being an act of generosity, is, he says, but an aggravation of the injustice and perfidy practiced toward him. A great number of exiles wished to share his fate; but permission was granted to only 23. These, with the exception of five, were forced to leave him, in spite of their urgent remonstrances. His request to be allowed to send his children to the United States, in accordance with the offer of our Government, was denied. Appended to the letter of Kossuth, is the protest of the refugees, declaring the order for their separation from Kossuth to be unjust, cruel, and contrary to the law of nations. They affirm they will only obey it when executed by actual force.

The 4th of July was celebrated at Turks Island with great good feeling. British, as well as American subjects were present; and Mr. SPEER, the British Comptroller of Customs, who presided at the dinner, upon the invitation of the American consul,

offered the following toast: "The Fourth of July—The day above all others in the political calendar to be revered by the Americans; and in the celebration of which the most loyal subjects of her Majesty may properly join."

Mr. WILLIAM RAGLAND, of Virginia, who died in 1849, by his last will and testament emancipated all his slaves, 90 in number, leaving to them also the plantation upon which he had resided: or, in case it should be made illegal for them to remain upon it, the estate was to be sold, and the proceeds to be employed in settling the slaves elsewhere. The property thus bequeathed is stated to be worth \$50,000. The will was contested by the relatives of the testator, but its validity has been established by the Supreme Court sitting at Richmond.

Soundings have been made by the officers of the navy, from which it appears that the depth of water in the Gulf of Mexico is about a mile, and that of the Great Atlantic basin, from the capes of Virginia to the Island of Madeira, about five and a half miles.

There is no little excitement in portions of Texas, arising from the escape of slaves into Mexico, and the refusal of the Mexican authorities to surrender them. The number of fugitives is said to amount to 2000. Threats are made of seizing them by an armed force.

At a conference held by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, with the Sioux and other Indian tribes, with a view to effect a treaty, a repast was given to these genuine Native American Red Republicans. The following are the names of the guests: Hawk-that-hunts-walking, Sound-of-earth-walking, Red Eagle, Good-Thunder, The-Wounded, Arrow, Big Fire, The-Crow, Goes-Flying, Sham-Boy, Eagle Head, Iron-Toe-Nails, Big-Cloud, Brown-Cloud, Round-Wind, War-Club-of-big-Voice, Earth, Makes-his-Track.

The first book printed in the State of New York was the Constitution of the State. It was printed in 1777 by Samuel Loudon, at Fishkill. A copy of this very rare edition is in possession of Hon. G. C. Verplanck.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From *Mexico* our intelligence continues to be of the most gloomy character. We have accounts of risings and insurrections in various States, which do not seem to be parts of any general system, but isolated and unconnected outbreaks, arising from the decay of all settled authority. The Government is terribly distressed for the pecuniary means of carrying on its operations. The Minister of Finance has addressed a circular to the Governors of the different States, asking them to co-operate in the measures he has proposed for the supply of the necessities of Government. He has proposed a plan for augmenting the revenues, which has been favorably reported upon by committees of both Houses. He proposes a territorial impost; a general capitation tax; an augmented duty upon the circulation and export of silver; and a duty upon the consumption of tobacco. The foreign creditors of the Government grow clamorous for their dues. The British Minister notifies the Government that unless prompt measures are taken, so that he shall be enabled to transmit by the next packet intelligence of a satisfactory arrangement with the English creditors, decisive measures will be resorted to. The French and Spanish Ministers, in order not to lose their share of the spoil, in the event of the total wreck of the ship of state, give notice that their Governments will follow, in this respect, the example of the British. In the mean time the relations of Mexico and the United States are liable

at any moment to take a hostile turn, owing to the action of the Mexican Government in annulling the grant made to Garray, in relation to the Tehuantepec Railway, whose rights have passed into the hands of American citizens. As this affair is likely to prove of ultimate importance, we present a statement, involving, as we believe, all the essential facts of the case: In March, 1842, Santa Anna being President, a grant of land and valuable privileges was made to Don José Garray, to enable him to establish steam communication across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, the possession of his rights being guaranteed to his successors, whether natives or foreigners. In February, 1843, Bravo being President, an order was issued that Garray should be put in possession of the lands promised him, which was done. In October of the same year, Santa Anna being again President, a decree was issued, stating that Garray had completed his surveys, and ordering the departments in which the work was situated to furnish him with 300 convicts to carry on the work. In December of the same year, the time for commencing the works, which was to expire July 1, 1844, was extended for one year. During the course of the year 1845, Garray asked for a further extension of time, and certain additional exemptions and privileges. While his request was under favorable consideration by the Mexican Congress, a revolution occurred in Mexico, by which Salas was invested with supreme dictatorial power. He issued a decree still further extending the time for the commencement of the work till November 5, 1848, previous to which period, it is claimed by the Company that the work had been actually commenced: this statement, however, is disputed; it being asserted that for months afterward the first blow of a spade had not been struck. Meanwhile in 1846-47, Garray had transferred his right to Manning and Mackintosh, British subjects residing in Mexico, the transfer being recognized by the Mexican Government. During the negotiations for peace between Mexico and the United States, the sum of \$15,000,000 was offered by the latter for the right of way across the Isthmus, which was declined, on the ground that the right had been already disposed of. Thereupon Mr. P. A. Hargous, an American citizen, purchased the right of Manning and Mackintosh, and formed a company to carry on the work. Apprehensive of obstacles arising from the instability of the Mexican Government, the Company made overtures for the purpose of placing the work under the joint protection of the American and Mexican Governments; and also desired to make new surveys, not feeling full confidence in those which had been made. A treaty was drawn up in accordance with the request; this draft not being satisfactory, it was returned to Mexico to be amended. In the mean time a new Government had been inaugurated, with whom a new treaty was negotiated, which was accepted by the Company, whose acceptance was made a condition precedent to the ratification. This treaty was ratified by the United States Senate, and transmitted to Mexico for ratification. In the meanwhile, a change took place in the policy of the Mexican Government, who doubtless began to look with apprehension upon the bestowal of so extensive privileges upon Americans. A law was passed annulling the decree of Salas, by which a delay of two years was granted for the commencement of the work, on the ground that he had no power to make such a decree, involving as it did a virtual grant of a considerable amount of the territory of the nation. If the decree of Salas was annulled, the grant to Garray became invalid, because the work

had not been commenced at the prescribed time. The Company contend, on their part, that the decree of Salas, under which they hold their claim, was passed by the actual Government of the country, all of whose other acts have been recognized as of binding force; and that under this decree they have made large expenditures. They manifest a determination to persevere in the accomplishment of the enterprise, in spite of all the force which the Mexican Government can bring against them. Communications, the purport of which has not transpired, have been made by the Government of the United States to that of Mexico, in relation to this subject. The American Minister, Mr. Letcher, who has been long detained from his post by ill-health will probably soon return to Mexico, when it is hoped that this vexatious and intricate affair may be peaceably arranged.

From *South America* there is little of special interest. A Brazilian fleet has made its appearance on the river Plata, but have as yet made no demonstrations from which their designs can be inferred. A blockade of the ports of the Argentine Republic is thought probable. In *Chili* the approaching elections were the occasion of no little excitement. The right of suffrage is vested in Chilians by birth or naturalization, who possess a certain amount of property or income, are able to read and write, and have attained the age of 25 years, if unmarried, or 21 years, if married. Efforts are made to introduce railroad communication in Chili and Peru. In *New Granada*, the imposition of a forced loan by Government has occasioned some revolutionary symptoms, confined apparently to the southern provinces. The Panama papers of July 21, hint that any attempt to levy the loan in that city would be the signal of insurrection, "as it was the firm determination of many of the natives, as well as the foreign population, not to allow a soldier to enter the gates of Panama for the purpose of executing the obnoxious decree." The same papers contain accounts of horrible atrocities committed in the revolted provinces. Yet the general condition of the State is represented to be flourishing; the revenue showing a large increase above that of the previous year.

In *Jamaica* great complaints are made of the deficiency of labor, owing to which, one-third of the produce will be lost, for the want of labor necessary to secure it. Public attention is directed to the free colored population of the United States, of whom it is said "America could supply a hundred thousand of these, every one of whom would be useful as an inhabitant, if he were not valuable as an agriculturist; and if none but the really industrious were engaged to emigrate, we are of opinion that a most valuable addition might be made to the population of Jamaica." A letter from Mr. CLAY to a gentleman in London is published, favoring the project, though he fears that considerable difficulty would be experienced in inducing them to emigrate. He also calls the attention of the West Indians to the fact that the Chinese who have been brought to Cuba, and elsewhere, form a very valuable class of laborers. A portion of the Baptist Society having become dissatisfied with their pastor, and being unable to dissolve the connection, attempted to demolish the Mission House and Chapel; but were prevented by the authorities, aided by the military. Twenty-seven of the rioters were tried and convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary for terms of from three to nine months. The house of the pastor was afterward attacked, and his furniture destroyed.

In *Cuba* an insurrection broke out in the early part of July at Puerto Principe, in the eastern part of the

island. On the 4th a *pronunciamiento* was issued, signed by three individuals, purporting to be the manifesto of the Liberating Society of Puerto Principe. In the glowing style which seems natural to the Spanish-American race, it sets forth the grievances of the Cubans, which are doubtless but too real; enumerates the resources for resistance at their disposal, among which are the unanimous determination of the Cubans of all colors; aid from the kindred races in South America; sympathy and assistance from the United States; and a climate hostile to European troops. The island of Cuba is therefore declared free and independent; and the islanders affirmed to owe no allegiance except to those who, awaiting the general suffrage of the people, charge themselves with the civil and military command. The report of these proceedings caused great alarm and excitement at Havana; but we have yet no means of forming any decisive opinion as to the extent of the rising. On the one hand, the official bulletins of the Government represent it as a trifling affair which was at once put down; giving full particulars of names, dates, and places. The same mails which bring these dispatches, are loaded down with letters from the same places, and of the same dates, announcing a general rising; that the troops of the Government are every where defeated, and deserting to the popular cause. The Cuban exiles in this country profess to put implicit faith in the reliability of these accounts, which they say are confirmed by secret letters. At present the probability is that the movement has been unsuccessful.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The American Steamer *Baltic* arrived at New York August 16, having made the passage in nine days, fourteen hours, and twenty minutes, apparent time; or, adding the difference of time between the ports, in nine days, eighteen hours and forty-five minutes, actual time. This is the shortest passage ever made. In addition to what is stated below, she brings the news of the passage of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill in the House of Lords, and its receipt of the royal signature; so that it has now become a law.

As the session of Parliament approaches its close, the proceedings begin to assume some features of interest. The bill to alter the form of the oath of abjuration, so as to allow Jews to sit in Parliament passed the Commons with little opposition, its opponents contenting themselves with expressing their abhorrence of the measure, but leaving to the Peers the ungracious task of excluding from the other House members duly chosen, whom that House was anxious to receive; and that by a mere formal test, designed for quite a different purpose. In the Upper House, as was foreseen, the bill was lost. Only two of the bishops took part in the discussion, both of whom were in favor of the bill. Dr. WHATELY, the distinguished Archbishop of Dublin, advocated the removal of the Jewish disabilities, on the ground that Christianity did not meddle with temporalities; and that the free choice by electors of their representatives should not be interfered with. The Bishop of NORWICH considered the restriction to be prejudicial, rather than beneficial to Christianity. Against the bill it was urged that Parliament ought to maintain its Christian character, and that the Jews were of necessity opponents of Christianity. The bill was thrown out by a vote of 144 to 108. Immediately after the rejection, Mr. SALOMONS, a Jew, who had been elected member from Greenwich, appeared at the bar of the House of Commons, and requested to be sworn on the Old Testament. He took the oaths of allegiance and supremacy as

required; but in the oath of abjuration, for the concluding words, "on the true faith of a Christian," he substituted "so help me God." The Speaker decided that he had not taken the oath, as required, and ordered him to retire without the bar of the House. This he did after some delay, amidst a scene of great uproar. At the next meeting he appeared and took his seat within the bar of the House, and proceeded to vote upon three questions that came up; thus rendering himself liable to a penalty of £1500. Amidst great disorder and confusion, he was ordered by a vote of the House, 281 to 81, to withdraw, upon which he was removed by the sergeant-at-arms. Lord JOHN RUSSELL then moved a resolution, similar to that passed last year in the case of Baron Rothschild, that Mr. Salomons was not entitled to sit in the House until he had taken the oath of abjuration according to law. A meeting was subsequently held of the constituents of Baron Rothschild, at which he was requested to persist in claiming his seat. Proceedings have been instituted against Mr. Salomons to recover the penalty incurred by voting in the House. This will bring the whole matter before the legal tribunals. It is contended by some of the ablest counsel that all the essential requirements of the law were complied with, the precise wording of the oath being merely formal.

The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, which was so ostentatiously put forward as the leading measure of the session, passed through its final stage in the Commons, very tamely, a thin House being present. During the progress of the bill, in spite of the opposition of the Ministers, it had been rendered more stringent by the addition of two clauses; one of which provided that the publication of any bull, brief, rescript, or other Papal document should subject the publisher to a fine of £100; the other clause empowered any informer, with the sanction of the law officers of the Crown, to bring an action for a violation of the provisions of the bill. Lord JOHN RUSSELL moved the omission of these clauses, but was defeated. While this vote was taken, the Irish members left the House, and did not return in time to vote upon the final passage of the bill, which passed by 263 to 46, a majority of 217. Less than one half of the members of the House voted. A motion was made, and lost, that the bill should be entitled "A Bill to prevent the free exercise of the Roman Catholic Religion in Ireland." Mr. GRATTAN in moving it, said that the Catholics were delighted to see the bill as it was, as they wished it to be as discreditable, as tyrannical, and as unpalatable as it could be made. As the same penalty was attached to the introduction of bulls as to the assumption of titles, they would be able, more or less, to violate the provisions of the bill; and, by the blessing of God, they would violate it as often as possible. Mr. GLADSTONE, a Tory and High-Churchman, undoubtedly the most able statesman now in Parliament, protested solemnly against the passage of the bill, as hostile to the institutions of the country, and to the Established Church, which it taught to rely upon other support than spiritual strength and vitality; as tending to weaken the authority of law in Ireland; as disparaging the principle of religious freedom; and destroying the bonds of concord and good-will between different classes and persuasions of her Majesty's subjects. In the Upper House the bill passed to a second reading by a vote of 265 to 38; within a single vote of seven to one in its favor. Among those who voted against the bill, we observe the names of Brougham, Aberdeen, and Denman. The Pope has recently filled up several of the bish

prices, in accordance with the decree of Sept. 28, 1850, which occasioned the excitement to which the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill owes its origin.

A bill, making some alterations in the Chancery system, is under discussion. Lord BROUGHAM made a speech upon it, urging the absolute necessity of a thorough reconstruction of that court. It was his last speech for the session, the state of his health compelling him to take his leave. He had struggled to the last, in the hope of assisting in the passage of a measure to which his whole life had been devoted.

Leave has been granted to bring in a bill for the introduction of the ballot into parliamentary elections. The object of the bill is to protect voters from intimidation in the exercise of the franchise; and to diminish the inducements to bribery, by rendering it impossible for the purchaser of a vote to ascertain whether or not the elector has fulfilled his bargain.

Ecclesiastical affairs, in one form or another, awaken no little interest. The Bishop of Exeter's diocesan synod supported that prelate's views, which are opposed to those of the great majority of the Episcopal Bench. The question of a Convocation, to decide upon points in controversy, is agitated; but there is a prevailing apprehension that the result would be any thing but harmonious. A motion was made in the Commons for an address to the Queen, urging the adoption of measures to supply the rapidly increasing spiritual wants of the people. In connection with this motion, some startling charges were made of abuses in the management of the ecclesiastical funds. Some years ago it was determined that the bishops should receive fixed incomes, varying from £4,500 to £15,000 a year; and that the surplus revenues of their sees should be paid over to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, to be expended for Church purposes. It was shown by indisputable statistics, that in a number of instances the bishops had retained more than they were entitled to. Specific charges of a still graver nature were made, that they had used the estates of their bishoprics in such a manner as to benefit themselves and their friends, at the expense of their sees. These charges were shown to be more or less erroneous; but a general impression prevails that the explanations given are far from satisfactory, and that great abuses exist. On the whole, this is regarded as the most severe blow that has yet been aimed at the Establishment.

Lord PALMERSTON announced in Parliament, that the African slave-trade, north of the Line, was now almost entirely extinct; and the natives who had hitherto been engaged in it, were turning their attention to the traffic in the productions of the country, such as palm-oil, ground-nuts, and ivory. This result he attributed to the vigilance of the English, French, American, and Portuguese cruisers, together with the rapid progress made by the Republic of Liberia. Brazil has heretofore been the principal market for slaves; but owing to the efficient action of the Government, it has been nearly closed within the last few months. He was confident that the suppression of the slave-trade would be permanent, provided the vigilance of the preventive squadrons was kept up for a while longer.

The returns of the Irish census show an amount of depopulation even greater than had been anticipated. The following is a comparison of some of the details with those of the census of 1841:

	1841	1851	
Inhabitants	8,175,124	6,515,794	1,659,330 decrease
Families	1,472,287	1,207,002	265,285 "
Houses inhabited	1,328,839	1,047,735	281,104 "
" Building	3,313	2,113	1,200 "
" Uninhabited	52,208	65,159	12,951 increase.

The decrease in the number of houses is quite as startling a fact as that of the population, and probably represents with tolerable accuracy the number of evictions effected by the demolition of the cabins of the peasantry. The rate of depopulation does not vary very materially in the different sections of the island. The large towns only show any increase, indicating that the evicted peasantry, driven from their former residences, take refuge in the cities. The entire increase of population in the British Islands is but about 600,000. The large cities have increased more than this; so that the number of the rural population of the kingdom is less than it was ten years ago. The population of Ireland in 1821, was 6,801,827; in 1831, 7,667,401; in 1841, 8,175,124; in 1851, 6,515,794; so that it is now nearly 300,000 less than it was thirty years since. The emigration from Ireland during the last ten years, is estimated at about 1,300,000, of which probably 1,000,000 came directly or indirectly to the United States. Considering that the emigrants, to a great extent, are the most active and energetic of the inhabitants, it is safe to conclude that one-third of the effective strength of the island has been transferred across the Atlantic in ten years.

A meeting of authors and publishers was held July 1, to consider the present aspect of the copyright question. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton presided and made the opening speech. He said that the recent decision of Lord Campbell ruined all prospect of international copyright with France and America, for foreigners would not buy what they could get for nothing. The effect on literature would be disastrous. In America, where they get the works of Macaulay for nothing, they are ceasing, he said, to produce any solid works of their own. Cooper and Irving belong to a past generation, and with the exception of Mr Prescott none are rising to take their place. A resolution was passed, on the motion of Mr. Bohn, the publisher, to the effect that the decision of Lord Campbell must prove prejudicial to the interests of British literature, because it removes the main inducement for foreign states to consent to an international copyright.

A grand entertainment was given by the Mayor and Corporation of London, July 9, in honor of the Exhibition. It was attended by the Queen in state. Great preparations were made to insure a splendid reception; the streets through which the royal cortège passed were brilliantly illuminated. But the whole entertainment seems to have been a tasteless and fussy affair. Among the wines furnished for the royal table was sherry which had been bottled for the Emperor Napoleon, at a cost of £600 the pipe; it was 105 years old.

Mr. Peabody, a distinguished American banker residing in London, gave a splendid entertainment on the 4th of July, at "Willis's Rooms," the very shrine of the ultra-fashionable world of London, to the American Minister and a large company of English, American, and foreign guests. It was designed to show that this day might be rather a pledge of good-will, than a gage of strife. The most notable incident was the attendance of the Duke of Wellington.

The Exhibition still continues as successful as ever. The receipts already far exceed the £300,000, which was the utmost limit conceived possible a few weeks since. The greatest number of visitors in a single day was on the 15th of July, when they numbered 74,000. At one time there were present 61,000 people, equal to the population of a considerable city. A movement hostile to the permanent reten-

tion of the Crystal Palace upon its present site has been commenced, mainly by the owners of property in its vicinity. The clergy resident in the district oppose its continuance on grounds of morality. It has been decided to allow the building to remain during the winter, in order to test its adaptation for a winter garden.

FRANCE.

The proposition for a revision of the Constitution failed to secure the requisite majority in the Legislative Assembly, and so was defeated. On the 8th of July the Report of the committee to whom the petitions for a revision were referred, was presented by M. DE TOCQUEVILLE. It is a document of great length, drawn up with decided ability. After discussing in detail the defects inherent in the constitution, which in the opinion of a majority of the Committee were of sufficient moment to render a revision desirable, the Report proceeds to examine the present situation of the country and the perils which had been alleged to attend the revision, should it now be attempted. These apprehended dangers arose from the unsettled state of the franchise, and the contests of parties, each of whom desires a revision as a means for the accomplishment of its own ends. The majority of the Committee, while admitting the danger attending a revision, are yet convinced that it is exceedingly necessary. This conclusion rests mainly upon the circumstance, adverted to in our last Record, that the functions of the Legislative and of the Executive branches of the Government expire at almost the same time. The intention of the Constitution in fixing the term of the one at four and of the other at three years was to prevent the occurrence of this, until after an interval of twelve years had given stability to the Republic. But by the law of October, 1848, the regular time of the election for President was anticipated, so that his term expires a year sooner than it should have done. Besides this there is the danger that a candidate whom the Constitution renders ineligible may be the one upon whom the popular choice will fix. Such a violation of the Constitution, facilitated by the method of election by direct suffrage which it provides, would be productive of the most fatal consequences. These dangers may be obviated by surrendering the power of Government into the hands of a Constituent Assembly. The Report then goes on to discuss the question of the kind and amount of revision to be recommended. The Committee, however divided upon other points, were unanimously of the opinion that the Legislative Assembly had no power either to propose to the Constituent Assembly that the nation should quit the Republic, or to impose upon it that form of Government. The Constituent would supersede the Legislative Assembly, and must be independent of it. The Committee were also unanimously of the opinion that the revision, if made at all, must be made in the manner prescribed by the Constitution. If the requisite majority of three-fourths of the votes of the Assembly could not be secured in its favor, it must be abandoned; and hence, "any attempt having for its object to urge the people toward unconstitutional candidatureship, from the moment that the Constitution can not be legally revised, would not only be improper and irregular, but culpable." The proposition which the Committee, by a vote of 9 to 6, resolved to submit to the Assembly, and to which they asked their consent, was: "Taking into consideration Article 111 of the Constitution, the Assembly decides that the Constitution shall be revised in totality." The reading of this Report was listened to with an attention and decorum by no means characteristic of

the French Legislature. At the close, a large number of members inscribed their names, as intending to take part in the discussion. This was done to meet the requirements of the rule that a speaker upon one side succeeds one upon the other. The debate upon this Report commenced on the 14th. It was opened by an admonitory speech from the President of the Assembly, M. DUPIN, recommending order and moderation in the discussion. A brief sketch of the views advanced by the principal speakers will serve better than any thing else to show the state of opinion and feeling in France at the present moment. M. DE FALLLOUX, formerly Minister of Public Instruction, in an eloquent and impressive speech, urged the re-establishment of the monarchical principle, as the only means of saving the country, which was falling into decay. He said Socialism was rapidly increasing, not merely among the very poor, but also among the better paid class of workmen. M. CAVAIGNAC made a firm and temperate speech against the revision, and in favor of building up a strong republic. M. COQUEREL, the well-known Protestant pastor, advocated a revision. He believed that Bonaparte would be elected, whether constitutionally or not, and he preferred that it should be done constitutionally. He defended the republican form of government, and avowed his belief that it would ultimately become universal. M. MICHEL (de Bourges), who has made himself known as the able counsel for the prosecuted newspapers and proscribed Socialists, made a long and very able speech on the democratic side of the question, and against the revision. He spoke in terms of commendation of the "Girondists who proclaimed the Republic, and of the Montagnards who saved it," and of "the Convention which made the Constitution known to Europe by cannon shots, and delivered the country from tyrants." This speech has been printed by the party for gratuitous distribution, as an exponent of their views. M. DE BERRYER followed in a brilliant speech in favor of Legitimacy. He admitted the great services which the President had rendered to the cause of order, but deprecated his re-election in spite of the Constitution, by universal suffrage, as he would then be placed in a position superior to the Constitution. This catastrophe was to be averted, if at all by the action of a Constituent Assembly. He painted in glowing colors all the excesses of which the Republic had been guilty, and affirmed that France was not adapted for or in favor of a republican form of government. VICTOR HUGO followed in a speech in opposition to a revision and to monarchy, and in favor of the Republic. He reflected in very severe terms upon the Government and upon the majority in the Assembly. His speech was greeted with applause from the Left and disapprobation from the Right. The debate, which had hitherto been conducted with great decorum, now closed amid a scene of wild disorder. On the following day, the 19th, the closing speech in the discussion was made by ODILON BARROT in favor of a revision, as the only means of averting the dangers which impended. At the conclusion of his speech, the question was demanded and carried. The whole number of votes cast was 724; of these 446 were in favor of revision, and 278 against it. Three-fourths of the votes cast, the number required to carry the proposition, is 543; so that it failed by 97 votes. By the rules of the Assembly it can not be revived until after an interval of three months. The absorbing interest of the occasion is shown by the large vote cast. The Assembly, when full, consists of 750 members; there are now 14 vacancies, so that only 12 members were absent. The vote

against the revision was made up of the extreme Republicans in a mass, with a few of almost every shade of opinion; including Thiers and his friends, Lamartine, and a considerable body of moderate Republicans, as well as a few Legitimists.

On the 21st a charge was brought in the Assembly against M. Faucher, the Minister of the Interior, of having unduly and unconstitutionally urged on the petitions in favor of a revision. After a warm altercation between the Minister and M. Baze, by whom the charge was brought, the latter offered a resolution that "The National Assembly, while regretting that in some localities the Government, contrary to its duty had used its influence to excite the citizens to petition, orders the legal petitions to be deposited in the Bureau des Resegnements." This was carried by a majority of 13 in a very full House, the vote being 333 to 320. The Ministers regarding it as a vote of censure, tendered their resignations, which the President refused to accept. After consultation, they repeated the tender, but were finally persuaded to retain their posts.

A debate on Free-trade took place in the Assembly, upon a motion by M. DE BEAUVÉ for the reconstruction of the customs tariff in such a manner as to abolish all prohibitions, and to limit the duties to be levied within the same general bounds as those adopted in England. The author of the proposition occupied the session of one entire day, and part of another in developing the proposed measure. M. THIERS opposed the proposition, in a speech of great length in which he maintained that the principle of protection was essential to the prosperity of France. M. FOULD, Minister of Finance, also opposed the proposition as inimical to the security and independence of a great nation. It was rejected by a vote of 422 to 199.

A grand fête has been given by the Municipality of Paris to the Commissioners and others prominently concerned in the Great Exhibition:

GERMANY, ETC.

The only question of political or general interest respects the annexation of the non-Germanic portions of the Austrian Empire to the Germanic Confederation. Diplomatic notes protesting against the admission were presented to the Diet from the English and French Governments. That body replied, that the question was a purely German one, which admitted of no foreign interference.

In Austria an imperial ordinance respecting the press has been promulgated. If any periodical "takes a hostile direction to the throne, the unity and integrity of the Empire, religion, morality, or the maintenance of the public peace," the Stadtholder has the power of suspending it for three months, after two public warnings. Suspension for a longer period, or total prohibition can only be decreed by the Council of Ministers. But foreign works of all kinds may be prohibited, throughout the whole empire by the Minister of the Home Department.

In Hesse-Cassel a decree has been issued annulling the oath taken by the officers of the army to the Constitution. An amnesty has been proclaimed to the officers and soldiers who resisted the Government during the *quasi* revolution last year; but the amnesty is coupled with conditions by which its efficacy is greatly impaired.

It is said that the Russians have lately suffered severe losses in Circassia, though no reliable and authentic details are furnished.

SOUTHERN EUROPE.

Italy presents the same aspect as heretofore. The only signs of life are reports of assassinations, pet-

ty violations of law, and still more petty decrees on the part of the rulers. In consequence of an assassination at Milan, which Marshal Radetzky considered to have been committed from political motives, the whole Lombardo-Venetian kingdom has been declared to be in a state of siege; the communes are made responsible for similar acts, and are threatened with severe treatment unless the assassins are delivered up. At Perugia the Austrian commandant issued a notice that, notwithstanding the prohibition of Government, some individuals of both sexes "are still seen wearing red ribbons, cravats, and shoes. In order to put a stop to such practices, it is hereby declared that three days after the promulgation of the present notice, any person wearing any such ribbon, cravat, or shoes, shall be brought before a court martial." Two letters by Mr. Gladstone, the English statesman, to Lord Aberdeen, have been published—setting forth the horrible state of the administration of justice in the Kingdom of Naples. More than thirty thousand people are confined, he assures us, in prison upon political charges, subject to the most brutal treatment. Among these, are an absolute majority of the Deputies who, at the same time with the monarch, swore to the Constitution, which he has found it convenient to violate. The Russian Minister, Count Nesselrode, is reported to have addressed a dispatch to the Russian envoys at Naples, Florence, and Rome, directing them to inform those Governments that the three Northern Powers have agreed to place at their disposal all the forces they may be compelled to require in order to suppress revolutionary movements.

In *Portugal* affairs have assumed a somewhat unstable aspect; and public confidence is greatly shaken as to the ability of the present government to sustain itself. There have been military disturbances at various points.

THE EAST.

In *China* the insurrection, at the latest dates, continued in full force.—The difficulties between the Sultan and the Pasha of *Egypt* are reported to be in process of adjustment.

In *India* the new Governor-general, Lord Dalhousie, appears to be by no means popular. He is acknowledged to be an able administrator, but is charged with unduly favoring his countrymen and personal friends in the distribution of official patronage. A series of hurricanes has swept Ceylon and the eastern coasts, occasioning considerable loss of shipping. Among the vessels lost was a new iron steamer, the *Falkland*, belonging to the East India Company. The swell caused by the hurricane strained the vessel to such a degree that her plates gradually opened until at last she broke clean in two and sank.—A movement has been made among the Hindoos, designed to counteract the efforts of the missionaries. A meeting of learned pundits have decided, contrary to immemorial usage, that a person who has lost caste by forsaking his religion can be reinstated in his privileges by the performance of certain penitential rites.

The *Grand Canary* Island is undergoing a dreadful visitation of the cholera. It broke out at the end of May. On the 10th of June, and subsequent days, the deaths reached to 100 a day. At that date out of a population of 16,000 all but 4000 had fled from the chief town. It became almost impossible to bury the dead. It could be done only by the soldiers seizing upon all they could find, and compelling them to perform that office. By the 18th of June out of 4000 inhabitants who remained in the city, 1000 had died. In the smaller towns and country-houses throughout the island, the disease raged with equal violence.

Literary Notices.

Episodes of Insect Life. A second volume of this fascinating chronicle of insect history is issued by J. S. Redfield, which will command the public favor no less than the former volume, by its sparkling delineations of rural life, and its beautiful illustrations of animal economy. The author has a decided genius for delicate observation; nothing escapes him, however minute, in his study of insect idiosyncrasy; and with a rich vein of poetic sentiment, and a luxuriant bloom of all kindly, and natural household feelings, he throws a delightful coloring of imagination around his descriptions, though without impairing their evident fidelity to nature. The very titles of his chapters have a delicious quaintness that leads every one who opens the book to obtain a further taste of its quality. What charming fancies lurk under such an inventory of topics as the following! "The Lady Bird of our Childhood," "Things of a Day," "Insect Magicians," "A Love among the Roses," "The Tribes of an Oak," "A Few Friends of our Summer Gladness," "A Sylvan Morality, or a Word to Wives," "A Summer Day's Dream," and the like, which are treated with a subtle development of analogies, and exquisite propriety of expression. Whoever would enlarge his preparation for a reverent communion with nature, and trace the unfolding of the Divine Epos, in its sublime minuteness, should read this volume under the shade of trees, and within the sound of running waters.

The Fate, by G. P. R. JAMES (published by Harper and Brothers), is the title of the latest offshoot of the luxuriant forest of romance, which has recently been transplanted to this country without losing its verdurous hues or its potent vitality. Mr. James evidently writes from an inward necessity, as the trees grow, putting forth all sorts of leaves, blossoms, and branches, in immeasurable profusion, and (may his shadow never be less) he will always find a throng of weary wayfarers who love to turn aside from the heated paths of life, and seek a refreshing coolness in the grateful shade. The quaint moralities with which he relieves the monotony of description are not without a certain charm. They bring us nearer to the personality of the writer, than his more elaborate dialogues. If the plots of his novels are constructed by "horse-power," as has been maliciously said, no machinery could force out the agreeable bits of ethical reflection, in which the novelist speaks in his own name. And though not always free from common-place, as we are bound to confess, they often present sharp touches of good-natured satire, and a piercing insight into the convolutions of vanity and weakness, showing the sagacity of a shrewd observer. These "landing-places" are perhaps more frequent in this volume than in most of the preceding ones, though there is no want of spirit or interest in the movement of the plot. The scene of the novel is laid in England during the civil wars succeeding the Restoration. It aims to present a counterpart to Mr. Macaulay's picture of the condition of England in the year 1685. The author enters his protest against that part of Macaulay's "great and fanciful work," which refers to the English country gentlemen and to the English country clergy of those times. His own sketches present the state of society during that period in a more favorable light. We are not sure but the historian has drawn more freely on the imagination for his statements than the novelist. At all events, the portraiture by Mr. James have a natural look, and seem to have been taken from the life.

In one of the numerous episodes of this volume, the author, after the example of American politicians, with whom he has now become familiar, undertakes to "define his position" in regard to "the two solitary horsemen," who, thus far, have usually not failed to make their appearance, sooner or later, among the characters of his romances. We are glad to have this knotty point cleared up so skillfully. These much calumniated horsemen—one on a white horse—shall have the benefit of their patron's ingenious defense of their "right to ride" in his own words:

"As to repeating one's self, it is no very great crime, perhaps, for I never heard that robbing Peter to pay Paul was punishable under any law or statute, and the multitude of offenders in this sense, in all ages, and in all circumstances, if not an excuse, is a palliation, showing the frailty of human nature, and that we are as frail as others—but no more. The cause of this self-repetition, probably, is not a paucity of ideas, not an infertility of fancy, not a want of imagination or invention, but that, like children sent daily to draw water from a stream, we get into the habit of dropping our buckets into that same immeasurable depth of thought exactly at the same place; and though it be not exactly the same water as that which we drew up the day before, it is very similar in quality and flavor, a little clearer or a little more turbid, as the case may be. Now this dissertation—which may be considered as an introduction or preface to the second division of my history—has been brought about, has had its rise, origin, source, in an anxious and careful endeavor to avoid, if possible, introducing into this work the two solitary horsemen—one upon a white horse—which, by one mode or another, have found their way into probably one out of three of all the books I have written; and I need hardly tell the reader that the name of these books is legion. There are, perhaps, too many; but though I must die, some of them will live—I know it, I feel it; and I must continue to write while this spirit is in this body. To say truth, I do not know why I should wish to get rid of my two horsemen, especially the one on the white horse. Wouvermans always had a white horse in all his pictures; and I do not see why I should not put my signature, my emblem, my monogram, in my paper and ink pictures as well as any painter of them all. I am not sure that other authors do not do the same thing—that Lytton has not always, or very nearly, a philosophizing libertine—Dickens, a very charming young girl, with dear little pockets; and Lever, a bold dragon. Nevertheless, upon my life, if I can help it, we will not have in this work the two horsemen and the white horse; albeit, in after times—when my name is placed with Homer and Shakspeare, or in any other more likely position—there may arise serious and acrimonious disputes as to the real authorship of the book, from its wanting my own peculiar and distinctive mark and characteristic.

"But here, while writing about plagiarism, I have been myself a plagiary; and it shall not remain without acknowledgment, having suffered somewhat in that sort myself. Hear my excellent friend, Leigh Hunt, soul of mild goodness, honest truth, and gentle brightness! I acknowledge that I stole from you the defensive image of Wouvermans' white horse, which you incautiously put within my reach, on one bright night of long, dreamy conversation, when our ideas of many things, wide as the poles asunder, met suddenly without clashing, or produced but a cool, quiet spark—as the white stones which children rub together in dark corners emit a soft, phosphorescent gleam, that serves but to light their little noses."

Phillips, Sampson, and Co. have published *The Inventor's Manual*, by GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS, being an abridgement of the author's larger *Treatise*

on the Patent Law. It presents the general principles of the law on this subject, in a condensed and intelligible form, and furnishes directions for making applications to the Patent Office, divested of the technical learning, which can only serve to embarrass the practical inventor.

Memoir of the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, by the Rev. T. R. BIRKS. This genuine piece of old-fashioned religious biography is republished from the London edition, by Harper and Brothers, with an Introduction by the Rev. Dr. TYNG, of this city. It is almost exclusively the record of Christian experience. Mr. Bickersteth was not distinguished for any remarkable powers of mind. His character was of an ordinary texture. The even tenor of his life was not diversified by any unusual incidents. But his biography shows the power of earnest devotion to a great object, sustained by clear and constant intellectual convictions, to call forth an effective energy of action, and to invest the character with a certain charm, although it presents no brilliant aspects in the daily routine of life. Mr. Bickersteth was born in a quiet English village in Westmoreland. He commenced his active career as a subordinate clerk in the London Post-office. At this early period of his life, he exhibited the same strength of religious principle, and the same fastidiousness of moral perception, which were at the foundation of his subsequent character. Indeed, his minute, rigid, ascetic adherence to formal rules of conduct might be deemed premature. We find little exercise of the free, glad-some spirit of youth, but on the contrary, a subjection to the strictest system of self-discipline, which would have done no discredit to a devotee. The habits thus formed were no doubt highly favorable to the rigorous severity of purpose, with which he afterward devoted himself to the performance of grave duties. His self-inflicted training led him to regard religion almost exclusively in the light of obligation, and as the natural result, his conscience not only gained the mastery over his character, but to a great extent interfered with the due exercise of other sentiments. Becoming weary of his employments in the post-office, he determined to engage in the study of law, and was at length articulated as an attorney's clerk. Just before taking this step, however, his religious feelings received a still stronger impulse. The tone of his mind experienced a great change, and he became so absorbed in religious ideas, as to make it obvious that he would find little that was congenial in the profession of law.

After a series of obstacles, that were overcome only by great effort and perseverance, Mr. Bickersteth was enabled to realize a wish which he had long fondly cherished, and received ordination as a clergyman of the English Church. From that time, his labors in his favorite sphere of action were devoted and abundant. The missionary cause had always called forth his warmest sympathies, and it now became the most cherished object of his life. Its prosperity in England was greatly owing to his zealous exertions. As Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, he has identified his name with its interests. Nor was he less active in the discharge of duty in other branches of his profession. His earnestness was perpetual. Nothing could check his unrelenting industry. The usual relaxations of society could not divert him from his high purpose. He made use of the pulpit and the pen, with equal energy for the accomplishment of his plans. His publications were numerous, and though destitute of literary merit, had considerable influence in their day. He wrought more, however, by his character

than by his writings. His unmistakable sincerity, his child-like simplicity, his consistency and purity of intention, gave a contagious virtue to his example, and enabled him to act both on individuals and on large bodies of men with an unerring moral magnetism, which is never granted except to genuine elevation of purpose, and an enthusiasm for an ideal aim, which throws self into the shade.

This biography is prepared by the eldest daughter of Mr. Bickersteth and her husband, a clergyman of the Established Church, by whom it was undertaken at the request of their deceased parent, made during his last illness. It has been compiled with discrimination and care, free use being made of the voluminous correspondence of Mr. Bickersteth, which he sustained with characteristic assiduity. Although it presents the memoir of a person, who was less distinguished by splendid or imposing natural endowments, than by his peculiar and conspicuous position in the religious world, it affords many curious and suggestive illustrations of human nature, which can not fail to be perused with interest by the student in that science. To the religious public, strictly so called, it will be one of the most enticing works that has appeared for some time.

The Stone-Mason of Saint Point, by LAMARTINE (published by Harper and Brothers), is a simple rural tale, descriptive of peasant life in France, abounding in fine touches of nature, and with less of the fantastic and exaggerated than is usual in the prose fictions of the author. It is pervaded with a deep religious sentiment, illustrating the power of faith in the Divine Providence, and of devotion to the good of others, in sustaining the soul under the severest calamities. His pictures of the country are drawn from the experience of the writer. He paints the scenes of his childhood, which are reproduced in a softened and pensive aspect. If the sentiment is often too luscious for a sturdy Saxon taste, it is redeemed by its pathos and earnestness, and will be tolerated as a curious expression of French naïveté.

The True Remedy for the Wrongs of Woman, by CATHARINE E. BEECHER, published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co. This is not a controversial work. It is rather an eloquent plea for the education of woman. It contains little that is original, and nothing radical. The enterprise of the author for the promotion of education in the West, is its main topic. Her narrative of the annoyances and perplexities to which she has been subjected in the prosecution of her plan is lively and graphic, and not without a tinge of bitterness. The volume displays throughout a masculine intellect, and sufficient energy of character for a field-marshal.

The Literature and Literary Men of Great Britain and Ireland, by ABRAHAM MILLS, is the title of a work just issued by Harper and Brothers in two large octavo volumes, containing a full and comprehensive survey of the progress of English literature, from its earliest development to the present time. It has evidently been prepared with great industry, and at the same time, shows a mature and cultivated taste, a sound literary judgment, and an uncommon familiarity with the most eminent English authors. The extracts from their writings, which compose the staple of the work, are introduced with elaborate critical and biographical notices, which betray a ripe scholarship, and no small degree of sagacity. We believe these volumes will prove an admirable contribution to a branch of education which has been too much neglected in our higher seminaries of learning. A thorough grounding in the elements of English literature is rare. At the same time, it is as

valuable an acquisition as the scholar can possess. It is folly to give a secondary place to the treasures of our mother tongue, while so much time is devoted to studies which are often wholly inapplicable to the pursuits of after life. A thorough initiation into the beauties of the English classics by a competent teacher, would be worth more, as a means of æsthetic culture, than the whole circle of attainments with which one often completes his college course. The present volumes will be found an excellent guide to the knowledge of English literature, and we cordially commend them to the attention of professors as well as of private students.

Arthur Conway is a spirited novel, with great variety of action and incident, and a plot of the most exciting interest, forming the last number of Harpers' "Select Library of Novels."

The Odd-Fellows' Offering for 1852 (published by Edward Walker), is the first annual that we have seen for the coming season. It is issued in a style of substantial elegance, with a number of well-executed engravings, and a highly finished illuminated presentation plate. Among the most valuable contributions are the articles entitled "Napoleon's First Love," by James Mack, "Blanaid," by Mary E. Hewitt, "The Destiny," by Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, "The Talkative and Taciturn," by Frederic Saunders, "Peace," by Benson J. Lossing, and "The Second Ship," by Fanny Green. Several of the shorter pieces are worthy of commendation, and the volume as a whole is superior to the average of the ephemeral class of literature to which it belongs.

Elements of Algebra, by Prof. LOOMIS (published by Harper and Brothers), is a new elementary treatise on that science, intended for the use of students who have just completed the study of arithmetic. The author has aimed to present the subject with so much clearness and simplicity, that any person who has acquired a tolerably familiar knowledge of the principles of numbers may proceed to this volume with advantage. In point of brevity and terseness of statement, it will be found to have no superior. It abounds with practical examples, happily adapted to illustrate the processes of algebra to the young beginner. The development of the more difficult principles of the science, is so gradual—the ascent from one step to another is made so facile—that the student is enabled to master the elements of the subject without the sense of weariness and discouragement, which often attends the use of a text-book, in which the needs of the beginner are too much lost sight of by the author.

The Christian Retrospect and Register, by ROBERT BAIRD, published by M. W. Dodd. A summary of the scientific, moral, and religious progress of the first half of the nineteenth century. The plan of this work is excellent, but it is not carried out with good success. It is full of omissions, and crude and superficial statements. Hurried through the press without time for thorough preparation or revision, it is a skeleton rather than a treatise, and is equally unworthy of the author and of the subject.

Roman Antiquities, by CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D., is designed to furnish a consecutive description of the manners and customs of the ancient Romans, in a form adapted to popular reading. In the preparation of this work, recourse has been had to the most recent and trustworthy authorities; it includes the results of modern research; on obscure and doubtful questions it is critical and discriminating; and its

style, for the most part, is remarkable for its copiousness and ease. Without being encumbered with learned disquisitions, it presents a complete statement of the points essential to the elucidation of Roman history. Its excellent arrangement and attractive style render it a work which may not only be occasionally consulted, but thoroughly read, with interest and advantage. For popular use, it is not surpassed by any of the previous contributions of the author to the cause of classical literature. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The History of the United States, by RICHARD HILDRETH, Vol. V. (Harper and Brothers). Mr. Hildreth is making rapid progress with his great national work. We have now the fifth volume of the whole series, and the second of the history since the adoption of the Federal Constitution. It is devoted to the administrations of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, bringing down the narrative to the difficulties with England on account of the affair of the Chesapeake in 1807. This period is fruitful in topics of great historical interest. Among those which Mr. Hildreth has investigated with the most exemplary diligence, and presented in his usual plain and forcible style, are the state of parties subsequent to the election of Adams, the struggle between Adams and his Federal opponents, the downfall of the Federal party on the accession of Jefferson, the purchase of Louisiana, the characters of Hamilton and Burr, and the growth of the commercial troubles with Great Britain. These are described with the same Doric severity of expression which characterizes the previous volumes, with scarcely a flower of rhetoric to entice the toiling reader. As an authentic and vigorous chronicle of events, we still deem this work an important element in the study of American history. If he does not rival the philosophical splendor of Bancroft or the sweet amenities of Prescott, Mr. Hildreth has earned a highly honorable niche among our native historians.

Travels and Adventures in Mexico, by WILLIAM W. CARPENTER (published by Harper and Brothers), is a record of military service and wanderings on foot, by a soldier in the late Mexican War, describing the manners and customs of the people of Mexico, and the agricultural and mineral resources of that country. The narrative is drawn up from notes taken on the spot, and although the author bespeaks the indulgence of his readers for his want of skill in composition, it is marked by such a high degree of frankness and simplicity, that it can scarcely fail to prove attractive to the majority of readers. He enjoyed unusual opportunities for the observation of the Mexican character. Placed in circumstances which made him familiar with all classes of society, he studied the strange habits and striking features that came under his notice with unsleeping vigilance, and has recorded his impressions with apparent accuracy and good faith. The course of his journeys led him through various towns, which are off of the routes most frequented by travelers, such as Salamanca, Guanahuato, Guadalajara, Ahuacatlan, and Tepic, concerning which he presents a variety of valuable and interesting information. Exposed to the casualties of military life, and for a long time held a prisoner by the Mexicans, he has been able to gather up an abundant store of incident and adventure, which he relates almost with the freedom of a conversational style, but commanding the attention of the reader to the close of the volume.

Editor's Drawer.

IT was an idea of the gifted author of "Ship and Shore," the late WALTER COLTON, chaplain in the United States' Navy, who had witnessed many burials at sea in his various voyages, that a body thus buried remained suspended in a medium so dense that it was alike beyond the reach of decay, or destruction by the "innumerable creeping things, both small and great beasts," which inhabit the mighty deep. This theory gives an added interest to the following beautiful passage from a discourse by the Rev. Mr. Giles: "The SEA is the largest of all cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All other grave-yards, in all other lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor: but in that ocean-cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same waves roll over all; the same requiem by the minstrelsy of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats and the same sun shines; and there, unmarbled, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unhonored, will sleep on until awakened by the same trump when the sea shall 'give up its dead!'"

FEW things were more characteristic of the colored servants living with the old families of the North many years ago, than their high-flown language, and the deference which they endeavored to exact from those of their race whom they thought below themselves in a dependent position, and even of the whites whose social scale was beneath that of their own especial masters. A friend mentioned to us recently an amusing illustration of this: Some years ago, "EBEN," as he was called, a colored servant of Mr. A——, an old and opulent citizen of a flourishing and beautiful city in Connecticut, obtained leave to use his master's sleigh and horses, to take his sable inamorata "a-sleighing" to a neighboring road-side inn, a popular resort, at certain seasons, even for the élite of the town whence it derived its principal support. About nine o'clock "EBEN" drove up, and throwing the reins to the stable-boy, in the most stately manner, he helped out "Miss Dinah" with an air that would have befitted a colored Count D'Orsay, and the pair made their way to the principal sitting-room, where a bright and cheerful fire was blazing up the wide-backed chimney. Here, having seated his "lady" in state, he rang a little hand-bell on the table. The landlord entered. "Is *dis* you' best room, landlor?" "Yes," replied the landlord, "yes—doesn't it suit you?" "W'y, yes, sà, it suit if dere ain't no *better*, sà. We want some fresh'ents—best you got; sumfin nice—quick: an' look a' hea: gib my hosses couple tub o' oats, two ton o' hay, and two bushel o' water! An', we don't want no odder company, sà, in our 'partment: don't let in no colored pussons, sà." The landlord, who had known the old servant before he had gone to live with Mr. A—— (a fact which *he* did not know, or had forgotten), said, "EBEN, where do you live now?" "Mr. A—— lib wid me, down on de Plain," said "EBEN," speaking very quickly; but I t'ank you, sà, w'en you speak to me, to call me by *both* my names: I got *two* names, sà." "Ah?—well, EBEN, what is your *other* name?" "My middle name is 'NEZER, sà, and I'd t'ank you to recollect 'im!" "Poor, faithful, simple-hearted 'Eben!'" said the friend who mentioned this incident to us, "he has followed 'Uncle Ned,' and 'gone where the good niggers go;' but he will long be remembered by all who ever knew him. He it was who,

on one occasion, when about to take a letter to a certain quarter of the city, and when asked if he knew where the house was, replied, "I wish I had as many dollars as I know where dat house is!" The sum was not computable by any rule known to arithmetic, mathematics, or any cognate "science of numbers." On another occasion he was describing an execution of a colored man, which he had been to see. "When he went upon the platform," said he, "he was extremely overcome, and I thought, at one time, dat he *wouldn't survive!*" The probability is, that he *didn't* long!

ONE of "Nature's true Nobility," an educated, independent farmer in the country, after walking over his rich paternal acres, amidst his "fields ripe for the harvest," and his noble flocks and herds, sits down and writes the following passage in a letter to a gentleman of this city: "The scene has changed on the farm since I wrote you last. Blades and blossoms have turned to ears and fruit; spring to summer; seed-time to harvest. The birds have changed their notes, and seem to sing as if from a sense of duty only. The trees, instead of being fresh and green, are only shady. Brooks seem to be growing tired, and gardens no longer conceal their faded flowers. The noon of the year is at hand. Even now we feel its sultry heat; we are dazzled by its golden light. Reapers will soon go out to gather the ripened grain. Store-houses and barns will soon be filled again with the bounties of God. Is it not a pleasant season, a profitable halting-time; a point of prospect, from which we may look backward and forward? Has it no analogy to the Present of our own lives—yours, and mine, and ——'s? Does it not bid us look to *our* harvests, that we may gather in season, and be furnished for the long winter which approacheth? Gather, I mean, in those great moral fields which God has opened around us, and filled with incorruptible fruits: knowing that *they*, too, have their appropriate seasons, and that as to *them* also the harvest will soon pass, the summer will soon end? Let us keep in mind, then, dear ——, the great truth, that,

"Loitering slow the Future creepeth,
Arrow-swift the Present sweepeth,
And motionless forever stands the Past!"

"I HAD been out a-fishing in the 'Old South Bay,'" said a Long Island subscriber the other day, "with one of those crafty fishermen to whom *no* days, on which the water may be tempted, are considered days for 'bad luck;' '*dies infaustus*' being a term unknown in his calendar. He was one of those 'long-necked clam'-eaters, whose stomach rose and fell with the tides which made them plentiful or left them scarce. As we were coming in in our boat, after a successful foray upon bass and sheephead, we 'fell to meditate' upon various matters which were neither piscatory nor akin to it. As Boswell would say of the colloquies of the Great Leviathan. 'We spoke of Ghosts.' 'You say ghosts have been seen on Long Island, but you never seen 'em, and don't believe in 'em!' 'Wal, yes, I can't say I do believe in 'em, but I guess I *should* believe in 'em, ef I had such luck in gettin' a sight on 'em as a man did down to Jerusalem-South a good many years ago. The way of it was this: You see, it was a dreadful cold winter's night, about nine o'clock (how the Old South Bay roared that night)! when there was a sleigh with three fellows into it, druv up unde-

the hoss-shed at the tavern. Two on 'em got out; and as they got out, they said to 't'other one, 'Jim, jist you sit there and mind the hosses while we go in and git somethin' warmin': we'll be right out agin.' They went into the tavern, but they *didn't* 'come right out again' by a jug-full, though when they *did* come out they had more than a jug-full a-piece into 'em—both on 'em had—ha! ha! 'Fore they come out, though, BILL the 'ostler said to the man sittin' in the sleigh, 'Ef I was you I wouldn't sit there in the cold as long as you're a-sittin', blamed if I would: why don't *you* go in and get somethin' too?' The man never said nothin', though, in answer, but sot up as straight as an Indian. Bill, who was lookin' after some other hosses under the same shed, a'ter a while said somethin' more to him, but he was as still as a 'yster. Pooty soon Bill said to hisself, 'Goy-blamed ef I don't think he's friz to death, or else he'd say *somethin'!*' So he went up to him and shook him; and sure enough, he found him fruz as stiff as a stake; and when he come to hold up his lantern to look, he found him propped up on each side on the seat; the lines was wound round his hands; he was muffled up with comforters about his face—and he was stone-dead!

"'Bill wasn't nobody's fool, ef he *did* attend to hosses. He smelt the whole thing out to-once. Two or three graves had been robbed about there only a little while before, and the two chaps in the tavern was two body-gatherers that had been paid by doctors to get bodies for 'em, for to cut up, and they'd been and robbed a new grave that night; and here was the corpse, wrapped up and propped up in that sleigh, so that folks wouldn't suspicion nothing about it! Now what d'you 'spose Bill does? He goes and takes, Bill does, that body out of the sleigh (for he wasn't afraid of the very devil), strips off the clothes, and puts it into the oat-bin inside, and fastens the door: then he puts on the dead man's clothes hisself, and *he* goes and gets into the sleigh with 'em onto him, puts the lines round his hands, props hisself up, and waits for the body-snatchers to come out from the bar-room. Pooty soon, out they come, got in on the wide seat along side of him, and druv off. There Bill sits, as stiff as a rail; but 'twasn't long 'fore one o' the chaps says to 't'other, feelin' o' Bill's leg a little, 'Why, the body's gettin' warm! Feel o' that leg!' 'T'other one put down his hand and felt o' Bill's legs; and then *he* started back and said: 'It's a fact, by Thunder! it is warm, and *no* mistake!' 'Twas Bill's time, now: so he turned his head round, stiff-like and straight, without moving his body, and says he, 'Warm?—wal, I guess you'd be WARM ef you'd been took out o' h—ll only a little while ago, as *I* was!'

"'Bill says it wan't half a second 'fore both o' them chaps had pitched head-first out o' that sleigh, and n'ither on 'em stopped runnin' till they was clean out o' sight. Then he turned right square round and druv back to the tavern. There he told the whole story; and he made a good spec. out o' the thing too, in the end; for you see, the friends of the man that was dug up guv him fifty dollars for savin' of the body, and as nobody ever come back a'ter the sleigh and hosses, he sold 'em to Captain B——, down on H—— Plains, for nigh upon three hundred dollars! 'Twas a fust-rate team—so they said. That's the most profitable and about the only ghost that ever *I* heerd tell on! Good many folks *talks* about seein' 'em, but I expect they never *did*—not *r'ally*.'"

It was not an uncommon thing in England, before the abuse was corrected by an especial act of Par-

liament, for interested parties to secure the incarceration, in private asylums for lunatics, of those who, from pecuniary or other considerations, they were desirous of "*getting out of the way, and keeping out of the way!*" but in this country the difficulty attending such transactions rendered them infrequent of execution. Yet as late as in October, 1847, a learned clergyman of the Church of England, of unique mind, and in his manners not a copyist of others, was imprisoned in a lunatic asylum not three hundred miles from New York, on the alleged ground that he was "crazy." The truth was soon discovered, however, and he was liberated; but the result arose from a mere accident. The victim had asked permission, on a Sunday, to attend church. The request was refused. A second demand to the same effect was met with: "If you ask to go to church again, we shall confine you to the 'second floor'"—a hall with cells and grated windows, and seldom entered by visitors. Whereupon the incarcerated clergyman, who had not been prohibited from having writing materials, sent to the overseer of the institution the following lines:

"Go on, go on! your prison den

No terrors has for me:

God is my shield! why fear I then

A moment's tyranny?

"Vain man may bind his fellow clay,

Incarcerate the wise,

Dungeons shut out the cheerful day,

And darkness shroud my eyes:

"Go on, go on! free FANCY smiles,

And soars on golden wings,

The Spirit spurns your petty wiles—

The MUSE, unfettered, sings!

"Bring on, bring here your threats and chains,
IMAGINATION bind!

Bring grates, bring all your iron panes—

Cage in the steadfast mind!

"Your power is faint, your threatenings naught.

What empire have ye now?

This poor, frail body—not one thought—

Shall to your thralldom bow.

"Sure is that day not distant far,

When TRUTH shall claim her son,

Offended Justice wake the war,

And speak in thunder-tone:

"How did ye dare, on MERCY's plea,

Abuse her sacred name,

Till violated Liberty

Bring in her sternest claim?

"Now Justice reign, bereft of sight

For mortal woes and fears;

In Freedom's cause uphold the Right!

Back, back, ye struggling tears!"

These lines seemed to create an impression, in the minds of those who saw them, that there was at least some "method" in the writer's "madness," and the requisite inquisition soon put an end to his incarceration. He is now, as he was then, a learned and accomplished divine, and is at present preaching to a large and flourishing congregation in a sister city

WE have heard much of the sagacity of the elephant; of those qualities which DUGALD STEWART places far above mere instinct (namely, memory and forecast), which he possesses; but we never knew until lately, that an elephant had an "ear for music!" But it appears that there was at Mayence, in 1811, an elephant who was a great lover of sweet sounds. The musicians of the city treated him with a concert of instrumental music, which had a very powerful effect upon him. He expressed his delight by frequently flapping his great leather-apron ears, and rolling from side to side. A solo upon a horn almost

transported him. He "put himself in motion," beat time with his trunk, and expressed his approval of the performance by the distinct but subdued emission of vocal applause. Think of an elephant applauding at the opera, or one of JENNY LIND's concerts!

It will have been observed, by those who have read the recent speeches of a celebrated American orator and statesman, with what beautiful simplicity and force brief passages or phrases from the BIBLE come in aid of his eloquence. And well would it be if these qualities were studied more by our public speakers from that good "Book of books." Sir WILLIAM JONES expressed his opinion that the BIBLE contained "more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence and poetry, than could be collected from all other books, in whatever language or age they might have been written. FISHER AMES and PATRICK HENRY, pre-eminent American orators, did not hesitate to go further, and declare, that "no man ever did or ever could become truly eloquent, without being a constant reader of the Bible, and an admirer of the purity and sublimity of its language."

If the following amusing circumstance had been narrated in the pages of the veracious historian, DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, it would have been set down to the credit of a fertile fancy on the part of that illustrious historian, rather than believed as a fact. But the occurrence here detailed is a veritable one, and happened many years ago in the county of York, Pennsylvania. It is a forcible illustration of that undoubted and undoubting Dutch honesty which made New Amsterdam so famous in the olden time.

It seems, from the record, that there were two early German settlers, in the western part of the county, whose names were PETER — and JOHN —. Peter had increased the size of his farm, by annexing to it a small tract of land adjoining, and he lacked about a hundred dollars of the sum which it was necessary to pay for his new acquisition. He called upon his neighbor John, to borrow the amount. John consented at once, and going into another room, he brought out an old bread-basket, and counted down the desired number of dollars; and then the two sat down to two large earthen mugs of cider and as many pipes of tobacco. After smoking over the matter for a while, it occurred to Peter that in similar transactions he had seen or heard something like a *note* passing between the borrower and lender, and he suggested as much to John. The lender assented to the propriety of such a course; paper, pen, and ink, were produced; and between the two a document was concocted, stating that John had loaned Peter one hundred dollars, which Peter would repay to John in "tree mont's." This Peter signed; and thus far the two financiers made the thing "all regular, and ship-shape."

But at this point a difficulty presented itself. They both knew that notes were made in the operation of borrowing and lending, which they had witnessed; but neither of them had observed what disposition was made of the document: neither could tell whether it was for the borrower or the lender to take charge of the paper. Here was a dilemma! At last a bright idea struck John: "You haves de money to pay, Peter, so you must take dis paper, so as you can *see* as you haf to pay it." This was conclusive: the common sense of the thing was unanswerable; and Peter pocketed the money and his own note, so "as he could *see* as he haf to pay it!"

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Three months passed over; and punctually to the day appeared Peter, and paid over the promised sum to John. This being done, the mugs and pipes were again brought out. After puffing awhile, Peter produced the note, and handed it to John, with the remark: "*Now, John, you must take de note, so as you can see the money haf been paid!*"

It strikes us that this incident is only second to the "balancing of the books" by weighing, passing receipts, and mulcting the constable in the amount of costs, as recorded by the sage historian of Manahatta.

WE believe it is a German poet who, walking "silent and thoughtful by the solemn shore of the vast ocean we must sail so soon," thus speaks "*The Ship of Death*:"

"By the shore of Time, now lying
On the inky flood beneath,
Patiently, thou SOUL undying!
Waits for thee the Ship of Death!"

"He who on that vessel starteth,
Sailing from the sons of men,
To the friends from whom he parteth
Never more returns again!"

"From her mast no flag is flying,
To denote from whence she came;
She is known unto the dying—
AZAEL is her captain's name.

"Not a word was ever spoken,
On that dark, unfathom'd sea;
Silence there is so unbroken,
She herself seems not to be!"

"Silent thus, in darkness lonely,
Doth the SOUL put forth alone,
While the wings of angels only
Waft her to a LAND UNKNOWN."

How many are departing daily in that "Ship of Death!" "Good Heaven!" exclaims one, "how often are we to die before we go off this stage! In every friend we lose, we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left!"

THE following ludicrous occurrence finds its way into the "Drawer," on a blank-leaf of a business-letter, from a flourishing town in Illinois: "A manufacturer of tomb-stones, in our place, lately received a call from a countryman, who wanted a stone to place over the grave of his mother. After looking around for some time, and making sundry remarks about the taste of his deceased mother, he finally pitched upon one which the stone-cutter had prepared for another person. 'I like *this* one,' said he. 'But,' said the manufacturer, 'that belongs to another man, and has Mrs. PERRY's name cut on it: it wouldn't do for your mother.' 'O, yes, it would,' said the countryman, 'she couldn't *read*! And besides,' he continued, as he observed the wonderment of the stone-cutter, 'PERRY was always a favorite name of hers, any how!'" This anecdote reminds us of a kindred occurrence, which actually took place in this good city of Gotham. A parvenu, who had set up his carriage in great state, went to a harness-maker to have "a silver letter" put on the blinders of his horses. "What letter shall I put on?" asked the harness-maker. "Well, I don't *know*, exactly," answered the pompous "patron;" but, after hesitating a moment, he said, "Well, I guess W is about as handsome a letter as you can put on—isn't it?"

IN the "marriage of language to music and feeling," as the great German, GOETHE, expresses it, ALFRED TENNYSON has but few equals, and prob-

ably no superior at the present day. A modern English critic, in a review of his *Princess*, observes: "Mr. TENNYSON is not, we believe, a connoisseur in music, as MOORE was; yet look at the songs in 'The Princess.' Take the 'Bugle Song,' for example, unequaled in our language, except by SHAKESPEARE:

'The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory:
Blow, bugle, blow—set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer echoes, dying, dying, dying!
'O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying
Blow, bugle! answer echoes, dying, dying, dying!
'O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, on field, on river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever:
Blow, bugle! blow; set the wild echoes flying,
And answer echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying!"

"True," says the reviewer, "this is an imitation, in words, of the actual sounds of bugle-music; but it had been little to let us hear, in the wonderful combination of liquid, ringing consonants, and resounding vowels, the 'horns of Elfland faintly blowing,' had not the poet told us in the same key of sound, how

'The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story:'

investing with one uniting halo, first the scenery, then the music itself, and lastly the human thoughts and feelings which remind him that

'Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever:'

embodying, in the oneness of the sensuous framework, the spiritual harmony of the whole inward and outward impression, the luscious languor, the stately splendor, the thoughts which follow into infinity the dying echoes of the air." This is true criticism, and is confirmatory of an impression which we have long entertained, that it requires something more than laborious pains-taking, something different, and better, than a mere careful selection of melodious or sounding words, and a felicitous collocation of them, to give a man a poetical reputation that is worth possessing.

THE western lawyers, who "hire out their words and anger," are somewhat amenable to the charge brought against them by transatlantic writers, of looseness and bombast in their arguments and oratory. In a recent case of capital crime, before a far-western jury, the lawyer addressed to them, among other similar arguments, the following: "The BIBLE says, 'Thou shalt not kill!' Now do you know, gentlemen, that if you go to hang my client, the prisoner at the bar, that you commit murder? You *do*, and 'no mistake;' for murder is *murder*, whether it is committed by twelve men in what is called a box—and a 'bad box' you'll find it if you don't give a righteous verdict—or a humble individual, like my client. S'posing my client *had* killed a man; I say, *s'posing* he had; is that any reason why *you* should kill a man?—twelve of you on one! No, gentlemen of the jury, you may bring the prisoner at the bar, my client, in guilty; the hangman may do his duty, but will that exonerate *you*? No such thing! You will all, individually and collectively, you will *all* of you be murderers!" This profound argument had

its effect. The verdict of the jury was: "*Not guilty if he'll quit the State!*"

OUR neighbors across the water indulge themselves in occasional comments upon the personal ostentation and desire for external display, which they regard as the besetting folly of our people. There is an old adage of "Look at home," which it seems to us it would not be amiss for "honest JOHN" to bear in mind. One of his own writers recently said, "An Englishman will forego a horse and cabriolet that will serve to convey him comfortably to his friends, and give him air, pleasure, and variety, if he can not do it in an expensive style and manner, mounting a lackey behind, bedaubed with gold lace. Pride, purse-pride, is the besetting sin of England; and like most other sins, brings its own punishment, by converting existence into a struggle, and environing it with gloom and despondency." This is a criticism, be it understood, of an Englishman upon Englishmen, in the present state of English society. Now to show how it was aforesaid, and that what BULL charges us with, is a besetting sin and folly of his own, hear the quaint THOMAS NASHE, who wrote in 1593:

"ENGLAUND, the players' stage of gorgeous attyre, the ape of all nations' superfluities, the continuall masquer in outlandish habilements, great plenty-scanting calamities art thou to await, for wanton disguising thyself against kind, and digressing from the plainnesse of thine Auncesters: scandalous and shamefull is it, that not anie in thee (Fishermen and husbandmen set aside) but lyve above their ability and birth; that the outward habite (which in other countries is the only distinction of honour), shoulde yeele in thee no difference of persons: that all thy ancient Nobilitie, (almost,) with this gorgeous prodigalitie, should be devoured and eaten uppe, and up-starts inhabite their stately Pallaces, who from farre have fetcht in this vanitie of pride to entrappe and to spoyle them. Those of thy people that in all other things are miserable, on their appaile will be prodigal. No Lande can so unfallibly experience this proverbe, *The hooe makes not the Moncke* as thou: for Tailers, serving-men, Make-shifts, and Gentlemen in thee are confounded. For the compassment of bravery we hear theye will robbe, steale, cozen, cheate, betray their owne Fathers, sweare and forswear, or doe any thing. Take away braverie, you kill the hart of lust and incontinencie. Wherefore doe men make themselves brave, but to riot and to revell? Looke after what state they appaile is, that state they take to them and carry, and after a little accustoming to that carriage, persuaude themselves they are such indeede."

THERE is that in the following brief social homily which renders it worthy of a better preservation than an inscription upon an unappropriated slip of paper in the "Drawer:" "There is no better evidence of ill-breeding than the practice of interrupting another in conversation while speaking, or commencing a remark before another has fully closed. No well-bred person ever does it, nor continues conversation long with a person who *does* do it. The latter often finds an interesting conversation abruptly waived, closed, or declined by the former, without even suspecting the cause. A well-bred person will not even interrupt one who is in all respects greatly his inferior. If you wish to judge the good-breeding of a person with whom you are but little acquainted, observe him, or her, strictly in this respect, and you will not be deceived. However intelligent, fluent, or easy one may appear, this practice proves the absence of true politeness. It is often amusing to see persons, priding themselves on the gentility of their manners, and putting forth all their efforts to appear to advantage in many other respects, so readily betray all in this particular.

Fashions for September.



FIG. 1.—PROMENADE AND HOME COSTUME.

THE warm weather, which generally continues until the middle of this month, makes a change in the materials for dresses quite unnecessary, and we report some slight novelties in mode rather than change in fabrics.

The figure on the left, in the above illustration, exhibits an elegant style of WALKING TOILETTE.—Silk drawn bonnet. The poke is made on a whale-bone skeleton. Crown reclining, trimmed with a silk *fanchon*, edged with two *ruchès*, one blue, the other same color as the silk. A similar double *ruchè* runs along the edge of the poke and curtain. This last is very full. On one side are small bunches of forget-me-nots, with a little foliage. The ribbons or edges

are worked in festoons. Dress and mantelet of plain silk with band à disposition trimmed with fringed ribbon. The scarf-mantelet is low on the neck; it is cut with a point, and the part of the top which folds like a shawl falls over the other, from the front, and behind is continued in a point following the shape of the lower part. The band is clouded with blue and green on nut-color, and is detached from the ground by a narrow white fillet; below there is a plain part which forms a hem, under which are sewed fringed ribbons of the same color as the stuff, the threads being alternately an inch of blue and an inch of green. The fringe of the shawl part is from 6 to 7 inches deep at top, that at bottom from 9 to 10

inches. The body is open, and there is a *chiné*, or clouded band, about an inch from the edge. The skirt has two tucks along each of which runs a clouded band with a hem of about an inch, and a deep fringe. The upper one reaches to within $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch of the band at bottom. Therefore, if the skirt is 44 inches deep, there are 10 of fringe, 8 of interval, 10 more of fringe, and the rest forms the band and the top of the skirt. The collar is composed of three rows of lace turned down, and the front of the habit-shirt is formed of three rows of beautiful lace, having the appearance of a very full triple shirt frill.

The other figure, on the right, shows a beautiful style of HOME TOILETTE.—The hair is arranged in waved bands, short and puffed. A cambric chemisette with small plaits, a raised collar of two frills very finely plaited, and edged with a very narrow *valenciennes*. Sleeves half-large, of cambric, plaited small; and ending in a stiched wrist-band with two plaited trimmings, and narrow *valenciennes*, like the collar. Waistcoat body of white quilting, open in front; the collar, which turns down, is narrow, rounded at the corner, and is continued in a little lapel like a man's waistcoat. The lappets are not sewed on at the waist; they are formed by the hollowing of the seams; the front lappet opens and rounds off on the hip. Behind, it is continued square, with an opening at each seam. The sleeves have an elbow, and a cuff turned up, with the corners rounded off. There is a small pocket on each of the front lappets. The buttons are coral. All the edges of this garment have a double row of stitches. The skirt is made of Scotch poplin.



FIGS. 2 AND 3.—BONNET AND HEAD-DRESS.

There is a greater variety in the style of bonnets than in dresses. Among the most elegant are a drawn bonnet of white lace, hair, and straw, mounted on a net foundation, with a small poke formed by bouillons of white *gros de Naples*, placed cross-wise, and separated from each other, by an extremely narrow straw ornament. These bouillons spread between two spaces of straw lace, half an inch wide, one of which forms the edge of the poke, and the other comes at the bottom of the crown. The curtain is very deep, of the same lace, surmounted by a band of silk. Inside are two small bunches of field-flowers, mixed with blades of grass. Another bonnet is composed of cross-pieces of lisse crape, laid flat in contrary directions, and trimmed with three deep blonds, placed according to fancy. The edge is open-work blond. At the bottom of each cross-piece is a roll of shot silk, intended to give relief. Trimmed on the side with a cabbage rose, or marabouts; the curtain, crape and blond. A novel style of drawn

bonnet for mourning, is composed of half ornaments of black and white hair, and half narrow flounces of rose-leaf, small-striped ribbons. Each of them is zebraed with three small pink stripes of equal width; but the ribbons are so matched, that these stripes gradually increase in width, and form a very pleasing diversity. Figure 2 represents a very pretty style. The poke of the bonnet of rice-straw, having at the edge in front one row of about an inch wide, and continued, without being cut, along the bottom of the curtain, which is very large and wholly of rice-straw. The crown forms three divisions. Those of the two sides, arranged in the shape of a ram's horns, are composed of three bouillonés, separated by narrow rows about a quarter of an inch. These bouillonés, beginning at top, form on each side a kind of semi-circle. The top of the crown between these two parts is formed of nineteen or twenty flat plaits of silk, separated from each other by a narrow row of rice-straw. On the side of the bonnet is a branch of a rose-tree with buds and leaves, which begins wide at bottom and gets narrower up the poke. Inside, ribbons and flowers.

Figure 3 represents a pretty style of head-dress for a home toilette. The hair is disposed in bandeaux, and tied low behind. The head-dress is composed of tufts of silk ribbons, and bunches of velvet bows. These ribbons are mounted on elastic springs, which hold them well on the head.

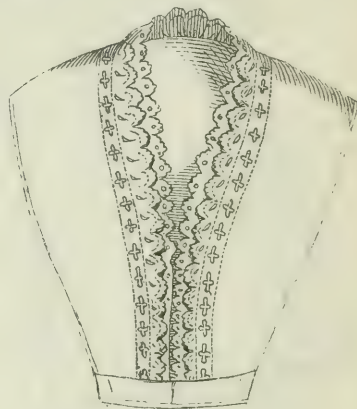


FIG 4.—CHEMISETTE.

Chemisettes and habit-shirts form a part of almost every costume, and when arranged with taste, are very elegant. They are of almost every variety of pattern, and some of them, trimmed with fine lace, are very costly. Our engraving represents a very neat pattern, and quite simple. It is made of the usual material, and trimmed with two rows of festooned bands with insertions to match.

Scarfs are beginning to be quite fashionable. Owing to long disuse, they possess the charm of novelty. The mantelets have, for some time, been approaching in form the scarf of former days, and this graceful portion of a full dress, will doubtless soon be in general vogue.

Waistcoats, too, are gaining favor, and their style very nearly resembles those worn by gentlemen. In fact, the ladies seem determined to reduce the volume of their dresses. This is manifested abroad by the prevailing taste for close fitting jackets, and at home by the general favor in which the "Bloomers" are held. There are signs of radical changes in costume, which neither sneers, caricatures, or serious opposition, can prevent. Health and good taste demand a reform, and common sense will doubtless second the demand with powerful effect.

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

III. FIRST CAMPAIGN IN ITALY.

THE discomfiture of the insurgent sections at Paris, and the energy, tact, and humanity which Napoleon displayed in the subsequent government of the tumultuous city, caused his name to be as familiar as a household word in all parts of the metropolis. His slight and slender figure, so feminine and graceful in its proportions; his hand, so small and white and soft that any lady might covet it; his features, so mild and youthful in their expression, and all these combined in strange alliance with energies as indomitable, and a will as imperious as were ever enshrined in mortal form, invested the young general with a mysterious and almost supernatural fascination.

Famine was rioting in the streets of Paris. All industry was at an end. The poor, unemployed, were perishing. The rich were gathering the wrecks of their estates, and flying from France. There was no law but such as was proclaimed by the thunders of Napoleon's batteries. The National Guard he immediately reorganized, and soon efficient order was established. Napoleon was incessantly occupied in visiting all parts of the city, and words of kindness and sympathy with suffering he combined with the strong and inexorable arm of military rule. More than a hundred families, says the Duchess of Abrantes, were saved from perishing by his personal exertions. He himself climbed to the garrets of penury, and penetrated the cellars of want and woe, and, with a moistened eye, gazed upon the scenes of fearful wretchedness with which Paris was filled. He caused wood and bread to be distributed to the poor, and totally regardless of ease or self-indulgence, did every thing in his power to alleviate suffering.

One day when alighting from his carriage to dine at Madame Permon's, he was addressed by a woman who held a dead infant in her arms. Grief and hunger had dried up the fountain of life in her bosom, and her unweaned child had perished of starvation. Her husband was dead, and five children were mourning for food at home. "If I can not obtain relief," said the famished mother, "I must take my remaining five children and drown myself with them." Napoleon questioned her very minutely, ascertained her place of residence, and giving her some money to meet her immediate wants, entered the house and sat down with the guests at the brilliant entertain-

ment. He was, however, so deeply impressed with the scene of wretchedness which he had just witnessed, that he could not obliterate it from his mind, and all were struck with his absent manner and the sadness of his countenance. Immediately after dinner he took measures to ascertain the truth of the statements which the poor woman had made to him, and finding all her assertions verified, he took the family immediately under his protection. He obtained employment for the girls in needlework among his friends, and the family ever expressed the most profound gratitude for their preserver. It was by the unceasing exhibition of such traits of character that Napoleon entwined around him the hearts of the French people.

There was, at this time in Paris, a lady, who was rendered quite prominent in society, by her social attractions, her personal loveliness, and her elevated rank. She was a widow, twenty-eight years of age. Her husband, the Viscount Beauharnais, had recently perished upon the scaffold, an illustrious victim of revolutionary fury. Josephine Tascher Beauharnais, who subsequently became the world-renowned bride of Napoleon, was born on the island of Martinique in the West Indies. When almost a child she was married to the Viscount Beauharnais, who had visited the island on business and was captivated by the loveliness of the fair young Creole. Upon entering Paris she was immediately introduced to all the splendors of the court of Maria-Antoinette. The revolutionary storm soon burst upon her dwelling with merciless fury. She experienced the most afflictive reverses of friendlessness, bereavement, imprisonment, and penury. The storm had, however, passed over her, and she was left a widow, with two children, Eugene and Hortense. From the wreck of her fortune she had saved an ample competence, and was surrounded by influential and admiring friends.

Napoleon, in obedience to the orders of the Convention, to prevent the possibility of another outbreak of lawless violence, had proceeded to the disarming of the populace of Paris. In the performance of this duty the sword of M. Beauharnais was taken. A few days afterward Eugene, a very intelligent and graceful child, twelve years of age, obtained access to Napoleon, and with most engaging artlessness and depth of emotion, implored that the sword of his father might be restored to him. Napoleon had no heart to deny such a request. He sent for the sword, and speaking with kind words of com-

mentation, presented it with his own hand to Eugene. The grateful boy burst into tears and, unable to articulate a word, pressed the sword to his bosom, bowed in silence and retired. Napoleon was much interested in this exhibition of filial love, and his thoughts were immediately



NAPOLÉON AND EUGÈNE.

directed to the mother who had formed the character of such a child. Josephine, whose whole soul was absorbed in love for her children, was so grateful, for the kindness with which the distinguished young general had treated her fatherless Eugene, that she called, in her carriage, the next day, to express to him a mother's thanks. She was dressed in deep mourning. Her peculiarly musical voice was tremulous with emotion. The fervor and the delicacy of her maternal love, and the perfect grace of manner and of language, with which she discharged her mission, excited the admiration of Napoleon. He soon called upon her. The acquaintance rapidly ripened into an unusually strong and ardent affection.

Josephine was two years older than Napoleon. But her form and features had resisted the encroachments of time, and her cheerfulness and vivacity invested her with all the charms of early youth. Barras, now one of the five Directors, who had been established in power by the guns of Napoleon, was a very ardent friend of Josephine. He warmly advocated the contemplated connection, deeming it mutually advantageous. Napoleon would greatly increase his influence by an alliance with one occupying so high a position in society and surrounded by friends so influential. And Barras clearly foresaw that the energetic young general possessed genius which would insure distinction. Josephine thus speaks, in a letter to a friend, of her feelings in view of the proposed marriage.

"I am urged to marry again. My friends counsel the measure, my aunt almost lays her injunctions to the same effect, and my children

entreat my compliance. You have met General Bonaparte at my house. He it is who would supply a father's place to the orphans of Alexander Beauharnais, and a husband to his widow. I admire the general's courage, the extent of his information, for on all subjects he talks equally well, and the quickness of his judgment, which enables him to seize the thoughts of others almost before they are expressed. But I confess that I shrink from the despotism he seems desirous of exercising over all who approach him. His searching glance has something singular and inexplicable, which imposes even upon our Directors; judge if it may not intimidate a woman.

"Barras gives assurance that if I marry the general, he will secure his appointment to the command of the army of Italy. Yesterday, Bonaparte speaking of this favor, said to me, 'Think they then, that I have need of *their* protection to arrive at power? Egregious mistake! They will all be but too happy, one day, should I condescend to grant them mine.'

"What think you of this self-confidence? Is it not a proof of excess of vanity? A general of brigade protect the heads of government! That truly is an event highly probable! I know not how it is, but sometimes this waywardness gains upon me to such a degree, that almost I believe possible whatever this singular man may take into his head to attempt. And with his imagination, who can calculate what he will not undertake."

Though the passion with which Josephine had inspired Napoleon, was ardent and impetuous in the highest degree, it interfered not in the least with his plans of towering ambition. During

the day he was vigorously employed in his professional duties and in persevering study. But each evening found him at the mansion of Josephine, where he met, and dazzled by his commanding genius and his brilliant conversational powers, the most distinguished and the most influential men of the metropolis. In these social entertainments, Josephine testified that Napoleon possessed unlimited powers of fascination, whenever he saw fit to employ them. His acquaintance and his influence was thus extended among those who would be most available in the furtherance of his plans. On the 6th of March, 1796, Napoleon and Josephine were married, Napoleon being then twenty-five years of age. It was a union of very sincere affection on both sides. It can not be doubted that next to ambition, Josephine was to Napoleon the dearest object of his admiration and homage. Marriage had then ceased to be regarded in infidel France as a religious rite. It was a mere partnership which any persons could form or dissolve at pleasure. The revolutionary tribunals had closed the churches, banished the clergy, and dethroned God. The parties, contemplating marriage, simply recorded their intention in the state register of Paris, with two or three friends to sign the record as witnesses. By this simple ceremony Napoleon was united to Josephine. But neither of the parties approved of this mercantile aspect of a transaction so sacred. They were both, in natural disposition serious, thoughtful, and prone to look to the guidance of a power higher than that of man. Surrounded by infidelity, and by that vice with which public infidelity is invariably accompanied, they both instinctively revered all that is grand and imposing in the revelations of Christianity.

"Man, launched into life," said Napoleon, "asks himself, whence do I come? What am I? Whither do I go? Mysterious questions which draw him toward religion; our hearts crave the support and guidance of religious faith. We believe in the existence of God because every thing around us proclaims his being. The greatest minds have cherished this conviction—Bosquet, Newton, Leibnitz. The heart craves faith as the body food; and, without doubt, we believe most frequently without exercising our reason. Faith wavers as soon as we begin to argue. But even then our hearts say, 'Perhaps I shall again believe instinctively. God grant it. For we feel that this belief in a protecting deity must be a great happiness; an immense consolation in adversity, and a powerful safeguard when tempted to immorality.'

"The virtuous man never doubts of the existence of God, for if his reason does not suffice to comprehend it, the instinct of his soul adopts the belief. Every intimate feeling of the soul is in sympathy with the sentiments of religion."

These are profound thoughts and it is strange that they should have sprung up in the mind of one educated in the midst of the violence, and the clangor, and the crime of battle, and accustomed to hear from the lips of all around him,

every religious sentiment ridiculed as the superstition of the most weak and credulous.

When at St. Helena, Napoleon, one evening, called for the New Testament, and read to his friends the address of Jesus to his disciples upon the mountain. He expressed himself as having been ever struck with the highest admiration in view of the purity, the sublimity, and the beauty of the morality which it contained. Napoleon seldom spoke lightly even of the corruptions of the church. But he always declared his most exalted appreciation of the religion of Jesus Christ.

When Napoleon was crowned Emperor he was privately married again by Cardinal Fesch, in accordance with the forms of the church which the Emperor had re-established. "Josephine," said Napoleon, "was truly a most lovely woman; refined, affable, and charming. She was the goddess of the toilet. All the fashions originated with her. Every thing she put on appeared elegant. She was so kind, so humane—she was the most graceful lady and the best women in France. I never saw her act inelegantly during the whole time we lived together. She possessed a perfect knowledge of the different shades of my character, and evinced the most exquisite tact in turning this knowledge to the best account. For example, she never solicited any favor for Eugene, or thanked me for any that I conferred upon him. She never showed any additional complaisance or assiduity when he was receiving from me the greatest honors. Her grand aim was to assume that all this was *my* affair—that Eugene was *our* son, not hers. Doubtless she entertained the idea that I would adopt Eugene as my successor."

Again, he said, of Josephine, "we lived together like honest citizens in our mutual relations, and always retired together till 1805, a period in which political events obliged me to change my habits, and to add the labors of the night to those of the day. This regularity is the best guarantee for a good establishment. It ensures the respectability of the wife, the dependence of the husband, and maintains intimacy of feelings and good morals. If this is not the case, the smallest circumstances make people forget each other. A son by Josephine would have rendered me happy, and would have secured the reign of my dynasty. The French would have loved him very much better than they could love the son of Maria Louisa; and I never would have put my foot on that abyss covered with flowers, which was my ruin. Let no one after this rely upon the wisdom of human combinations. Let no one venture to pronounce, before its close, upon the happiness or misery of life. My Josephine had the instinct of the future when she became terrified at her own sterility. She knew well that a marriage is only real when there is an offspring; and in proportion as fortune smiled her anxiety increased. I was the object of her deepest attachment. If I went into my carriage at midnight for a long journey, there, to my surprise, I found her, seated before

me, and awaiting my arrival. If I attempted to dissuade her from accompanying me, she had so many good and affectionate reasons to urge, that it was almost always necessary to yield. In a word she always proved to me a happy and affectionate wife, and I have preserved the tenderest recollections of her.

"Political motives induced me to divorce Josephine, whom I most tenderly loved. She, poor woman, fortunately for herself, died in time to prevent her from witnessing the last of my misfortunes. After her forcible separation from me, she avowed, in most feeling terms, her ardent desire to share with me, my exile and extolled, with many tears, both myself and my conduct to her. The English have represented me as a monster of cruelty. Is this the result of the conduct of a merciless, unfeeling tyrant? A man is known by his treatment of his wife, of his family, and of those under him."

Just before his marriage, Napoleon received the appointment, to him most gratifying, of Commander-in-chief of the army of Italy. His predecessor had been displaced in consequence of excessive intemperance. Napoleon was but twenty-five years of age when placed in this responsible post. "You are rather young," said one of the Directors, "to assume responsibilities so weighty, and to take the command over veteran generals." "In one year," Napoleon replied, "I shall be either old or dead." "We can place you in the command of men alone," said Carnot, "for the troops are destitute of every thing, and we can furnish you with no money to provide supplies." "Give me only men enough," Napoleon replied, "and I ask for nothing more. I will be answerable for the result."

A few days after Napoleon's marriage, he left his bride in Paris, and set out for Nice, the headquarters of the army of Italy. He passed through Marseilles, that he might pay a short visit to his mother, whose love he ever cherished with the utmost tenderness, and on the 27th of March arrived at the cold and cheerless camps, where the dejected troops of France were enduring every hardship. They were surrounded by numerous foes, who had driven them from the fertile plains of Italy into the barren and dreary fastnesses of the Alps. The Austrian armies, quartered in opulent cities, or encamped upon sunny and vine-clad hill-sides, were living in the enjoyment of security and abundance, while the troops of the distracted and impoverished republic were literally freezing and starving. But here let us pause for a moment to consider the cause of the war, and the motives which animated the contending armies.

France, in the exercise of a right which few in America will question, had, in imitation of the United States, and incited by their example, renounced the monarchical form of government, and established a republic. For centuries uncounted, voluptuous kings and licentious nobles had trampled the oppressed millions into the dust. But now these millions had risen in their majesty, and driving the king from his throne and the

nobles from their wide domains, had taken their own interests into their own hands. They were inexperienced and unenlightened in the science of government, and they made many and lamentable mistakes. They were terrified in view of the powerful combination of all the monarchs and nobles of Europe to overwhelm them with invading armies, and in their paroxysms of fear, when destruction seemed to be coming like an avalanche upon them, they perpetrated many deeds of atrocious cruelty. They simply claimed the right of self-government, and when assailed, fell upon their assailants with blind and merciless fury.

The kings of Europe contemplated this portentous change with inexpressible alarm. In consternation they witnessed the uprising of the masses in France, and saw one of their brother monarchs dragged from his palace and beheaded upon the guillotine. The successful establishment of the French Republic would very probably have driven every King in Europe from his throne. England was agitated through all her countries. From the mud cabins of Ireland, from the dark and miry mines, from the thronged streets of the city, and the crowded workshops all over the kingdom, there was a clamorous cry ascending for liberty and equality. The spirit of democracy, radiating from its soul in Paris, was assailing every throne in Europe. There was no alternative for these monarchs but to crush this new power, or to perish before it. There can be no monarchist whose sympathies will not beat high with the allied kings in the fearful conflict which ensued. There can be no republican who will not pray, "God speed the Eagles of France." Both parties believed that they were fighting in self-defense. The kings were attacked by *principles* triumphant in France, which were undermining their thrones. The French were attacked by bayonets and batteries—by combined armies invading their territories, bombarding their cities, and endeavoring by force of arms, to compel a proud nation of thirty millions of inhabitants to reinstate, at foreign dictation, the rejected Bourbons upon the throne. The allies called upon all the loyalists scattered over France to grasp their arms, to rally beneath the banner of friends coming to their rescue, and to imbrue their country in the blood of a civil war. The French, in trumpet tones, summoned the *people* of all lands to hail the tri-colored flag, as the harbinger of their deliverance from the servitude of ages. From every city in Europe which Napoleon approached, with his conquering armies, the loyalists fled, while the republicans welcomed him with an adulation amounting almost to religious homage. And the troops of the allies were welcomed, in every city of France which they entered, with tears of gratitude from the eyes of those who longed for the restoration of the monarchy. It was a conflict between the spirit of republicanism on the one side, and of monarchical and ecclesiastical domination upon the other.

England, with her invincible fleet, was hover-

ing around the coasts of the republic, assailing every exposed point, landing troops upon the French territory, and arming and inspiring the loyalists to civil war. Austria had marched an army of nearly two hundred thousand men upon the banks of the Rhine, to attack France upon the north. She had called into requisition all her Italian possessions, and in alliance with the British navy, and the armies of the king of Sardinia, and the fanatic legions of Naples and Sicily had gathered eighty thousand men upon the Alpine frontier. This host was under the command of experienced generals, and was abundantly provided with all the munitions of war. These were the invading foes whom Napoleon was to encounter in fields of blood. It was purely a war of self-defense on the part of the French people. They were contending against the bullets and the bayonets of the armies of monarchical Europe, assailing them at every point. The allied kings felt that they also were engaged in a war of self-defense—that they were struggling against *principles* which threatened to undermine their thrones. Strange as the declaration to some may appear, it is extremely difficult for a candid and an impartial man severely to censure either side. It is not strange, contemplating frail human nature as it is, that the monarchs of Europe, born to a kingly inheritance, should have made every exertion to retain their thrones, and to secure their kingdoms from the invasion of republican principles. It is not strange that republicanized France, having burst the chains of an intolerable despotism, should have resolved to brave all the horrors of the most desperate war rather than surrender the right of choosing its own form of government. The United States were protected from a similar onset, on the part of allied Europe, only by the wide barrier of the ocean. And had the combined armies of monarchical Europe crossed that barrier, and invaded our shores, to compel us to replace George III. upon his American throne, we should have blest the Napoleon, emerging from our midst, who, contending for the liberties of his country, had driven them back into the sea.

When Napoleon arrived at Nice he found that he had but thirty thousand men with whom to repel the eighty thousand of the allies. The government was impoverished, and had no means to pay the troops. The soldiers were dejected, emaciated, and ragged. The cavalry horses had died upon the bleak and frozen summits of the mountains, and the army was almost entirely destitute of artillery. The young commander-in-chief, immediately upon his arrival, summoned his generals before him. Many of them were veteran soldiers, and they were not a little chagrined in seeing a youth, whom they regarded almost as a beardless boy, placed over them in command. But in the very first hour in which he met them, his superiority was recognized; and he gained a complete and an unquestioned ascendancy over all. Berthier, Massena, Augereau, Serrurier, and Lannes were there, men who had already attained renown, and who were

capable of appreciating genius. "This is the leader," said one, as he left this first council, "who will surely guide us to fame and to fortune."

The French were on the cold crests of the mountains. The allies were encamped in the warm and fertile valleys which opened into the Italian plains. The untiring energy of the youthful general, his imperial mind, his unhesitating reliance upon his own mental resources, his perfect acquaintance with the theatre of war, as the result of his previous explorations, his gravity and reserve of manners, his spotless morality, so extraordinary in the midst of all the dissipated scenes of the camp, commanded the reverence of the dissolute and licentious, though brave and talented generals who surrounded him. There was an indescribable something in his manner which immediately inspired respect and awe, and which kept all familiarity at a distance.

Decres had known Napoleon well in Paris, and had been on terms of perfect intimacy with him. He was at Toulon when he heard of Napoleon's appointment to the command of the army of Italy. "When I learned," said he, "that the new general was about to pass through the city, I immediately proposed to introduce my comrades to him, and to turn my acquaintance to the best account. I hastened to meet him full of eagerness and joy. The door of the apartment was thrown open, and I was upon the point of rushing to him with my wonted familiarity. But his attitude, his look, the tone of his voice suddenly deterred me. There was nothing haughty or offensive in his appearance or manner, but the impression he produced was sufficient to prevent me from ever again attempting to encroach upon the distance which separated us." *

A similar ascendancy, notwithstanding his feminine stature and the extreme youthfulness of his appearance, he immediately gained over all the soldiers and all the generals of the army. Every one who entered his presence was awed by the indescribable influence of his imperial mind. No one ventured to contend with him for the supremacy. He turned with disgust from the licentiousness and dissipation which ever disgraces the presence of an army, and with a sternness of morality which would have done honor to any of the sages of antiquity, secured that respect which virtue ever commands. There were many very beautiful and dissolute females in Nice, opera singers and dancing girls, who,

* Decres was afterward elevated by Napoleon to a dukedom, and appointed Minister of the Marine. He was strongly attached to his benefactor. At the time of Napoleon's downfall, he was sounded in a very artful way as to his willingness to conspire against the Emperor. Happening to visit a person of celebrity, the latter drew him aside to the fire-place, and taking up a book, said, "I have just now been reading something that struck me very forcibly. Montesquieu here remarks, 'When the prince rises above the laws, when tyranny becomes insupportable, the oppressed have no alternative but—' "Enough," exclaimed Decres, putting his hand before the mouth of the reader, "I will hear no more. Close the book." The other coolly laid down the volume, as though nothing particular had occurred, and began to talk on a totally different subject.

trafficking in their charms, were living in great wealth and voluptuousness. They exhausted all their arts of enticement to win the attention of the young commander-in-chief. But their allurements were unavailing. Napoleon proved a Samson whom no Delilah could seduce. And this was the more extraordinary, since his natural temperament was glowing and impetuous in the extreme, and he had no religious scruples to interfere with his indulgences. "My extreme youth," said he, afterward, "when I took command of the army of Italy, rendered it necessary that I should evince great reserve of manners and the utmost severity of morals. This was indispensable to enable me to sustain authority over men so greatly my superiors in age and experience. I pursued a line of conduct in the highest degree irreproachable and exemplary. In spotless morality I was a Cato, and must have appeared such to all. I was a philosopher and a sage. My supremacy could be retained only by proving myself a better man than any other man in the army. Had I yielded to human weaknesses I should have lost my power."

He was temperate in the extreme, seldom allowing himself to take even a glass of wine, and never did he countenance by his presence any scene of bacchanalian revelry. For gaming, in all its branches, he manifested then, and through the whole of his life, the strongest disapproval. He ever refused to repose confidence in any one who was addicted to that vice. One day at St. Helena, he was conversing with Las Casas, when some remark which was made led Napoleon to inquire, "Were you a gamester?" "Alas, sire!" Las Casas replied, "I must confess that I was, but only occasionally." "I am very glad," Napoleon rejoined, "that I knew nothing of it at the time. You would have been ruined in my esteem. A gamester was sure to forfeit my confidence. The moment I heard that a man was addicted to that vice I placed no more confidence in him."

From what source did this young soldier imbibе these elevated principles? Licentiousness, irreligion, gambling had been the trinity of revolutionary France—the substitute which rampant infidelity had adopted, for a benignant Father, a pleading Saviour, a sanctifying Spirit. Napoleon was reared in the midst of these demoralizing influences. And yet how unsullied does his character appear when compared with that of his companions in the camp and on the throne! Napoleon informs us that to his mother he was indebted for every pure and noble sentiment which inspired his bosom.

Letitia, the mother of Napoleon, was a woman of extraordinary endowments. She had herself hardly passed the period of childhood, being but nineteen years of age, when she heard the first wailing cry of Napoleon, her second born, and pressed the helpless babe, with thanksgiving and prayer, to her maternal bosom. She was a young mother to train and educate such a child for his unknown but exalted destiny. She encircled, in protecting arms, the nursing babe, as it fondled

a mother's bosom with those little hands, which, in after years, grasped sceptres, and upthrew thrones, and hewed down armies with resistless sword. She taught those infant lips to lisp "papa"—"mamma"—those lips at whose subsequent command all Europe was moved, and whose burning, glowing, martial words fell like trumpet-tones upon the world, hurling nation upon nation in the shock of war. She taught those feeble feet to make their first trembling essays upon the carpet, rewarding the successful endeavor with a mother's kiss and a mother's caress—those feet which afterward strode over the sands of the desert, and waded through the blood-stained snow-drifts of Russia, and tottered, in the infirmities of sickness and death, on the misty, barren, storm-swept crags of St. Helena. She instilled into the bosom of her son those elevated principles of honor and self-respect, which, when surrounded by every temptation earth could present, preserved him from the degraded doom of the inebriate, of the voluptuary, and of the gamester, and which made the court of Napoleon, when the most brilliant court this world has ever known, also the most illustrious for the purity of its morals and the decorum of its observances. The sincere, unaffected piety of Letitia rose so high above the corruptions of a corrupt and profligate church, that her distinguished son, notwithstanding the all but universal infidelity of the times, was compelled to respect a religion which had embellished a beloved mother's life. He was thus induced, in his day of power, to bring back a wayward nation of thirty millions from cheerless, brutalizing, comfortless unbelief, to all the consoling, ennobling, purifying influences of Christianity. When at the command of Napoleon the church bells began again to toll the hour of prayer, on every hillside, and through every valley in France, and the dawn of the Sabbath again guided rejoicing thousands in the crowded city and in the silent country to the temples of religion—when the young, in their nuptials, and the aged in their death were blessed by the solemnities of gospel ministrations, it was a mother's influence which inspired a dutiful son to make the magic change, which thus, in an hour, transformed France from a pagan to nominally a Christian land. It was the calm, gentle, persuasive voice of Letitia which was embodied in the consular decree. Honor to Letitia, the mother of Napoleon!

The first interview between this almost beardless youth and the veteran generals whom he was to command, must have presented a singular scene. These scarred and war-worn chiefs, when they beheld the "stripling," were utterly amazed at the folly of the Directory in sending such a youth to command an army in circumstances so desperate. Rampon undertook to give the young commander some advice. Napoleon, who demanded obedience not advice, impatiently brushed him away, exclaiming, "Gentlemen! the art of war is in its infancy. The time has passed in which enemies are mutually to appoint the place of combat, advance hat in

hand and say, '*Gentlemen, will you have the goodness to fire.*' We must cut the enemy in pieces, precipitate ourselves like a torrent upon their battalions, and grind them to powder. Experienced generals conduct the troops opposed to us! So much the better, so much the better. It is not their experience which will avail them against me. Mark my words; they will soon burn their books on tactics and know not what to do. Yes, gentlemen! the first onset of the Italian army will give birth to a new epoch in military affairs. As for us, we must hurl ourselves on the foe like a thunderbolt, and smite like it. Disconcerted by our tactics, and not

daring to put them into execution, they will fly before us as the shades of night before the up-rising sun."

The commanding and self-confident tone in which Napoleon uttered these glowing sentences, silenced and confounded the generals. They felt that they had indeed a master. "Well," said Augereau, as he left the council, nodding very significantly to Massena, "we have a man here who will cut out some work for government, I think." "It was necessary for me," Napoleon afterward remarked, "to be a little austere, to prevent my generals from slapping me upon the shoulder."



NAPOLEON AND HIS GENERALS.

The objects which Napoleon had in view in this campaign were, first, to compel the King of Sardinia to abandon the alliance with Austria; secondly, to assail the Austrians with such vigor as to compel the Emperor to call to his aid the troops upon the Rhine, and thus weaken the powerful hosts then marching against the Republic; and, thirdly, to humble the Pope, who was exerting all his spiritual power to aid the Bourbons in fighting their way back to the throne of France. The Pope had offered an unpardonable insult to the Republic. The French ambassador sent to Rome, had been attacked in the streets, and chased home. The mob broke into his house and cruelly assassinated him, unarmed and unresisting. The murderers remained unpunished, and no atonement had been made for the atrocious crime. But how, with thirty thousand troops, unpaid, dejected, famished, and unprovided with the munitions of war, was mortal man to accomplish such results in the face of a foe eighty thousand strong, living in abundance, and flushed with victory!

Napoleon issued his first proclamation. It

was read to every regiment in the army, and rang, like trumpet-tones, upon the ears of the troops. "Soldiers! you are hungry and naked; the government owes you much, and can pay you nothing. Your patience, your courage, in the midst of these rocks, are admirable, but they reflect no splendor upon your arms. I come to lead you into the most fertile plains the sun beholds. Rich provinces, opulent cities will soon be at your disposal. There you will find abundant harvests, honor, and glory. Soldiers of Italy, will you fail in courage?" It is not strange that such words, from their young and fearless leader, should have inspired enthusiasm, and should have caused the hearts of the desponding to leap high with hope and confidence. The simple plan which Napoleon adopted, was to direct his whole force against detached portions of the Austrian army, and thus by gaining, at the point of attack, a superiority in numbers, to destroy them by piecemeal. "War," said the young soldier, "is the science of barbarians; and he who has the heaviest battalions will conquer."

The whole army was instantly on the move. The generals, appreciating the wisdom and the fearlessness of their indomitable leader, imbibed his spirit and emulated his zeal. Napoleon was on horseback night and day. He seemed to take no time to eat or to sleep. He visited the soldiers, sympathized with them in their sufferings, and revealed to them his plans. It was early in the spring. Bleak glaciers and snow-covered ridges of the Alps were between Napoleon and the Austrians. Behind this curtain he assembled his forces. Enormous sacrifices were required to enable the soldiers to move from point to point with that celerity which was essential in operations so hazardous. He made no allowance for any impediments or obstacles. At a given hour the different divisions of the army, by various roads, were to be at a designated point. To accomplish this, every sacrifice was to be made of comfort and of life. If necessary to the attainment of this end stragglers were to be left behind, baggage abandoned, artillery even to be left in the ruts, and the troops were to be, without fail, at the designated place at the appointed hour. Through storms of rain and snow, over mountain and moor, by night and by day, hungry, sleepless, wet, and cold, the enthusiastic host pressed on. It seems incredible that the young Napoleon, so instantaneously as it were, should have been enabled to infuse his almost supernatural energy into the whole army. He had neither mules with which to attempt the passage of the Alps, nor money to purchase the necessary supplies. He therefore decided to turn the mountains, by following down the chain along the shores of the Mediterranean, to a point where the lofty ridges sink almost to a plain.

The army of Beaulieu was divided into three corps. His centre, ten thousand strong, was at the small village of Montenotte. The night of the 11th of April was dark and tempestuous. Torrents of rain were falling, and the miry roads were almost impassable. But through the long hours of this stormy night, while the Austrians were reposing warmly in their tents, Napoleon and his soldiers, drenched with rain, were toiling through the muddy defiles of the mountains, wading the swollen streams, and climbing the slippery cliffs. Just as the day began to dawn through the broken clouds, the young general stood upon the heights in the rear of Montenotte, and looked down upon the encamped host whom he was now for the first time to encounter in decisive conflict. He had so manœuvred as completely to envelop his unsuspecting enemy. Allowing his weary troops not an hour for repose, he fell upon the allied Austrians and Sardinians like a whirlwind, attacking them, at the same moment, in front, flank, and rear. The battle was long and bloody. The details of these horrid scenes of carnage are sickening. The shout of onset, the shriek of agony; the mutilated and the mangled forms of the young and the noble, trampled beneath the iron hoofs of rushing squadrons; the wounded crushed into the mire, with their bones ground to powder as the wheels of ponderous

artillery were dragged mercilessly over them, and the wailing echo of widows and orphans in their distant homes, render these battle-fields revolting to humanity. At length the Austrians were broken and completely routed. They fled in dismay, leaving three thousand dead and wounded upon the field, and their cannon and colors in possession of the French. This was the first battle in which Napoleon had the supreme command; the first victory in which the honor redounded to himself. "My title of nobility," said he proudly to the Emperor of Austria, "dates from the battle of Montenotte." The Austrians fled in one direction to Dego, to meet reinforcements coming to their aid and to protect Milan. The Sardinians retreated in another direction to Millesimo, to cover their own capital of Turin. Thus the two armies were separated as Napoleon desired. The indefatigable general, allowing his exhausted and bleeding army but a few hours of repose, and himself not one, resolved, while his troops were flushed with victory, and the enemy were depressed by defeat and loss, to attack both armies at once. The 13th and the 14th of April were passed in one incessant conflict. The Austrians and Sardinians intrenching themselves in strong fortresses and upon craggy hill-sides, and every hour receiving reinforcements pressing on to their aid, cast showers of stones and rolled heavy rocks upon their assailants, sweeping away whole companies at a time. Napoleon was every where, sharing the toil, incurring the danger, and inspiring his men with his own enthusiastic ardor and courage. In both battles the French were entirely victorious. At Dego, the Austrians were compelled to abandon their artillery and baggage, and escape as they could over the mountains, leaving three thousand prisoners in the hands of the conqueror. At Millesimo, fifteen hundred Sardinians were compelled to surrender. Thus like a thunderbolt Napoleon opened the campaign. In three days, three desperate battles had been fought, and three decisive victories gained. Still Napoleon's situation was perilous in the extreme. He was surrounded by forces vastly superior to his own, crowding down upon him. The Austrians were amazed at his audacity. They deemed it the paroxysm of a madman, who throws himself single-handed into the midst of an armed host. His destruction was sure, unless by almost supernatural rapidity of marching, he could prevent the concentration of these forces and bring superior numbers to attack and destroy the detached portions. A day of inaction, an hour of hesitancy, might have been fatal. It was in the battle at Dego that Napoleon was first particularly struck with the gallantry of a young officer named Lannes. In nothing was the genius of this extraordinary man more manifest, than in the almost intuitive penetration with which he discovered character. Lannes became subsequently Duke of Montebello and one of the marshals of the Empire.*

* "The education of Lannes had been much neglected, but his mind rose to the level of his courage. He became

In the midst of these marches and counter-marches and these incessant battles, there had been no opportunity to distribute regular rations among the troops. The soldiers, destitute of every thing, began to pillage. Napoleon, who was exceedingly anxious to win the good-will of the people of Italy and to be welcomed by them as their deliverer from proud oppressors, proceeded against the culprits with great severity, and immediately re-established the most rigid discipline in the army.

He had now advanced to the summit of Mt. Zemolo. From that eminence the troops looked down upon the lovely plains of Italy, opening, like a diorama beneath them. The poetic sensi-

bilities of Napoleon were deeply moved by the majestic spectacle. Orchards and vineyards, and fertile fields and peaceful villages lay spread out, a scene of perfect enchantment, in the extended valley. Majestic rivers, reflecting the rays of the sun like ribbons of silver, meandered through meadow and forest; encircling the verdant hillsides, and bathing the streets of opulent cities. In the distance stupendous mountains, hoary with eternal ice and snow, bounded and seemed to embrace in protecting arms this land of promise. Napoleon, sitting upon his horse, gazed for some time in silent and delighted admiration upon the scene. "Hannibal," he exclaimed, "forced the Alps; but we have turned them."



NAPOLÉON ON MOUNT ZEMOLO.

There was, however, not a moment to be lost in rest or reverie. From every direction the Austrians and Sardinians were hurrying to their appointed rendezvous, to combine and destroy this audacious band, which had so suddenly and fatally plunged into their midst. The French troops rushed down the declivities of the mountains and, crossing the Tanaro, rejoiced with trembling as they found themselves in the sunny plains of Italy. Dispatching Augereau to pursue the Austrian army, now effectually separated from their allies, Napoleon, with indefatigable perseverance, pursued the Sardinians in their flight toward Turin. He came up with them on the 18th at Ceva, where they had intrenched themselves, eight thousand strong.

He immediately attacked them in their intrenchments. He adored me as his protector, his superior being, his providence. In the impetuosity of his temper he sometimes allowed hasty expressions against me to escape his lips, but he would probably have broken the head of any one who had joined him in his remarks. When he died he had been in fifty-four pitched battles and three hundred combats of different kinds"—NAPOLÉON.

and during the remainder of the day the sanguinary battle raged without any decisive result. The flash and the roar of artillery and of musketry did not cease, till the darkness rendered it impossible to distinguish friend from foe. The French slept upon their arms, ready to resume the combat in the earliest dawn of the morning. In the night the Sardinians fled, and again took a strong position behind the deep and foaming torrent of the Carsuglia. On the evening of the ensuing day, Napoleon again overtook them. A single bridge crossed the rapid torrent. The Sardinians were so strongly posted that it seemed impossible that they could be dislodged. Large detachments were hastening to reinforce them. The Austrians were accumulating in great strength in Napoleon's rear, and notwithstanding all these brilliant victories the situation of the French was perilous in the extreme. A council of war was held in the night, and it was decided, regardless of the extreme exhaustion of the troops, to make an assault upon the bridge as soon as the morning

should dawn. Before the first gray of the morning the French, in battle array, were moving down upon the bridge, anticipating a desperate struggle. But the Sardinians, in a panic, had again fled during the night, and Napoleon, rejoicing at his good fortune, passed the bridge unobstructed. The indefatigable victor pressed onward in the pursuit, and before nightfall again overtook his fugitive foes, who had intrenched themselves upon some almost inaccessible hills near Mondovi. The French immediately advanced to the assault. The Sardinians fought with desperation, but the genius of Napoleon triumphed, and again the Sardinians fled, leaving two thousand men, eight cannon, and eleven standards in the hands of the conqueror, and one thousand dead upon the field. Napoleon pursued the fugitives to Cherasco, and took possession of the place. He was now within twenty miles of Turin, the capital of the kingdom of Sardinia. All was commotion in the metropolis. There were thousands there, who had imbibed the revolutionary spirit, who were ready to welcome Napoleon as their deliverer, and to implore him to aid them in the establishment of a republic. The king and the nobles were in perfect consternation. The English and Austrian ministers entreated the king to adhere to the alliance, abandon his capital, and continue the conflict. They assured him that the rash and youthful victor was rushing into difficulties from which he could by no possibility extricate himself. But he, trembling for his throne and his crown, believing it to be impossible to resist so rapid a conqueror, and fearing that Napoleon, irritated by a protracted conflict, would proclaim political liberty to the people, and revolutionize the kingdom, determined to throw himself into the arms of the French, and to appeal to the magnanimity of the foe, whose rights he had so unpardonably assailed. By all human rules he deserved the severest punishment. He had united with two powerful nations, England and Austria, to chastise the French for preferring a republic to a monarchy, and had sent an invading army to bombard the cities of France and instigate the royalists to rise in civil war against the established government of the country.

It was with lively satisfaction that Napoleon received the advances of the Sardinian King, for he was fully aware of the peril in which he was placed. The allied armies were still far more numerous than his own. He had neither heavy battering cannon, nor siege equipage to reduce Turin, and the other important fortresses of the kingdom. He was far from home, could expect no immediate reinforcements from France, and his little army was literally in destitution and in rags. The allies, on the contrary, were in the enjoyment of abundance. They could every day augment their strength; and their resources were apparently inexhaustible. "The king of Sardinia," says Napoleon, "had still a great number of fortresses left; and in spite of the victories which had been gained, the slightest check, one caprice of fortune, would have undone every

thing." Napoleon, however, with the commissioners who had been sent to treat with him, assumed a very confident and imperious tone. He demanded, as a preliminary to any armistice, that the important fortresses of Coni, Tortona, and Alexandria, "the keys of the Alps," should be surrendered to him. The commissioners hesitated to comply with these requisitions, which would place Sardinia entirely at his mercy, and proposed some modifications. "Your ideas are absurd," exclaimed Napoleon, sternly; "it is for me to state conditions. Listen to the laws which I impose upon you, in the name of the government of my country, and obey, or to-morrow my batteries are erected, and Turin is in flames." The commissioners were overawed, and a treaty was immediately concluded, by which the King of Sardinia abandoned the alliance, surrendered the three fortresses, with all their artillery and military stores, to Napoleon, sent an ambassador to Paris to conclude a definitive peace, left the victors in possession of all the places they had already taken, disbanded the militia, and dispersed the regular troops, and allowed the French free use of the military roads, to carry on the war with Austria. Napoleon then issued to his soldiers the following soul-stirring proclamation:

"Soldiers! you have gained in fifteen days six victories, taken one-and-twenty standards, fifty-five pieces of cannon, many strong places, and have conquered the richest part of Piedmont. You have made fifteen thousand prisoners, and killed or wounded ten thousand men. Hitherto you have fought on sterile rocks, illustrious, indeed, by your courage, but of no avail. Now you rival by your services the armies of Holland and of the Rhine. You were utterly destitute; you have supplied all your wants. You have gained battles without cannon; passed rivers without bridges; made forced marches without shoes, bivouacked without bread. The phalanxes of the Republic, the soldiers of liberty were alone capable of such sacrifices. But, soldiers! you have accomplished nothing while any thing remains to be done. Neither Turin nor Milan is in your hands. I am told that there are some among you whose courage is failing, who wish to return to the summits of the Alps and the Apennines. No! I can not believe it. The conquerors of Montenotte, of Millesimo, of Dego, of Mondovi burn to carry still further the glories of the French name. But ere I lead you to conquest there is one condition you must promise to fulfill: that is to protect the people whom you liberate and to repress all acts of lawless violence. Without this you would not be the deliverers, but the scourges of nations. Invested with the national authority, strong in justice and law, I shall not hesitate to enforce the requisitions of humanity and of honor. I will not suffer robbers to sully your laurels. Pillagers shall be shot without mercy.

"People of Italy! The French army advances to break your chains. The French people are the friends of all nations. In them you may

confide. Your property, your religion, your customs shall be respected. We will only make war as generous foes. Our sole quarrel is with the tyrants who enslave you."

A large majority of Napoleon's soldiers and officers severely condemned any treaty of peace with a monarchical government, and were clamorous for the dethronement of the king of Sardinia, and the establishment of a Republic. The people thronged Napoleon with the entreaty that he would lend them his countenance that they might revolutionize the kingdom. They urged that, by the banishment of the king and the nobles, they could establish a free government, which should be the natural and efficient ally of Republican France. He had but to say the word and the work was done. The temptation to utter that word must have been very strong. It required no common political foresight to nerve Napoleon to resist that temptation. But he had a great horror of anarchy. He had seen enough of the working of Jacobin misrule in the blood-deluged streets of Paris. He did not believe that the benighted peasants of Italy possessed either the intelligence or the moral principle essential to the support of a well-organized republic. Consequently, notwithstanding the known wishes of the Directory, the demands of the army, and the entreaties of the populace, with heroic firmness he refused to allow the overthrow of the established government. He diverted the attention of his soldiers from the subject, by plunging them into still more arduous enterprises, and leading them to yet more brilliant victories.

Napoleon had no desire to see the reign of terror re-enacted in the cities of Italy. He was in favor of reform, not of revolution. The kings and the nobles had monopolized wealth and honor, and nearly all the most precious privileges of life. The people were merely hewers of wood and drawers of water. Napoleon wished to break down this monopoly and to emancipate the masses from the servitude of ages. He would do this, however, not by the sudden upheaving of thrones and the transfer of power to unenlightened and inexperienced democracy, but by surrounding the thrones with republican institutions, and conferring upon all people a strong and well-organized government, with constitutional liberty. Eloquently he says, "It would be a magnificent field for speculation to estimate what would have been the destinies of France and of Europe, had England satisfied herself with denouncing the murder of Louis XVI., which would have been for the interests of public morality, and listened to the councils of a philanthropic policy, by accepting revolutionized France as an ally. Scaffolds would not then have been erected over the whole country, and kings would not have trembled on their thrones; but their states would all have passed, more or less, through a revolutionary process, and the whole of Europe, without a convulsion, would have become constitutional and free."

The kingdom of Sardinia was composed of the provinces of Nice, Piedmont, Savoy, and Mont-

ferrat. It contained three millions of inhabitants. The king, by extraordinary efforts and by means of subsidies from England, had raised an army of sixty thousand men, trained to service in long continued wars. His numerous fortresses, well armed and amply provisioned, situated at the defiles of all the mountains, placed his frontier in a state which was regarded as impregnable. He was the father-in-law of both of the brothers of Louis XVI.; which brothers subsequently ascended the throne of France as Louis XVIII. and as Charles X. He had welcomed them, in their flight from France to his court in Turin; and had made his court a place of refuge for the emigrant noblesse, where, in fancied security, they matured their plans and accumulated their resources for the invasion of France, in connection with the armies of the allies. And yet Napoleon, with thirty thousand half-starved men, had, in one short fortnight, dispersed his troops, driven the Austrians from the kingdom, penetrated to the very heart of the state, and was threatening the bombardment of his capital. The humiliated monarch, trembling for his crown, was compelled to sue for peace at the feet of an unknown young man of twenty-five. His chagrin was so great, in view of his own fallen fortunes and the hopelessness of his sons-in-law ever attaining the throne of France, that he died, a few days after signing the treaty of Cherasco, of a broken heart.

Napoleon immediately dispatched Murat, his first aid-de-camp, to Paris, with a copy of the armistice, and with twenty-one standards taken from the enemy. The sensation which was produced in France by this rapid succession of astonishing victories was intense and universal. The spirit of antique eloquence which imbued the proclamations of the young conqueror; the modest language of his dispatches to the Directory; the entire absence of boasting respecting his own merits, and the glowing commendation of the enthusiastic bravery of his soldiers and of his generals, excited profound admiration. *Bonaparte* was a foreign, an Italian name. Few in France had ever heard it, and it was not easily pronounced. Every one inquired, "Who is this young general, whose talents thus suddenly, with such meteoric splendor, have blazed upon Europe?" His name and his fame were upon every lip, and the eyes of all Europe were concentrated upon him. Three times in the course of fifteen days, the Council of Ancients and The Five Hundred had decreed that the army of Italy deserved well of their country, and had appointed festivals to victory in their honor. In very imposing ceremony Murat presented the captured standards to the Directory. Several foreign ambassadors were present on the occasion. The Republic, thus triumphant, was invested with new dignity, and elevated, by the victories of the young general, to a position of respect and consideration which it had never attained before.

While these scenes were transpiring Napoleon did not forget the bride he had left in Paris. Though for seven days and nights he had al-

lowed himself no quiet meal, no regular repose, and had not taken off either his coat or his boots, he found time to send frequent and most affectionate, though very short, notes to Josephine. Immediately after the victory of Montenotte, while the thunders of the cannonade were still ringing in his ears, he dispatched a courier to Josephine with the following lines, written in such haste and under such circumstances as to be scarcely legible.

"MY BELOVED FRIEND,

"My first laurel is due to my country. My second shall be yours. While pursuing the enemy I thought of France. When he was beaten I thought of Josephine. Your son will send you a scarf surrendered to him by Colonel Morback, whom he took prisoner with his own hand. You see, Madame, that our Eugene is worthy of his father. Do not deem me altogether undeserving of having succeeded to that brave and unfortunate general, under whom I should have felt honored to have learned to conquer. I embrace you.

BONAPARTE."

This delicacy of attention Napoleon ever manifested toward Josephine, even after their unhappy divorce, and until the hour of her death.

Napoleon having, by an advantageous treaty with Sardinia, secured his rear from assault, without a day's delay, commenced the pursuit of the discomfited remains of the Austrian army. Under their commander-in-chief, Beaulieu, they had retreated behind the Po, where they strongly intrenched themselves, awaiting the reinforcements which were hurrying to their aid.

Upon leaving the kingdom of Sardinia Napoleon first entered the states of Parma. The Duke of Parma, who had united with his more powerful neighbors, in the alliance against France, reigned over a population of but about five hundred thousand, and could furnish to the allies but three thousand troops. He was of course powerless, and sent envoys to solicit the clemency of the conqueror. Napoleon granted him an armistice upon his paying five hundred thousand dollars in silver, sixteen hundred artillery horses, and a large supply of corn and provisions. And here commenced one of those characteristic acts of the young general which have been greatly admired by some, and most severely censured by others. Napoleon, a lover and connoisseur of the arts, conscious of the addition they contribute to the splendor of an empire, and of the effect which they produce upon the imagination of men, demanded twenty of the choicest pictures in the galleries of the duke, to be sent to the Museum at Paris. To save one of these works of art, the celebrated picture of St. Jerome, the duke offered two hundred thousand dollars. Napoleon declined the money, stating to the army, "the sum which he offers us will soon be spent; but the possession of such a master-piece, at Paris, will adorn that capital for ages, and give birth to similar exertions of genius." No one objects, according to the laws of war, to the extortion of the money, the horses, the corn, and

the beef, but it is represented by some as an unpardonable act of spoliation and rapacity to have taken the pictures. If conquest confers the right to the seizure of any species of property, it is difficult to conceive why works of art, which are subject to barter and sale, should claim exemption. Indeed, there seems to be a peculiar propriety in taking luxuries rather than necessities. The extortion of money only inflicted a tax upon the *people* who were the friends of Napoleon and of his cause. The selection of the paintings and the statuary deprived not the people of their food, but caused that very class in the community to feel the evils of war, who had originated the conflict. It was making requisition upon the palace and not upon the cottage. But war, with its extortion, robbery, cruelty, and blood, involves all our ideas of morality in confusion. Whatever may be the decision of posterity respecting the propriety of including works of genius among the trophies of war, the occurrence surely exhibits Napoleon as a man of refined and elevated tastes. An ignoble spirit, moved by avarice, would have grasped the money. Napoleon, regardless of personal indulgence, sought only the glory of France. There is at least grandeur in the motive which inspired the act.

The Austrians were now reinforced to the amount of forty thousand men, and had intrenched themselves upon the other side of the Po, having this magnificent stream flowing between them and the French. It is one of the most difficult operations in war to cross a river in the face of an opposing army. It was difficult to conceive how Napoleon could effect the enterprise. He, however, marched resolutely on toward Valenza, making every demonstration of his intention to cross at that point, in defiance of the foe, arrayed in vastly superior numbers to contest the passage. The Austrians concentrated their strength to give him a warm reception. Suddenly by night Napoleon turned down the river, and with amazing celerity made a march of eighty miles in thirty-six hours, seizing every boat upon the stream as he passed along. He had timed the march of the several divisions of his army so precisely, that all of his forces met at the appointed rendezvous within a few hours of each other. Rapidly crossing the river in boats, he found himself and his army, without the loss of a single man, in the plains of Lombardy.

This beautiful and productive country had been conquered by the Austrians, and was governed by an archduke. It contained one million two hundred thousand inhabitants, and was one of the most fertile and rich provinces in the world. Its inhabitants were much dissatisfied with their foreign masters, and the great majority, longing for political regeneration, were ready to welcome the armies of France. As soon as Beaulieu, who was busily at work upon his fortifications at Valenza, heard that Napoleon had thus out-generaled him, and had crossed the river, he immediately collected all his forces and moved forward to meet him. The advanced divisions of the hostile

armies soon met at Fombio. The Austrians stationed themselves in the steeples and at the windows and upon the roofs of the houses, and commenced a destructive fire upon the French, crowding into the streets. They hoped to arrest their progress until the commander-in-chief could arrive with the main body of the army. The French, however, rushed impetuously on with their bayonets, and the Austrians were driven before them, leaving two thousand prisoners in the hands of Napoleon, and the ground covered with their dead.

The French pursued closely upon the heels of the Austrians, from every eminence plunging cannon balls into their retreating ranks, and assailing them with the most destructive fire at every possible point of attack. In the evening of the same day, the exhausted and bleeding columns of the enemy arrived at Lodi, a small town upon the banks of the Adda. Passing directly through the town they crossed the river, which was about two hundred yards in width, by a narrow wooden bridge, about thirty feet wide. They were there received by the main body of the army of Beaulieu, which was strongly intrenched upon the opposite banks. The whole French army rushed into the town, and sheltering themselves behind the walls of the houses, from the incessant fire of the Austrian batteries, awaited the commands of their youthful leader, whom they now began to think invincible.

Napoleon's belief in *destiny* was so strong that he was an entire stranger to bodily fear. He immediately sallied from the town and reconnoitred the banks of the river, amidst a perfect shower of balls and grape-shot. The prospect before him would have been to most persons perfectly appalling. The Austrians, sixteen thousand strong, with twelve thousand infantry and four thousand cavalry, and thirty pieces of heavy artillery were posted upon the opposite banks in battle array, with their batteries so arranged as to command the whole length of the bridge by a raking fire. Batteries stationed above and below also swept the narrow passage by cross fires, while sharp-shooters, in bands of thousands, were posted at every available point, to drive a perfect storm of musket balls into the face of any who should approach the structure. Beaulieu conceived his position so utterly impregnable that he had not thought it necessary to destroy the bridge, as he easily could have done. He desired nothing more earnestly than that the French might attempt the passage, for he was confident that their discomfiture would be both signal and awful. Napoleon immediately placed as many guns as possible in opposition to the Austrian batteries, directing with his own hands, in the midst of the hottest fire, some cannon in such a manner as to prevent the Austrians from approaching to blow up the arches. He then entered the town, assembled his general officers, and informed them that he had resolved immediately to storm the bridge. The bravest of them recoiled from the undertaking, and they unanimously disapproved of the plan as impracticable.

"It is impossible," said one, "that any men can force their way across that narrow bridge, in the face of such an annihilating storm of balls as must be encountered." "How! impossible!" exclaimed Napoleon, "that word is not French." The self-reliant mind of the young conqueror was seldom moved by the opinions of others. Regardless of the disapproval of his generals, he assembled six thousand picked troops, and addressing them in those marked tones of martial eloquence most eminently at his command, so effectually roused their pride and enthusiasm that they were clamorous to be led to the assault. He unfolded to them fully the peril which attended the enterprise, and animated them by reference to the corresponding glory which would attend the achievement. He knew that thousands must perish. But placing only a slight value upon his own life, he regarded as little the lives of others, and deemed the object to be gained worthy of the terrible price which was to be paid. There probably was not another man in either of those armies who would have ventured upon the responsibility of an enterprise apparently so desperate.

Secretly dispatching a large body of cavalry to cross the river at a very difficult ford, about three miles above the town, which by some inconceivable oversight the Austrians had neglected to protect, he ordered them to come down the river and make the most desperate charge upon the rear of the enemy. At the same time he formed his troops in a line, under the shelter of one of the streets nearest the point of attack. It was the evening of the 10th of May. The sun was just sinking behind the Tyrolean hills, enveloping in soft twilight the scene of rural peace and beauty and of man's depravity. Not a breath of air rippled the smooth surface of the water, or agitated the bursting foliage of the early spring. The moment that Napoleon perceived, by the commotion among the Austrians, that the cavalry had effected the passage of the river, he ordered the trumpets to sound the charge. The line wheeled instantly into a dense and solid column, crowding the street with its impenetrable mass. Emerging from the shelter, upon the full run, while rending the air with their enthusiastic shouts, they rushed upon the bridge. They were met by a murderous discharge of every missile of destruction, sweeping the structure like a whirlwind. The whole head of the column was immediately cut down like grass before the scythe, and the progress of those in the rear was encumbered by piles of the dead. Still the column passed on, heedless of the terrific storm of iron and of lead, until it had forced its way into the middle of the bridge. Here it hesitated, wavered, and was on the point of retreating before volcanic bursts of fire too terrible for mortal man to endure, when Napoleon, seizing a standard, and followed by Lannes, Massena, and Berthier, plunged through the clouds of smoke which now enveloped the bridge in almost midnight darkness, placed himself at the head of the troops, and shouted, "Follow your General!" The

bleeding, mangled column, animated by this example, rushed with their bayonets upon the Austrian gunners. At the same moment the French cavalry came dashing upon the batteries in the rear, and the bridge was carried. The French army now poured across the narrow passage like a torrent, and debouched upon the plain. Still the battle raged with unmitigated fury. The Austrians hurled themselves upon the French with the energy of despair. But the troops of Napoleon, intoxicated with their amazing achievement, set all danger at defiance, and seemed just as regardless of bullets and of shells, as if they had been snow-balls in the hands of children.

In the midst of the thunders of the terrific cannonade a particular battery was producing dreadful havoc among the ranks of the French. Repeated attempts had been made to storm it, but in vain. An officer rode up to Napoleon in the midst of all the confusion and horror of the battle, and represented to him the importance of making another effort to silence the destructive battery. "Very well," said Napoleon, who was fond of speaking, as well as acting the sublime, "let it be

silenced then." Turning to a body of dragoons near by, he exclaimed, "follow your General." As gayly as if it were the pastime of a holiday, the dragoons followed their leader in the impetuous charge, through showers of grape shot dealing mutilation and death into their ranks. The Austrian gunners were instantly sabred, and their guns turned upon the foe.

Lannes was the first to cross the bridge and Napoleon the second. Lannes in utter recklessness and desperation, spurred his maddened horse into the very midst of the Austrian ranks and grasped a banner. At that moment his horse fell dead beneath him, and half a dozen swords glittered above his head. With Herculean strength and agility he extricated himself from his fallen steed, leaped upon the horse of an Austrian officer, behind the rider, plunged his sword through the body of the officer, and hurled him from his saddle; taking his seat he fought his way back to his followers, having slain in the *mélée* six of the Austrians with his own hand. This deed of demoniac energy was performed under the eye of Napoleon, and he promoted Lannes upon the spot.



THE TERRIBLE PASSAGE OF THE BRIDGE OF LODI.

The Austrians now retreated, leaving two thousand prisoners and twenty pieces of cannon in the hands of the victors, and two thousand five hundred men and four hundred horses dead upon the plain. The French probably lost, in dead and wounded, about the same number, though Napoleon, in his report of the battle, acknowledged the loss of but four hundred. The Austrians claimed that the French won the victory at the expense of four thousand men. It was, of course, the policy of the conqueror to have it understood that his troops were the executors not the victims of slaughter. "As false as a bulletin," has become a proverb. The ne-

cessity of uttering falsehood and practicing deception in all their varied forms, is one of the smallest of the innumerable immoralities attendant upon war. From time immemorial it has been declared that the weapons of deception and of courage are equally allowable to the soldier: "*an virtus, an dolos, quis ab hoste requirat.*" If an enemy can be deceived by a false bulletin, there are few generals so conscientious as to reject the stratagem. Napoleon certainly never hesitated to avail himself of any artifice to send dismay into the hearts of his foes. Truthfulness is not one of the virtues which thrives in a camp. "It was a strange sight," says a French vet-

eran, who was present at this battle, "to see Napoleon that day, on foot on the bridge, under an *infernal* fire, and mixed up with our tall grenadiers. He looked like a little boy." "This beardless youth," said an Austrian general, indignantly, "ought to have been beaten over and over again; for who ever saw such tactics. The blockhead knows nothing of the rules of war. To-day he is in our rear, to-morrow on our flank, and the next day again in our front. Such gross violations of the established principles of war are insufferable."

When Napoleon was in exile at St. Helena, some one read an account of the battle of Lodi, in which it was stated that Napoleon displayed great courage in being the first to cross the bridge, and that Lannes passed it after him. "Before me! before me!" exclaimed Napoleon, earnestly. "Lannes passed first and I only followed him. It is necessary to correct that error upon the spot." The correction was made in the margin. This victory produced a very extraordinary effect upon the whole French army, and inspired the soldiers with unbounded confidence in their young leader. Some of the veterans of the army, immediately after the battle, met together and jocosely promoted their General, who had so distinguished himself by his bravery, and who was so juvenile in his appearance, to the rank of corporal. When Napoleon next appeared upon the field, he was greeted with enthusiastic shouts by the whole army, "Long live our little Corporal!" Ever after this he was the perfect idol of the troops, and never lost, even in the dignity of Consul and Emperor, this honorary and affectionate nickname. "Neither the quelling of the sections," said Napoleon, "nor the victory of Montenotte induced me to think myself a superior character. It was not till after the *terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi*, that the idea shot across my mind that I might become a decisive actor in the political arena. Then arose, for the first time, the spark of great ambition."

Lombardy was now at the mercy of Napoleon, and the discomfited Austrians fled into the Tyrol. The Archduke Ferdinand and his duchess, with tears in their eyes, abandoned to the conqueror their beautiful capital of Milan, and sought refuge with their retreating friends.

As the carriages of the ducal pair, and those of their retinue passed sadly through the streets of the metropolis, the people looked on in silence, uttering not a word of sympathy or of insult. But the moment they had departed, republican zeal burst forth unrestrained. The tricolored cockade seemed suddenly to have fallen, as by magic, upon the hats and the caps of the multitude, and the great mass of the people prepared to greet the French Republicans with every demonstration of joy. A placard was put upon the palace—"This house to let; for the keys apply to the French Commissioner."

On the fifteenth of May, just one month after the opening of the campaign at Montenotte, Napoleon entered Milan in triumph. He was welcomed by the great majority of the inhabitants

as a deliverer. The patriots, from all parts of Italy, crowded to the capital, sanguine in the hope that Napoleon would secure their independence, and confer upon them a Republican government, in friendly alliance with France. A numerous militia was immediately organized, called the National Guard, and dressed in three colors, green, red, and white, in honor of the tricolored flag. A triumphal arch was erected, in homage of the conqueror. The whole population of the city marched out to bid him welcome; flowers were scattered in his path; ladies thronged the windows as he passed, and greeted him with smiles and fluttering handkerchiefs, and with a shower of bouquets rained down at his feet. Amidst all the pomp of martial music, and waving banners, the ringing of bells, the thunders of saluting artillery, and the acclamations of an immense concourse of spectators, Napoleon took possession of the palace from whence the duke had fled. "If you desire liberty," said the victor to the Milanese, "you must deserve it by assisting to emancipate Italy forever from Austria." The wealthy and avaricious Duke of Modena, whose states bordered upon those of Parma, dispatched envoys to sue for peace. Napoleon granted him an armistice, upon the payment of two millions of dollars, twenty of his choicest pictures, and an abundant supply of horses and provisions. When in treaty with the Duke of Modena, the Commissary of the French army came to Napoleon and said, "The brother of the duke is here with eight hundred thousand dollars in gold, contained in four chests. He comes, in the name of the duke, to beg you to accept them. And I advise you to do so. The money belongs to you. Take it without scruple. A proportionate diminution will be made in the duke's contribution, and he will be very glad to have obtained a protector." "I thank you," replied Napoleon, coolly. "I shall not, for that sum, place myself in the power of the Duke of Modena." The whole contribution went into the army-chest, Napoleon refusing to receive for himself a single dollar.

Napoleon now issued another of those spirit-stirring proclamations, which roused such enthusiasm among his own troops, and which so powerfully electrified the ardent imagination of the Italians. "Soldiers! you have descended like a torrent from the Apennines. You have overwhelmed every thing which opposed your progress. Piedmont is delivered from the tyranny of Austria; Milan is in your hands, and the Republican standards wave over the whole of Lombardy. The Dukes of Parma and Modena owe their existence to your generosity. The army which menaced you with so much pride, can no longer find a barrier to protect itself against your arms. The Po, the Ticino, the Adda have not been able to stop you a single day. These boasted bulwarks of Italy have proved as nugatory as the Alps. Such a career of success has carried joy into the bosom of your country. Fêtes in honor of your victories have been ordered in all the communes of the Repub-

lic. There your parents, your wives, your sisters, your lovers rejoice in your achievements, and boast with pride that you belong to them. Yes, soldiers! you have indeed done much, but much remains still to be done. Shall posterity say that we knew how to conquer, but knew not how to improve victory? Shall we find a Capua in Lombardy? We have forced marches to make, enemies to subdue, laurels to gather, injuries to revenge. Let those who have whetted the daggers of civil war in France, who have assassinated our ministers, who have burned our ships at Toulon—let those tremble. The hour of vengeance has struck. But let not the *people* be alarmed. We are the friends of the people every where; particularly of the Brutuses, the Scipios, and the great men whom we have taken for our models. To re-establish the Capitol; to replace the statues of the heroes who rendered it illustrious; to rouse the Romans, stupefied by centuries of slavery—such will be the fruit of our victories. They will form an epoch with posterity. To you will pertain the immortal glory of changing the face of the finest portion of Europe. The French people, free and respected by the whole world, will give to Europe a glorious peace. You will then return to your homes, and your fellow-citizens will say, pointing to you, *He belonged to the army of Italy.*"

Such were the proclamations which Napoleon dashed off, with inconceivable rapidity, in the midst of all the care, and peril, and clangor of battle. Upon reading these glowing sentences over at St. Helena, twenty years after they were written, he exclaimed, "And yet they had the folly to say that I could not write." He has been represented by some as illiterate, as unable to spell. On the contrary, he was a ripe and an accomplished scholar. His intellectual powers and his intellectual attainments were of the very highest order. His mind had been trained by the severest discipline of intense and protracted study. "Do you write orthographically?" said he one day to his amanuensis at St. Helena. "A man occupied with public business can not attend to orthography. His ideas must flow faster than his hand can trace. He has only time to place his points. He must compress words into letters, and phrases into words, and let the scribes make it out afterward." Such was the velocity with which Napoleon wrote. His handwriting was composed of the most unintelligible hieroglyphics. He often could not decipher it himself.

Lombardy is the garden of Italy. The whole of the extensive valley, from the Alps to the Apennines, is cultivated to the highest degree, presenting in its vineyards, its orchards, its waving fields of grain, its flocks and herds, one of the most rich and attractive features earth can exhibit. Milan, its beautiful capital, abounding in wealth and luxury, contained a population of one hundred and twenty thousand souls. Here Napoleon allowed his weary troops, exhausted by their unparalleled exertions, to repose for six days. Napoleon himself was received by the in-

habitants with the most unbounded enthusiasm and joy. He was regarded as the liberator of Italy—the youthful hero, who had come with almost supernatural powers, to re-introduce to the country the reign of Roman greatness and virtue. His glowing words, his splendid achievements, his high-toned morals so pure and spotless, the grace and beauty of his feminine figure, his prompt decisions, his imperial will, and the antique cast of his thoughts, uttered in terse and graphic language, which passed, in reiterated quotation, from lip to lip, diffused an universal enchantment. From all parts of Italy the young and the enthusiastic flocked to the metropolis of Lombardy. The language of Italy was Napoleon's mother tongue. His name and his origin were Italian, and they regarded him as a countryman. They crowded his footsteps, and greeted him with incessant acclamations. He was a Cato, a Scipio, a Hannibal. The ladies, in particular, lavished upon him adulations without any bounds.

But Napoleon was compelled to support his own army from the spoils of the vanquished. He could not receive a dollar from the exhausted treasury of the French Republic. "It is very difficult," said he, "to rob a people of their substance, and at the same time to convince them that you are their friend and benefactor." Still he succeeded in doing both. With great reluctance he imposed upon the Milanese a contribution of four millions of dollars, and selected twenty paintings from the Ambrosian Gallery, to send to Paris as the trophies of his victory. It was with extreme regret that he extorted the money, knowing that it must check the enthusiasm with which the inhabitants were rallying around the Republican standard. It was, however, indispensable for the furtherance of his plans. It was his only refuge from defeat and from absolute destruction. The Milanese patriots also felt that it was just that their government should defray the expenses of a war which they had provoked; that since Lombardy had allied itself with the powerful and wealthy monarchies of Europe, to invade the infant Republic in its weakness and its poverty, Napoleon was perfectly justifiable in feeding and clothing his soldiers at the expense of the invaders whom he had repelled. The money was paid, and the conqueror was still the idol of the people.

His soldiers were now luxuriating in the abundance of bread, and meat, and wine. They were, however, still in rags, wearing the same war-worn and tattered garments with which they had descended from the frozen summits of the Alps. With the resources thus obtained, Napoleon clothed all his troops abundantly, filled the chests of the army, established hospitals and large magazines, proudly sent a million of dollars to the Directory in Paris, as an absent father would send funds to his helpless family; forwarded two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to Moreau, who, with an impoverished army, upon the Rhine, was contending against superior forces of the Austrians. He also established an energetic and efficient municipal government in Mi-

lan, and made immediate arrangements for the organization and thorough military discipline of the militia in all parts of Lombardy. This was the work of five days, and of five days succeeding a month of such toil of body and of mind as, perhaps, no mortal ever endured before. Had it not been for a very peculiar constitutional temperament, giving Napoleon the most extraordinary control over his own mind, such Herculean labors could not have been performed. "Different affairs are arranged in my head," said he, "as in drawers. When I wish to interrupt one train of thought, I close the drawer which contains that subject, and open to that which contains another. They do not mix together, and do not fatigue me or inconvenience me. I have never been kept awake by an involuntary pre-occupation of the mind. If I wish repose, I shut up all the drawers and I am asleep. I have always slept when I wanted rest, and almost at will." After spending several successive days and nights without sleep, in preparation for a decisive conflict, he has been known repeatedly to fall asleep in the midst of the uproar and horror of the field of battle, and when the balls of the enemy were sweeping the eminence upon

which he stood. "Nature has her rights," said he, "and will not be defrauded with impunity. I feel more cool to receive the reports which are brought to me, and to give fresh orders when awaking in this manner from a transient slumber."

While in Milan, one morning, just as he had mounted his horse, a dragoon presented himself before him, bearing dispatches of great importance. Napoleon read them upon the saddle; and, giving a verbal answer, told the courier to take it back with all possible dispatch. "I have no horse," the man replied, "the one I rode, in consequence of forced speed, fell dead at the gate of your palace." "Take mine then," rejoined Napoleon, instantly alighting. The man hesitated to mount the magnificent charger of the general-in-chief. "You think him too fine an animal," said Napoleon, "and too splendidly caparisoned. Never mind, comrade, there is nothing too magnificent for a French soldier." Incidents like this, perpetually occurring, were narrated, with all conceivable embellishments, around the camp-fires, and they conferred upon the young general a degree of popularity almost amounting to adoration.



NAPOLEON AND THE COURIER.

The lofty intellectual character of Napoleon was also developed at the same time, in the midst of all the cares, perplexities, and perils of these most terrible conflicts, in a letter publicly addressed to Oriani, the celebrated mathematician. "Hitherto," he writes, "the learned in Italy have not enjoyed the consideration to which they were entitled. They lived secluded in their libraries, too happy if they could escape the persecution of kings and priests. It is so no longer. Religious inquisition and despotic power are at an end. Thought is free in Italy. I invite the

literary and the scientific to consult together and propose to me their ideas on the subject of giving new life and vigor to the fine arts and sciences. All who desire to visit France will be received with distinction by the government. The citizens of France have more pride in enrolling among their citizens a skillful mathematician, a painter of reputation, a distinguished man in any class of letters, than in adding to their territories a large and wealthy city."

Napoleon having thus rapidly organized a government for Lombardy, and having stationed

troops in different places to establish tranquillity, turned his attention again to the pursuit of the Austrians. But by this time the Directory in Paris were thoroughly alarmed in view of the astonishing influence and renown which Napoleon had attained. In one short month he had filled Europe with his name. They determined to check his career. Kellerman, a veteran general of great celebrity, they consequently appointed his associate in command, to pursue the Austrians with a part of the army, while Napoleon, with the other part, was to march down upon the States of the Pope. This division would have insured the destruction of the army. Napoleon promptly but respectfully tendered his resignation, saying, "One bad general is better than two good ones. War, like government, is mainly decided by tact." This decision brought the Directory immediately to terms. The commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy was now too powerful to be displaced, and the undivided command was immediately restored to him.

In the letter he wrote to the Directory at this time, and which must have been written with the rapidity of thought, he observes, with great force of language and strength of argument. "It is in the highest degree impolitic to divide into two the army of Italy; and not less adverse to place at its head two different generals. The expedition to the Papal States is a very inconsiderable matter, and should be made by divisions in echelon, ready at any moment to wheel about and face the Austrians. To perform it with success both armies must be under one general. I have hitherto conducted the campaign without consulting any one. The result would have been very different if I had been obliged to reconcile my views with those of another. If you impose upon me embarrassments of various kinds; if I must refer all my steps to the commissaries of government; if they are authorized to change my movements, to send away my troops, expect no further success. If you weaken your resources by dividing your forces, if you disturb in Italy the unity of military thought, I say it with grief, you will lose the finest opportunity that ever occurred of giving laws to that fine peninsula. In the present posture of the affairs of the Republic it is indispensable that you possess a general who enjoys your confidence. If I do not do so I shall not complain. Every one has his own method of carrying on war. Kellerman has more experience, and may do it better than I. Together we should do nothing but mischief. Your decision on this matter is of more importance than the fifteen thousand men the Emperor of Austria has sent to Beaulieu."

On the 22d of May Napoleon left Milan, in pursuit of the Austrians. Beaulieu, in his retreat to the mountains of the Tyrol, had thrown fifteen thousand men into the almost impregnable fortress of Mantua, to arrest the progress of the conqueror. He knew that Napoleon could not follow him leaving such a fortress in the possession of his enemies in his rear. Austria was raising powerful reinforcements, and the defeat-

ed general intended soon to return with overwhelming numbers, and crush his foe. Napoleon had hardly advanced one day's march from Milan when a formidable insurrection broke out. The priests, incited by the Pope, had roused the peasants, who were very much under their influence, to rise and exterminate the French. They appealed to all the motives of fanaticism which the papal church has so effectually at its command, to rouse their military ardor. They assured the ignorant peasants that Austria was pouring down an overwhelming army upon the invader; that all Italy was simultaneously rising in arms; that England, with her powerful fleet, was landing troops innumerable upon the coasts of Sardinia; that God, and all his angels, were looking down from the windows of Heaven to admire the heroism of the faithful, in ridding the earth of the enemies of the true religion, and that the destruction of Napoleon was sure. The enthusiasm spread from hamlet to hamlet like a conflagration. The friends of republicanism were, for the most part, in the cities. The peasantry were generally strongly attached to the church, and looked up with reverence to the nobles. The tocsin was sounded in every village. In a day thirty thousand peasants, roused to frenzy, grasped their arms. The danger was most imminent.

Napoleon felt that not an hour was to be lost. He took with him twelve hundred men and six pieces of cannon, and instantly turned upon his track. He soon came up with eight hundred of the insurgents, who were intrenching themselves in the small village of Banasco. There was no parleying. There was no hesitancy. The ear was closed to all the appeals of mercy. The veteran troops, inured to their work, rushed with bayonet and sabre upon the unwarlike Italians, and, in a few moments, hewed the peasants to pieces. The women and children fled in every direction, carrying the tidings of the dreadful massacre. The torch was applied to the town, and the dense volumes of smoke ascending into the serene and cloudless skies, from this altar of vengeance, proclaimed, far and wide over the plains of Italy, how dreadful a thing it was to incur the wrath of the conqueror.

Napoleon and his troops, their swords still dripping in blood, tarried not, but moving on with the sweep of a whirlwind, came to the gates of Pavia. This city had become the headquarters of the insurgents. It contained thirty thousand inhabitants. Napoleon had left there a garrison of three hundred men. The insurgents, eight thousand strong, had thrown themselves into the place, and, strengthened by all of the monarchical party, prepared for a desperate resistance. Napoleon sent the Archbishop of Milan, with a flag of truce, offering pardon to all who would lay down their arms. "May the terrible example of Banasco," said he, "open your eyes. Its fate shall be that of every town which persists in revolt." "While Pavia has walls," the insurgents bravely replied, "we will not surrender. Napoleon rejoined in the instantaneous thunders of his artillery. He swept the



THE BURNING OF BANASCO.

amparts with grape shot, while the soldiers, with their hatchets, hewed down the gates.

They rushed like an inundation into the city. The peasants fought with desperation from the windows and roofs of the houses, hurling down upon the French every missile of destruction. The sanguinary conflict soon terminated in favor of the disciplined valor of the assailants. The wretched peasants were pursued into the plain and cut down without mercy. The magistrates of the city were shot; the city itself given up to pillage. "The order," said Napoleon to the inhabitants, "to lay the city in ashes, was just leaving my lips, when the garrison of the castle arrived, and hastened, with cries of joy, to embrace their deliverers. Their names were called over and none found missing. If the blood of a single Frenchman had been shed, my determination was to erect a column on the ruins of Pavia, bearing this inscription, '*Here stood the city of Pavia!*'" He was extremely indignant with the garrison for allowing themselves to be made prisoners. "Cowards," he exclaimed, "I intrusted you with a post essential to the safety of an army; and you have abandoned it to a mob of wretched peasants, without offering the least resistance." He delivered the captain over to a council of war, and he was shot.

This terrible example crushed the insurrection over the whole of Lombardy. Such are the inevitable and essential horrors of war. Napoleon had no love for cruelty. But he never hesitated to adopt any measures, however decisive and sanguinary, which he deemed essential for the accomplishment of his purposes. In such dreadful scenes he claimed to be acting upon the same principle which influences the physician to cut, with an unflinching hand, through nerves

and tendons, for the humane design of saving life.

If war is right this was right. This bloody vengeance was necessary for the salvation of Napoleon's army. He was about to pursue the Austrians far away into the mountains of the Tyrol, and it was necessary to his success that, by a terrible example, he should teach those whom he left behind, that they could not rise upon him with impunity. War is necessarily a system of cruelty and of blood. Napoleon was an energetic warrior. He recoiled not from any severities which he deemed indispensable to the success of his horrible mission. "A man of refined sensibilities," says the Duke of Wellington, "has no right to meddle with the profession of a soldier." "Pavia," said Napoleon, "is the only place I ever gave up to pillage. I promised that the soldiers should have it, at their mercy, for twenty-four hours. But after three hours I could bear such scenes of outrage no longer, and put an end to them. Policy and morality are equally opposed to the system. Nothing is so certain to disorganize and completely ruin an army."

It is wonderfully characteristic of this most extraordinary man, that in the midst of these terrible scenes, and when encompassed by such perils and pressed by such urgent haste, he could have found time and the disposition to visit a literary institution. When the whole city of Pavia was in consternation, he entered the celebrated university, accompanied by his splendid military suite. With the utmost celerity he moved from class to class, asking questions with such rapidity that the professors could hardly find time or breath to answer him. "What class is this?" he inquired, as he entered the first recitation-room. "The class of metaphysics," was the

reply. Napoleon, who had but little respect for the uncertain deductions of mental philosophy, exclaimed, very emphatically, "Bah!" and took a pinch of snuff. Turning to one of the pupils, he inquired, "What is the difference between sleep and death?" The embarrassed pupil turned to the professor for assistance. The professor plunged into a learned disquisition upon death. The uncourteous examiner left him in the midst of his sentences, and hastened to another room. "What class is this?" he said. "The mathematical class," he was answered. It was his favorite science. His eye sparkled with pleasure, and seizing a book from one of the pupils, he hastily turned over the leaves and gave him a very difficult problem to solve. He chanced to fall upon an excellent scholar, who did the work very promptly and correctly. Napoleon glanced his eye over the work and said, "You are wrong." The pupil insisted that he was right. Napoleon took the slate and sat down to work the problem himself. In a moment he saw his own error, and returning the slate to the pupil, with ill-concealed chagrin, exclaimed, "Yes! yes! you are right." He then proceeded to another room, when he met the celebrated Volta, "the Newton of electricity." Napoleon was delighted to see the distinguished philosopher, and ran and threw his arms around his neck, and begged him immediately to draw out his class. The President of the University, in a very eulogistic address to the young general, said, "Charles the Great laid the foundations of this University. May Napoleon the Great give it the completion of its glory."

Having quelled the insurrection, in flames and blood, the only way in which, by any possibility it could have been quelled, Napoleon turned proudly again, with his little band, to encounter the whole power of the Austrian empire, now effectually aroused to crush him. The dominions of Venice contained three millions of souls. Its fleet ruled the Adriatic, and it could command an army of fifty thousand men. The Venetians though unfriendly to France preferred neutrality. Beaulieu had fled through their territories, leaving a garrison at Mantua. Napoleon pursued them. To the remonstrances of the Venetians he replied: "Venice has either afforded refuge to the Austrians, in which case it is the enemy of France, or it was unable to prevent the Austrians from invading its territory, and is consequently too weak to claim the right of neutrality." The government deliberated in much perplexity, whether to throw themselves as allies into the arms of France or of Austria. They at last decided, if possible, to continue neutral. They sent to Napoleon twelve hundred thousand dollars, as a bribe or a present to secure his friendship. He decisively rejected it. To some friends who urged the perfect propriety of his receiving the money, he replied:

"If my commissary should see me accept this money, who can tell to what lengths he might go." The Venetian envoys retired from their mission deeply impressed with the genius of

Napoleon. They had expected to find only a stern warrior. To their surprise they met a statesman, whose profoundness of views, power of eloquence, extent of information, and promptness of decision excited both their admiration and amazement. They were venerable men, accustomed to consideration and power. Napoleon was but twenty-five. Yet the veterans were entirely overawed by his brilliant and commanding powers. "This extraordinary young man," they wrote to the senate, "will one day exert great influence over his country."

No man ever had more wealth at his disposal than Napoleon, or was more scrupulous as to the appropriation of any of it to himself. For two years he maintained the army in Italy, calling upon the government for no supplies whatever. He sent more than two millions of dollars to Paris to relieve the Directory from its embarrassments. Without the slightest difficulty he might have accumulated millions of dollars for his own private fortune. His friends urged him to do so, assuring him that the Directory, jealous of his fame and power, would try to crush rather than to reward him. But he turned a deaf ear to all such suggestions, and returned to Paris, from this most brilliant campaign, comparatively a poor man. He had clothed the armies of France, and replenished the impoverished treasury of the Republic, and filled the Museum of Paris with paintings and statuary. But all was for France. He reserved neither money, nor painting, nor statue for himself. "Every one," said he afterward, "has his relative ideas. I have a taste for founding not for possessing. My riches consist in glory and celebrity. The Simplon and the Louvre were in the eyes of the people and of foreigners more my property than any private domains could possibly have been." This was surely a lofty and a noble ambition.

Napoleon soon overtook the Austrians. He found a division of the army strongly intrenched upon the banks of the Mincio, determined to arrest his passage. Though the Austrians were some fifteen thousand strong, and though they had partially demolished the bridge, the march of Napoleon was retarded scarcely an hour. Napoleon was that day sick, suffering from a violent headache. Having crossed the river and concerted all his plans for the pursuit of the flying enemy, he went into an old castle, by the river's side, to try the effect of a foot-bath. He had but a small retinue with him, his troops being dispersed in pursuit of the fugitives. He had but just placed his feet in the warm water when he heard the loud clatter of horses' hoofs, as a squadron of Austrian dragoons galloped into the court-yard. The sentinel at the door shouted, "To arms! to arms! the Austrians!" Napoleon sprang from the bath, hastily drew on one boot, and with the other in his hand, leaped from the window, escaped through the back gate of the garden, mounted a horse and galloped to Massena's division, who were cooking their dinner at a little distance from the castle. The appearance of their commander-in-chief among them in

such a plight roused the soldiers from their camp-kettles, and they rushed in pursuit of the Austrians, who, in their turn, retreated. This personal risk induced Napoleon to establish a body guard, to consist of five hundred veterans, of at least ten years' service, who were ever to accompany him. This was the origin of that Imperial Guard, which, in the subsequent wars of Napoleon, obtained such a world-wide renown.

Napoleon soon encamped before the almost impregnable fortress of Mantua. About twenty thousand men composed its garrison. As it was impossible to surmount such formidable defenses by assault, Napoleon was compelled to have recourse to the more tedious operations of a siege.

The Austrian government, dissatisfied with the generalship of Beaulieu, withdrew him from the service and sent General Wurmser to assume the command, with a reinforcement of sixty thousand men. Napoleon's army had also been reinforced, so that he had about thirty thousand men with whom to meet the eighty thousand which would compose the Austrian army when united. It would require, however, at least a month before Wurmser could arrive at the gates of Mantua. Napoleon resolved to improve the moments of leisure in disarming his enemies in the south of Italy.

The kingdom of Naples, situated at the southern extremity of the peninsula, is the most powerful state in Italy. A Bourbon prince, dissolute and effeminate, sat upon the throne. Its fleet had been actively allied with the English in the attack upon Toulon. Her troops were now associated with the Austrians in the warfare against France. The king, seeing the Austrians, and his own troops united with them, driven from every part of Italy except the fortress of Mantua, was exceedingly alarmed, and sent to Napoleon imploring peace. Napoleon, not being able to march an army into his territory to impose contributions, and yet being very anxious to detach from the alliance the army of sixty thousand men which Naples could bring into the field, granted an armistice upon terms so easy as to provoke the displeasure of the Directory. But Napoleon was fully aware of the impending peril, and decided wisely. The Pope, now abandoned by Naples, was in perfect consternation. He had anathematized republican France. He had preached a crusade against her, and had allowed her ambassador to be assassinated in the streets of Rome. He was conscious that he deserved chastisement, and he had learned that the young conqueror, in his chastisings, inflicted very heavy blows. Napoleon, taking with him but six thousand men, entered the States of the Pope. The provinces subject to the Pope's temporal power contained a population of two and a half millions, most of whom were in a state of disgraceful barbarism. He had an inefficient army of four or five thousand men. His temporal power was nothing. It was his spiritual power alone which rendered the Pope formidable. The Pontiff immediately sent an ambassador to Bologna, to implore the clemency of

the conqueror. Napoleon referred the Pope to the Directory in Paris for the terms of a permanent peace, granting him however an armistice, in consideration of which he exacted the surrender of Ancona, Bologna, and Ferrara to a French garrison, the payment of four millions of dollars in silver and gold, and the contribution of one hundred paintings or statues and five hundred ancient manuscripts for the Museum in Paris. The Pope, trembling in anticipation of the overthrow of his temporal power, was delighted to escape upon such easy terms. The most enlightened of the inhabitants of these degenerate and wretchedly governed states welcomed the French with the utmost enthusiasm. They hated the Holy See implacably, and entreated Napoleon to grant them independence. But it was not Napoleon's object to revolutionize the states of Italy, and though he could not but express his sympathy in these aspirations for political freedom, he was unwilling to take any decisive measures for the overthrow of the established government. He was contending simply for peace.

Tuscany had acknowledged the French Republic, and remained neutral in this warfare. But England, regardless of the neutrality of this feeble state, had made herself master of the port of Leghorn, protected by the governor of that city, who was inimical to the French. The frigates of England rode insultingly in the harbor, and treated the commerce of France as that of an enemy. Napoleon crossed the Apennines, by forced marches proceeded to Leghorn, and captured English goods to the amount of nearly three millions of dollars, notwithstanding a great number of English vessels escaped from the harbor but a few hours before the entrance of the French. England was mistress of the sea, and she respected no rights of private property upon her watery domain. Wherever her fleets encountered a merchant ship of the enemy, it was taken as fair plunder. Napoleon, who regarded the land as his domain, resolved that he would retaliate by the capture of English property wherever his army encountered it upon the Continent. It was robbery in both cases, and in both cases equally unjustifiable. And yet such is, to a certain degree, one of the criminal necessities of war. He seized the inimical governor, and sent him in a post-chaise to the Grand Duke at Florence, saying, "The governor of Leghorn has violated all the rights of neutrality, by oppressing French commerce, and by affording an asylum to the emigrants and to all the enemies of the Republic. Out of respect to your authority I send the unfaithful servant to be punished at your discretion." The neutral states were thus energetically taught that they must respect their neutrality. He left a garrison at Leghorn, and then proceeded to Florence, the capital of Tuscany, where the duke, brother of the emperor of Austria, received him with the greatest cordiality, and gave him a magnificent entertainment. He then returned to Mantua, having been absent just twenty days, and in that time, with one divi-

sion of his army, having overawed all the states of southern Italy, and secured their tranquillity during the tremendous struggles which he had still to maintain against Austria. In these fearful and bloody conflicts Napoleon was contending only to protect his country from those invading armies, which were endeavoring to force upon France the despotism of the Bourbons. He repeatedly made the declaration, that he wished only for peace; and in every case, even when states, by the right of conquest, were entirely in his power, he made peace, upon the most lenient terms for them, simply upon condition that they should cease their warfare against France. "Such a rapid succession of brilliant victories," said Las Cases to Napoleon at St. Helena, "filling the world with your fame, must have been a source of great delight to you." "By no means," Napoleon replied. "They who think so know nothing of the peril of our situation. The victory of to-day was instantly forgotten in preparation for the battle which was to be fought on the morrow. The aspect of danger was continually before me. I enjoyed not one moment of repose."

We must now leave Napoleon and his army, until our next Number, encamped before the walls of Mantua.

LIMA AND THE LIMANIANS.

WHEN Pizarro had completed the conquest of Peru, one of his first cares was to select a site for the capital of his new empire. The situation of Cuzco, far withdrawn in the depths of the Cordilleras, which admirably adapted it for the metropolis under the centralizing system of the Incas, rendered it unsuited for the capital of a commercial people, who were to be bound to another nation by the strict ties of colonial dependency. All the requisites of a central position, a good harbor, a fertile soil, and a delightful climate were found combined in the valley of Lurigancho, through which, emptying into the Bay of Callao, flowed the river Rimac, affording abundant facilities for irrigation, and producing exuberant fertility. Here, on the 6th day of January, 1535, the festival of the Epiphany, the conqueror of the Incas resolved to establish his capital city. He gave to it the name of *La Ciudad de los Reyes*—"The City of the Kings," in honor of the "wise men from the east," whom Catholic tradition has invested with regal dignity, who on that day, more than fifteen centuries before, had followed the star till it "stood over where the young child was." Twelve days afterward, the Spaniards having been gathered to the valley, the work was solemnly inaugurated by Pizarro laying with his own hand the foundation of the cathedral, which was dedicated to *Nuestra Señora de la Asuncion*—"Our Lady of the Assumption." The work of building was pushed on with an energy characteristic of Pizarro. From an hundred miles around the Indians were collected, and forced to build the hated city. The stern soldiers of the conquest laid aside their armor, and assumed the character of laborious

artisans. The foundations of the public edifices were laid with a solidity capable of defying the attacks of time; and almost sufficient to resist the shocks of the earthquake, which at length taught the successors of the first builders that security was only to be attained by the use of slighter materials, and a more humble and fragile mode of erection.

In accordance with the old usage, which delighted to place a great city at some distance from its seaport, the spot chosen by Pizarro for his capital was about two leagues from the bay, whose waters were to be whitened with the sails of its commerce. From this point the plain descends westward to the sea-shore with a gentle slope. The city was laid out in the form of a semicircle or triangle, of which the Rimac formed the base. In order to secure as much shade as possible, the direction of the streets, instead of coinciding with that of the points of the compass, was made from northeast to southwest, so that both in the morning and the afternoon the shade of the buildings should fall upon the streets. Lying within twelve degrees of the equator, the buildings could of course cast no shadow, at any season, from the vertical noonday sun. These principal streets were crossed at right angles by others, so that each group of houses formed a quadrangle, all of nearly equal size. The general direction of the main streets nearly coinciding with the slope of the plain and the course of the Rimac, allowed the waters of the river to be conveyed through them in stone conduits, furnishing irrigation to the gardens, abundant spaces for which were left within the city.

The growth of Lima (for the name given by Pizarro to the city was early laid aside in favor of its present appellation, derived, by a change of letters to which the Limanians are still much addicted, from the name of the river upon which it stands) was as rapid as that of a tropical plant. In half a century from its foundation it is said to have contained 100,000 inhabitants; a rate of increase then unexampled in the history of colonization, and offering a striking contrast to the slow and almost imperceptible growth of the cities planted a century later upon the Atlantic shores of North America, though outdone by the marvels wrought in our own days upon the Pacific coasts. Is their speedy rise to be followed by a like speedy decline? As the mother country declined, the prosperity of Lima in like manner waned, though it is impossible, among the contradictory statements made, to arrive at any certain conclusion as to the population at different periods. But the large number of ruinous and uninhabited buildings shows a decrease of population. It is asserted upon competent authority that during the first thirty years of the present century not a single new building was erected within the walls; and it is doubtful if within the succeeding twenty years, as many buildings have been added to the city.

The distant view of Lima, as one approaches it from the sea is very magnificent. Entering the harbor of Callao, upon the right lies the bare

and rugged island of San Lorenzo. In front are the noble but dilapidated castles, and the white houses of Callao, presenting a gay and somewhat grotesque appearance, with the flags of the foreign consuls fluttering before their residences. In the rear stretches a broad plain, sloping upward toward a crescent-shaped range of barren hills, which inclose the fertile valley of the Lurigancho. At the foot of the mountains, apparently, rise the countless spires and towers of Lima, drawn up in relief against their dark sides. Still further in the distance are seen the giant ranges of the Andes, whose snowy summits are usually veiled by thick and sombre clouds. The harbor of Callao is magnificent; and the landing, at a fine mole built of stone, and surrounded by a substantial iron railing, is good. The town itself, though displaying some commercial activity, is mean and insignificant. Leaving Callao for Lima, we pass the little village of Buena Vista; then half way to the city we come to a place called Magdalena, consisting of a *pulperia* or dram-shop, a convent, and a splendid church. Here in the olden time the Spanish viceroys, at the expiration of their five years' term of office, used to meet their successors, and deliver up their authority to them. The convent has been suppressed, and the church is deserted, but in front of it stands a ragged monk, with a tin dish in his hand, soliciting alms from the passers-by.

When within about half a league from Lima, we enter upon the fine road called the *Alameda del Callao*. It is beautifully shaded with poplars and willows, with a handsome promenade upon each side, furnished at regular distances with stone seats, and bordered with the *quintas*, or country houses of the wealthy Limanians, embowered in luxuriant gardens, and surrounded with fruit-trees. By this broad avenue, we enter, through an arched gateway, into the city of Lima. This *Alameda* was opened in 1800, on the 6th of January, the anniversary of the foundation of the city. It was laid out by a man who filled the post of viceroy of Peru, under the title of Marques de Osorno. The history of this man is somewhat singular. About the middle of the last century, a petty Irish shopkeeper, bearing the somewhat incongruous name of Don Ambrosio O'Higgins, occupied a little shop, which is still shown under the area of the cathedral. Times went hard with Don Ambrosio; he failed in his petty traffic, abandoned the little shop by the cathedral, bade farewell to his old friend and brother tradesman, La Reguera, and wandered to Chili. It was a time of Indian hostilities, and all other occupations failing, there was at least a demand for men to be shot. Don Ambrosio entered the army, showed himself brave and capable, gained promotion, distinguished himself, discovered the Indian city of Osorno, and was honored with the title of the Marques of Osorno. In 1786, he returned to Lima in the capacity of Viceroy, where, as archbishop, he found none other than his old friend, La Reguera. Trade had prospered with him; he had returned to Spain, studied, embraced the clerical profession,

and was sent back to Lima as archbishop five years before O'Higgins came as viceroy.

The first impression which the traveler receives upon entering Lima, by no means fulfills the anticipations he had been led to form from its appearance at a distance. The entrance is by the periphery of the semicircle, upon the side furthest from the Rimac. This quarter contains only dilapidated squares and filthy houses. But as he advances toward the *Plaza Mayor*, the appearance of the city becomes greatly improved. The general aspect of the houses strikes an American as somewhat novel, from the fact that a large proportion of them consist of but one story, very few exceeding two. This mode of building is rendered necessary by the frequency of earthquakes, which render buildings of a more imposing architecture extremely insecure. The houses of two stories have usually two doors in front, opening upon the street. One of these is the *azaguan*, which constitutes the main entrance to the house; the other leads to the *cochera* or coach-house. The *azaguan* opens into a spacious *patio* or court-yard. Directly opposite this entrance are two large folding-doors, which open into the *sala* or hall of the dwelling-house, beyond which is the *cuadro* or reception-room, furnished as splendidly as the means of the occupant will allow. Adjoining the *cuadro* are the various rooms appropriated to the use of the family. The *sala* and *cuadro* are of the full height of the house, and the flat roof of these two apartments forms a sort of terrace, called the *azotea*, which is paved, surrounded with a railing, and covered with an awning. The second story of the remainder of the building contains rooms which open into a balcony projecting over the street. This balcony is boarded up to the height of about three feet, the remainder being composed of lattices or glazed windows, and forms the favorite lounging place of the inhabitants, where they can watch the passers-by in the streets. The peculiarity of the domestic architecture of Lima, by which, with the exception of the balcony, the rooms open not upon the street, but upon the court-yard, gives the city much the appearance of an Oriental town. Where the houses are of but one story, the almost entire absence of windows and openings gives the street a mean and gloomy appearance, almost like continuous lines of dead walls. But where the dwellings are of two stories, the long lines of balconies and verandas gayly ornamented and trellised, projecting far over the foot-pavements, present a gay and festive aspect. In some parts of the city are houses of much greater height, and of a far more imposing architecture. But they are to a great extent ruinous and dilapidated, having been abandoned by their ancient occupants, for fear of being overwhelmed in them by earthquakes. When tenanted at all, it is principally by the poorer classes, who are willing to brave the insecurity for the sake of the saving in the rents. The outer walls are usually of *adobes*, or sun-dried brick, as far as the first floor. The second story is usually composed of

a wooden frame-work, upon both sides of which canes are nailed, or fastened by leather thongs, and the whole is then plastered over, and painted to imitate stone, the deception being aided by the apparent massiveness of the construction. The division walls are also made of canes plastered over. The roofs are flat, composed of rafters, covered with mats or cane, with a layer of clay spread above them, sufficient to exclude the rays of the sun and the heavy dews. A single prolonged shower would be sufficient to dissolve the whole city; but as it never rains there, these slight walls and roofs are all that is required. Lima is justified in placing her dependence in architecture upon a reed, rather than upon stone. The more solid and massy the walls, the less protection do they afford against the terrible earthquakes which are of periodical occurrence, and by which more than once the city has been reduced to a heap of ruins; while these light cane fabrics yield to the shock, and when it has

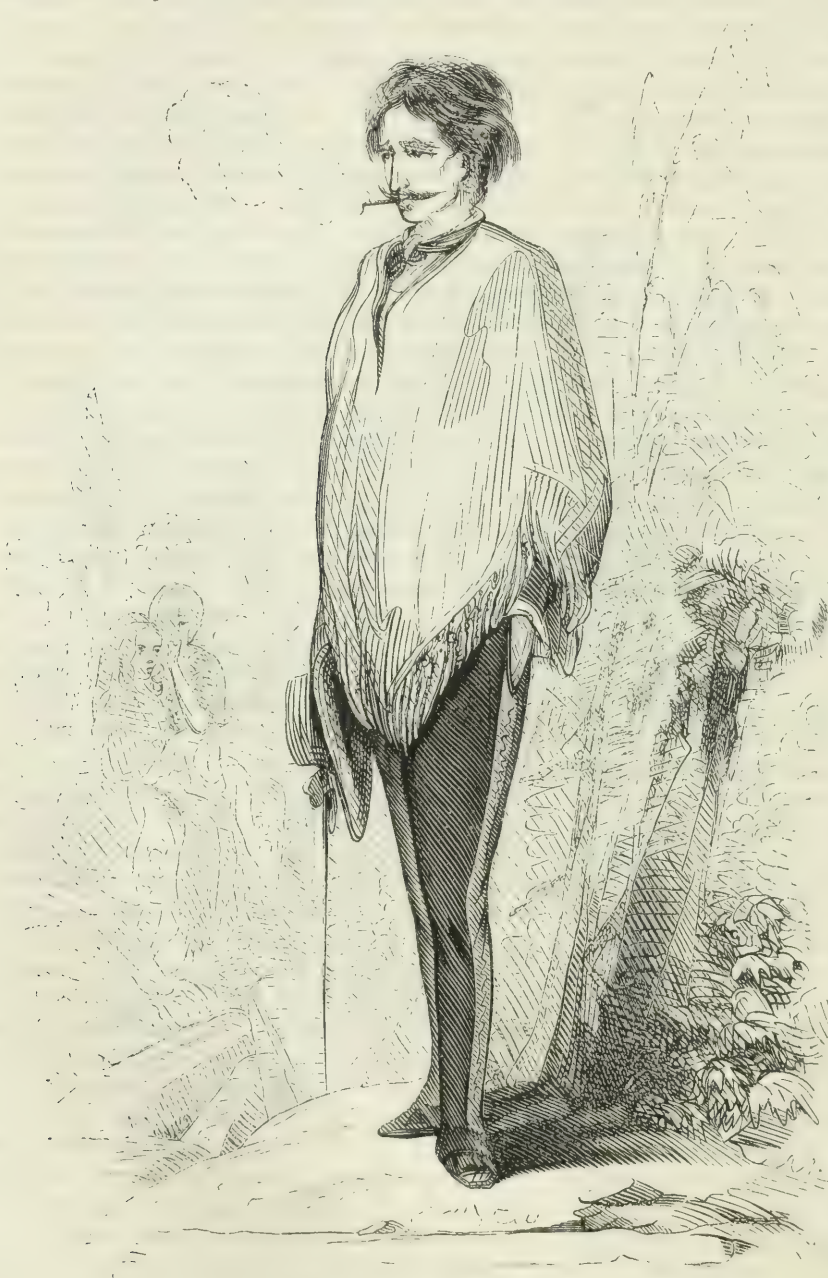
passed resume their places, with little apparent injury; and even if demolished they do not occasion that fearful peril of life which results from the overthrow of more stable fabrics.

There are few places the inhabitants of which present so great a diversity of complexion and physiognomy as in Lima. There is every gradation and intermixture of race, from the fair Creoles of unmixed European descent, who pride themselves upon the purity of their Spanish blood, to the jet black negro of Congo, whose unmitigated ebony hue bears testimony equally unequivocal to his pure African lineage. Between these two extremes is an almost innumerable variety of mixed races, each having its own peculiar designation, indicating the precise proportion of European, Indian, and negro blood in their veins, each marked with its own peculiar physical, intellectual, and moral characteristics; and each finding its chief boast in the nearness of its relation to the white race, and looking

down with contempt upon those a shade darker than its own.

In 1836, when the population of the city was a little more than 54,000, it was composed of about the following proportion of the different races: white *Creoles*, all of European, and mostly of Spanish descent, 20,000; *Negroes*, 10,000; of whom a little less than one half were slaves; Indians, 5000; mixed races, 19,000; these are of every shade of complexion, from the *Mestizo*, the child of a white father and an Indian mother, whom only a keen and practiced eye can distinguish from a White, and to whom no higher compliment can be paid than to inquire whether he is not a Spaniard, to the *Zambo* who can only show claim to a portion of white blood, on the ground that to all the vices of the negro race, he adds others peculiar to the Whites.

The white Creoles are of slender figure, and of middling height, with features strongly marked, fair complexion, and black hair. Like the descendants of the Spanish race throughout all



PERUVIAN CAVALIER

the Western World, they have degenerated from the parent stock. The males have even in youth a look of premature age; as though the powers of nature were exhausted, and insufficient to develop a vigorous manhood. Indolence is their predominant characteristic. They are utterly indisposed to any continuous exertion, whether of body or of mind. If poverty compels them to pursue an occupation for a livelihood, they select some petty traffic, in which, if the gains are small, there is ample leisure to gossip and smoke their perpetual cigars. Those who are able abandon themselves to idleness, lounging about the streets or in the shops, at the coffee-houses or the gaming-table. The education of the Creole of Lima is very defective; the system of instruction pursued does little to develop his powers, and his innate indolence presents an insuperable bar to any efforts at self-cultivation. Riding is a universal custom, and almost every person keeps one or more horses; these are trained by the *chalanés* or professional horse-breakers to perform feats of every kind; one to which great value is attached, is to turn around upon the hind legs rapidly, when in full gallop. Tschudi, a recent German traveler, relates an instance which came under his own observation, which shows the certainty and dexterity with which the feat is performed. A friend of his rode full gallop up to the city wall, which at the spot is about nine feet broad, leaped his horse upon it, and made him describe a segment of a circle with his fore feet beyond the edge of the wall, while standing balanced upon his hind feet. The feat was performed a number of times in rapid succession.

The riding costume of a Peruvian cavalier is extremely picturesque and convenient. Its most striking feature is the *poncho*. This is a large fringed shawl with an opening in the centre, through which the head of the wearer passes; it then hangs gracefully over the shoulder, and falls nearly to the knee, leaving the hands and arms less embarrassed than any other species of cloak. These ponchos frequently display great brilliancy and variety; the color is often a snowy white, sometimes it is richly and fancifully embroidered; but the prevailing taste is for broad stripes of brilliant colors, such as orange, scarlet, blue, green, rose color, or combinations of all hues intermingled and diversified in every conceivable manner. The spurs used by the Peruvians are of enormous magnitude; old custom ordains that they should contain a pound and a half of silver; the rowels sometimes stand out four or five inches from the heel, with spikes of one or two inches in length, or even more. A broad-brimmed sombrero of fine Guayaquil grass is usually worn by equestrians. The trappings of the horses are often of a very costly description. Head-gear, bridle, and crupper are sometimes seen formed of finely-wrought silver rings linked into each other. The stirrups are massy blocks of wood of a triangular shape, quaintly carved, and ornamented with silver. The saddle is frequently adorned with rich embroidery in gold,

and the holster inlaid with the same precious metal.

A cigar is the almost unvarying accompaniment of a Peruvian of any class. Basil Hall relates an odd expedient made use of to reconcile the free-and-easy habit of smoking in public places, with the stately requirements of Spanish etiquette of olden time, in the presence of the representatives of royalty. In the days when Peru was a Spanish colony, the vice-regal box at the theatre projected out somewhat into the pit, in full view of the Commonalty of the City of the Kings. As soon as the curtain fell between the acts of the piece, the viceroy was in the habit of retiring from the front to the rear of the box. No sooner was his back turned than, by a very convenient figure of thought, he was considered to be constructively absent. Every man in the pit would then draw forth his flint and steel (this was long before the days of Lucifers and loco-focos), light his cigar, and "improve" the time by puffing away at the fragrant weed. At the tinkling of the bell which announced the rising of the curtain, the representative of royalty returned to the front of the box, his constructive absence was ended, and every smoker paused in mid-puff.

Nothing indicates the decadence of a race more unerringly and decisively than the progressive change which comes over its tastes in its modes of amusement. Indolence and brutality go together. Displays of skill and courage cease to afford excitement to the jaded sensibilities; the stronger stimulus of suffering must be supplied. Thus as the Roman race declined, the shows of the arena grew more and more brutal. Cock-fights and bull-fights are the favorite amusements of the Limanians. A fondness for the latter is characteristic of the Spanish race every where; but in Peru the chief attraction is not the dexterity and courage of the performers, but the agony of the victims. Bull-fights in Spain may almost be characterized as humane exhibitions compared with those of Lima. At one witnessed by Hall in 1821, the *matador*, who should have given the death-stroke to an animal of extraordinary strength and courage, missed the mortal spot, and merely buried his sword in the body of the bull; in an instant he was tossed, apparently dead, into the air, by the maddened beast, who turned upon a horseman, whom he dismounted, goring the horse so that his bowels hung upon the ground. All this threw the spectators into an agony of delight; which was still further enhanced when the sinews of the bull, having been cut from behind by a crescent-shaped instrument fixed to a long pole, the poor beast dragged himself around the arena upon his mutilated stumps. But their ecstasy amounted to frenzy when a man mounted upon the back of the bull and spurred him around the arena with strokes of a dagger, until he fell exhausted by loss of blood.

Bull-fights are only an occasional luxury, but cock-fights are a daily standing dish. The cockpit (*coliseo de gallos*) is a very handsome building;

here cock-fights take place every day. The natural weapons of the fowls are not sufficiently deadly to satisfy the Limanian spectators; and in place of the spur of the right foot, which is cut off, is put a sharp curved blade of steel or *gaff*. Whatever else may be lacking, Lima can justly boast the finest amphitheatre in the world for the purpose of cock-fighting.

In Lima, as throughout the whole of Spanish America, the females are, both intellectually and physically, far superior to the males. All visitors at Lima speak in terms of warm admiration of the *Limeñas*, as the most charming and graceful women of South America. In figure they are usually slender, and somewhat above the middle height, with fair complexions, destitute of color, large, dark brilliant eyes, and abundant black hair. The charming Spanish epithet *hechicera*, by which they are designated, belongs to them in the full extent of its significance, not only on account of their rare personal beauty, but also by reason of the captivating grace of their deportment, and the natural amiability of their dispositions.

The first thing which attracts one's regard in Lima, is the singular and picturesque costume of the females. This costume, which resembles that of the Moors, to whom it owes its origin, takes the name of the two principal parts of which it is composed—it is called the *saya y manto*. It is worn only in Lima, and there only in the day time, as a walking-costume. The *saya*, as formerly worn, was a skirt or petticoat made of an elastic black silk, plaited at the top

and bottom in small folds, and fitting so closely as to display the outlines of the figure, and every motion of the limbs. It was made so narrow at the bottom that the wearers were forced to take steps extremely short, which gave to their gait a mincing character more striking than modest. This, which is called the *saya ajustada* is now rarely seen. As now worn it forms a very graceful and elegant costume; the bottom plaits are taken out, so as to cause the skirt to stand out from the figure, which is not displayed. This is called the *saya desplegada*. It is always made of a dark-colored material. The *manto* is a thick veil of black silk, joining the *saya* at the back of the waist. It is brought up over the shoulders and head, and drawn over the face in such a manner as to conceal the features entirely, with the exception of one eye, which is visible through a small triangular space left open for the purpose. One hand retains the folds of the *manto* in their places while the other displays a richly embroidered handkerchief. Over the shoulders is thrown a shawl, usually of embroidered China crape. The *Limeñas*, effectually disguised in this national dress, to which they are enthusiastically attached, go out every where unattended. Any one can address them, and they violate no usage in accosting any one. The uniformity of the costume, in materials, shape, and color, and the perfect concealment of the features, makes identification impossible, so that the street becomes a perpetual masquerade. The costume which owes its origin to marital jealousy has in Lima become a most efficient aid to intrigue.



LIMANA AT HOME.

The Limeña in the street, shrouded in the *saya y manto*, differs as widely from the same Limeña at home, as the butterfly wrapped up in its chrysalis does from the same insect with wings fully expanded. At home, at the theatre, in the carriage, every where except when walking in the streets, or in church, the Limeña appears dressed in the newest French fashions. There is, however, one article of European costume which they uniformly refuse to adopt, and that is the bonnet. With here and there an exception, they obstinately reject any other head-dress than a light vail and their own abundant tresses. An inordinate fondness for flowers and perfumes is also a striking characteristic of a Limeña, whose presence is almost invariably announced by a vase of flowers and a *flacon* of perfume, placed upon a table near which she reclines swinging in a hammock during the sultry hours of the day, amusing herself, now with examining

a book of engravings, now with music, of which she is passionately fond, perhaps with embroidery—and not unfrequently with a cigar.

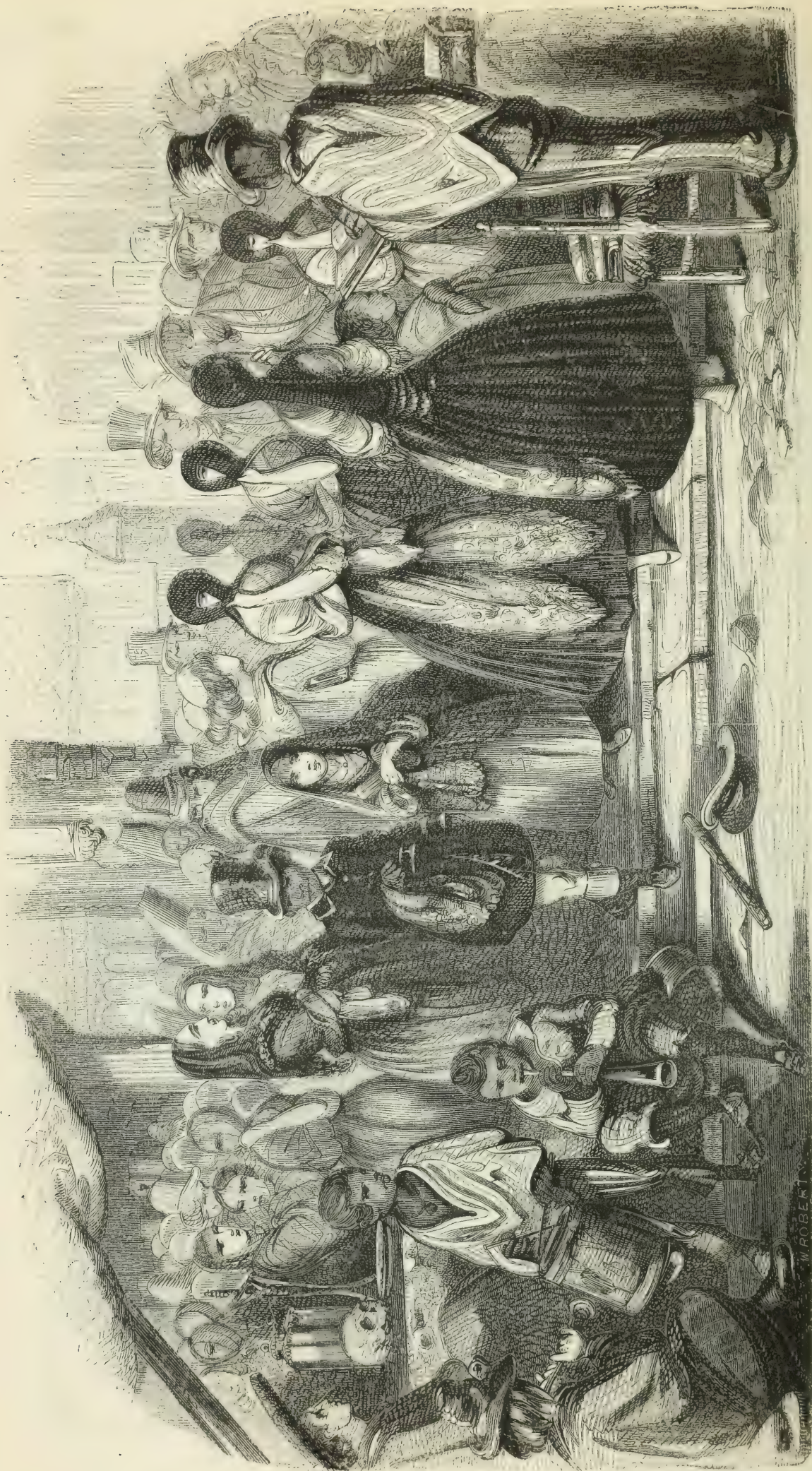
If man or woman were only an animal being—and if she could always be young and physically charming—this life of the Limeña might not seem so undesirable. But with her a thing of beauty is not a joy forever. If her reign is brilliant, it is brief. When her beauty fades she ceases to be a coquette, and becomes a *beata* or devotee. She renounces the vanities of the world, attends mass several times a day, makes frequent confessions, and takes up her abode during Lent in a house of penitence. She selects a confessor to whom she unburdens her conscience, and sends presents of sweetmeats and delicacies. At home she sinks into a cipher, scarcely more regarded than a piece of worn-out furniture. If a stranger, paying a visit to a young Limeña, respectfully rises to make a place for an aged

woman who enters the *cuadro*, nothing is more common than for the daughter to say, with the utmost coolness, *No se incomoda usted, es ma' mamita* "Don't incommode yourself it's my mamma." Habit becomes a second nature, and the Limeña accommodates herself to her lot without a murmur. Such, with exceptions few and rare, is the lot of the *hechiceras Limeñas*, so highly endowed by nature, and worthy of a better fate.

Besides these Limeñas of European origin there is another class, descendants of the ancient Peruvians, who, though not beautiful like their fair neighbors, present some remarkable characteristics. Their complexion approaches the color of copper, with a pale tinge of gold. Their whole aspect has in it something bizarre, but at the same time not altogether unattractive. In dress they are fond of strange combinations. A balloon-like garment of white muslin or gaudy calico; a Guayaquil hat with high crown and immense brim, decorated with huge bows



CHOLITAS OR INDIAN WOMEN OF PERU.



COMING FROM MASS

W. ROBERT

of ribbon on the "company side" of the head; their abundant hair carefully divided and pouring down their backs in sable cascades; and, foremost and above all, a well-fitting stocking and shoe upon a foot unimpeachably small, form their favorite costume. These *cholitas* are admirable horsewomen, usually riding astride, cavalier fashion, and wearing the formidable Peruvian spur.

The *saya y manto* is always worn when going to church. There the absence of seats obliges each female to kneel upon the flags, unless she be provided with a servant to carry a piece of carpet upon which to kneel. To look upon them reclining immovably against the walls or the base of a column, the eyelids drooping upon the pale cheek, or the look fixed upon the tracery of the roof overhead (for in church the *manto* is not rigorously closed) one might imagine the *Limeñas* to be statues of meditation. Only the sign of the cross rapidly traced over the forehead shows them to belong to the breathing world. In the sanctuary no sound disturbs the harmony of the sacred offices. The incense, the pious hymns, the soft breathing of the organ, and in some of the churches, the notes of numerous birds of song caged among the crystal lustres of the candelabra, are mingled with the solemn chant of the monks. Service over, and what a change! Life seems to reanimate those marble limbs; those fixed looks become lively and sparkling; and noise and bustle take the place of the former silence. As the fair *Limeña* leaves the cathedral the black musicians fill the air with the sound of their drums and clarinets, the lottery-men cry their tickets upon one side of the entrance, and upon the other a fat ecclesiastic vends the effigy of the saint who chances to be in fashion. The *Limeña*, restored to her proper character, draws the shrouding *manto* over her features; makes gay and lively answers to the insipid compliments paid her by the young men lounging under the portico; and buys with one hand a lottery ticket, and with the other a relic or an image which she hopes will make her number a lucky one.

The Indians in Lima number some 5000; they are active and industrious, in moral qualities far surpassing the mixed races, and fully equaling the whites, to whom, however, they are decidedly inferior in intellectual powers. They look upon Europeans with the feelings always entertained by a subjugated race toward their conquerors; a compound of fear, dislike, and mistrust. In 1781, under the lead of some of the descendants of the ancient Incas, an insurrection of the Indians took place in Peru, which was marked by the utmost atrocities. They defeated the whites in several engagements, burned a number of towns and villages, and captured the city of Soroto, in which the surrounding inhabitants had taken refuge; of the prisoners who numbered 23,000, only 87 priests and monks were preserved alive. Their leaders were finally betrayed into the power of the whites, and put to death. The Indians then

disbanded. The most rigorous measures of repression were thereupon adopted. Their language, dress, music, and dances were strictly forbidden, and every effort made to extinguish their national feelings. When the war of Independence broke out, the Indians took part against Spain, but with the secret design of reinstating the dynasty of their ancestors, and raising to the throne one of the race of the Incas. In many cases they directed their hostilities against the whites indiscriminately, without distinction of parties. In one place they vowed not to leave alive so much as a dog or a fowl who bore the hated color, and even scraped the whitewash from the walls of their houses in sign of utter detestation. Since the war of Independence they have made great advances, especially in the military art, and have used every means to secure as many fire-arms as possible. At as late a period as 1841, Tschudi, discovered by accident eighteen muskets hidden in the hut of an Indian in Central Peru, and upon asking for what purpose they were concealed was told that the time would come when they would be of use. The same writer also mentions incidents showing that many of the Indians are in possession of the secret of the existence of silver mines, far richer than any which are now known; and that the secret is handed down inviolably from father to son, until the time when their ancient dynasty shall be restored. Years of oppression and wrong under Spanish rule, only partially remedied since the Revolution, have wrought a great change in the character of the Indians of Peru. A settled distrust and melancholy have taken the place of the confiding and joyous disposition of the race who welcomed their Spanish visitors. Their songs, their dances, the whole tenor of their domestic life, wear a dark and sombre shade. Even in dress their favorite color is dark blue, which is with them the hue of mourning. These characteristics of the Indian race throughout the country, appear, though more or less modified, in the Indians in Lima.

The negroes in Lima number not far from 10,000 of whom less than half are slaves. The charter of Independence provides that no person in Peru shall be born a slave, but this provision has been modified by law, so as to allow a term of servitude varying from 25 to 50 years. Slaves brought from any other country, become free the moment they touch the soil of Peru. Hence if a master take his slave into Chili, the slave may claim his freedom on his return. Runaways, however, are liable to be reclaimed. The treatment of slaves in Lima is very gentle. A tribunal is erected having the special duty to protect the slaves from ill-treatment. A slave may claim his liberty upon paying his value; and in case he and his master are unable to agree upon the sum, it is fixed by the court; or he may sell himself to any other master who will pay the determined price, in spite of any opposition on the part of the owner. As the introduction of negroes from Africa has been for many years prohibited, the great majority of the slaves are

born in Peru. These, though intellectually and physically superior, to those born in Africa, are held of less value; their superior intelligence rendering them less docile, and more discontented with their condition. The free negroes of Lima are represented as a plague and a pest to society.

As a general rule the mixed races, which constitute about a third of the population of Lima, inherit the vices without the virtues of the pure races from which they sprung. Perhaps the sole exceptions to this are the *Mestizos*, the offspring of a white father and an Indian mother. They are of mild and gentle dispositions, but are also timid and irresolute. There are few *Mestizos* in Lima; but in the interior they are numerous. There they constitute the entire population of many villages, and call themselves whites, keeping aloof from the Indians. The most prominent characteristic of the *Mulattos*, the offspring of a white and a negro, is their remarkable imitative talent, and their consequent aptitude for mechanical pursuits; but they are extremely sensual and animal in all their tastes and instincts. The *Zambos*, sprung from an intermixture of the different castes of the colored race, and the *Chinos* the offspring of the colored and Indian races intermixed in various degrees, are the most miserable and degraded of all the half-castes in Lima. They commit the most inhuman barbarities with the utmost indifference. Four-fifths of the prisoners in Lima are *Zambos*. They are usually athletic and muscular, with sunken eyes, thick lips, and noses much less depressed than that of the negro. The *Chinos* are morally about on a level with the *Zambos*; but physically they are much inferior. The mixed races of fairer complexion resemble the whites in moral and intellectual qualities in about the same degree that they approach them in color.

The general condition of morals in Lima, especially among the colored races, may be inferred from the following statement given by Tschudi. In ten months of the year 1841, the number of births was 1682, of which 860, more than one half, were born out of wedlock. The number of dead children exposed during the same time was 495, almost one third of the whole number of births. Of the illegitimate children nearly two thirds, and of those exposed a still larger proportion, were *Mulattos*. Though there can be no positive evidence of the fact, there is every reason to conjecture that the greater number of the children exposed, were murdered by their mothers. During the same period the number of deaths in the city was 2244, exceeding the births by 562. It has been found that for a long series of years the deaths have exceeded the births by about 550 a year.

There is an old Spanish proverb which styles Lima the Paradise of women, the Purgatory of men, and the Inferno of asses; but during the time of the carnival all claims to be considered a Purgatory even, to say nothing of Paradise, to man or woman, disappear. *One of the favorite amusements of the season is to besprinkle passers

by, from the balconies, with water, of which the purity is by no means above suspicion. The colored population assume the license of rolling the passers who do not choose to pay for exemption, in the street gutters, which offer remarkable facilities for this pleasantry, as they are ill-paved, and unswept, with a stream of water running through them. These gutters are used by the lower classes of the *Limanian señoras* in a manner peculiar to that city; they are accustomed to wash in them the plates, glasses, and dishes from their dinner tables. Another favorite amusement during the carnival is to suspend from the balconies a strong bag filled with fragments of glass and pottery. This is attached to a rope of such a length as to suffer it to fall within a few inches of the heads of the passers. This sack is drawn up into the balcony and when a person who has been selected as a victim passes underneath, it is flung just over his head. The rope prevents it from falling upon him, but the deafening crash which ensues within a few inches of his ears, is nowise soothing to the nerves. This practice is regularly prohibited by the police, but all attempts to suppress it have proved as unavailing as the efforts to prevent the use of fire-crackers upon our own Fourth of July.

There is a public lottery drawn every week in the Plaza Mayor, directly opposite the Cathedral, where a temporary platform is erected for the purpose. A ticket costs an eighth of a dollar, and the highest prize is 1000 dollars. As the hour for drawing approaches, the square begins to fill with a motley crowd of men, women, and children; armed soldiers, shovel-hatted priests, barefoot monks, bright-eyed tapadas (so a *Limeña* with her manto drawn over her face is called), spurred cavaliers, and ragged negroes. The numbers are placed in the wheels, and drawn out by boys belonging to the foundling hospital. To every ticket is attached a motto, which is usually an invocation to some favorite saint to accord good luck to that ticket; and when the fortunate one is ascertained this motto is read aloud for the edification of the bystanders. The lottery belongs to a society called the "*Beneficencia*," by whom it is farmed out, and the profits appropriated to the support of hospitals and charitable institutions. It is the usual practice of the *Limanians* to purchase tickets regularly; the negroes in particular, as elsewhere, are particularly addicted to trying their luck. Instances are not uncommon in which slaves have purchased their freedom with prizes drawn in the lottery of the "*Beneficencia*." In a small chapel belonging to the church of St. Dominic, were formerly exhibited relics of St. Rose, the patroness of Lima. Among them was a pair of dice, with which it was gravely said that, when the fair saint was exhausted by prayer and penance, the Saviour would appear and revive her drooping spirits with a friendly game. Of late years these uncanonical relics are not exhibited but Stevenson, the author of a standard work on South America, relates that they were shown to

him in 1805, when he kissed them with as much devotion as he would have manifested to any other pair.

Every morning at a quarter to nine o'clock, when the Host is elevated in the Cathedral, and in the evening at the hour of the Angelus, the great bell of the Cathedral tolls three measured strokes, which are repeated from all the many belfries of Lima. Every occupation is at once suspended, every hat is reverentially raised; every lip moves, uttering its whispered prayer. The evening prayer being ended, each one makes the sign of the cross, and bids the person next him *buenas noches*—"good-night." It is an act of courtesy to insist that one's neighbor shall take the precedence in the salutation; and he, not to be outdone in politeness, must waive the proffered honor. The courteous contest—"You say it," and "No, sir, you say it," is sometimes not a little amusing.

Lima is surrounded by a wall, now in a state of extreme dilapidation, and altogether unavailable for any purposes of defense. It is built of adobes, and dates originally from 1685, though much of that now existing is of more recent construction. A fine stone bridge crosses the Rimac, uniting the city with the suburb of San Lazaro. It consists of six circular arches rising thirty-six feet from the surface of the water. The piers are of brick, resting upon stone foundations of great solidity, of which no better proof is needed than that they survived the earthquakes of 1687 and 1746, by which almost every edifice in Lima was shattered. The entrance to the bridge is through a broad arch crossing the street, used for carriages, with smaller arches on each side for foot-passengers. This archway is surmounted with turrets and spires, and presents an imposing appearance. In the parapets are semi-circular recesses provided with stone seats which furnish a favorite resort in summer evenings. The view from the bridge is of great beauty. Westward the eye follows the silvery course of the Rimac, its left bank lined with convents, and splendid mansions of the more wealthy Limanians. The view closes with the broad Pacific. In the opposite direction the view is bounded by the range of hills, beyond the avenues of the Alameda del Acho; while beyond and above all, when the shrouding vail of clouds is lifted, so as to permit the sight, are beheld the snowy summits of the distant Cordilleras. The bridge was built in 1640, at an expense of 400,000 dollars, from designs by Villegas, an Augustin monk.

The Cathedral is situated on the eastern side of the Plaza Mayor. The foundation stone was laid by Pizarro himself on the 18th of January, 1534, twelve days after the choice of the site of the city. Ninety years after, the edifice was completed, and was solemnly dedicated on the 19th of October, 1625. It has a light, ornamented façade with large folding doors in the centre, and smaller ones upon each side. From each of the two corners rises an octagonal tower to the height of about two hundred feet, ex-

clusive of the base, which is forty feet. These towers were thrown down by the great earthquake of 1746, by which almost the whole city was laid in ruins. They were rebuilt in 1800. The interior is singularly magnificent. The roof, which is beautifully paneled, rests upon arches supported by a double row of square stone pillars. The grand altar is adorned with seven Ionic columns, twelve feet in height, cased with pure silver, an inch and a half thick, and is surmounted with a massy crown of silver richly gilt. The tabernacle, seven feet high, is of wrought gold, studded with precious stones. On high festival days service is performed with a pomp and splendor not surpassed in any temple in Christendom. Many of the churches are ornamented with a profusion of silver even yet, though it is said that during the revolution a ton and a half of silver was taken in a single year from the ornaments of the churches, to supply the necessities of the state; yet such was the abundance with which the precious metal had been lavished, that this amount was hardly missed; a tale which would be incredible if related of any city other than the one which at a certain time paved with solid ingots of silver the streets through which a new viceroy was to make his entrance.

In the convent of San Francisco, is a small chapel containing an image of the Virgin, called *del milagro*, "of the miracle." It is related that during the great earthquake of 1630, this image, which then stood over the porch of the church looking toward the street, turned completely round, so as to face the high altar, and raised her hands in the attitude of supplication, and then implored mercy for the city, and thus saved it from utter destruction. A monk who conducted a recent traveler over the convent, related to him this miracle, and very naively expressed his wonder that the Madonna did not repeat her gracious interposition at the time of the earthquake of 1746, when it was no less needed.

The Oratorio de San Felipe Neri, formerly the convent of San Pedro, was the principal college of the Jesuits, who, at the time of their expulsion, possessed immense wealth. In 1773 a secret order was dispatched from the King of Spain, directing the viceroys to arrest all the Jesuits in the South American provinces, in a single night, and ship them to Spain. So secret was the order that the viceroy and those officers whose assistance was to be employed, were supposed to be the only ones who knew any thing of it. The viceregal council was summoned at 10 o'clock on the appointed night, and the royal order read to them. No one was allowed to leave the room, for fear that intelligence might be communicated to the Jesuits. At midnight the officers were sent to the convent to arrest the members of the order. The door was opened at the first summons, and the officer was conducted to the great hall of the convent, where all the brethren were assembled, each with a bag containing a few requisites for the voyage. So in all the other convents of the order. The same

vessel which had conveyed the royal decree, had brought instructions from the Superior of the Jesuits in Madrid, who had gained intelligence of the secret, directed to the vicar-general at Lima, commanding him to be in readiness when the arrest should be made. The brethren were sent to Callao under a strong guard, and as soon as possible were put on shipboard. But when the eager officials made search for the immense wealth which was known to be in the treasury of the order in San Pedro, the keys of which were laid out in readiness for them in the apartment of the Superior, only a few thousand dollars were discovered. The rest had vanished like a vision. And to this day it has eluded the most vigilant search. An old negro, who was in the service of the convent, testified that for several nights he and his fellow-servants, with their eyes closely bandaged, were employed in conveying bags of treasure to the convent vaults, attended by two of the brethren of the order. He could give no clew to the place of concealment, except that he thought there was a subterranean spring near the spot.

The palace of the Inquisition stands upon what was formerly called the *Plaza de la Inquisicion*, now the Square of Independence (*Plazuela de la Independencia*). Upon this same square were also situated the University and the Hospital of *La Caridad*; whence it was sometimes styled the Square of the three Cardinal Virtues: the Inquisition typifying Faith; the University, Hope, and the Hospital, Charity. Few traces remain to denote the fearful uses to which the edifice of the Inquisition was devoted. It is now used in part as a storehouse for provisions, and in part as a prison. In the palmy days of Spanish dominion, Lima was the ecclesiastical metropolis of the whole Pacific coast of South America, and the Inquisition exercised its functions with a rigor hardly exceeded by that of Spain. When the Cortes abolished this tribunal in Spain and its dependencies, the building was thrown open to the populace, who speedily ransacked the apartments, and destroyed the implements of the Holy Office. Among those present was Stevenson, author of a standard work on South America, who has given a detailed account of the transaction. The customary array of racks, pillories, scourges, gags, thumbscrews, and other instruments of torture was found. The crucifix in the principal hall having been accidentally thrown down, it was discovered that the head was movable, and so arranged that a man concealed behind the curtains could cause it to move in token of assent or dissent. How many a trembling victim, overawed, confounded, and bewildered at seeing the movement of the lifeless head of the Redeemer, has confessed whatever the officials demanded, almost believing himself guilty of crimes he never committed. One article found was somewhat ludicrous. In one room was a large quantity of printed cotton handkerchiefs upon the centre of which was a pictorial representation of Religion, bearing a cross in one hand and a chalice in the other.

The manufacturer had introduced these pious devices in the hope of facilitating the sale of his wares. But the Holy Office discovered gross impiety in the act of blowing the nose or spitting upon the symbol of the true faith; and to guard against temptation to such a profanation, had seized upon the whole consignment.

On the north side of the Plaza Mayor stands an unsightly edifice, now occupied by courts of justice and various government offices. This was formerly the palace of the Viceroy of Peru. The principal apartment bore the name of the Hall of the Viceroy. Here were arranged forty-four panels, each destined to receive the full-length portrait of a viceroy, as he entered upon his government, commencing with Pizarro. The last of these panels had been filled by the portrait of Pezuela, who held the office at the time when the insurrection broke out which severed Peru from the Spanish dominion. There was no room in the hall for the portrait of another viceroy. A similar coincidence is recorded in Venetian history. The effigy of the Doge who was in office at the time when the revolution took place which overthrew the Venetian oligarchy, filled the last of the niches which had been constructed to receive the effigies of the successive magistrates.

This is not the palace erected by Pizarro for himself. That stood on the opposite side of the square, and some remains of it are still shown in an obscure lane called the Mat-sellers' Alley. Here, on Sunday, the 26th of June, 1546, eleven and a half years from the time when the foundation of the City of the Kings was laid, its founder was assassinated. Pizarro had been warned that a plot was formed to assassinate him on his way to mass; but he took no further precaution against it than to absent himself from divine service that day. The conspirators then resolved to murder him in his own house. As they were crossing the Plaza one of them turned a little aside to avoid a pool of water. "What! afraid of wetting your feet, when you are to wade up to your knees in blood!" exclaimed the veteran Juan de Rada, the leader of the band. The dainty conspirator was ordered to return to his quarters as not worthy of a share in the enterprise. Pizarro was sitting with his friends after dinner, when the assassins rushed into the palace, through the open gate. The guests made their escape through the corridors, by climbing down into the gardens. Among them was Velasquez the Judge, who had boasted that Pizarro could receive no harm from traitors, while he "held in his hands the rod of justice." As Velasquez climbed down in making his escape, he needed both hands to aid his descent, and held his official wand in his mouth; thus verifying his boast, to the letter, if not in spirit. For a moment the assailants were held at bay by the attendants, but these were speedily dispatched. Pizarro, who had vainly attempted to assume his defensive armor, wrapping a cloak about his arm, sprang against the assassins, sword in hand with the cry, "What ho, traitors! have ye com

to kill me in mine own house?" Though more than three score years of age, he defended himself with desperate vigor, and had slain two of the assailants, when Rada, seizing one of his own comrades, flung him against Pizarro, who instantly ran him through the body. But while his weapon was thus entangled, Pizarro received a stab in the throat, and fell, and the swords of several of his enemies were at once sheathed in his body. He traced a cross with his finger in the blood upon the floor, and was in the act of bending down his head to kiss the symbol of his faith, when, with the name of "Jesu" upon his lips, he received a stroke which put an end to his life.

No place upon the globe enjoys a climate more equable than that of Lima. Not only are there no sudden and violent alternations of temperature, but the variations of the seasons are hardly known. Extremes of heat and cold are never experienced. The temperature at noon, in the shade in an open room, never rises above 80, and never falls below 60 degrees. The rays of a vertical sun are intercepted by a thin canopy of mist, called *garuas*, which for a considerable portion of the year hang over the city, resembling in appearance the canopy of smoke above a large town. The winds blow almost constantly from points between the southwest and the southeast. When they come from the former quarter they are cooled by passing over the immense expanse of the Pacific; when from the latter they have swept the vast forests toward Brazil and the frozen ranges of the Cordilleras. A northerly wind alone, which is of unfrequent occurrence, produces an oppressive sensation of heat. During the year, there are about 45 days when the sun is entirely unclouded, about 190 in which it is visible during no part of the day, and the remainder are usually cloudy in the morning, and clear in the afternoon. A shower of rain is a thing altogether unknown, but during February and March, a few large straggling drops occasionally fall about five o'clock in the afternoon. The *garuas* overhang the city almost without intermission from April to October. During June, July, and August there will not probably be a single unclouded day, and not more than three days in each month in which the sun can be seen at all. The gray canopy begins to lift in October, and gradually becomes thinner and thinner till April, when it again begins to gather. But this equable climate, apparently so desirable, is found to be productive of great physical lassitude, and to be unfavorable to health. It has been already noticed that the number of deaths constantly and greatly exceeds that of births. Among adults the most fatal disease is dysentery; then comes fever, usually intermittent; then consumption, inflammation of the lungs, and dropsy, the latter usually the result of intermittent fever.

Another fearful compensation for the mildness of the elements above the surface of the earth, is found in the frequency of subterranean disturbances. On an average, there are 45 shocks of earthquakes in the course of a year. These

usually occur in the months from October to January, and again in May and June. But at intervals of from 40 to 60 years, the valley of the Rimac experiences an earthquake of far more desolating force, and by which Lima has several times been reduced to a heap of rubbish. The most destructive of these, since the European conquest were those of 1586, 1630, 1687, 1713, 1746, 1806—two in each completed century; so that the experience of the past gives us every reason to anticipate that many years will not elapse before Lima will once more become a mass of ruins.

The most destructive of this regular series of great earthquakes was that of October 26, 1746. A little more than an hour before midnight, the earth began to tremble, and in three minutes from the time of the first shock, the city lay in ruins. Of more than 3000 houses, only 21 escaped entire. The towers of the Cathedral were overthrown. The bridge across the Rimac was almost the only public work which escaped, and of that one arch, upon which stood an equestrian statue of Philip V., was destroyed. But if Lima was sorely shattered, Callao was annihilated. The sea receded suddenly from the shore, and as suddenly rolled back with irresistible force, overwhelming the devoted city, with all its inhabitants, 5000 in number. Of these, it is popularly related, that only one escaped. A Spanish corvette which lay at anchor, was lifted sheer over the walls of the fortress, and deposited a full mile inshore, at a spot still designated by a cross erected to commemorate the fact. All the other vessels in the harbor were sunk. The modern town of Callao stands at the distance of two miles from the site of the old town, of which not a vestige remains. It is popularly affirmed that in a clear day the ruins of the old town may still be seen beneath the waves; but travelers, whose imagination is not keener than their vision, have vainly strained their sight to discover a trace of the lost city.

No familiarity with earthquakes is sufficient to do away with their terrors. The Limanian who has known them from childhood, no sooner feels the first shock, than he rushes from his apartment, with the cry of "*misericordia*" upon his trembling lips, no less than the foreigner who has never before witnessed these convulsive throes of nature. The moment a shock is felt the Cathedral bell begins to toll, all the belfries in Lima take up the sound, and summon the affrighted population to their devotions. A change has been wrought even in the form of church service, by the ever-present apprehension of these convulsions: the word "famine" being omitted and "earthquake" inserted among the evils from which deliverance is implored. The very architecture of Lima—its houses of a singly story—its plastered upper walls, its cane roofs, its towers and steeples of stuccoed wicker work—is a perpetual prayer against an evil which no human foresight can avoid, and no mortal power avert, and in respect to which the utmost that man can do, is in some degree to mitigate its consequences.

ALLY SOMERS.—A TALE OF THE COAST-GUARD.

WHEN I joined the *Scorpion* sloop of war, then (1810) on the West India station, there were a father and son among the crew whose names, as borne on the ship's books, were John Somers and John *Alice* Somers. The oddity in this country of giving a boy a female baptismal name had been no doubt jestingly remarked upon by those who were aware of it, but with the sailors the lad passed as *Ally* Somers. The father was approaching fifty, the son could not have been more than seventeen years of age. The elder Somers, who had attained to the rating of a boatswain, was a stern, hard, silent man, with a look as cold and clear as polished steel, and a cast-iron mouth, indicative of inflexible, indomitable firmness of will and resolution. The son, on the contrary, though somewhat resembling his father in outline of feature, had a mild, attractive, almost feminine aspect, and a slight graceful frame. I was not long in discovering that, obdurate and self-engrossed as the man appeared, the boy was really the idol-image in which his affections and his hopes were centred. His eye constantly followed the motions of the lad, and it appeared to be his unceasing aim and study to lighten the duties he had to perform, and to shield him from the rough usage to which youngsters in his position were generally subjected by the motley crews of those days. One day a strong instance in proof of this master-feeling occurred. Ally Somers some time previously, when on shore with a party dispatched to obtain a supply of water, had, during the temporary absence of the officer in command, been rather severely rope's-ended by one of the seamen for some trifling misconduct, and a few slight marks were left on the lad's back. The rage of the father, when informed of the circumstance, was extreme, and it was with difficulty that he was restrained from inflicting instant chastisement on the offender. An opportunity for partially wreaking his hoarded vengeance occurred about six weeks afterward, and it was eagerly embraced. The sailor who had ill-used young Somers was sentenced to receive two dozen lashes for drunkenness and insubordination. He was ordered to strip, placed at the gratings, and the punishment began. Somers the boatswain, iron or sour-tempered as he might be, was by no means harsh or cruel in his office, and his assistants, upon whom the revolting office of flogging usually devolved, influenced by him, were about the gentlest-handed boatswain's-mates I ever saw practice. On this occasion he was in another and a very different mood. Two blows only had been struck, when Somers, with an angry rebuke to the mate for not doing his duty, snatched the cat from his hand, and himself lashed the culprit with a ferocity so terribly effective, that Captain Boyle, a merciful and just officer, instantly remitted half the number of lashes, and the man was rescued from the unsparing hands of the vindictive boatswain.

Other instances of the intensity of affection glowing within the stern man's breast for his comparatively weak and delicate boy manifested themselves. Once in action, when the lad, during a tumultuous and murderous struggle in beating off a determined attempt to carry the sloop by boarding, chanced to stumble on the slippery deck, he was overtaken before he could recover himself, and involved in the fierce assault which at the forecastle was momentarily successful. I was myself hotly engaged in another part of the fight; but attention being suddenly called to the forepart of the ship by the enemy's triumphant shouts, I glanced round just in time to see the boatswain leap, with the yell and bound of a tiger, into the *mêlée*, and strike right and left with such tremendous ferocity and power as instantly to check the advancing rush. Our men promptly rallied, and the deck was in a few minutes cleared of every living foe that had recently profaned it. Ally Somers, who had received a rather severe flesh wound, and fainted from loss of blood, was instantly caught up by his father, and carried with headlong impatience below. When the surgeon, after a brief look at the hurt, said, "There is no harm done, Somers," the high-strung nerves of the boatswain gave way, and he fell back upon a locker, temporarily prostrate and insensible from sudden revulsion of feeling. Several times I was an unintentional auditor of scraps of conversation between the two while the lad was on the sick-list, from which I gathered that Ally was the sole issue of a marriage which had left bitter memories in the mind of the father; but whether arising from the early death of his wife, or other causes, I did not ascertain. Somers was, it appeared a native of the west of England, and it was quite evident had received a much better education than usually falls to individuals of his class.

At the close of the war Somers and his son were, with thousands of others, turned adrift from the royal service. Some months after my appointment to the command of the revenue-cutter, I chanced to meet the father in the village of Talton, about four miles out of Southampton, on the New Forest Road. He had, I found re-entered the navy, but chancing to receive a hurt by the falling of a heavy block on his right knee, had been invalided with a small pension, upon which he was now living at about a hundred yards from the spot where we had accidentally met. Ally, he informed me, was the skipper of a small craft, trading between Guernsey and Southampton. There was little change in the appearance of the man except that the crippled condition of his leg appeared to have had an effect the reverse of softening upon his stern and rugged aspect and temper. When paid off he was, I knew, entitled to a considerable sum in prize-money, the greater part of which he told me he had recently received.

About two months after this meeting with the father I fell in with the son. I was strolling at

about eleven in the forenoon along the front of the Southampton custom-house, when my eye fell upon a young man in a seaman's dress, busily engaged with three others in loading a cart with bundles of laths which had been landed shortly before from a small vessel alongside the quay. It was Ally Somers sure enough; and so much improved in looks since I last saw him, that but for a certain air of fragility—inherited probably from his mother—he might have been pronounced a handsome fine young fellow. The laths, upward of two hundred bundles, which he was so busily assisting to cart, he had brought from Guernsey, and were a very common importation from that island: Guernsey possessing the right of sending its own produce customs free to England, a slight duty, only tantamount to what the foreign timber of which the laths were made would have been liable to, was levied upon them, and this was ascertained by the proper officer simply measuring the length and girth of the bundles. This had been done, and the laths marked as “passed.” It struck me that the manner of Ally Somers was greatly flurried and excited, and when he saw me approaching, evidently with an intention to accost him, this agitation perceptibly increased. He turned deadly pale, and absolutely trembled with ill-concealed apprehension. He was somewhat reassured by my frank salutation; and after a few common-place inquiries I walked away, evidently to his great relief, and he with his sailors continued their eager work of loading the cart. I could not help suspecting that something was wrong, though I could not make up my mind to verify the surmise his perturbed and hurried manner excited. Once in a skirmish on shore his father, the boatswain, had saved my life by sending a timely bullet through the head of a huge negro who held me for the moment at his mercy. Besides I might be wrong after all, and I had no right to presume that the officer who had passed the laths had not made a sufficient examination of them. The flurry of the young man might arise from physical weakness and the severe labor he was performing in such hot weather. These reasons, or more truly these excuses for doing nothing, were passing through my brain, when I observed the hasty approach of the collector of customs himself toward the cart, followed by several of his subordinates. Young Somers saw him as quickly as I did, and the young man's first impulse, it was quite plain, was flight. A thought, no doubt, of the hopelessness of such an attempt arrested his steps, and he stood quaking with terror by the side of the cart, his right hand grasping for support at one of the wheel-spokes.

“One of you lend me a knife,” said the collector, addressing the officers of customs.

A knife was quickly opened and handed to him: he severed the strong cords which bound one of the bundles of laths together, and they flew asunder, disclosing a long tin tube of considerable diameter, closely rammed with tobacco! All the other bundles contained a similar de-

posit; and so large was the quantity of the heavily-taxed weed thus unexpectedly made lawful prize of, that a profit, I was assured, of not less than £500 or £600 would have been made by the audacious smuggler had he succeeded in his bold and ingenious attempt. The ends of the bundles had been filled up with short pieces of lath, so that, except by the process now adopted, it was impossible to detect that the cargo was not *bonâ fide* what it had been declared to be. The penalties to which Somers had rendered himself liable were immense, the vessel also was forfeited, and the unfortunate young man's liberty at the mercy of the crown. He looked the very picture of despair, and I felt assured that ruin, utter and complete, had fallen upon him.

He was led off in custody, and had gone some dozen paces when he stopped shortly, appeared to make some request to the officers by whom he was escorted, and then turning round, intimated by a supplicatory gesture that he wished to speak to me. I drew near, and at my request the officers fell back out of hearing. He was so utterly prostrated by the calamity by which he had been so suddenly overtaken, that he could not for several moments speak intelligibly. I felt a good deal concerned for so mere a boy, and one too so entirely unfitted by temperament and nerve to carry through such desperate enterprises, or bear up against their failure.

“This is a bad business,” I said; “but the venture has not, I trust, been made with your own or your father's money?”

“Every penny of it,” he replied, in a dry, fainting voice, “was our own. Father lent me all his prize-money, and we are both miserable beggars.”

“What in the name of madness could induce you to venture your all upon a single throw in so hazardous a game?”

“I will tell you,” he went on hurriedly to say in the same feeble and trembling tone; “I am not fitted for a sea-life—not strong, not hardy enough. I longed for a quiet, peaceful home ashore. A hope of one offered itself. I made the acquaintance of Richard Sylvester, a miller near Ealing. He is a good man, but griping as far as money is concerned. I formed an attachment for his eldest daughter Maria; and he consented to our union, and to taking me as a partner in his business, if I could pay down five hundred pounds. I was too eager to wait long; besides I thought that perhaps—but it boots not to speak of that now; I set more than life upon this cast; I have lost, and am now bankrupt of resource or hope! Will you break this news to my father, and see—” His remaining firmness gave way as the thought he would have uttered struggled to his lips, and the meek hearted young man burst into tears, and wept piteously like a girl. A number of persons were collecting round us, and I gently urged him to walk on to the custom-house. A few minutes afterward I left him there, with a pro-

mise to comply with his request without delay.

I found John Somers at home, and had scarcely uttered twenty words when he jumped at once at the true conclusion.

"Out with it, sir!" exclaimed the steel-nerved man. "But you need not; I see it all. Ally has failed—the tobacco has been seized—and he is in prison."

Spite of himself his breath came thick and short, and he presently added with a fierce burst, while a glance of fire leaped from his eyes; "He has been betrayed, and I think I know by whom."

"Your suspicion that he has been informed against is very likely correct, but you will, I think, have some difficulty in ascertaining by whom. The custom-house authorities are careful not to allow the names of their informants to leak through their office-doors."

"I would find him were he hidden in the centre of the earth!" rejoined the ex-boatswain with another vengeful outcry which startled one like an explosion. "But," added the strong and fierce-willed man after a few moments' silence, "it's useless prating of the matter like a wench. We must part company at once. I thank you, sir, and will tell Ally you have called." I mentioned the other request made by his son. "That is a rotten plank to hold by," he said. "Ally's chance is over there, and it would be mere waste of time to call on the old man; his resolution is hard and unyielding as his own millstones. Maria Sylvester is gone with the five hundred pounds her father bargained for; and the girl's tears, if she shed any, will soon be dry. I warned Ally of the peril of steering his course in life by the deceptive light of woman's capricious smiles and vanities; but he, poor, flexible, gentle-minded boy, heeded me not. I may not longer delay: he will be anxious to see me. Good-day, sir."

The consequence which I chiefly feared came to pass, even more speedily than I had apprehended. It being impossible to liquidate the penalties incurred, Ally Somers was imprisoned as a crown debtor; and at that period, whatever may be the case now, revenue penalties could not be got rid of by insolvent-court schedules. The prospect of an indefinite term of imprisonment, with other causes of grief and depression, broke down the always fragile health of the prisoner, and he died, ere yet his youth was well begun, after about six months' confinement only.

The tidings were brought me by the old man himself. I was seated in the cabin of the *Rose* cutter when it was announced that John Somers was alongside in a boat, and wished to see me. I directed that he should be allowed to come aboard, and presently the old man, with despair visible in every line of his countenance, in every glance of his restless, flaming eyes, entered the cabin.

"I am come to tell you, sir, that Ally is dead."

"I was somewhat prepared for this bad news, Mr. Somers," I answered. "It's hard upon you, but it should be bravely borne with."

He laughed strangely. "To be sure, to be sure," he said, "that is wise counsel—very wise; but that which I want now more than wise counsel is ten pounds—ten pounds, which I shall never be able to repay."

"Ten pounds!"

"Yes: you may remember that I once saved your life. If that piece of service was worth the sum I have mentioned, you can now discharge the obligation. I have parted with every thing, and Ally's last prayer was to be buried beside his— Beside a grave, an early and untimely one, like his own, many miles away."

"I understand; it is a natural and pious wish, and you shall have the money."

"Thank you. The funeral over, I have but one more thing to do in life, and that is to assist you in securing Cocquerel while running one of his most valuable cargoes."

"Cocquerel, the Guernseyman you mean?"

"Ay, so he calls himself; but I fancy he at one time hailed from another port. He is the man who sold Ally's secret to the revenue-officers!"

"Are you sure?"

"As death! He was Ally's only confidant, and Ally's father is now in Cocquerel's confidence. It is but natural," added Somers, and a bitter, deadly sneer curled his ashy lips—"it is but natural, you know, that I should be eager to assist in pillaging a government which caged my son, and held him under its iron bars till life had fled. Cocquerel understands this, and trusts me fully; but that which he does *not* understand, know, or suspect," continued the fierce old man, sinking his voice to a whisper, and leaning forward with his face close to mine, "is that John Somers has found out *who* it was that sold his boy's life! Did he know that, and know *me* too, there would be sounder sleepers than he in these dark nights."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing more, of course," he replied in a more checked and guarded tone, "than to retort the trick he played Ally something after his own fashion."

"That is a fair revenge enough, and I'll not balk you. Now, then, for your plan."

Various details were discussed, and it was settled that on that day-week Somers was again to communicate with me. He then took leave.

At the appointed time Somers returned, and appeared to be in high but flighty spirits. Every thing was, he said, arranged, and success all but certain. His scheme was then canvassed and finally agreed upon, and he again left the vessel.

The arrangement for the surprise and capture of Cocquerel was this:—That notorious smuggler intended running a large cargo on the coast of Dorsetshire, on the north of Portland, at a

place where the cliffs are high, precipitous, and abrupt, and at that time very inefficiently watched by the shore-force. Near the spot selected is or was a kind of cavern worn by the action of the sea in the chalky stratum, which at neap-tides was partially dry, and at the time of our enterprise would effectually conceal a boat from the observation of any one who did not actually peer in directly at its mouth. Cocquerel was to leave Guernsey the next day in a large boat, with two lug-sails, but chiefly depending for speed upon its sweeps. It was calculated that he would reach his destination about midnight. Somers had undertaken the duty of shore-signalman, and if danger were apprehended, was to warn the smugglers that hawks were abroad by burning a blue-light. The manner of running the cargo was to be this:—Somers was provided with a windlass and sufficient length of rope, with a kind of rope-cradle at the end of it, in which a man could sit, or a couple of kegs be slung, to reach the boat. The windlass he was to secure firmly at the edge of the cliff, and two or three of the men having been drawn up, other windlasses were to be fixed, by means of which it was calculated that in about half an hour the entire cargo would be safely carried off by the carts which Somers had undertaken to have ready on the spot. The signal for our appearance on the scene of action, the positive old man persisted, should be that agreed upon for the warning of the smugglers—the sudden ignition of a blue-light. This did not seem the cleverest possible mode of procedure; but as the cavern in which we were to conceal ourselves was but a few yards northward of the spot marked out for the landing, and Somers promised he would only give the signal when the smugglers were in full work, I had little fear that, if other accidents did not capsize our scheme, they would be able to escape us.

The next afternoon the largest boat belonging to the *Rose* was fully manned; and leaving the cutter quietly at anchor in the Southampton river just above Calshot, we pulled with the tide—for there was but a light air, and that favorable for the smugglers, not for us—to our hiding-place, which we reached about eight o'clock in the evening.

The hours crept very slowly and dismally away, amid the darkness and hoarse echoes and moanings of the cavern, into which the sea and wind, which were gradually rising, dashed and howled with much and increasing violence. Occasional peeps at my watch, by the light of a lantern carefully shaded seaward, warned us that ten, eleven, twelve, one o'clock had passed, without bringing the friends we so anxiously expected, and fears of ultimate disappointment were chilling us far more than the cold night-breeze, when a man in the bow of the boat said in a whisper that he could hear the dash of oars.

We all instantly listened with eager attention, but it was not till we had brought the boat to the entrance of the opening that the man's as-

sertion was verified. There it was clear enough; and the near approach of a large boat, with the regular jerk of the oars or sweeps, was distinctly audible. The loud, clear hail of their shore-signalman, answered by the "All right" of the smugglers, left no doubt that the expected prey was within our grasp; and I had a mind to pounce upon them at once, but was withheld by a promise which I had been obliged several times to repeat, that I would not under any circumstances do so till the signal-flame sent its light over the waters.

As soon as the noise and bustle of laying in the sweeps, lowering the sails, and unstepping the masts, had subsided, we heard Somers hail the boat, and insist that the captain should come up before any of the others, as there was a difficulty about the carts which he alone could settle. The reply was a growl of assent, and we could hear by the click of the check to the cog-wheel of the windlass that Somers was paying out the rope. Presently Cocquerel was heard to get into the cradle I have spoken of, to which a line was fastened in order to steady his ascent from below. The order was given to turn away, and the renewed click, click, announced that he was ascending the face of the cliff. I could hardly comprehend this manœuvre, which seemed to indicate the escape of the man we were the most anxious to secure, and the order to shove off was just on my lips when a powerful blue-light flamed suddenly forth, accompanied by a fierce but indistinct shout, or roar rather, from Somers. The men replied by a loud cheer, and we shot smartly out; but having, to avoid a line of reef, to row in a straight direction for about a cable's length, the smugglers, panic-stricken and bewildered as they were, had time to get way upon their lugger, and were plying their sweeps with desperate energy before the revenue-boat was fairly turned in direct pursuit. The frantic effort to escape was vain, and so was the still more frantic effort at resistance offered when we ran alongside. We did not hurt them much; one or two were knocked down by the sailors' brass-butted pistols; and after being secured, they had leisure to vent their rage in polyglot curses, part French, part English, and part Guernsey *patois*, and I to look round and see what had become of Cocquerel.

The blue-light still shed a livid radiance all around, and to my inexpressible horror and dismay, I saw that the unfortunate man was suspended in the rope cradle, within about a fathom's length of the brow of the cliff, upon which Somers was standing and gazing at his victim with looks of demoniac rage and triumph. The deadly trap contrived by the inexorable old man was instantly apparent, and to Cocquerel's frenzied screams for help I replied by shouting to him to cut himself loose at once, as his only chance, for the barrel of a pistol gleamed distinctly in the hands of Somers.

"Lieutenant Warneford," cried the exulting maniac—he was nothing less—"I have caught this Cocquerel nicely for you—got him swing-

ing here in the prettiest cradle he was ever rocked in in his life—Ha! ha! ha!

"Cut loose at once!" I again shouted; and the men, as terribly impressed as myself, with the horror of the wretched smuggler's position, swept the boat rapidly toward the spot. "Somers, if you shoot that man you shall die on the gallows."

"Cut himself loose, do you say, lieutenant?" screamed Somers, heedless of my last observation. "He can't! He has no knife—ha! ha! ha! And if he had, this pistol would be swifter than that; but I'll cut him loose presently, never fear. Look here, Jacques Cocquerel," he continued laying himself flat down on the cliff, and stretching his right arm over it till the mouth of his pistol was within a yard of Cocquerel's head, "this contains payment in full for your kindness to Ally Somers—a debt which I could in no other manner completely repay."

"At this moment the blue-light suddenly expired, and we were involved in what by contrast was total darkness. We could still, however, hear the frantic laughter and exulting gibes of the merciless old man in answer to Cocquerel's shrieking appeals for mercy; and after a while, when the figures of the two men had become partially visible, we could distinguish the words, "One, two, three," followed by the report of a pistol, and a half minute afterward a dark body shot down the white face of the cliff, and disappeared beneath the waters!

The body of Cocquerel never reappeared, and the only tidings I ever heard of Somers were contained in the following paragraph which I read some years afterward in the "Hampshire Telegraph," a journal at that time published at Portsmouth:

"The body of an aged, wretched man was found frozen to death in the church-yard on Wednesday morning last, near two adjoining graves, one of which, that of Alice Maynard, recalls the painful circumstances connected with the sad story of the death of that ill-fated, and, as we believe, entirely innocent person. At the inquest holden on Friday, it was ascertained beyond a doubt that the deceased is John Maynard, who, after his wife's untimely death, assumed the name of Somers, and was, we believe, the person who shot a French smuggler, with whom he had quarreled, at the back of the Isle of Wight, under somewhat peculiar circumstances, about seven years ago. He was buried in the grave that contains the body of his son, John Alice Maynard, which was interred there shortly before the commission of the homicide just alluded to. There has never been to our knowledge any regular investigation of that affair, but we believe that then, as before, Maynard's pistol was pointed by a frantic and causeless jealousy." [*Plymouth Paper.*]

There are several mistakes sufficiently obvious to the reader in this paragraph, but of the main fact that John Somers, *alias* Maynard, perished as described in the Devonshire journal, there can be no reasonable doubt.

MISERS.

BY F. SOMNER MERRYWEATHER.

SOME years ago there lived in Marseilles an old man of the name of Guyot; he was known to every inhabitant, and every urchin in the streets could point him out as a niggard in his dealings, and a wretch of the utmost penury in his habits of life. From his boyhood, this old man had lived in the city of Marseilles; and, although the people treated him with scorn and disgust, nothing could induce him to leave it. When he walked the streets he was followed by a crowd of boys, who, hating him as a grasping miser, hooted him vociferously, insulted him with the coarsest epithets, and sometimes annoyed him by casting stones and filth at his person. There was no one to speak a kind word in his favor, no one to bestow an act of friendship, or a nod of recognition upon Guyot. He was regarded by all as an avaricious, griping old miser, whose whole life was devoted to the hoarding up of gold. At last this object of universal scorn died, and it was found that, by his parsimony, he had amassed an ample fortune. What was the surprise of his executors, on opening his will, to find these remarkable words: "Having observed, from my infancy, that the poor of Marseilles are ill-supplied with water, which can only be procured at a great price, I have cheerfully labored the whole of my life to procure for them this great blessing, and I direct that the whole of my property shall be expended in building an aqueduct for their use!"

When it was proposed to build Bethlehem Hospital, many benevolent individuals volunteered to solicit contributions by calling upon the inhabitants of London. Two of these gentlemen went to a small house in an impoverished neighborhood; for the pence of the poor were solicited as well as the pounds of the rich. The door was open, and, as they drew nigh, they overheard an old man scolding his female servant for having thrown away a match, only one end of which had been used. Although so trivial a matter, the master appeared to be much enraged, and the collectors remained some time outside the door, before the old man had finished his angry lecture. When the tones of his voice were somewhat subdued, they entered, and, presenting themselves to this strict observer of frugality and saving, explained the object of their application; but they did not anticipate much success. The miser, however, for such he was reputed in the neighborhood, no sooner understood their object, than he opened a closet, and bringing forth a well-filled bag, counted therefrom four hundred guineas, which he presented to the astonished applicants. They expressed their surprise and thankfulness, and could not refrain from telling the old gentleman that they had overheard his quarrel with his domestic, and how little they expected, in consequence, to have met with such munificence from him. "Gentlemen," replied the old man, "your surprise is occasioned by my care of a thing of such little consequence; but I

keep my house, and save my money in my own way; my parsimony enables me to bestow more liberally on charity. With regard to benevolent donations, you may always expect most from prudent people who keep their own accounts, and who pay attention to trifles."

Audley was a celebrated miser of the time of the Stuarts; he amassed his wealth during the reign of the first Charles, and flourished amazingly under the protectorate of Cromwell. Audley was originally a clerk, with only six shillings a week salary, and yet out of this scanty sum he managed to save more than half. His dinner seldom cost him any thing, for he generally made some excuse to dine with his master's clients; and, as to his other meals, a crust of bread or a dry biscuit was regarded as fare sufficient after an ample dinner. In one circumstance he was somewhat different from other misers: he was clean, if not neat, in his outward appearance. But he was thus scrupulous in his apparel from principle; for Audley often asserted, that, to be thrifty, it was necessary to pay some respect to such matters. He was remarkably industrious, even when a young man. At an age when others were seeking pleasure, he was busy in lending out, and increasing his early savings. He was always ready to work when the usual hours of business were over, and would willingly sit up the whole night to obtain some trifling remuneration. He was never above soliciting trifles, and touching his hat to his master's clients. So rigid was he in his economy, and so usurious in his dealings, that in four years, during which time, however, he had never received more than a salary of six or eight shillings a week, he managed to save and amass five hundred pounds. The salary of the remaining years of his apprenticeship he sold for sixty pounds, and after a while, having made up six hundred pounds in all, he lent the whole to a nobleman for an annuity of ninety-six pounds for nineteen years, which annuity was secured upon property producing eight hundred a year. The nobleman soon died, and his heir neglected to pay the annuity. Audley had execution upon the property, and by legal trickery, in which he was well versed, he managed to obtain, in the way of fines and forfeitures, about four thousand pounds' profit upon his original six hundred. His master being one of the clerks of the Compter, Audley had many opportunities of practicing his disreputable cunning, and of obtaining vast sums by deluding insolvent debtors, and in deceiving their creditors. He would buy bad debts for a mere trifle, and afterward compound with the poor insolvent. One instance of his avarice and villainy is so curious, that we can not refrain from giving the anecdote to our readers. A tradesman, named Miller, unfortunately got into arrears with his merchant, whose name was White. Many fruitless applications were made for the debt, and at last Miller was sued by the merchant for the sum of two hundred pounds. He was unable to meet the demand, and was declared insolvent. Audley goes to White, and offers him forty pounds

for the debt, which the merchant gladly accepts. He then goes to Miller, and undertakes to obtain his quittance of the debt for fifty pounds, upon condition that he entered into a bond to pay for the accommodation. The drowning man catches at a straw, and the insolvent, with many protestations of thanks, eagerly signs a contract which, without consideration, he regarded as one so light, and so easy in its terms, as to satisfy him that the promptings of benevolence and friendship could only actuate his voluntary benefactor. The contract was, that he should pay to Audley some time within twenty years from that time, one penny progressively doubled, on the first day of twenty consecutive months; and, in case he failed to fulfill these easy terms, he was to pay a fine of five hundred pounds. Thus acquitted of his debt of two hundred pounds, Miller arranged with the rest of his creditors, and again commenced business. Fortune turned, and he participated liberally in her smiles. Every month added largely to his trade, and at last he became firmly established. Two or three years after signing the almost forgotten contract, Miller was accosted one fine morning in October by old Audley, who politely demanded the first installment of the agreement. With a smile, and many renewed expressions of thankfulness, the hopeful tradesman paid his penny. On the first of the succeeding month, Audley again called, and demanded twopence, and was as politely satisfied as before. On the first of December, he received a groat; the first of February, one shilling and fourpence. Still Miller did not see through the artifice, but paid him with a gracious smile; perhaps, however, there was something cynical in the look of Audley as he left the shop this time, for the poor tradesman's suspicions were aroused, and he put his pen to paper, as he ought to have done years before, to ascertain the amount of his subsequent payments. Reader, what think you would have been the amount of the payment due on the first of the twentieth month? What sum, think ye, the little penny had become? No less than two thousand one hundred and eighty pounds! And what was the aggregate sum of all these twenty monthly payments? Why, the enormous sum of four thousand three hundred and sixty-six pounds, eleven shillings, and threepence! It sounds incredible; but, if you think it a fable, do as Miller did, and reckon for yourselves. Of course Miller refused the payment of his bond, and forfeited five hundred pounds by the benevolence and charity of the miser.

Vandille is one of the most remarkable characters, as a miser, that is to be found among the eccentric biographies of France. His riches were immense, and his avarice and parsimony extreme. He hired a miserable garret in one of the most obscure parts of Paris, and paid a poor woman a sou a day to wait upon him. Excepting once a week, his diet was never varied; bread and milk for breakfast; the same for dinner, and the same for supper, all the week round. On a Sunday he ventured to indulge in a glass of sour wine, and he strove to satisfy the compunctions

of conscience by bestowing, in charity, a farthing every Sabbath. This munificence, which incurred an expenditure of one shilling and a penny per annum, he carefully noted down; and just before his death he found, with some degree of regret, that during his life he had disbursed no less than forty-three shillings and fourpence. Forty-three shillings and fourpence! prodigious generosity for the richest man in France! Vandille had been a magistrate at Boulogne, and while in that office he partly maintained himself, free of cost, by constituting himself milk-taster general at the market. He would munch his scrap of bread, and wash it down with these gratuitous draughts. By such parsimonious artifices, and a most penurious course of life, he succeeded in amassing an enormous fortune, and was in a position to lend vast sums of money to the French government. When he had occasion to journey from Boulogne to Paris, he avoided the expence of coach-fare by proceeding on foot; and, lest he should be robbed, he never carried more than threepence in his pocket, although he had a distance of a hundred and thirty miles before him. If he found this sum insufficient, he would profess poverty, and beg from the passengers on the road a trifle to help him on. In the year 1735, Vandille, the miser, was worth nearly eight hundred thousand pounds! He used to boast that this vast accumulation sprang from a single shilling. The winter of the year 1734 had been very cold and bitter, and the miser felt inclined to purchase a little extra fuel in the summer time, to provide, to some extent, against the like severity in the ensuing winter. He heard a man pass the street with wood to sell; he haggled for an unconscionable time about the price, and at last completed his bargain, at the lowest possible rate. Avarice had made the miser dishonest, and he stole from the poor woodman several logs. In his eagerness to carry them away, and hide his ill-gotten store, he overheated his blood, and produced a fever. For the first time in his life, he sent for a surgeon. "I wish to be bled," said he; "what is your charge?" "Half a livre," was the reply. The demand was deemed extortionate, and the surgeon was dismissed. He then sent for an apothecary, but he was also considered too high; and he at last sent for a poor barber, who agreed to open the vein for threepence a time. "But, friend," said the cautious miser, "how often will it be requisite to bleed me?" "Three times," replied the barber. "Three times! and pray, what quantity of blood do you intend to take from me at each operation?" "About eight ounces each time," was the answer. "Let me see," said the possessor of three-quarters of a million, "that will be ninepence; too much; too much! I have determined to go a cheaper way to work; take the whole twenty-four ounces at once, and that will save me sixpence." The barber remonstrated, but the miser was firm; he was certain, he said, that the barber was only desirous to extort an extra sixpence, and he would not submit to such scandalous imposition. His vein was

opened, and four-and-twenty ounces of blood were taken from him. In a few days, Vandille the miser was no more. The savings of his life, the wages of his vice and avarice, he left to the King of France.

A similar anecdote is related of Sir William Smyth, of Bedfordshire. He was immensely rich, but most parsimonious and miserly in his habits. At seventy years of age he was entirely deprived of his sight, unable to gloat over his hoarded heaps of gold; this was a terrible affliction. He was persuaded by Taylor, the celebrated oculist, to be couched; who was, by agreement, to have sixty guineas if he restored his patient to any degree of sight. Taylor succeeded in his operation, and Sir William was enabled to read and write, without the aid of spectacles, during the rest of his life. But no sooner was his sight restored, than the baronet began to regret that his agreement had been for so large a sum; he felt no joy as others would have felt, but grieved and sighed over the loss of his sixty guineas! His thoughts were now how to cheat the oculist; he pretended that he had only a glimmering, and could see nothing distinctly; for which reason, the bandage on his eyes was continued a month longer than the usual time. Taylor was deceived by these misrepresentations, and agreed to compound the bargain, and accepted twenty guineas, instead of sixty. Yet Sir William was an old bachelor, and had no one to care or provide for. At the time Taylor attended him, he had a large estate, an immense sum of money in the stocks, and six thousand pounds in the house.

Many years ago, there lived in a large, cheerless, and dilapidated old house in St. Petersburg, a wretched miser. He confined himself to one room, and left the rest of the rambling edifice to moulder into ruin; he cared for no comfort, and deprived himself even of those things which the poorest regard as the necessities of life; he seldom lit a fire to repel the dampness, which hung on the walls of his solitary chamber, and a few worthless objects of furniture was all that the room contained. Yet to this singular being the Empress Catherine the Second owed a million of rubles. His cellar, it was said, contained casks full of gold, and packages of silver were stowed away in the dismal corners of his ruinous mansion. He was one of the richest men in Russia. He relied for the safety of his hoards upon the exertions of a huge mastiff, which he had trained to bark and howl throughout the night, to strike terror into the hearts of thieves. The miser outlived the dog; but he disliked to part with any portion of his treasure in the purchase of another cur, and he resolved to save his money by officiating as his own watch-dog. Every morning, and every evening, would that insane old man wander about his dismal habitation, barking and howling in imitation of his recent sentinel.

A miser of the name of Foscue, who had amassed enormous wealth, by the most sordid parsimony, and the most discreditable extortion, was requested by the government to advance a

sum of money, as a loan. The miser, to whom a fair interest was not inducement sufficiently strong to enable him to part with his treasured gold, declared his incapacity to meet this demand; he pleaded severe losses, and the utmost poverty. Fearing, however, that some of his neighbors, among whom he was very unpopular, would report his immense wealth to the government, he applied his ingenuity to discover some effectual way of hiding his gold, should they attempt to institute a search to ascertain the truth or falsehood of his plea. With great care and secrecy, he dug a deep cave in his cellar; to this receptacle for his treasure he descended by a ladder, and to the trap-door he attached a spring lock, so that, on shutting, it would fasten of itself. By-and-by the miser disappeared; inquiries were made; the house was searched; woods were explored, and the ponds were dragged; but no Foscue could they find; and gossips began to conclude that the miser had fled, with his gold, to some part where, by living incognito, he could be free from the hands of the government. Some time passed on; the house in which he had lived was sold, and workmen were busily employed in its repair. In the progress of their work they met with the door of the secret cave, with the key in the lock outside. They threw back the door, and descended with a light. The first object upon which the lamp was reflected was the ghostly body of Foscue the miser, and scattered around him were heavy bags of gold, and ponderous chests of untold treasure; a candlestick lay beside him on the floor. This worshiper of Mammon had gone into his cave, to pay his devoirs to his golden god, and became a sacrifice to his devotion!

THE CRICKET.

"Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth."—Milton.

AS it is very possible that many of our readers, who have listened with delight to the pleasant chirp of the cricket, may be ignorant of its habits and history, we purpose in the present article giving some account of them.

The cricket belongs to the same family as the grasshopper and the locust, and all three are distinguished by having four wings, with the first pair leathery throughout, overlapping at the edges only, and concealing the second pair, which are folded lengthwise.

There are three descriptions of cricket common in Great Britain—the house-cricket, the field-cricket, and the mole-cricket; of these the two first are very similar, but that the former is of a somewhat yellow shade, and the latter rather brown. Their heads are very large in proportion to their bodies, and are round. They are furnished with two large eyes and three small ones, of a light yellow color, placed rather high in their heads. The female has a hard, long spine at the extremity of her body, thick at the end, and composed of two sheaths, which contain two laminæ; this implement is made use of by the cricket to enable her to sink and deposit her

eggs in the ground. Their hinder feet are much longer than the others, and serve them to leap. Unlike mice, crickets are oftenest to be found in new houses, as they like the damp, soft mortar, which saves them much trouble, when they feel inclined to burrow and mine between the joints of the bricks or stones, and to open communications from one room to another. They are very fond of warmth, and their favorite place of resort is by the kitchen fire. In the warm, long days of summer, however, they often venture out, and appear to enjoy the heat of the mid-day sun, as may be supposed from the heated atmosphere they inhabit. Crickets are a thirsty race, and, indeed, are so anxious to satisfy their inclination, that they are constantly found drowned in pans of water, milk, &c. They will even destroy damp clothes for the sake of their moisture, and woe be to the wet woolen stockings or aprons hung to dry within their reach. But the cricket is hungry as well as thirsty, and will eat voraciously any crumbs of bread, scummings of pots, &c., which happen to fall in their way.

Crickets are, in general, very inactive insects, and seldom use their wings, except when they are about to migrate from one habitation to another. The time they generally select for an excursion of this kind is the dusk of a summer evening, when they fly out of the windows, and over the neighboring roofs, no one knows whither; and this habit will account for the sudden manner in which they often disappear from an old haunt, as well as for their equally mysterious appearance in a new one—why they left and why they came being equally unaccountable. When flying, they move in wavelike curves, like woodpeckers, opening and shutting their wings at every stroke; they are, therefore, always either rising or falling.

They often increase to such a degree as to become a perfect nuisance in a house, and then they have to be destroyed, either by gunpowder being discharged into their haunts, or else by drowning, like wasps. Crickets are not fond of light; and on a candle being brought into a room where they are running about, they will just give two or three shrill chirps, as if to warn their companions of impending danger, and then quickly retreat to their lurking-holes for safety. Many strange ideas are entertained concerning these insects. Some imagine that they bring good luck to any house where they take up their abode, and will not on any account allow them to be killed. It is imagined, too, that they can prognosticate events, such as the death of a near relative, or the return of an absent lover. In Spain, crickets are held in such estimation, that they are kept in cages like birds.

The field-cricket is such a shy and timid insect, that it is exceedingly difficult to make its acquaintance, as it cautiously rejects all advances, and prudently retires backward into its burrow, where it remains until it fancies that all danger is over. In France, children amuse themselves by hunting the field-cricket. This they do by putting into its hole an ant, secured by a long

hair; and, as they slowly draw it out again, it is always followed by the hapless cricket, which ventures out to know the reason of this unwarrantable intrusion into its domicile. But Pliny tells us of a more easy way of capturing them. He says, that, if we thrust a long slender piece of stick into its burrow, the insect would immediately get on it for the purpose of discovering the cause of the disturbance. From this fact arose the old proverb, "*stultior grillo*," or "more foolish than a cricket," applied to any one who upon light grounds provokes his enemy, and falls into the snare laid to entrap him.

It is strange that although the field-cricket is furnished with a curious apparatus of wings, and provided with long legs behind, and brawny thighs for leaping, like grasshoppers, yet they never make use of them when we would imagine they were most wanted, but suffer themselves to be captured without making any struggle for liberty, crawling along in a dull, shiftless manner. They satisfy their hunger with such herbs as happen to grow near their burrows, and rarely stir from home. They generally sit at the entrance of their caverns, and chirp away night and day, from the middle of May to the middle of July. And who does not love their pleasant song, shrill though it be? But harsh sounds are not necessarily disagreeable. Much depends on the association of ideas; and the summer song of the field-cricket recalls to us our childhood's days, long since, it may be, gone by, and fills our mind with happy thoughts of our wanderings in quest of them, when all nature appeared bright, and gay, and joyous. In very hot weather, the field-cricket is most vigorous, and then the hills echo their notes, while the evening breeze carries them to a great distance, making their melody heard in the stilly hours of night.

About the 10th of March, the crickets appear at the mouth of their cells, which they then open for the approaching summer. At that time they are all in the pupa state, and have only the rudiments of wings, which lie under a skin or coat, which must be cast off before the insect arrives at maturity. This circumstance makes naturalists believe that they seldom live a second year. They cast their skins in April, and great quantities of them may be seen at the mouth of their cells. Their eggs are long and narrow, of a yellowish color, and covered with a very tough skin. The male field-cricket has a golden stripe across the shoulders of its shining coat. The female is of a brighter color, and, besides this, may be distinguished by the long, sword-shaped instrument for laying her eggs beforementioned.

They always live singly, male or female, as the case may be; and when the males meet they fight fiercely. Once, when Mr. White of Selborne placed some in a stone wall, where he was anxious to have them settle, although they appeared distressed at being removed to a new habitation, yet the first that got possession of the chinks, seized any that intruded on them, with their powerful jaws, furnished with a row of serrated fangs, formed something like the shears

of a lobster's claw. If field-crickets are confined in a paper cage, placed in the sun, and supplied with plants well moistened with water, they will thrive as well as in their more natural resorts, and become so merry and noisy as to be troublesome to any one sitting in the same room. Should the plants become dry, they will soon die.

The mole-cricket, so called from the similarity of its habits to those of the mole, is an ugly, but very curious-looking insect. Unlike the house and field-cricket, its head is very small, and of an oblong form. But the chief peculiarity of the insect is its two forefeet or legs—screws, as they are sometimes not very inappropriately called. They are very large and flat, ending outwardly in four large serrated claws, and inwardly with only two. The four claws point somewhat obliquely outward, that being the direction in which the insect digs, throwing out the earth on each side of its course. How wonderfully does He, who "preserves both man and beast," provide for the wants of each insect! The breast of the field-cricket is formed of a thick, hard, horny substance, which is further strengthened within by a double framework of strong gristle, in front of the extremities of which the shoulder-blades of the arm are firmly pointed—a structure evidently intended to prevent the breast from being injured by the powerful muscular motion of the arms in digging.

While the house and field-cricket rejoice in dry and sunny banks, or revel in the glowing heat of a kitchen-hearth, the mole-cricket haunts damp meadows and marshy grounds by the river banks, where they perform all their most curious functions. They burrow and work under ground, like the mole, but raise a ridge as they proceed, instead of throwing up hillocks. They are very fond of taking up their abode in gardens situated near canals, but they are always unwelcome visitors, as they disturb the walks in making their subterranean passages, and besides this, they devour whole beds of cabbage, legumes, and other vegetables, and sometimes even commit great ravages among flowers.

The nest the female mole-cricket constructs for her eggs is exceedingly curious, and well repays the trouble of hunting for them. They are about the size of an egg, neatly smoothed and rounded inside. The way leading to them is through a variety of caverns and winding passages. Within the inner chamber, or nursery, are deposited about a hundred eggs, of a dirty yellow color, enveloped in a tough skin. Sometimes, however, they are of a lightish green, and translucent and gelatinous. They are not placed deep under ground, but near the surface, so as to be within the genial influence of the sun. The mound of fresh-moved earth, within which they are carefully deposited, looks very like that raised by ants.

Like the eggs and young of most other insects those of the mole-cricket are exposed to depredation, especially from the black beetle, which burrows in similar localities. The anxious and provident mother, therefore, does not think her

progeny secure, until she has defended her nest in the manner of a regularly fortified town, with ramparts, intrenchments, and covert-ways. "In some part of these defenses she posts herself as an advanced guard; and, should a beetle venture to intrude within her fortifications, she pounces on him, and, giving no quarter, kills him without mercy." When disturbed out of their nests, the mole-crickets appear dull and helpless; and during the day time they seldom use their wings, but, as night advances, they become very sprightly, and often wander on long excursions. When the weather is very fine, about the middle or end of April, as the evening draws on, they amuse themselves by making a low, dull, jarring noise, which is not very unlike the chattering of the fern-owl or goat-sucker, and which they continue without intermission for a long time.

Anatomists tell us, that *all* crickets, when carefully examined, are found to possess three stomachs; a small one; behind that, a large one, wrinkled and furrowed inside; and lower down, a third. They, therefore, think it not improbable that they chew the cud, or ruminate, like the cow and many other quadrupeds. They are not, however, satisfied entirely to subsist on vegetable diet, but prey upon underground insects, and sometimes even *undermine* plants to get at them.

Before taking leave of the cricket family, it may not be amiss to mention that, in various parts of England, they are called fern-crickets, churr-worms, and wee-churrs—all very appropriate names.

THE RIGHT ONE.—A LESSON FOR LOVERS.

"DO you know, with any certainty, in what language Adam declared his love to Eve?" inquired I, one day, from a philologist of my acquaintance. I put my question with so much earnestness, that he answered, quite seriously, "Yes, to be sure, he made his declaration of love in precisely the same language as that in which she accepted him."

A profound answer! The only pity is, that I was not much wiser for it. But it is altogether a pity—a very great pity—that we know so little about the love-makings before the Flood. If any body could meet with a love-story of that date, it would have more freshness and novelty in it than can be found in any of our modern novels. And really that love-making in the morning of time, in the groves of Paradise, it must have been quite out of the common way!

Ah, there breathes still in this world—several thousand years old though it be—a gentle gale of the spring-time of Paradise, through the life of every man, at the moment when he says, "I love! I am beloved!"

Yes. It thrills through every happy son of Adam at the moment when he finds his Eve. But Adam himself was, in one respect, better off than any of his sons; for as there was only one Eve, he could make no mistake; neither could she, on her side, have either choice or repent-

ance. But we—our name is Legion, and it is not easy for us to discover who, in the swarm of the children of Adam, is the right partner for us. If every one would seriously confess his experience in this respect, it would no doubt be both instructive and amusing. And as I know no other way in which I can instruct or amuse the world, I will now sincerely confess what mistakes I made when I searched for my Eve, whom I first adored in the person of Rose Ervan.

I want words to describe her. She had fascinated me when I was but a cadet; she bewitched me before I had left the fourth class. And, of a truth, there never did exist a young lady more dangerous to a youth of lively imagination. Her coquetry was so natural, so mixed with goodness and childish grace, that it was impossible to regard it as any thing more than the most angelic innocence. At the Military Academy, I saw in my books her name and nothing besides. If I drew plans of fortifications and fortresses, Rose stood in the middle of my circles and quadrants, and the only line that I perceived clearly was the road that led to her home: the verdurous Greendale.

Greendale was a cheerful place, where there were always guests and parties. And when the young people wished to have an excursion on the water, or any other entertainment, it was who always planned every thing, and proposed it to the old baroness, the mother, for whom all the children entertained a very considerable and wholesome respect. On these occasions she used to say, "My dear sir, if you are with the children, I will permit it; for I trust to you, and I know that you will take care of them."

"Yes, to be sure," I replied, though the truth was, I could not take care of myself; and never took notice of any body, or of any thing, excepting Rose.

Many a one was fascinated just as I was fascinated; but I persuaded myself that I was the only lucky fellow who had her preference. Once I was terribly jealous. A certain Mr. T. (a professor of languages, I believe) came to Greendale, played, sung, and chattered French; and immediately Rose forgot me, to chat, and play, and sing with Mr. T., making herself altogether as charming to him as she had hitherto been to me. I was desperate; went away over meadows and fields; saw neither hedges nor gates, stumbled into ditches and brooks, and reached home furious as a blunderbuss. But, behold! Mr. T. was gone, and Rose was again charming to me, and I was instantly as much under her fascination as ever, fully convinced that it was all my fault, and that I was a Turk, a monster—nay, quite an Othello of jealousy.

After I had sighed and burned a considerable time, I made up my mind to proceed to the declaration of my love. It is true I was still very young, not three-and-twenty; but I thought myself quite old enough, being a lieutenant, the son of a father who always spoke of "my wife" as the greatest happiness of his life; besides which I had derived from my home the most beautiful

impressions of domestic life. Hence I always represented to myself the highest good in the world under the image of "my wife."

Having duly considered the various forms of love proposals, I went one fine day to Greendale, carrying with me, and near to my heart, a moss-rose in a garden-pot. The roads were execrable, and I was well-nigh shaken to pieces; but the smile of my beautiful Rose would, I was well assured, reward me for all my trouble. In imagination I heard myself constantly asseverating "I love you!" and heard her as constantly replying, "I love you!" As regarded our domestic establishment, I had not as yet thought as much about it as one of our favorite bards, who, before he married, provided himself with a cask of flour, a coffee-pot, and a frying-pan. I thought only of "a cottage and a heart." I saw around my cottage multitudes of roses, and within it, my Rose and myself. As for every thing else, all would be provided for by my excellent father.

As soon as I arrived at Greendale, I found there two other gentlemen quite as much in love, and quite as much enchanted by the fascinating young lady, as I was. I pitied the unfortunate youths, because they had infatuated themselves with the hope of a happiness which no one, I believed, should aspire to but myself. We were all old acquaintances; and, as it is not our habit to put our light under a bushel, I was determined to give my rivals a little hint of my advantageous prospects.

I raised, therefore, somewhat the veil which had concealed my modest confidence. But then came curious revelations! My rivals, animated by my example, lifted likewise the veil from their respective prospects; and, behold, we all three stood in precisely the same position. We all sighed; we all hoped; we all had *souvenirs* that we kissed in secret; and they all were, as it were, serpents, and bit their own tails.

At these unexpected revelations we all exclaimed, "Ah!" and left Greendale together, each going his own way. My father was a little surprised to see me return so soon.

"My dear Constantine," said he, "I thought you intended to stay at Greendale a much longer time?"

"Yes," I replied with a pensive air, taking at the same moment, a large mouthful of bread-and-butter; "yes; but I altered my mind when I got there."

With this the conversation ended, and the charm was broken, once and forever. But with it was also broken one link out of the rosy time of my life. I began to regard all roses whether real or typified, with angry and suspicious looks, and to speak of the "illusions of life," and of "giving them up," &c., &c. I made a solemn vow with myself that the next object of my affections, the next choice I would make for "my wife," should, in all respects, be the very reverse of the fascinating but traitorous Rose. I had been deceived, as I imagined, by the poetry of life; now I would keep to the sober prose.

Ah! in what a noble form did my new ideal

present herself to my eyes, as one evening I entered the hospitable saloon of Mrs. A., the wife of the celebrated judge. Abba, her daughter, stood ready to officiate at the tea table; her features, her figure, her manners were dignified and full of propriety. She looked like personified Truth, in contra-distinction to the fantastical bewitching Rose. I instantly fell in love with this beautiful image of Minerva, and thought of "my wife."

Abba, however, seemed only to think of the tea, and looked neither to the left nor the right. When tea was poured into all the cups she slowly turned her splendid head, and I heard, at the same moment, a bass-voice exclaim, "Sundholm!"

Ah, Heavens! was that her voice? Was it not rather that of the Angel of Judgment, who, in the middle of Mrs. A.'s evening party, summoned the sinner Sundholm to hear his final doom? I could have believed any thing rather than that such a voice could issue from the beautiful lips of Abba. But, when I beheld Sundholm advance to the tea-table and receive the tea-cups on his tray, I saw that the resounding bassoon-voice belonged to no other than the sweet lady whom I had just adored, and whom I had, in my heart, already called "my wife."

It required some little time before I could reconcile my mind on this point. "Sundholm!" sounded awfully through my ears for many a long hour. I began to reason on the subject. If, said I, Nature has bestowed a bass-voice on this beautiful young lady, is it not noble and excellent of her not to try to conceal or embellish it? Does it not prove her love of truth; her strength of character, and her greatness of soul? How easy it would have been for her to cry "Sundholm!" in falsetto; but she would not be false, even in this! Not willing to assume a disguise, even for the sake of winning admiration, she summons Sundholm in the voice which God has given her. Is there not something grand in all this? One who thus calls out "Sundholm," will not deceive an honest fellow with hollow words or pretended feeling, but will play an open game with him, and let him understand the truth at once.

I was introduced to the handsome Abba. There was no denying that the voice was not fine; but, when you were accustomed to it, it ceased to be so very disagreeable; besides which, her words were so simple and candid, and her face so beautiful, that by-and-by I was completely dazzled. My ears crept, as it were, into my eyes, and gazing, day after day, on Abba's faultless profile, I was conveyed at once into the realms of love, and, ravished by my sense of sight, asked Abba if she would be "my wife." She answered "YES," with a force of utterance that nearly frightened me. We were betrothed, and the nearer I gazed on her fine profile the more I was satisfied. This, however, did not last very long.

The period of betrothal is a very singular one; a period of halfness and incompleteness; nevertheless it is a sensible institution—when it does

not continue too long. It is the prelude to a union that nothing but death *ought* to dissolve; and, if it should appear impossible to execute harmoniously the duet which has now commenced, there is yet time to break it off calmly.

The first discord that disturbed the duet between "my wife elect" and myself, was—not her deep voice, but, alas! precisely that very thing which, at first, had reconciled me to it; viz., her love of truth, or rather, I should say her unmerciful way of uttering it.

That we all are sinners in thought, word, and deed, is a matter of fact, and nobody was more willing to admit it than myself; but to be reminded of it every moment by one's best friend is by no means agreeable; nor does it do any good, especially when the plain-speaking friend never fancies himself, or herself, capable of sinning, or being faulty in the slightest degree. And the worst of it was, that apparently Abba had no faults. Ah! if she had had but one; or, better still, if she would but have admitted the possibility of it, then I should have been ready to throw myself at her feet! But she was in temper and in character as unimpeachable, as regular, as perfect, as she was in figure; she was so correct and proper, that, sinner as I was, it drove me into a rage. I felt that Abba's righteousness, and especially her mode of educating me, would, in time, make me a prodigious sinner; more particularly, as she would never yield to my wishes. It dawned upon me, before long, that her self-righteousness and want of charity to others was, indeed, one of the greatest conceivable faults. One fine day, therefore, I told her my mind, in good earnest terms, and the following duet occurred between us:

She. I can not be otherwise than I am. If you do not like me, you can let it alone.

I. If you will not be amiable toward me, I must cease to love you.

She. That is of no consequence. I can go my own way by myself.

I. So can I.

She. Good-by, then, sir.

I. Good by, Miss A.

"Thank Heaven, it was not too late!" thought I to myself, as, after my dismissal, I hastened to my little farm in the country. Although this abrupt termination of my second love affair caused but little pain to my heart, I felt considerable mortification, and a secret hostility sprung up in my soul toward the whole female sex. It happened, however, very luckily for me, that while I remained in this state of mind I met with one of my neighbors who was precisely in the same condition. He had been for some time divorced from a wife with whom he had lived very unhappily, and he drove about in his sulky, upon which he had had a motto inscribed in golden letters:

"It is better to be alone than to be ill-accompanied."

The sentiment struck me as very excellent; and my neighbor and I often met, and agreed admirably in our abuse of the ladies. In the mean time, I occupied myself with books and agriculture.

I have a great esteem for books, and I bow myself to the dust before learning, but, I know not how it is, further than that I can not go; esteem and veneration I feel, but assuredly my affections never grew in that soil. My love for agriculture took me forth into Nature, and Nature is lovely. But Adam was uneasy in Paradise, and did not wake to life and happiness until Eve came; and I, who did not possess a paradise, found myself very lonely and melancholy at "Stenbacke." Trees, after all, are wooden and dull things, when we crave for human sympathies; and echo, the voice of the rocks, is the most wearisome voice I know. No! heart to heart, eye to eye, that is the life, and to live together, a happy and healthy rural life, to work for the happiness of those who depend upon us—to regulate the home, to live, to think, to love, to rejoice together. Ah! "my wife" still stood vividly before my imagination.

My experience in the realms of love had, however, made me suspicious. I feared that I could never be happy, according to my ideas of happiness, which my neighbor-friend characterized as "reposing in the shade of a pair of slippers." I was in low spirits; and accordingly, one day, after having finished the last of six dozen of cigars, and quarreled with my neighbor, who bored me with his everlasting and doleful tirades against the ladies, I set off in my own sulky to amuse myself by a drive.

I drove a considerable distance to the house of an old friend, who had been a fellow-student with me at the Military College at Carlberg, and who had often invited me to visit him. He was now married, and was, in fact, the father of eight children. A large family, I thought, at first; but not one too many, said I to myself, after a single day spent in this family, which had given me the impression of a heaven upon earth.

The mistress of the house, the wife and mother, was the silent soul of all. "It is she—it is she, who is my happiness!" said the fortunate husband; but she said, "It is he! it is he!"

"My dear friend," said I to him one day, "how have you managed to be so happy in your marriage?"

"Oh," replied he, smiling, "I have a secret to tell you."

"A secret! for goodness sake, what is it?"

"From my youth upward," he replied, "I have prayed God to give me a good wife."

"Yes," thought I to myself, "that is it! Here am I unmarried, because I have never discovered this secret, without God's especial direction I may not venture to choose 'my wife.'"

A younger sister of my friend's wife lived in the family. No one would have been attracted to her for her external charms, but a short time brought you completely under the spell of her kindness, the intellectual expression of her countenance, and the cheerful friendliness of her manners. All the household loved her; she was kind and amiable to all. To myself, however, it seemed that there was an exception: I thought her somewhat cold and distant. I was almost

sorry when I perceived that I was grieved by this ; a short time convinced me that I had really fallen in love with this young lady.

There was, however, a great difference between this and my former love affairs. Formerly, I had permitted external charms to lead and blind me : now, on the contrary, I was attracted to the soul, and its beauty alone had captivated my heart. But why then was so excellent a soul so cold toward me ?

My friend said that it was because Maria had heard me represented as a fickle young fellow ; one who amused himself with broken affiances. Righteous Heaven ! was that indeed one of my faults ? I fickle ! I, who felt myself created as a model of fidelity. It was impossible for me to bear patiently so cruel an injustice. No ! as truly as my name was Constantine, must Maria do me justice.

From that time, as she retired from me, so began I to walk after her. I was determined to convince her that I was not the fickle, inconstant being that I had been described. It was not, however, very easy to succeed in this, but at length I did succeed. After having put me to a trial, from which I came with flying colors, she accepted my proposals, and agreed to try me still further in—a union for life.

During the period of our betrothal, she said several times, quite rapturously, "I am so glad to see that you also have faults ; I feel now less humiliated, less unhappy from my own."

This pleased me very much, and all the more as I perceived that Maria, while she showed me my faults with kindness, did not at all fondle her own.

Our wedding-day was fixed ; and I ordered a carriage for two persons. Company was invited, and Maria and I were married. Nothing can be more commonplace than all this, excepting, perhaps, it be, that my wife and I agreed to understand the ceremony in an earnest and real sense, and to live accordingly. The result has been, that now, after having been married five-and-twenty years (we celebrate our *silver nuptials* to-morrow), we love each other better, and are happier together than we were in the first hour of our union. We have, therefore, come to the conclusion, that unhappiness in marriage does not proceed from the indissolubility of marriage, as some say, but because the wedding-service is not realized in the marriage.

Do not speak to me of the felicity of the honeymoon. It is but the cooing of doves ! No ! we must walk together along thorny paths, penetrate together the most hidden recesses of life, live together in pleasure and pain, in joy and in sorrow ; must forgive and be forgiven ; and afterward love better and love more. And as time goes on, something marvelous occurs ; we become lovely to each other, although wrinkles furrow the cheek and forehead ; and we become more youthful, though we add year to year. Then no longer have worldly troubles, misfortunes, and failings any power to dim the sun of our happiness, for it radiates from the eye and

the heart of our friend ; and when our earthly existence draws to its close, we feel indeed that our life and our love are eternal. And this supernatural feeling is quite natural after all, for the deeper and the more inwardly we penetrate into life, the more it opens in its depth of eternal beauty. Many happy husbands and wives will testify to this.

But, observe, husband or wife ! To qualify as such a witness, you must have been at some little pains to find—"the right one." Don't take the wrong one, inconsiderately.

LORD BROUGHAM AS A JUDGE.

LORD BROUGHAM, as a judge, gave much greater satisfaction than was generally expected. It was thought that his constitutional precipitancy, joined to a deficiency of Chancery knowledge, would have incapacitated him for the important office. In this, however, people were mistaken. He was not so hot and hasty on the bench as he had been at the bar and in the senate—though his constitutional infirmities in this respect did occasionally show themselves even on the seat of justice. He carefully applied himself to the merits of every case which came before him, and soon showed with what rapidity he could acquire the quantity of Chancery knowledge requisite to enable him to discharge the duties of his office as judge, in at least a respectable manner.

Perhaps no Lord Chancellor ever presided in Chancery who applied himself more assiduously and unremittingly to the discharge of the duties which devolved upon him, than did Lord Brougham. The amount of physical, not to speak of mental labor, he underwent during the greater part of his chancellorship was truly astonishing. For many consecutive months did he sit from ten till four o'clock in that court, hearing and disposing of the cases before it ; and, on returning home from the House of Lords, after having sat four hours on the woolsack, he immediately applied all the energies of his mind to the then pending cases before the court. The best proof of this is to be found in the fact, that, though possessing, in a degree seldom equaled, and certainly never surpassed, the power of extemporaneous speaking, he wrote, on particular occasions, his judgments, and then read them in the court. I might also advert, in proof of Lord Brougham's extraordinary application to the duties of his office, to the fact of his having, in two or three years, got rid of the immense accumulation of arrears cases which were in the Court of Chancery when he was first intrusted with the great seal. It is not, however, necessary to allude particularly to this fact, as it is already so well known.

Lord Brougham's irritable temper often led him, when Lord Chancellor, into squabbles with the counsel at the bar. The furious attack he made on Sir Edward Sugden must be fresh in the memory of every body. No person can justify that attack. It was as unwarrantable in principle as it was unseemly in a court of law.

and especially as coming from the highest legal authority in the country. It is but due, however, to Lord Brougham to say, that he often regretted these unbecoming outbreaks of temper, and that he did so in this particular case. It consists with my own private knowledge that he afterward, on pretext of speaking on matters of public business, called Sir Edward one day into his private room, and made a most ample apology for the attack he had made on him. Sir Edward was generous enough to accept the apology, thus privately given, though the offense was a public one.

I may here, however, mention that, during the interval between the attack and this apology, Lord Brougham, on several occasions, aggravated the outrage by further annoyances of Sir Edward while practicing before him. I do not say that such annoyances were intentional—possibly they may have been accidental—but, whichever way the fact lay, it is not to be wondered at if Sir Edward, in the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, was predisposed to regard them as intentional. On one occasion, while the learned gentleman was pleading before his lordship in a very important cause, and just in the middle of what he conceived to be the most essential part of his speech, Lord Brougham suddenly threw back his head on his chair, and, closing both eyes, remained in that position for some time, as if he had been asleep. Sir Edward Sugden abruptly paused, waiting, no doubt, till his lordship should resume an attitude which would be more encouraging for him to proceed with his speech. On this, Lord Brougham suddenly started up from his reclining position, and, resuming that in which he usually sat when on the bench, apostrophized Sir Edward after the manner so peculiar to himself—"Go on, Sir Edward; proceed, Sir Edward; what's the cause of the stoppage?"

"My lord," answered the latter, "I thought your lordship was not attending to my argument."

"You have no right to think any such thing, Sir Edward; it's highly improper in you to do so; go on, if you please."

Sir Edward resumed his speech, but had not addressed the court above two or three minutes, when Lord Brougham, addressing the officer, said, in his usual hasty manner, "Bring me some sheets of *letter-paper* directly."

Of the folio size always used in court, his lordship had an abundant supply before him.

"Yes, my lord," said the obedient officer, withdrawing for a moment to execute his lordship's commands. He returned in a few seconds, and placed some half-dozen sheets on the desk. His lordship immediately snatched up a pen, and commenced writing, as if he had been inditing a letter to some private friend. Sir Edward again paused in his address to the court, and leaned with his elbows on the bench before him, as if willing to wait patiently until his lordship should finish his epistolary business.

"Sir Edward!" exclaimed the Lord Chancellor,

in angry and ironical accents, after the learned gentleman had been silent for a few moments—

"Sir Edward! pray, what's the matter now?"

"I thought, my lord, that your lordship was temporarily engaged with some matter of your own."

"Really, Sir Edward, this is beyond endurance."

"I beg your lordship's pardon; but I thought your lordship was writing some private letter."

"Nothing of the kind, Sir Edward," said his lordship, tartly; "nothing of the kind. I was taking a note of some points in your speech. See, would you like to look at it?" said he, sarcastically, at the same time holding out the sheet of paper toward Sir Edward.

"Oh, not at all, your lordship; I do not doubt your lordship's word. I must have been under a mistake."

Sir Edward again resumed; and Lord Brougham, throwing his head back on his chair, looked up toward the ceiling.

Lord Brougham had a great horror of hearing the interminable speeches which some of the junior counsel were in the habit of making, after he conceived every thing had been said which could be said on the real merits of the case before the court by the gentlemen who preceded them. His hints to them to be brief on such occasions were sometimes extremely happy. I recollect that, after listening with the greatest attention to the speeches of two counsel on one side, from ten in the morning till half-past two, a third rose to address the court on the same side. His lordship was quite unprepared for this additional infiction, and exclaimed, "What, Mr. A—, are *you* really going to speak on the same side?"

"Yes, my lord; I mean to trespass on your lordship's attention for a short time."

"Then," said his lordship, looking the orator significantly in the face—"then, Mr. A—, you had better cut your speech as short as possible, otherwise you must not be surprised if you see me dozing; for really this is more than human nature can endure."

The youthful barrister took the hint; he kept closely to the point at issue—a thing very rarely done by barristers—and condensed his argument into a reasonable compass.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THO^s. MORE.*

LIBELLUS A MARGARETA MORE,
QUINDECIM ANNOS NATA, CHELSEIÆ INCEPTVS

"Nulla dies sine linea."

April, 1534.

A HEAVIER charge than either of y^e above hath been got up, concerning the wicked woman of Kent, with whom they accuse him of having tampered, that, in her pretended revelations and rhapsodies, she might utter words against the king's divorce. His name hath, indeed, been put in the bill of attainder; but, out of favor, he hath been granted a private hearing

* Continued from the September Number

his judges being, the new archbishop, the new chancellor, his grace of Norfolk, and Master Cromwell.

He tells us that they stuck not to y^e matter in hand, but began cunningly enow to sound him on y^e king's matters; and finding they could not shake him, did proceed to threats, which, he told 'em, might well enow scare children, but not him, and as to his having provoked his grace the king to sett forth in his book aught to dishonour and fetter a good Christian, his grace himself well knew the book was never shewn him save for verbal criticism when y^e subject matter was completed by the makers of y^e same, and that he had warned his grace not to express soe much submission to the pope. Whereupon they with great displeasure dismissed him, and he took boat for Chelsea with mine husband in such gay spiritts, that Will, not having been privy to what had passed, concluded his name to have beene struck out of y^e bill of attainder, and congratulated him thereupon soe soone as they came aland, saying, "I guess, father, all is well, seeing you thus merry."

"It is indeed, son Roper," returns father steadilie, repeating thereupon, once or twice, this phrase, "All is well."

Will, somehow mistrusting him, puts the matter to him agayn.

"You are then, father, put out of the bill?"

"Out of the bill, good fellow?" repeats father, stopping short in his walk, and regarding him with a smile that Will sayth was like to break his heart. . . . "Wouldst thou know, dear son, why I am so joyful? In good faith, I have given the devil a foul fall, for I have with those lords gone so far, as that without great shame I can ne'er go back. The first step, Will, is the worst, and that's taken."

And so, to the house, with never another word, Will being smote at the heart.

But, this forenoon, deare Will comes running in to me, with joy all bright, and tells me he hath just heard from Cromwell that father's name is in sooth struck out. Thereupon, we go together to him with the news. He taketh it thankfully, yet composedly, saying, as he lays his hand on my shoulder, "In faith, Meg, quod differtur non aufertur." Seeing me somewhat stricken and overborne, he sayth, "Come, let's leave good Will awhile to the company of his own select and profitable thoughts, and take a turn together by the water side."

Then closing his book, which I marked was Plato's Phædon, he steps forth with me into the garden, leaning on my shoulder, and pretty heavilie too. After a turn or two in silence, he lightens his pressure, and in a bland, peaceifying tone commences Horace his tenth ode, book second, and goes through the first fourteen or fifteen lines in a kind of lulling monotone; then takes another turn or two, ever looking at the Thames, and in a stronger voice begins his favorite

"Justum, ac tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor," etc.

on to

"Impavidum ferient ruinæ:"

—and lets go his hold on me to extend his hand in fine, free action. Then, drawing me to him agayn, presentlie murmurs, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with y^e glory which shall be revealed in us. . . . Oh no, not worthy to be compared. I have lived; I have laboured; I have loved. I have lived in them I loved; laboured for them I loved; loved them for whom I laboured; my labour has not been in vayne. To love and to labour is the sum of living, and yet how manie think they live who neither labour nor love. Again, how manie labour and love, and yet are not loved; but I have beene loved, and my labour has not been in vayne. Now, the daye is far spent, and the night forecloseth, and the time draweth nigh when man resteth from his labours, even from his labours of love; but still he shall love and he shall live where the Spiritt sayth he shall rest from his labours, and where his works do follow him, for he entereth into rest through and to Him who is Life, and Light, and Love."

Then looking stedfastlie at the Thames, "How quietlie," sayth he, "it flows on! This river, Meg, hath its origin from seven petty springs somewhither amongst y^e Gloucestershire hills, where they bubble forth the unnoted save by the herd and hind. Belike, they murmur over the pebbles prettily enough; but a great river, mark you, never murmurs. It murmured and babbled too, 'tis like, whilst only a brook, and brawled away as it widened and deepened and chafed agaynst obstacles, and here and there got a fall, and splashed and made much ado, but ever kept running on towards its end, still deepening and widening; and now towards the close of its course look you how swift and quiet it is, running mostly between flats, and with the dear blue heaven reflected in its face." . . .

'Twas o' Wednesdaye was a week, we were quietly taking our dinner, when, after a loud and violent knocking at y^e outer door, in cometh a poursuivant, and summoneth father to appear next daye before y^e commissioners, to take y^e newly coined oath of supremacy. Mother utters a hasty cry, Bess turns white as death, but I, urged by I know not what suddain impulse to con the new comer's visage narrowly, did with eagerness exclaim, "Here's some jest of father's; 'tis only Dick Halliwell!"

Whereupon, father burst out a laughing, hugged mother, called Bess a silly puss, and gave Halliwell a grout for 's payns. Now, while some were laughing, and others taking father prettie sharplie to task for soe rough a crank, I fell a musing, what c^d be y^e drift of this, and could only surmise it might be to harden us beforehand, as 'twere, to what was sure to come at last. And the preapprehension of this so belaboured my already o'erburthened spiritts, as that I was fayn to betake myself to y^e nurserie, and lose alle thought and reflection in my little Bill's prettie ways. And, this not answering, was forct to have recourse to prayer; then, leaving

my closett, was able to return to y^e nurserie, and forget myself awhile in the mirth of the infants.

Hearing voyces beneathe y^e lattice, I lookt forth, and behelde his Grace of Norfolk (of late a strange guest) walking beneath y^e window in earnest converse with father, and, as they turned about, I hearde him say, "By the mass, master More, 'tis perilous striving with princes. I could wish you, as a friend, to incline to the king's pleasure; for, indignatio principis mors est."

"Is that all?" says father; "why then there will be onlie this difference between your grace and me, that I shall die to-daye, and you to-morrow;"—which was the sum of what I caught.

Next morning, we were breaking our fast with peacefullness of heart, on y^e principle that sufficient for the daye is the evill thereof, and there had beene a wordy war between our two factions of the Neri and Bianchi, Bess having defalked from y^e mancheteers on y^e ground that black bread sweetened the breath and settled the teeth, to the no small triumph of the cob-loaf party; while Daisy, persevering at her crusts, sayd "No, I can cleave to the rye bread as steddilie as anie among you, but 'tis vayn of father to maintain that it is as toothsome as a manchet, or that I eat it to whiten my teeth, for thereby he robs self-deniall of its grace."

Father, strange to say, seemed taken at vantage, and was pausing for a retort, when Hobson coming in and whispering somewhat in his ear, he rose suddainlie and went forth of the hall with him, putting his head back agayn to say, "Rest ye alle awhile where ye be," which we did, uneasilie enow. Anon he returns, brushing his beaver, and says calmlie, "Now, let's forth to church," and clips mother's arme beneathe his owne and leads the way. We follow as soon as we can, and I, listing to him more than to y^e priest, did think I never hearde him make response more composedlie, nor sing more lustilie, by the which I founde myself in stouter heart. After prayers, he is shriven, after which he saunters back with us to the house, then brisklie turning on his heel, cries to my husband, "Now, Will, let's toward, lad," and claps the wicket after him, leaving us at t'other side without so much as casting back a parting look. Though he evermore had been advised to let us companie him to the boat, and there kiss him, once and agayn or ever he went, I know not that I s^d have thoughte much of this, had not Daisy, looking after him keenly, exclaymed somewhat shortlie as she turned in doors, "I wish I had not uttered that quip about the cob-loaf."

Lord, how heavilie sped y^e day! The house, too big now for its master's diminished retinue, had yet never hitherto seemed lonesome; but now a somewhat of dreary and dreadfull, inexpressible in words, invisible to the eye, but apprehended by the inner sense, filled the blank space alle about. For the first time, everie one seemed idle; not only disinclined for businesse, but as though there were something unseemlie in addressing one's self to it. There was nothing to cry about, nothing to talk over, and yet we

alle stooode agaze at each other in groups, like the cattle under y^e trees when a storm is at hand. Mercy was the first to start off. I held her back and said, "What is to do?" She whispered, "Pray." I let her arm drop, but Bess at that instant comes up with cheeks as colourless as parchment. *She* sayth, "'Tis made out now. A poursuivant *de facto* fetched him forth this morning." We gave one deep, universal sigh; Mercy broke away, and I after her, to seek the same remedie, but alack, in vayn.

How large a debt we owe you, wise and holie men of old! How ye counsel us to patience, in cite us to self-mastery, cheer us on to high emprise, temper in us the heat of youth, school our inexperience, calm the o'erwrought mind, allay the anguish of disappointment, cheat suspense, and master despair. . . . How much better and happier ye would make us, if we would but list your teaching!

Bess hath fallen sick; no marvell. Everie one goeth heavilie. All joy is darkened; the mirthe of the house is gone.

Will tells me, that as they pushed off from y^e stairs, father took him about the neck and whispered, "I thank our Lord, the field is won!" Sure, Regulus ne'er went forth with higher self-devotion.

Having declared his inability to take y^e oath as it stooode, they bade him, Will tells me, take a turn in the garden while they administered it to sundrie others, thus affording him leisure for re-consideration. But they might as well have bidden the neap-tide turn before its hour. When called in agayn, he was as firm as ever, so was given in ward to y^e Abbot of Westminster till the king's grace was informed of the matter. And now, the fool's wise saying of vindictive Herodias came true, for 'twas the king's mind to have mercy on his old servant, and tender him a qualified oath; but queen Anne, by her importunate clamours, did overrule his proper will, and at four days end, y^e full oath being agayn tendered and rejected, father was committed to y^e Tower. Oh, wicked woman, how could you? Sure, you never loved a father.

In answer to our incessant applications throughout this last month past, mother hath at length obtayned access to dear father. She returned, her eyes nigh swollen to closing with weeping . . . we crowded round about, burning for her report, but 'twas some time ere she coulede fetch breath or heart to give it us. At length Daisy, kissing her hand once and agayn, draws forth a disjoynted tale, somewhat after this fashion.

"Come, give over weeping, dearest mother 'twill do neither him, you, nor us anie goode. . . What was your first speech of him?"

"Oh, my first speech, sweetheart, was, 'What, my goodness, Mr. More! I marvell how that you, who were always counted a wise man, s^d now soe play the fool as to lie here in this close, filthy prison, shut up with mice and rats, when

you mighte be abroade and at your liberty, with y^e favour of king and council, and return to your righte fayr house, your books and gallery, and your wife, children, and household, if soe be you onlie woulde but do what the bishops and best learned of the realm have, without scruple, done alreadie."

"And what sayd he, mother, to that?"

"Why, then, sweetheart, he chucks me under the chin and sayeth, 'I prithee, good mistress Alice, to tell me one thing.' . . . Soe then I say, 'What thing?' Soe then he sayeth, 'Is not this house, sweetheart, as nigh heaven as mine own?' Soe then I jerk my head away and say 'Tilly-valley! tilley-valley.'"

Sayth Bess, "Sure, mother, that was cold comfort. . . . And what next?"

"Why, then I said, 'Bone Deus, man! Bone Deus! will this gear never be left?' Soe then he sayth, 'Well then, Mrs. Alice, if it be soe, 'tis mighty well, but, for my part, I see no greate reason why I shoulde much joy in my gay house, or in anie thing belonging thereunto, when, if I shoulde be but seven years buried underground, and then arise and come thither agayn, I shoulde not fail to find some therein that woulde bid me get out of doors, and tell me 'twas none o' mine. What cause have I then, to care so greatlie for a house that woulde soe soone forget its master?'

"And then, mother? and then?"

"Soe then, sweetheart, he sayth, 'Come, tell me, Mrs. Alice, how long do you think we might reckon on living to enjoy it?' Soe I say, 'Some twenty years, forsooth.' 'In faith,' says he, 'had you said some thousand years, it had beene somewhat; and yet he were a very bad merchant that woulde put himsele in danger to lose eternity for a thousand years. . . . how much the rather if we are not sure to enjoy it one day to an end?' Soe then he puts me off with questions, How is Will? and Daisy? and Rupert? and this one? and t'other one? and the peacocks? and rabbits? and have we elected a new king of the cob-loaf yet? and has Tom found his hoop? and is y^e hasp of the buttery-hatch mended yet? and how goes the court? and what was the text o' Sunday? and have I practised the viol? and how are we off for money? and why can't he see Meg? Then he asks for this book and t'other book, but I've forgot their names, and he sayth he's kept mighty short of meat, though 'tis little he eats, but his man John a Wood is gay an' hungry, and 'tis worth a world to see him at a salt herring. Then he gives me counsell of this and that, and puts his arm about me and says, 'Come, let us pray;' but while he kept praying for one and t'other, I kept a-counting of his gray hairs; he'd none a month agoe. And we're scarce off our knees, when I'm fetched away; and I say, 'When will you change your note, and act like a wise man?' and he sayth, 'When?' when looking very profound; 'why, . . . when gorse is out of blossom and kissing out of fashion.' 'Soe puts me forthe by the shoulders with a laugh, calling after me, 'Remember me over

and over agayn to them alle, and let me se Meg.'"

. . . I feel as if a string were tied tight about my heart. Methinketh 'twill burst if we goe on long soe.

He hath writ us a few lines with a coal, ending with "Sursum corda, dear children! up with your hearts." The bearer was dear Bonvisi.

The Lord begins to cut us short. We are now on very meagre commons, dear mother being obliged to pay fifteen shillings a-week for the board, poor as it is, of father and his servant. She hath parted with her velvet gown, embroidered overthwart, to my lady Sand's woman. Her mantle edged with coney went long ago.

But we lose not heart; I think mine is becoming annealed in the furnace, and will not now break. I have writ somewhat after this fashion to him. . . . "What do you think, most dear father, doth comfort us at Chelsea, during this your absence? Surelie, the remembrance of your manner of life among us, your holy conversation, your wholesome counsells, your examples of virtue, of which there is hope that they do not onlie persevere with you, but that, by God's grace, they are much increast."

I weary to see him. . . . Yes, we shall meet in heaven, but how long first, oh Lord! how long?

Now that I've come back, let me seek to think, to remember. . . . Sure, my head will clear by-and-by? Strange, that feeling shoulde have the masterdom of thought and memory, in matters it is most concerned to retayn.

. . . I minded to put y^e haircloth and cord under my farthingale, and one or two of y^e smaller books in my pouch, as alsoe some sweets and suckets such as he was used to love. Will and Bonvisi were awaiting for me, and deare Bess, putting forthe her head from her chamber door, cries piteously, "Tell him, dear Meg, tell him . . . 'twas never soe sad to me to be sick . . . and that I hope . . . I pray . . . the time may come . . ." then falls back swooning into Dancey's arms, whom I leave crying heartilie over her, and hasten below to receive the confused medley of messages sent by every other member of y^e house. For mine owne part, I was in such a tremulous succussion as to be scarce fitt to stand or goe, but time and the tide will noe man bide, and, once having taken boat, the cool river air allayed my fevered spiritts; onlie I coulde not for awhile get ridd of y^e impression of poor Dancey crying over Bess in her deliquium.

I think none o' the three opened our lips before we reached Lambeth, save, in y^e Reach, Will cried to y^e steersman, "Look you run us not aground," in a sharper voyce than I e'er heard from him. After passing y^e Archbishop's palace, whereon I gazed full ruefullie, good Bonvisi beganne to mention some rhymes he had founde writ with a diamond on one of his window-panes at Crosby House, and would know were they father's? and was't y^e chamber father,

had used to sleep in? I tolde him it was, but knew nought of y^e distich, though 'twas like enow to be his. And thence he went on to this and that, how that father's cheerfull, funny humour never forsook him, nor his brave heart quelled, instancing his fearlesse passage through the Traitor's Gate, asking his neighbours whether *his* gait was that of a traditor; and, on being sued by the porter for his upper garment, giving him his *cap*, which he sayd was uppermost. And other such quips and passages, which I scarce noted nor smiled at, soe sorry was I of cheer.

At length we stayed rowing: Will lifted me out, kissed me, heartened me up, and, indeede, I was in better heart then, having been quietlie in prayer a good while. After some few forms, we were led through sundrie turns and passages, and, or ever I was aware, I found myselfe quit of my companions, and in father's arms.

We both cried a little at first; I wonder I wept noe more, but strength was given me in that hour. As soone as I coulede, I lookt him in the face, and he lookt at me, and I was beginning to note his hollow cheeks, when he sayd, "Why, Meg, you are getting freckled:" soe that made us bothe laugh. He sayd, "You shoulde get some freckle-water of the lady that sent me here; depend on it, she hath washes and tinctures in plenty; and after all, Meg, she'll come to the same end at last, and be as the lady all bone and skin, whose ghastlie legend used to scare thee soe when thou wert a child. Don't tell that story to thy children; 'twill hamper 'em with unsavory images of death. Tell them of heavenlie hosts a-waiting to carry off good men's souls in fire-bright chariots, with horses of the sun, to a land where they shall never more be surbated and weary, but walk on cool, springy turf and among myrtle trees, and eat fruits that shall heal while they delight them, and drink the coldest of cold water, fresh from y^e river of life, and have space to stretch themselves, and bathe, and leap, and run, and, whichever way they look, meet Christ's eyes smiling on them. Lord, Meg, who would live, that could die? One mighte as lief be an angel shut up in a nutshell as bide here. Fancy how gladsome the sweet spirit would be to have the shell cracked! no matter by whom; the king, or king's mistress. . . . Let her dainty foot but set him free, he'd say, 'For this release, much thanks.' . . . And how goes the court, Meg?"

"In faith, father, never better. . . . There is nothing else there, I hear, but dancing and disporting."

"Never better, child, sayst thou? Alas, Meg, it pitieth me to consider what misery, poor soul, she will shortlie come to. These dances of hers will prove such dances that she will spurn our heads off like footballs; but 'twill not be long ere her head will dance the like dance. Mark you, Meg, a man that restraineth not his passions hath always something cruel in his nature, and if there be a woman toward, she is sure to suffer heaviest for it, first or last. . . . Seek scripture precedent for't . . . you'll find it as I say. Stony

as death, cruel as the grave. Those Pharisees that were, to a man, convicted of sin, yet haled a sinning woman before the Lord, and woulde fain have seen the dogs lick up her blood. When they lick up mine, deare Meg, let not your heart be troubled, even though they shoulde hale thee to London Bridge to see my head stuck on a pole. Think, most dear'st, I shall then have more reason to weep for thee than thou for me. But there's noe weeping in heaven, and bear in mind, Meg, distinctlie, that if they send me thither, 'twill be for obeying the law of God rather than of men. And after alle, we live not in the bloody, barbarous old times of crucifyings and flayings, and immersings in cauldrons of boiling oil. One stroke, and the affair's done. A clumsy chirurgeon would be longer extracting a tooth. We have oft agreed that the little birds struck down by the kite and hawk suffer less than if they were reserved to a naturall death. There is one sensible difference, indeed, between us. In our cases, preparation is a-wanting."

Hereon, I minded me to slip off y^e haircloth and rope, and give the same to him, along with the books and suckets, all which he hid away privatelie, making merry at the last.

"'Twoulde tell well before the council," quoth he, "that on searching the prison-cell of Sir Thomas More, there was founde, flagitiouslie and mysteriouslie laid up . . . a piece of barley-sugar!"

Then we talked over sundry home-matters, and anon, having now both of us attayned unto an equable and chastened serenitie of mind, which needed not any false shows of mirth to hide y^e naturall complexion of, he sayth, "I believe, Meg, they that have put me here ween they have done me a high displeasure; but I assure thee on my faith, mine own good daughter, that if it had not beene for my wife, and you, my dear good children, I would faine have beene closed up, long ere this, in as straight a room, and straighter too."

Thereon, he shewed me how illegal was his imprisonment, there being noe statute to authorize the imposition of y^e oath, and he delivered himself, with some displeasure, agaynst the king's ill counsellors.

"And surelie, Meg," quoth he, "'tis pitie that anie Christian prince shoulde, by a flexib'le council readie to follow his affections, and by a weak clergy lacking grace to stand constantly to the truth as they learned it, be with flattery so constantly abused. 'The lotus fruit fabled by the ancients, which made them that ate it lose alle relish for the daylie bread of their own homes, was flattery, Meg, as I take it, and nothing else. And what less was the song of the Syrens, agaynst which Ulysses made the sailors stop their ears, and which he, with all his wisdom, coulede not listen to without struggling to be unbound from the mast? Even praise, Meg, which, moderately given, may animate and cheer forward the noblest minds, yet too lavishly bestowed, will decrease and palsy their strength,

e'en as an overdose of the most generous and sprightlie medicine may prove mortiferous. But flattery is noe medicine, but a rank poison, which hath slayn kings, yea, and mighty kings; and they who love it, the Lord knoweth afar off; knoweth distantlie, has no care to know intimate-ly. for they are none of his."

Thus we went on, from one theme to another, till methinketh a heavenlie light seemed to shine alle about us like as when the angel entered the prison of Peter. I hung upon everie word and thought that issued from his lips, and drank them in as thirsty land sucks up the tender rain. . . . Had the angel of death at that hour come to fetch both of us away, I woulde not have sayd him nay, I was soe passivelie, so intenselie happy. At length, as time wore on, and I knew I shoulde soone be fetcht forthe, I coulde not but wish I had the clew to some secret passage or subterreneal, of which there were doubtless plenty in the thick walls, whereby we might steal off together. Father made answer, "Wishes never filled a sack. I make it my businesse, Meg, to wish as little as I can, except that I were better and wiser. You fancy these four walls lonesome; how oft, dost thou suppose, I here receive Plato and Socrates, and this and that holy saint and martyr? My jailors can noe more keep them out than they can exclude the sunbeams. Thou knowest, Jesus stood among his disciples when the doors were shut. I am not more lonely than St. Anthony in his cave, and I have a divine light e'en here, whereby to con the lesson 'God is love.' The futility of our enemies' efforts to make us miserable was never more stronglie proven to me than when I was a mere boy in Cardinal Morton's service. Having unwittinglie angered one of his chaplains, a choleric and even malignant-spirited man, he did, of his owne authoritie, shut me up for some hours in a certayn damp vault, which, to a lad afeard of ghosts and devilish apparitions, would have been fearsome enow. Howbeit, I there cast myself on the ground with my back sett agaynst the wall, and mine arm behind my head, this fashion . . . and did then and there, by reason of a young heart, quiet conscience, and quick phansy, conjure up such a lively picture of the queen o' the fairies' court, and alle the sayings and doings therein, that never was I more sorry than when my gaoler let me goe free, and bade me rise up and be doing. In place, therefore, my daughter, of thinking of me in thy night watches as beating my wings agaynst my cage bars, trust that God comes to look in upon me without knocking or bell-ringing. Often in spirit I am with you alle; in the chapel, in the hall, in the garden; now in the hayfield, with my head on thy lap, now on the river, with Will and Rupert at the oar. You see me not about your path, you won't see my disembodied spirit beside you hereafter, but it may be close upon you once and agayn for alle that: maybe, at times when you have prayed with most passion, or suffered with most patience, or performed my hests with most exactness, or remembered my care of you with most

affection. And now, good speed, good Meg, I hear the key turn in the door. . . This kiss for thy mother, this for Bess, this for Cecil, . . . this and this for my whole school. Keep dry eyes and a hopeful heart; and reflect that nought but unpardoned sin should make us weep forever."

BOOKWORMS.

"Like caterpillar, eating his way in silence!"

THE natural history of the bookworm has escaped the observation of Cuvier. Yet the bookworm shares his habitat in common with the student, and no doubt has often rubbed shoulder with the naturalist. The haunts of the bookworm are the national libraries, the old booksellers' shops about Holborn and Great Queen-street, Long-acre, and the bookstalls generally. One will be sure to meet with him—a weary, worn, and faded personage—in the reading-room of the Museum. The goodly morocco-bound tome in folio is the bookworm's *bonne bouche*. Its scented binding and odorous pages form the choicest of his meals. The atmosphere of the national reading-room is close and redolent of strange smelis; the bookworm, however, enjoys it with the readier zest. Worm-like, he is a reproducer, and capable of spinning words by the myriad, which he deposits upon the surfaces of foolscap.

The bookworm's natural disposition is gentle; but his temper is irritable. His nature is indolent. He loves to doze over a Harleian manuscript, or a dusty Elzevir or black letter. It is legendary that his mission upon earth is occult—*videlicet*, to discover those lost treasures the Sibylline Leaves, supposed to be embedded and fossilized somewhere in the forest of leaves monastic. The hiding-place of the Sibyl's precious autograph, albeit, remains, like the philosopher's stone, a secret yet.

It is not intended in this paper to be satirical upon bibliographical pursuits. On this point our motto is the text recorded by the learned and indefatigable Mr. Lowdes, in his "Manual." "Mankind are disposed to remember the *abuse* rather than the *utility* of pursuits in which few are deeply interested. And in the ridicule which the enthusiastic zeal of bibliomaniacs has cast on bibliography, they lose sight of the fact that all accurate knowledge is in a greater or less degree absolutely dependent thereon."

But the eccentricities and peculiarities of bookworms are left to us to notice, without our incurring the displeasure of any liberal-minded student or book-collector. Our task at present is merely to throw together some information personally relating to bookworms, hitherto hidden within the mouldering pages of cumbrous volumes, offering little inducement for the perusal of the ordinary reader. Nevertheless we are not unmindful what a field of scholastic romance we have traveled through, at the cost of a somewhat dusty journey.

Who were the original bookworms? From what point shall our bibliographical notices date!

—beyond or in advance of the monasticism? The old clerks or copyists of the convents were the primitive bookworms indubitably. Their occupation has been elevated by writers to a position of moral philosophy. Dr. Dibdin, in his "Bibliomania," says, "Copying excited insensibly a love of quiet, domestic order, and seriousness. I am willing to admit every degree of merit to the manual dexterity of the cloistered student. I admire his snow-white vellum missals, emblazoned with gold, and sparkling with carmine and ultra-marine blue. By the help of the microscopic glass I peruse his diminutive penmanship, executed with the most astonishing neatness and regularity; his ink so glossy black! Now and then, for a guinea or two, I purchase a specimen of such marvelous legerdemain, but the book to me is a sealed book! Surely the same exquisite and unrivaled beauty would have been exhibited in copying an ode of Horace or a dictum of Quinctilian." With reference to this allusion to the missal, it may be here worth while mentioning that the most splendidly executed book of devotion known is the MS. volume, the Bedford missal. It passed from the library of Harley, Earl of Oxford, through various fortunes, until it finally found a resting-place in the library of the Duchess of Portland. This antiquity is valued at 500 guineas.

As early as the sixth century, commenced the custom in some monasteries of copying ancient books and composing new ones. In the fifteenth century, the custom of keeping up monkish libraries had ceased, at least in England.

The illustrious progenitors of bookworms were such personages as the venerable Bede, Alfred the Great, and Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury. Friar Roger Bacon was also an intense bookworm. The noble book-spirit by which the lives of the Oxford Athenians are recorded and preserved, is now probably forgotten by the world. The student, however reveres the name of old Anthony à Wood. The remembrance of his researches amidst paper and parchment documents, stored up in chests and desks, and upon which the moth was "feeding sweetly," is perpetuated in bibliography. We follow in imagination his cautious step, and head bowing from premature decay, and solemn air, and sombre visage, with cane under the arm, pacing from library to library, through Gothic quadrangles, or sauntering along the Isis on his way to some neighboring village, where, may be, with some congenial Radcliffe, he would recreate with pipe and pot. While the Bodleian and Ashmolean collections remain, so long will the memory of his laudable exertions continue unimpaired. Anthony à Wood was in person of a large, robust make, tall and thin, and had a sedate and thoughtful look, almost bordering upon a melancholy cast. Beneath a strange garb and coarse exterior, lay all that acuteness of observation and retentiveness of memory, as well as inflexible integrity, which marked his intellectual character. After he had by continual

drudging worn out his body, he left this world contentedly, A. D. 1695.

In the early part of the seventeenth century, lived that very curious collector of ancient popular little pieces, as well as lover of sacred, secret soul soliloquies, that "melancholy Jaques," yclept Robert Burton. He gave a multitude of books to the Bodleian Library. This original, amusing, and now popular author was an arrant book-hunter—a "devourer of authors." Old Burton's constant companion was, we read, the eccentric "Harry" Hastings, a bibliomaniac, yet also an ardent sportsman. Just elighted from the toils of the chase, Harry Hastings, then in his eightieth year, would partake of a substantial dinner, tipple his tankard of ale dry, take his customary nap, wake up, rub his eyes, and behold the "Anatomy of Melancholy" seated before the fire, his visage buried in an opened folio! A rare old boy must have been this Hastings. He is described as low of stature, but strong and active, of a ruddy complexion, with flaxen hair. His clothes were always of Lincoln green. His house was of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park well stocked with game. He kept his hounds, and his great hall was commonly strewn with marrow bones. He lived to be an hundred, and never lost his eyesight nor used spectacles.

Richard Ashmole, the founder of the Ashmolean Museum, was an intimate of the astrologer Lilly, and one of the queerest of bookworms. His life was grotesquely checkered by family jars. He had a termagant wife, who, it appears, was continually "taking the law of him in return for neglect, cruelty," &c. Whether Ashmole was proof or not proof against this peculiar kind of henpecking, we can not report; but it is certain that his bodily health failed him in the course of his wife's persecution; he sought to tinker up his constitution with quack medicines, of which he became the victim.

The Bodleian and Ashmolean collections are emulated by the Harleian. Harley, Earl of Oxford's attachment to books, and the large sums he expended in forming the collection of MSS., have rendered the name celebrated. The Harleian collection of MSS. was purchased by government for the National Library; the purchase-money amounted to £10,000. Harley lived in the middle of the seventeenth century.

A remarkable individual of the order of bookworm, was the musical bibliomaniac, Thomas Britton. This curious character lived in the Augustan age of Queen Anne. He came to London from a northern county, and, after serving an humble apprenticeship, embarked in business as a kind of costermonger; he was in the habit of actually crying his coals about the street. His attire was a Guernsey frock; he carried a black sack on his shoulders, and a coal measure in his hands. In this style he was painted by Woollaston. Britton lived in Aylesbury-street, Clerkenwell, where he fitted up a concert-room, the progenitor of the great philharmonic and ancient nobility concerts of the present day. Sir Robert l'Estrange was one of Britton's first

patrons, and by his reputation and example induced the fashionable world of those days to patronize Britton's concerts, at which Handel, Phil Hart, Banister, Dubourg the violinist, and others, performed to the genteelst of audiences. The concert-room was literally but one floor over a coal-shed; and the visitors had to climb up to it by a ladder fixed outside of the house, and to sit under a low roof, against which they could not avoid knocking their heads soundingly. Britton was no composer, only a musician and book-collector. He collected works on the occult art chiefly, and on music; his library sold for a large sum of money in those times. He was quite a notoriety on account of the humble trade he so openly followed, and the refined tastes he was known to cultivate. One day passing nigh the house of Woollaston the painter, in Warwick-lane, Britton, being in his work-a-day attire, gave out lustily his well-known cry of "Small-coal." Woollaston's attention was attracted, and he recognized in the voice that of his musical acquaintance Britton, whom he had never seen in the pursuit of his ordinary trade. The artist at once beckoned Britton in, and there and then took his portrait as he sat, a veritable itinerant coal-dealer. The portrait is most characteristic, and is now to be seen in the collection of paintings of the British Museum. But we must notice the small-coal man under his bibliopolic phase. A bibliomania raged among Queen Anne's nobility. The Earls of Oxford, Pembroke, Sunderland, and Winchelsea, and the Duke of Devonshire, were among the smitten. These personages, on Saturdays, during the winter season, used to resort to the city, and, there separating, take several routes to the booksellers' shops in different parts of the town, to search out old volumes and MSS. Some time before noon, they would assemble at the shop of Christopher Bateman, a bookseller, at the corner of Ave Maria-lane, in Paternoster-row (query, Little Britain?), where they were frequently met by other persons engaged in the same pursuits, and a conversation commenced on the subject of their inquiries. As nearly as possible to the hour of twelve by St. Paul's clock, Britton (uniquely, the "Literary Dust-man" of his age), who by that time had finished his round, clad in his blue frock, and pitching his sack of small coal on the bulk of Mr. Bateman's shop window, used to go in and join them. After about an hour's chat, the noblemen adjourned to the Mourning Bush Tavern at Aldersgate (probably the site of the present Albion Tavern), where they dined, and spent the remainder of the day. Poor Britton was indeed a singular character, and died a death as singular as his life. He was, we are told, of an excessively nervous temperament, which rendered him the object occasionally of villainous practical jokes. Unfortunately he incurred the enmity of Honeyman, the ventriloquist. On a certain day, when Britton gave one of his nobility concerts in Aylesbury-street, Honeyman attended. An opportunity occurring, a voice

was heard at a distance, which announced that Thomas Britton's hour was near and that he had but a short time to remain in this world. Poor Britton was not proof against the art of the malicious mimic. He felt the ventriloquist's words as though they were a sacred augur; so deep an impression did the incident make upon him, that he died, almost as predicted, in a brief period, aged fifty-eight, 1714.

Browne Willis was another original of whom we are enabled to furnish a few whimsical anecdotes. But we would reserve this respectful remark, that the doctor was, notwithstanding oddities in externals and manners, nevertheless a learned antiquary, and a good man. So were they all, all learned antiquaries, and excellent men. His tastes led him chiefly to the study of ecclesiastical relics. He visited every cathedral in England and Wales. To these journeys he himself gave the name of pilgrimages. Browne Willis lived in the latter part of the seventeenth century. He was grandson of Dr. Thomas Willis, a celebrated physician, and the first to reduce the theory of phrenology to order and system. His person and dress are described by one who knew him well; they were "so singular that, though a gentleman of £1000 per annum, he was often taken for a beggar. An old leathern girdle or belt always surrounded the two or three coats he wore, and over them an old blue cloak. He wrote the worst hand of any man in England, such as he could with difficulty read himself. His boots, which he almost always appeared in, were not the least singular part of his dress. I suppose it would not be falsity to say they were forty years old, patched and vamped up at various times. They were all in wrinkles, and did not come up above half-way of his legs. He was often called, in the neighborhood of Buckingham, 'Old Wrinkle Boots.' The chariot of Mr. Willis was so singular, that from it he was called himself, the 'Old Chariot.' It was his wedding chariot, and had his arms on brass plates about it, not unlike a coffin, and painted black." This rare antiquary was satirized by Dr. Darrell, in some humorous and highly descriptive verses, of which the subjoined couplets are a specimen:

"High on a hill his mansion stood
But gloomy dark within.
Here mangled books, as bones and blood,
Lie in a giant's den:
"Crude, undigested, half-devoured,
On groaning shelves they're thrown:
Such manuscripts no eye could read,
Nor hand write, but his own."

His wife having written a serious book, Browne Willis wrote on his own copy of the work, "All the connection in this book is owing to the book-binder." He delighted to joke upon Mrs. Willis's book and her authorship.

INCIDENTS OF DUELING.

DUELING has fallen into desuetude, and very properly. Times have changed marvelously. Fifty years ago, gentlemen by descent, by

property, or by profession, were only *esquived*; now, if you *mistered* an attorney's clerk, the letter would be sent repudiated to the dead office. To him only who was entitled to bear arms, an appeal to arms was allowed; and had a man in trade, though worth a plum, in those days presumed to send a message to a gentleman not in trade, nor worth a penny, the odds would be considerable that the bearer of the cartel would have been horsewhipped on the spot. Even liberty to share in certain amusements was considered great condescension on the part of the aristocracy to men who had founded their own fortunes, and accidental meetings at the coverside were never supposed to warrant aught beyond a field acquaintance. A brutal, but striking anecdote which marked this then prevailing feeling of exclusiveness, is told of the too-celebrated George Robert Fitzgerald. One hunting day, when drawing a fox cover, he observed a well-mounted and smartly-dressed young man join the company; and on inquiring his name from the whipper, was informed that the stranger was a neighboring apothecary.

"An apothecary!" exclaimed the master of hounds. "By Heaven! men's impudence every day becomes more audacious! Why, it would not surprise me after this, that an attorney should join our meeting next. Come, it is time that this dealer in drugs should be taught that fox-hunting is a trade practiced only by gentlemen;" and riding up to the unoffending dabbler in Galenicals, he savagely flogged him off the field.

That dueling has been employed too frequently for bad purposes, by brave men—and for bloody ones, by blackguards, has never been denied. The page of history, in the fatal meeting between Buckingham and Shrewsbury, strikingly exemplifies the former assertion. For the seduction of his wife—Buckingham, by the way, had seduced his *own*—the injured earl demanded, and obtained satisfaction. In accordance with the barbarous custom of the times, the seconds—two on either side—engaged; on the duke's side, Jenkins was left dead; on the earl's, Sir John Talbot was severely wounded. Buckingham, however, received no hurt beyond a scratch, and ran his antagonist through the body, thus adding murder to seduction. The fair frail one was worthy of the ducal ruffian she had attached herself to. Disguised as a page, from a neighboring coppice she watched the combat, and slept with the murderer of her husband the same night, although the shirt he wore bore bloody evidence of the foul assassination he had just committed. It is reported that the last hours of the adulteress were miserable, and the felon blow that relieved the world of such an unscrupulous villain as the duke, in our poor thinking, was nothing beyond simple retribution.

Another, and an opposite case, both in its results and causes, occurred many years ago, when the writer of these pages was in Paris. The worst and most dangerous companion upon earth is a gamester. "Nemo repente fuit turpissimus;" which, according to Irish translation,

meaneth, that a man must be articed for five years to an attorney. As regards play, we hold a different opinion, and believe that the course of demoralization may be more rapidly effected by the *alea damnosa* than by law. To the proof—even at the distance of a quarter of a century, we must hold the name sacred; but there are old guardsmen who will remember "Little Joe." A stouter soldier never headed a company. He was kind, well-tempered, too generous probably, and every body liked him. In money matters he was careless; had an early itch for play, and a sojourn with the Army of Occupation confirmed a disease already rooted. In a word, he abandoned a profession he could no longer continue in, and became a regular gambler.

Joe was a first-rate shot, and also constitutionally pugnacious. He felt his own degradation keenly, when to remedy it was too late; and a temper naturally excitable, had now become most dangerous. Is there one gamester out of twenty who, in a very few years, does not go—circumstances only considered—to ruin? Joe formed no exception. He lost *caste*, and fell, and fell, "deeper and deeper still," until he reached that last degrading *status* in society—a *chevalier d'industrie*.

While engaged in his base vocation, a young citizen fell into the hands of the gang with whom Joe, now a member of the body, regularly confederated. The victim was a Londoner, and one, as it was represented, who would stand plucking; and that very extensively. He had crossed the Channel, like the thousand and one fools who flock annually to the French capital to view Parisian lions, and, as a countryman, Little Joe kindly undertook to play Mentor to this Cockney Telemachus. It was not a difficult task for one who knew the world so well as Captain K—to worm himself into the confidence of a raw youth, and he easily succeeded. In every point but one the intended victim was as pliant as could be wished—but on that one he was most obstinate. He had a horror of play. He would drink, racket about, dissipate, but name a game of chance, and he started like a frightened steed. The period allotted by "the governor at home," as he, in London parlance, termed his father, had almost expired; and as plump a pigeon as ever a gambler dropped upon, was about to return to the country-house he had quitted to see the world, without losing a single feather. To the villainous confederation that thought was maddening; and, as a last resource, a decoy duck was tried—and one of the loveliest and most artful of the class, was accidentally introduced by the gallant captain to Monsieur Callico, as he derisively called the citizen.

To describe the progress of this gambling conspiracy would be a waste of time. It was managed with consummate ability. The devoted youth became desperately enamored of this friend, of the captain; he "told his love," and then came proof positive, that Greek and Roman friendship are not comparable to the tremendous sacrifice of personal feeling, which you may expect from

a *café* acquaintance. Damon returned in time to substitute his own neck, and stay the execution of a gentleman called Pythias, while

"Cato the sententious
Lent his fair lady to his friend Hortensius."

Now Captain K——, on learning the state of the young Londoner's affections, although himself a secret worshiper at the shrine of the same divinity, resigned his own pretensions, and actually undertook to plead with the fair enslaver for his friend. Great was the intimacy, of course, that succeeded; and at the apartments of Madame La C——, morning, noon, and night, the young Englishman might have been found.

Play was cautiously introduced—nothing was staked excepting a mere *bagatelle*—beyond the hazard of a trifle, it was evident that any experiment would be dangerous. The day for the citizen's departure was fixed, and it was pretty certain the bird would escape the net of the fowler. Could he have been but led to play he would have been cheated scientifically. That was not to be done, and nothing could succeed but bold and downright felony.

Madame's birthday returned, as it did some twenty times a year; and she gave a *petit souper*. K—— sent in the wine, and the citizen provided the viands. A merrier evening could not be spent. Two or three ladies, and as many gentlemen of high honor, favored La C—— with their company. There was play, limited to a few francs, and on the Englishman's part to gloves and garters. Supper was served—all was hilarious—the wine circulated freely, and all the Londoner remembered in the morning when he awoke with a burning head was, that he had become unaccountably drunk, and got home he knew not how.

He strove to get up, but his temples throbbed almost to bursting. An excess in wine had never affected him so before: could this arise from simple drunkenness? The sensation was altogether new. The truth was he had not been drunk, but drugged!

While rolling his aching head from side to side upon the pillow his *lacquey de place* announced his dear friend, the captain; and next minute "Little Joe" was standing at his bedside.

"Good heaven!" exclaimed the citizen; "how awfully drunk I must have been last night! My very brain's on fire."

"Drunk!" returned his companion; "you were not drunk but mad—what devil possessed you to play? D—n it, you always swore you hated it, and every score of *naps* you lost you would, though I warned you, lay it on thicker."

"Naps! play!" exclaimed the sick man with a stare; "why, what do you mean? I am but in sorry mood for jesting. I do remember playing for and losing some gloves and garters to the ladies."

"And let me tell you, I am in still less joking humor than yourself," returned the captain, in high dudgeon; "through your cursed obstinacy, I played against my better judgment—and was cleaned by Count F—— out of eighteen thousand

francs. How shall I come to book? In the devil's name how can I face my creditor this evening at Madame's *réunion*? The three hundred naps I won from you will go but a short way to meet my losses. I think I shall go mad."

"And I fancy that I am mad already," groaned the sufferer from the bed; "do end this folly, K——."

"Did I not know you, I should fancy you intended me offense," replied the captain, rather angrily; "what, have you such a conveniency of memory as to forget that you lost three hundred naps to me, eight hundred to the count, and five-and-forty to Madame La C——?"

Before the unhappy youth could find words to respond, the valet announced another visitor, and Count F—— was shown in.

"Monsieur le Comte," pursued the gallant captain, "are you, too, in a jesting mood? My young friend here can not be persuaded that we had a little play last night. Excuse me paying but half my loss till evening; and, in the mean time, accept these *billets de banque*," and "Little Joe" handed the chevalier a roll of bank notes; "you will find there ten thousand francs."

"Gentlemen," cried the astonished citizen, "I pray you end this farce. I know I am indebted to madame heavily in gloves and ribbons."

"Why, fiends and furies!" exclaimed the captain, "do you pretend, sir, to assert, that you did not lose three hundred naps to me?"

"Or that this acknowledgment for eight hundred was not given?"

The youth, astounded as he was, took the paper. It purported to be an I.O.U., but the forgery was clumsy.

"That is not my writing—nor do I owe either of you a *sou*."

The scene that followed may be imagined. Instant payment, or a legal security for the alleged debts was demanded—or the alternative—a meeting in the Bois de Boulogne within two hours. Half bewildered, the young dupe assented to give the latter—and at the time appointed he alighted, without friend or weapon, at the place named for the duel, by these infamous men.

Several other persons were on the ground, all strangers to the unfortunate young man. Another attempt was made to induce him to admit the debt of honor, and it was proposed that a reconciliation should take place between him and his former friend, the captain. To do them justice, the gentlemen unknown were ardent in their endeavors to accommodate the matter, and persuade the citizen to pay the money, and they were perfectly sincere in mediation on the occasion, for they were all members of the same dishonest clique. But nothing could shake the youth's determination to repudiate the infamous demand. Captain K——, irritated to madness at his total failure, demanded that the duel should instantly proceed—and the gang, as furious from the unexpected disappointment, determined to

murder one who could not be persuaded to submit to bare-faced spoilation.

Never were two combatants more unequally opposed, than the young merchant and the desperate gambler—the one, probably, had never discharged a pistol in his life—the other, and within six months, had killed his man on the very spot the doomed youth was standing.

Other and fouler circumstances went to render the result of the impending duel almost a certainty. K—— fought with his own pistols—with the firing signal he was particularly familiar—his back was to the sun, and an open sky behind him. The scoundrel second, who had volunteered his services, placed the young Englishman in a position where the trunk of a large beech formed a leading line of fire, and the stream of sunshine through the vista in the trees, was almost blinding. To the intentional murderer and the intended victim, the loaded weapons were delivered—a preparatory word was spoken, the signal fell. K—— coolly raised his pistol, while, by a snap-shot, the flurried Englishman anticipated his executioner by a second. On that momentary advantage life or death depended. The bully, shot directly through the heart, fell on the sward, a dead man. While the bullet destined for the breast of his antagonist, cut the grass harmlessly at the foot of the fortunate survivor. Never was a thoughtless youth more providentially delivered by accident from certain murder—nor a scoundrel sent to his account so justly and unexpectedly as Captain K——.

In riding an hour after the affair had terminated in the forest, I met the body of the dead gambler on a stretcher, *en route* to the *Morgue*.

The decline of dueling, from the period it was made ancillary to swindling, or to the settlement of disputes between vulgar scoundrels, who could not lay the slightest claims to the title or privileges of gentlemen, has been rapid and progressive, and its gross abuse did more to remedy its own mischief, than moral appeals and legal enactments. What but disgust can be created against a system when prostituted to the purposes of sheer murder? When two drunken blackguards stagger from the billiard-room to the field, and, by the scoundrels who attend them, are permitted to carry a dispute, emanating in a question of scoring or not scoring a point or two, to an extent that the most flagitious injury would not warrant?

A more recent case which occurred in the neighborhood, and must be still fresh in general recollection, may be adduced to prove how sadly the law of honor is brought to the lowliest estimation. I allude to the case of M——, killed by E——. A quarrel takes place in that sink of infamy, a saloon—and the parties adjourn to Wimbledon to commit murder. One fire is not enough, and, though a bullet passes through the hat of M——, the seconds provide them with fresh weapons, and the wretched blackguard is, on the next fire, shot dead. The ruffian who commits the murder, sees the expiring wretch heaving his last sigh—and remarks to a casual

spectator, “I have done for the ——,” using an epithet too disgusting to be named. He, and the well-selected seconds, hurry off, without even taking a parting glance at the prostrate victim. The surgeon, with his friends, lugs the dead body into a cab. An inquest is held—“willful murder” is returned, and thus ends, what the papers termed “an affair of honor.” And who were the blackguard actors in this cold-blooded tragedy? E—— was son of a Taunton publican, and M—— a broken linen-draper. Their companions were men of similar *caste*—for, unless gentility is attached to brick-making, Y—— had no other claim.

The first duel I ever witnessed was one which, at the expiration of forty years, is too vividly engrafted upon memory to be forgotten. I was then a satcheled schoolboy; and before six o'clock on a beautiful summer morning, was wending my way, slowly, of course, to the abiding place of the country pedagogue at whose feet I was being indoctrinated. A gentleman was sitting on a log of timber, and in him I recognized Lieutenant V—— of the ——th, a frequent visitor and guest at my father's house. He spoke to me, and I sat down upon the beam, and a bullet he had been rolling carelessly on the log of timber, was interchanged between him and me for five minutes. He started suddenly on perceiving three gentlemen advance from an opposite direction, put the ball in his waistcoat pocket, and bade me hastily “good-morning.” I watched him—saw him join the strangers, and the whole party turned into a rope-yard. I rose from the beam—shouldered my satchel, and as I passed the place where the gentlemen had disappeared, I looked through the open gate. Although not more than three or four minutes had elapsed, the preliminary preparations for a duel had been completed, and my late companion on the log of timber confronted his antagonist at the customary distance of a dozen paces. At the moment I peeped in, the seconds delivered a pistol to each combatant—stepped two or three yards back—and the words “Ready, fire!” were rapidly pronounced. The reports were so simultaneous that it seemed as if one shot only had been discharged; and as, for a second or two afterward, both gentlemen remained standing, I fancied all was right; but I was fatally mistaken—the discharged weapon dropped from V——'s hand, and he tottered and fell forward. The seconds raised him to a sitting posture, and a little man hitherto concealed behind the hedge, came forward hastily. He laid his finger on V——'s pulse, and then looked at the pupil of the eye, and in a low voice muttered, “All is over!” For many a month afterward that brief sentence sounded in my ear, and the falling man was present in imagination. But before manhood came, an intimacy with some amiable young Galway gentlemen at the Dublin University, and a short probation in a Southern militia regiment wrought a happy change. The organ of hearing, as Byron says, became

“More Irish and less nice”

and a twelvemonth's sojourn in that land of promise, which lieth between the Shannon and Atlantic, completed the cure.

Like many an unnecessary appeal to arms, this fatal affair, in which a young and gallant officer lost his life, originated in a trifling misunderstanding.

In the same barrack, and at a very short time after this fatal meeting (spring of 1807) one of the most lamentable affairs, which in the annals of dueling is recorded, unfortunately took place. I allude to the fatal encounter between Boyd and Campbell. The sad story is simply told.

The 21st were quartered in the town of Newry, and the half-yearly inspection of the regiment had been made by General Kerr—when, as is customary, the general and staff were entertained by the Fusileers. The dinner was soon over—the staff retired—the officers went to the play—and none remained in the mess-room, excepting Major Campbell and Captain Boyd, the assistant-surgeon, and a lieutenant. Campbell, in right of brevet rank, had commanded the regiment in the absence of the colonel—and an argument took place between him and Captain Boyd, whether a word of command that day used was correctly given. The latter was a person of disagreeable manner—the former a man whose temper was highly excitable—and each personally disliked the other, and were tenacious equally of their own opinions. Campbell repudiated the charge of incorrectness and Boyd as warmly maintained it. At last a crisis came, “Heated with wine, and exasperated by what he conceived a professional insult, Campbell left the table, hastened to his apartments, loaded his pistols, returned, sent for Captain Boyd, brought him to an inner mess-room, closed the door, and without the presence of a friend or witness, demanded instant satisfaction. Shots were promptly interchanged, and by the first fire Boyd fell, mortally wounded.”

Thank God! for human nature—Buckinghams and T—s are not common. Before five minutes passed the tornado of wild passion was over, and rushing to the room where the dying man was laid, “a sorry sight!” in Macbeth's words, surrounded by his frantic wife and infant family, the homicide knelt at his bed-side, implored forgiveness, and wrung from him a qualified admission that “all was fair.” No attempt was made to arrest him, and that night Campbell left the town and remained at Chelsea with his lady and family for several months, under an assumed name. When the summer assizes were approaching, he determined to surrender and stand his trial; and although his legal advisers warned him that the step was most perilous, he would not be dissuaded, and unhappily persevered.

He was, on the 13th of August, 1808, arraigned for “willful murder,” pleaded “not guilty” in the usual form—the fact of the homicide was admitted—and a number of officers, high in rank, attended, and gave the prisoner the highest character for humanity. I did not

hear the evidence, and when I came into the court-house the jury for some time had been considering their verdict. The trial had been tedious; twilight had fallen, and the hall of justice, dull at best, was rendered gloomier still from the partial glare of a few candles placed upon the bench, where Judge Fletcher was presiding. A breathless anxiety pervaded the assembly, and the ominous silence that reigned throughout the court was unbroken by a single whisper. I felt an unusual dread—a sinking of the heart—a difficulty of respiration, and as I looked round the melancholy crowd, my eye rested on the judge. Fletcher was a thin, bilious-looking being, and his cold and marble features had caught an unearthly expression from the shading produced by the accidental disposition of the candles. I shuddered as I gazed upon him, for the fate of a fellow creature was hanging upon the first words that would issue from the lips of that stern and inflexible old man. From the judge my eyes turned to the criminal, and what a subject the contrast offered to the artist's pencil! In the front of the bar, habited in deep mourning, his arms folded and crossed upon his breast, the homicide was awaiting the word that should seal his destiny. His noble and commanding figure thrown into an attitude of calm determination, was graceful and dignified; and while on every countenance besides a sickening anxiety was visible, neither the quivering of an eyelash, nor a motion of the lip, betrayed on the prisoner's face the appearance of discomposure or alarm. Just then a slight noise was heard—a door was slowly and softly opened—one by one the jury returned to their box—the customary question was asked by the clerk of the crown—and—“Guilty” was faintly answered, accompanied with a recommendation to mercy. An agonizing pause succeeded—the court was as silent as the grave—the prisoner bowed respectfully to the jury, then planting his foot firmly on the floor, he drew himself up to his full height and calmly listened to his doom. Slowly Judge Fletcher assumed the fatal cap, and all unmoved, he pronounced, and Campbell listened to, his sentence.

While the short address which sealed the prisoner's fate was being delivered, the silence of the court was only broken by smothered sobs; but when the sounds ceased, and, “Lord have mercy on your soul!” issued from the ashy lips of the stern old man, a groan of horror burst from the auditory, and the Highland soldiers, who thronged the court, ejaculated a wild “Amen,” while their flashing eyes betrayed how powerfully the fate of their unhappy countryman had affected them. He was removed from the bar—a doomed man—but no harsh restrictions were imposed upon him, nor was he conducted to the gloomy apartment to which condemned criminals after sentence were then consigned. From the moment the unfortunate duelist had entered the prison gates, his mild and gentlemanly demeanor had won the commis-

eration of all within ; and the governor, confident in the honor of his prisoner, subjected him to no restraint. He occupied the apartments of the keeper, went over the building as he pleased—received his friends—held unrestricted communication with all that sought him—and, in fact, was a captive but in name.

No man impersonated the grandeur of Byron's beautiful couplet so happily as Campbell : when the hour of trial came,

"He died as sinful man should die
Without parade—without display,"

while, during the painful interval when the seat of mercy was appealed to, and when, as it was generally considered, mercy would have been extended, the most unmoved of all, as post after post brought not the welcome tidings, was Campbell.

One anecdote is too characteristic to be omitted.

The commiseration of all classes was painfully increased by the length of time that elapsed between the trial and death of Major Campbell. In prison, he received from his friends the most constant and delicate attention ; and one lady, the wife of Captain —, seldom left him. She read to him, prepared his meals, cheered his spirits when he drooped, and performed those gentle offices of kindness, so peculiarly the province of a woman. When intelligence arrived that mercy could not be extended, and the law must take its course, she boldly planned an escape from prison ; but Campbell, when she mentioned it, recoiled from a proposition that must compromise his honor with the keeper. "What," he exclaimed, when assured that otherwise his case was hopeless, "shall I break my faith with him who trusted it ? I know my fate, and am prepared to meet it manfully ; but never will I deceive the person who confided in my honor."

Two evenings before he suffered, Mrs. — was earnestly urging him to escape. The clock struck twelve, and Campbell hinted that it was time she should retire. As usual, he accompanied her to the gate ; and on entering the keeper's room, they found him fast asleep. Campbell placed his finger on his lip.

"Poor fellow," he said in a whisper, to his fair companion, "would it not be a pity to disturb him ?" then taking the keys softly from the table, he unlocked the outer wicket.

"Campbell," said the lady, "this is the crisis of your fate ; this is the moment for your deliverance ! Horses are in readiness, and—"

The convict put his hand upon her mouth. "Hush," he replied, as he gently forced her out. "Would you have me violate my word of honor ?"

Bidding her "good night," he locked the wicket carefully, replaced the keys, and retired to his chamber without awakening the sleeping jailer !

His last hour was passed in prayer, and at noon he was summoned to pass the grand ordeal which concludes the history of the hero and the herdsman.

The dron, as it was called, was, in the Irish

jails, attached to the upper story of the building, a large iron-studded door, which hung against the wall, and was only raised to a parallel position with the door from which the criminal made his last exit, when that concluding ceremony of the law was to be performed. Attended by the jail chaplain—one who, in the last bitter trial, clave to the condemned soldier closer than a brother—he steadily mounted the stairs, and entered the execution room. The preliminaries of death were undergone composedly ; he bade a long farewell to those around, and stepped firmly on the board. Twenty-thousand lookers-on filled the green in front of the prison ; and, strange accident ! the Highland regiment with whom, shoulder to shoulder, he had charged "the Invincibles" in Egypt, formed a semicircle round the prison. In the north of Ireland, all is decorously conducted. When he appeared, a deep and solemn silence awed the multitude ; and until he addressed the Highlanders in Gaelic, a whisper might have been heard in the crowd. To the simple request of "Pray for me !" a low deep groan responded, and every bonnet was removed. He dropped a cambric handkerchief—down came the iron-bound door—it sounded over the heads of the silent concourse like a thunder-clap ; and, in one minute, as brave a heart as ever beat upon a battle-field, had ceased to throb.

Peace to the ashes of the brave ! If a soldier's life, a Christian's end, can atone for the sad consequences of unreining an ungovernable temper, both can be honestly pleaded in extenuating poor Campbell's crime.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.* CHAPTER XL.

"THE CHATEAU OF ETTENHEIM."

I NOW come to an incident in my life, of which I however briefly I may speak, has left the deepest impression on my memory. I have told the reader how I left Kuffstein fully satisfied that the Count de Marsanne was Laura's lover, and that in keeping my promise to see and speak with him, I was about to furnish an instance of self-denial and fidelity that nothing in ancient or modern days could compete with.

The letter was addressed, "the Count Louis de Marsanne, Chateau d'Ettenheim, à Bade," and thither I accordingly repaired, traveling over the Arlberg to Bregenz, and across the Lake of Constance to Freyburg. My passport contained a very few words in cipher, which always sufficed to afford me free transit and every attention from the authorities. I had left the southern Tyrol in the outburst of a glorious spring, but as I journeyed northward I found the rivers frozen, the roads encumbered with snow, and the fields untilled and dreary-looking. Like all countries which derive their charms from the elements of rural beauty, foliage, and verdure, Germany offers a sad-colored picture to the traveler in winter or wintry weather.

* Continued from the September Number.

It was thus then that the Grand Duchy, so celebrated for its picturesque beauty, struck me as a scene of dreary and desolate wildness, an impression which continued to increase with every mile I traveled from the high road. A long unbroken flat, intersected here and there by stunted willows, traversed by a narrow earth road, lay between the Rhine and the Taunus Mountains, in the midst of which stood the village of "Ettenheim." Outside the village, about half a mile off, and on the border of a vast pine forest, stood the Chateau.

It was originally a hunting-seat of the dukes of Baden, but, from neglect and disuse, gradually fell into ruin, from which it was reclaimed, imperfectly enough, a year before, and now exhibited some remnants of its former taste, along with the evidences of a far less decorative spirit; the lower rooms being arranged as a stable, while the stair and entrance to the first story opened from a roomy coach-house. Here some four or five conveyances of rude construction were gathered together, splashed and unwashed as if from recent use; and at a small stove in a corner was seated a peasant in a blue frock smoking, as he affected to clean a bridle which he held before him.

Without rising from his seat he saluted me, with true German phlegm, and gave me the "Guten Tag," with all the grave unconcern of a "Badener." I asked if the Count de Marsanne lived there. He said yes, but the "Graf" was out hunting. When would he be back? By nightfall.

Could I remain there till his return? was my next question, and he stared at me, as I put it, with some surprise. "Warum nicht," "Why not," was at last his sententious answer, as he made way for me beside the stove. I saw at once that my appearance had evidently not entitled me to any peculiar degree of deference or respect, and that the man regarded me as his equal. It was true I had come some miles on foot, and with a knapsack on my shoulder, so that the peasant was fully warranted in his reception of me. I accordingly seated myself at his side, and, lighting my pipe from his, proceeded to derive all the profit I could from drawing him into conversation. I might have spared myself the trouble. Whether the source lay in stupidity or sharpness, he evaded me on every point. Not a single particle of information could I obtain about the count, his habits, or his history. He would not even tell me how long he had resided there, nor whence he had come. He liked hunting, and so did the other "Herren." There was the whole I could scan, and to the simple fact that there were others with him, did I find myself limited.

Curious to see something of the count's "interior," I hinted to my companion that I had come on purpose to visit his master, and suggested the propriety of my awaiting his arrival in a more suitable place; but he turned a deaf ear to the hint, and dryly remarked that the "Graf would not be long a-coming now." This

prediction was, however, not to be verified; the dreary hours of the dull day stole heavily on, and although I tried to beguile the time by lounging about the place, the cold ungenial weather drove me back to the stove, or to the dark precincts of the stable, tenanted by three coarse ponies of the mountain breed.

One of these was the Graf's favorite, the peasant told me, and indeed here he showed some disposition to become communicative, narrating various gifts and qualities of the unseemly looking animal, which, in his eyes, was a paragon of horse flesh. "He could travel from here to Kehl and back in a day, and has often done it," was one meed of praise that he bestowed; a fact which impressed me more as regarded the rider than the beast, and set my curiosity at work to think why any man should undertake a journey of nigh seventy miles between two such places and with such speed. The problem served to occupy me till dark, and I know not how long after. A stormy night of rain and wind set in, and the peasant, having bedded and foraged his cattle, lighted a rickety old lantern and began to prepare for bed; for such I at last saw was the meaning of a long crib, like a coffin, half-filled with straw and sheep skins. A coarse loaf of black bread, some black forest cheese, and a flask of Kleinalther, a most candid imitation of vinegar, made their appearance from a cupboard, and I did not disdain to partake of these delicacies.

My host showed no disposition to become more communicative over his wine, and, indeed, the liquor might have excused any degree of reserve; and no sooner was our meal over than, drawing a great woolen cap half over his face, he rolled himself up in his sheep-skins, and betook himself to sleep, if not with a good conscience, at least with a sturdy volition that served just as well.

Occasionally snatching a short slumber, or walking to and fro in the roomy chamber, I passed several hours, when the splashing sound of horses' feet, advancing up the miry road, attracted me. Several times before that I had been deceived by noises which turned out to be the effects of storm, but now, as I listened, I thought I could hear voices. I opened the door, but all was dark outside; it was the inky hour before daybreak, when all is wrapped in deepest gloom. The rain, too, was sweeping along the ground in torrents. The sounds came nearer every instant, and, at last, a deep voice shouted out, "Jacob." Before I could awaken the sleeping peasant, to whom I judged this summons was addressed, a horseman dashed up to the door and rode in; another as quickly followed him, and closed the door.

"Parbleu, D'Egville," said the first who entered, "we have got a rare peppering!"

"Even so," said the other, as he shook his hat, and threw off a cloak perfectly soaked with rain; "à la guerre comme, à la guerre."

This was said in French, when, turning toward me, the former said in German, "Be active, Master Jacob; these nags have had a smart ride

of it." Then, suddenly, as the light flashed full on my features, he started back, and said, "How is this—who are you?"

A very brief explanation answered this somewhat uncourteous question, and, at the same time, I placed the marquise's letter in his hand, saying, "The Count de Marsanne, I presume?"

He took it hastily, and drew nigh to the lantern to peruse it. I had now full time to observe him, and saw that he was a tall and well-built man, of about seven or eight-and-twenty. His features were remarkably handsome, and, although slightly flushed by his late exertion, were as calm and composed as might be; a short black mustache gave his upper lip a slight character of scorn, but the brow, open, frank, and good-tempered in its expression, redeemed this amply. He had not read many lines when, turning about, he apologized in the most courteous terms for the manner of my reception. He had been on a shooting excursion for a few days back, and taken all his people with him, save the peasant who looked after the cattle. Then, introducing me to his friend, whom he called Count d'Egville, he led the way up-stairs.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast to the dark and dreary coach-house than the comfortable suite of apartments which we now traversed on our way to a large, well-furnished room, where a table was laid for supper, and a huge wood fire blazed brightly on the hearth. A valet, of most respectful manner, received the count's orders to prepare a room for me, after which my host and his friend retired to change their clothes.

Although D'Egville was many years older, and of a graver, sterner fashion than the other, I could detect a degree of deference and respect in his manner toward him, which De Marsanne accepted like one well-accustomed to receive it. It was a time, however, when, in the wreck of fortune, so many men lived in a position of mere dependence that I thought nothing of this, nor had I even the time, as Count de Marsanne entered. From my own preconceived notions as to his being Laura's lover, I was quite prepared to answer a hundred impatient inquiries about the marquise and her niece, and as we were now alone, I judged that he would deem the time a favorable one to talk of them. What was my surprise, however, when he turned the conversation exclusively to the topic of my own journey, the route I had traveled. He knew the country perfectly, and spoke of the various towns and their inhabitants with acuteness and tact.

His royalist leanings did not, like those of the marquise, debar him from feeling a strong interest respecting the success of the republican troops, with whose leaders he was thoroughly acquainted, knowing all their peculiar excellences and defaults as though he had lived in intimacy with them. Of Bonaparte's genius he was the most enraptured admirer, and would not hear of any comparison between him and the other great captains of the day. D'Egville at last made his appearance, and we sat down to an excellent

supper, enlivened by the conversation of our host, who, whatever the theme, talked well and pleasingly.

I was in a mood to look for flaws in his character, my jealousy was still urging me to seek for whatever I could find fault with, and yet all my critical shrewdness could only detect a slight degree of pride in his manner, not displaying itself by any presumption, but by a certain urbanity that smacked of condescension; but even this, at last, went off, and before I wished him good-night, I felt that I had never met any one so gifted with agreeable qualities, nor possessed of such captivating manners, as himself. Even his royalism had its fascinations, for it was eminently national, and showed, at every moment, that he was far more of a Frenchman than a monarchist. We parted without one word of allusion to the marquise or to Laura! Had this singular fact any influence upon the favorable impression I had conceived of him, or was I unconsciously grateful for the relief thus given to all my jealous tormentings? Certain is it that I felt infinitely happier than I ever fancied I should be under his roof, and, as I lay down in my bed, thanked my stars that he was not my rival!

When I awoke the next morning I was some minutes before I could remember where I was, and as I still lay, gradually recalling myself to memory, the valet entered to announce the count.

"I have come to say adieu for a few hours," said he; "a very pressing appointment requires me to be at Pfortzheim to-day, and I have to ask that you will excuse my absence. I know that I may take this liberty without any appearance of rudeness, for the marquise has told me all about you. Pray, then, try and amuse yourself till evening, and we shall meet at supper."

I was not sorry that D'Egville was to accompany him, and, turning on my side, dozed off to sleep away some of the gloomy hours of a winter's day.

In this manner several days were passed, the count absenting himself each morning, and returning at nightfall, sometimes accompanied by D'Egville, sometimes alone. It was evident enough, from the appearance of his horses at his return, as well as from his own jaded looks, that he had ridden hard and far; but except a chance allusion to the state of the roads or the weather, it was a topic to which he never referred, nor, of course, did I ever advert. Meanwhile our intimacy grew closer and franker. The theme of politics, a forbidden subject between men so separated, was constantly discussed between us, and I could not help feeling flattered at the deference with which he listened to opinions from one so much his junior, and so inferior in knowledge as myself. Nothing could be more moderate than his views of government, only provided that it was administered by the rightful sovereign. The claim of a king to his throne he declared to be the foundation of all the rights of property, and which, if once shaken or disputed, would inevitably lead to the wildest theories of

democratic equality. "I don't want to convert you," would he say, laughingly, "the son of an old *Garde du Corps*, the born gentleman, has but to live to learn. It may come a little later or a little earlier, but you'll end as a good monarchist."

One evening he was unusually late in returning, and when he came was accompanied by seven or eight companions, some younger, some older than himself, but all men whose air and bearing bespoke their rank in life, while their names recalled the thoughts of old French chivalry. I remember among them was a Coigny, a Grammont, and Rouchefoucauld—the last as lively a specimen of Parisian wit and brilliancy as ever fluttered along the sunny Boulevards.

De Marsanne, while endeavoring to enjoy himself and entertain his guests, was, to my thinking, more serious than usual, and seemed impatient at D'Egville's absence, for whose coming we now waited supper.

"I should not wonder if he was lost in the deep mud of those cross-roads," said Coigny.

"Or perhaps he has fallen into the Republic," said Rouchefoucauld, "it's the only thing dirtier that I know of."

"Monsieur forgets that I wear its cloth," said I in a low whisper to him; and low as it was De Marsanne overheard it.

"Yes, Charles," cried he, "you must apologize, and on the spot, for the rudeness."

Rouchefoucauld reddened and hesitated.

"I insist, sir," cried De Marsanne, with a tone of superiority I had never seen him assume before.

"Perhaps," said he, with a half-sneer, "Monsieur de Tiernay might refuse to accept my excuses?"

"In that case, sir," interposed De Marsanne, "the quarrel will become mine, for he is *my* guest, and lives here under the safeguard of *my* honor."

Rouchefoucauld bowed submissively and with the air of a man severely but justly rebuked; and then advancing to me, said, "I beg to tender you my apology, monsieur, for an expression which should never have been uttered by *me* in *your* presence."

"Quite sufficient, sir," said I, bowing, and anxious to conclude a scene which for the first time had disturbed the harmony of our meetings. Slight as was the incident, its effects were yet visible in the disconcerted looks of the party, and I could see that more than one glance was directed toward me with an expression of coldness and distrust.

"Here comes D'Egville at last," said one, throwing open the window to listen; the night was starlit, but dark, and the air calm and motionless. "I certainly heard a horse's tread on the causeway."

"I hear distinctly the sound of several," cried Coigny; "and, if I mistake not much, so does M. de Tiernay." This sudden allusion turned every eye toward me, as I stood still, suffering from the confusion of the late scene.

"Yes; I hear the tramp of horses, and cavalry, too, I should say, by their measured tread."

"There was a trumpet call!" cried Coigny; "what does that mean?"

"It is the signal to take open order," said I answering as if the question were addressed to myself. "It is a picket taking a 'reconnaissance.'"

"How do you know that, sir?" said Grammont, sternly.

"Ay! how does he know that?" cried several passionately, as they closed around me.

"You must ask in another tone, messieurs," said I calmly, "if you expect to be answered."

"They mean to say how do you happen to know the German trumpet-calls, Tiernay," said De Marsanne, mildly, as he laid his hand on my arm.

"It's a French signal," said I; "I ought to know it well."

Before my words were well uttered the door was thrown open, and D'Egville burst into the room, pale as death, his clothes all mud-stained and disordered. Making his way through the others, he whispered a few words in De Marsanne's ear.

"Impossible!" cried the other; "we are here in the territory of the margrave?"

"It is as I say," replied D'Egville; "there's not a second to lose—it may be too late even now—by heavens it is!—they've drawn a cordon round the chateau."

"What's to be done, gentlemen?" said De Marsanne, seating himself calmly, and crossing his arms on his breast.

"What do *you* say, sir?" cried Grammont, advancing to me with an air of insolent menace. "*you*, at least, ought to know the way out of this difficulty."

"Or, by Heaven, his own road shall be one of the shortest, considering the length of the journey," muttered another, and I could hear the sharp click of a pistol cock as he spoke the words.

"This is unworthy of *you*, gentlemen, and of *me*," said De Marsanne, haughtily; and he gazed around him with a look that seemed to abash them, "nor is it a time to hold such disputation. There is another and a very difficult call to answer. Are we agreed?"—before he could finish the sentence the door was burst open, and several dragoons in French uniforms entered, and ranged themselves across the entrance, while a colonel, with his sabre drawn, advanced in front of the *en*.

"This is brigandage," cried De Marsanne, passionately, as he drew his sword, and seemed meditating a spring through them; but he was immediately surrounded by his friends and disarmed. Indeed nothing could be more hopeless than resistance; more than double our number were already in the room, while the hoarse murmur of voices without, and the tramp of heavy feet, announced a strong party.

At a signal from their officer, the dragoons unslung their carbines, and held them at the cock.

when the colonel called out, "Which of you, messieurs, is the Duc d'Enghien?"

"If you come to arrest him," replied De Marsanne, "you ought to have his description in your warrant."

"Is the descendant of a Condé ashamed to own his name?" asked the colonel, with a sneer. "But we'll make short work of it, sirs; I arrest you all. My orders are peremptory, messieurs. If you resist, or attempt to escape—" and he made a significant sign with his hand to finish. The "Duc"—for I need no longer call him "De Marsanne"—never spoke a word, but with folded arms calmly walked forward, followed by his little household. As we descended the stairs, we found ourselves in the midst of about thirty dismounted dragoons, all on the alert, and prepared for any resistance. The remainder of the squadron were on horseback without. With a file of soldiers on either hand we marched for about a quarter of a mile across the fields to a small mill, where a general officer and his staff seemed awaiting our arrival. Here, too, a picket of *gens-d'armes* was stationed; a character of force significant enough of the meaning of the enterprise. We were hurriedly marched into the court of the mill, the owner of which stood between two soldiers, trembling from head to foot with terror.

"Which is the Duc D'Enghien?" asked the colonel of the miller.

"That is he with the scarlet vest," and the prince nodded an assent.

"Your age, monsieur?" asked the colonel of the prince.

"Thirty-two—that is, I should have been so much in August, were it not for this visit," said he, smiling.

The colonel wrote on rapidly for a few minutes, and then showed the paper to the general, who briefly said, "Yes, yes; this does not concern you nor me."

"I wish to ask, sir," said the prince, addressing the general, "do you make this arrest with the consent of the authorities of this country, or do you do so in defiance of them?"

"You must reserve questions like that for the court who will judge you, Monsieur de Condé," said the officer, roughly. "If you wish for any articles of dress from your quarters, you had better think of them. My orders are to convey you to Strassburg. Is there any thing so singular in the fact, sir, that you should look so much astonished?"

"There is, indeed," said the prince, sorrowfully. "I shall be the first of my house who ever crossed that frontier a prisoner."

"But not the first who carried arms against his country," rejoined the other, a taunt the duke only replied to by a look of infinite scorn and contempt. With a speed that told plainly the character of the expedition, we were now placed, two together, on country cars, and driven at a rapid pace toward Strassburg. Relays of cattle awaited us on the road, and we never halted but for a few minutes during the entire journey.

My companion on this dreary day was the Baron de St. Jacques, the aid-de-camp to the duke; but he never spoke once—indeed he scarcely lifted his head during the whole road.

Heaven knows it was a melancholy journey; and neither the country nor the season were such as to lift the mind from sorrow; and yet, strange enough, the miles glided over rapidly, and to this hour I can not remember by what magic the way seemed so short. The thought that for several days back I had been living in closest intimacy with a distinguished prince of the Bourbon family, that we had spent hours together discussing themes and questions which were those of his own house; canvassing the chances and weighing the claims of which he was himself the asserter—was a most exciting feeling. How I recalled now all the modest deference of his manner—his patient endurance of my crude opinions—his generous admissions regarding his adversaries—and, above all, his ardent devotion to France, whatever the hand that swayed her destinies; and then the chivalrous boldness of his character, blended with an almost girlish tenderness—how princely were such traits?

From these thoughts I wandered on to others about his arrest and capture, from which, however, I could not believe any serious issue was to come. Bonaparte is too noble minded not to feel the value of such a life as this. Men like the prince can be more heavily fettered by generous treatment than by all the chains that ever bound a felon. But what will be done with him?—what with his followers?—and lastly, not at all the pleasantest consideration, what is to come of Maurice Tiernay, who, to say the least, has been found in very suspicious company, and without a shadow of an explanation to account for it? This last thought just occurred to me as we crossed over the long bridge of boats, and entered Strassburg.

CHAPTER XLI.

AN "ORDINARY" ACQUAINTANCE.

THE Duc D'Enghien and his aid-de-camp were forwarded with the utmost speed to Paris; the remainder of us were imprisoned at Strassburg. What became of my companions I know not; but I was sent on, along with a number of others, about a month later, to Nancy, to be tried by a military commission. I may mention it here, as a singular fact illustrating the secrecy of the period, that it was not till long after this time I learned the terrible fate of the poor Prince de Condé. Had I known it, it is more than probable that I should have utterly despaired of my own safety. The dreadful story of Vincennes—the mock trial, and the midnight execution—are all too well known to my readers; nor is it necessary I should refer to an event, on which I myself can throw no new light. That the sentence was determined on before his arrest—and that the grave was dug while the victim was still sleeping the last slumber before "the sleep that knows not waking"—the evidences are strong and undeniable. But an anecdote which circu-

lated at the time, and which, so far as I know, has never appeared in print, would seem to show that there was complicity, at least, in the crime, and that the secret was not confined to the First Consul's breast.

On that fatal night of the 20th March, Talleyrand was seated at a card-table at Caulaincourt's house at Paris. The party was about to rise from play, when suddenly the "pendule" on the chimney-piece struck two. It was in one of those accidental pauses in the conversation when any sound is heard with unusual distinctness. Talleyrand started, as he heard it, and then turning to Caulaincourt, whispered, "Yes; 'tis all over now?" words which, accidentally overheard, without significance, were yet to convey a terrible meaning when the dreadful secret of that night was disclosed.

If the whole of Europe was convulsed by the enormity of this crime—the foulest that stains the name of Bonaparte—the Parisians soon forgot it, in the deeper interest of the great event that was now approaching—the assumption of the imperial title by Napoleon.

The excitement on this theme was so great and absorbing, that nothing else was spoken or thought of. Private sorrows and afflictions were disregarded and despised, and to obtrude one's hardships on the notice of others seemed, at this juncture, a most ineffable selfishness. That I, a prisoner, friendless and unknown as I was, found none to sympathize with me or take interest in my fate, is, therefore, nothing extraordinary. In fact, I appeared to have been entirely forgotten; and though still in durance, nothing was said either of the charge to be preferred against me, nor the time when I should be brought to trial.

Giacourt, an old lieutenant of the marines, and at that time deputy-governor of the Temple, was kind and good-natured toward me, occasionally telling of the events which were happening without, and giving me the hope that some general amnesty would, in all likelihood, liberate all those whose crimes were not beyond the reach of mercy. The little cell I occupied—and to Giacourt's kindness I owed the sole possession of it—looked out upon the tall battlements of the outer walls, which excluded all view beyond, and thus drove me within myself for occupation and employment. In this emergency I set about to write some notices of my life—some brief memoirs of those changeable fortunes which had accompanied me from boyhood. Many of those incidents which I relate now, and many of those traits of mind or temper that I recall, were then for the first time noted down, and thus graven on my memory.

My early boyhood, my first experiences as a soldier, the campaign of the "Schwarzwald," Ireland, and Genoa, all were mentioned, and, writing as I did, solely for myself and my own eyes, I set down many criticisms on the generals, and their plans of campaign, which, if intended for the inspection of others, would have been the greatest presumption and impertinence, and in

this way Moreau, Hoche, Massena, and even Bonaparte, came in for a most candid and impartial criticism.

How Germany might have been conquered; how Ireland ought to have been invaded; in what way Italy should have been treated, and lastly, the grand political error of the seizure of Duc D'Enghein, were subjects that I discussed and determined with consummate boldness and self-satisfaction. I am almost overwhelmed with shame, even now, as I think of that absurd chronicle, with its rash judgments, its crude opinions and its pretentious decisions.

So fascinated had I become with my task, that I rose early to resume it each morning, and used to fall asleep, cogitating on the themes for the next day, and revolving within myself all the passages of interest I should commemorate. A man must have known imprisonment to feel all the value that can be attached to any object, no matter how mean or insignificant, that can employ the thoughts, amuse the fancy, or engage the affections. The narrow cell expands under such magic, the barred casement is a free portal to the glorious sun and the free air; the captive himself is but the student bending over his allotted task. To this happy frame of mind had I come, without a thought or a wish beyond the narrow walls at either side of me, when a sad disaster befell me. On awaking one morning, as usual, to resume my labor, my manuscript was gone! the table and writing materials, all had disappeared, and, to increase my discomfiture, the turnkey informed me that Lieutenant Giacourt had been removed from his post, and sent off to some inferior station in the provinces.

I will not advert to the dreary time which followed this misfortune, a time in which the hours passed on unmeasured and almost unfelt. Without speculation, without a wish, I passed my days in a stupid indolence akin to torpor. Had the prison doors been open, I doubt if I should have had the energy to make my escape. Life itself ceased to have any value for me, but somehow I did not desire death. I was in this miserable mood when the turnkey awoke me one day as I was dozing on my bed. "Get up and prepare yourself to receive a visitor," said he. "There's an officer of the staff without, come to see you;" and, as he spoke, a young, slightly-formed man entered, in the uniform of a captain, who, making a sign for the turnkey to withdraw, took his seat at my bedside.

"Don't get up, monsieur; you look ill and weak, so, pray, let me not disturb you," said he, in a voice of kindly meaning.

"I am not ill," said I, with an effort, but my hollow utterance and my sunken cheeks contradicted my words, "but I have been sleeping; I usually doze at this hour."

"The best thing a man can do in prison, I suppose," said he, smiling good-naturedly.

"No, not the best," said I, catching up his words too literally. "I used to write the whole day long, till they carried away my paper and my pens."

"It is just of that very thing I have come to speak, sir," resumed he. "You intended that memoir for publication?"

"No; never."

"Then for private perusal among a circle of friends."

"Just as little. I scarcely know three people in the world who would acknowledge that title."

"You had an object, however, in composing it?"

"Yes; to occupy thought; to save me from—from—" I hesitated, for I was ashamed of the confession that nearly burst from me, and, after a pause, I said, "from being such as I now am!"

"You wrote it for yourself alone, then?"

"Yes."

"Unprompted; without any suggestions from another?"

"Is it here?" said I, looking around my cell, "Is it here that I should be likely to find a fellow-laborer?"

"No; but I mean to ask, were the sentiments your own, without any external influence, or any persuasions from others?"

"Quite my own."

"And the narrative is true?"

"Strictly so, I believe."

"Even to your meeting with the Duc D'Enghien. It was purely accidental?"

"That is, I never knew him to be the duke till the moment of his arrest?"

"Just so; you thought he was merely a royalist noble. Then, why did you not address a memoir to that effect to the minister?"

"I thought it would be useless; when they made so little of a Condé, what right had I to suppose they would think much about me?"

"If *he* could have proved his innocence"—he stopped, and then in an altered voice said—"but as to this memoir, you assume considerable airs of military knowledge in it, and many of the opinions smack of heads older than yours."

"They are, I repeat, my own altogether; as to their presumption, I have already told you they were intended solely for my own eye."

"So that you are not a royalist?"

"No."

"Never were one?"

"Never."

"In what way would you employ yourself, if set at liberty to-day?"

I stared, and felt confused; for however easy I found it to refer to the past, and reason on it, any speculation as to the future was a considerable difficulty.

"You hesitate; you have not yet made up your mind, apparently?"

"It is not that; I am trying to think of liberty, trying to fancy myself free—but I can not!" said I, with a weary sigh; "the air of this cell has sapped my courage and my energy—a little more will finish the ruin!"

"And yet you are not much above four or five-and-twenty years of age?"

"Not yet twenty!" said I.

"Come, come, Tiernay—this is too early to be sick of life!" said he, and the kind tone

touched me so that I burst into tears. They were bitter tears, too; for while my heart was relieved by this gush of feeling, I was ashamed at my own weakness. "Come, I say," continued he, "this memoir of yours might have done you much mischief—happily it has not done so. Give me the permission to throw it in the fire, and, instead of it, address a respectful petition to the head of the state, setting forth your services, and stating the casualty by which you were implicated in royalism. I will take care that it meets his eye, and, if possible, will support its prayer; above all, ask for reinstatement in your grade, and a return to the service. It may be, perhaps, that you can mention some superior officer who would vouch for your future conduct."

"Except Colonel Mahon."

"Not the Colonel Mahon who commanded the 13th Cuirassiers?"

"The same!"

"That name would little serve you," said he, coldly, "he has been placed 'en retraite' some time back; and if your character can call no other witness than him, your case is not too favorable." He saw that the speech had disconcerted me, and soon added, "Never mind—keep to the memoir; state your case, and your apology, and leave the rest to fortune. When can you let me have it?"

"By to-morrow—to-night, if necessary."

"To-morrow will do well, and so good-by. I will order them to supply you with writing materials;" and slapping me good-naturedly on the shoulder, he cried, "Courage, my lad," and departed.

Before I lay down to sleep that night, I completed my "memoir," the great difficulty of which I found to consist in that dry brevity which I knew Bonaparte would require. In this, however, I believe I succeeded at last, making the entire document not to occupy one sheet of paper. The officer had left his card of address, which I found was inscribed Monsieur Bourrienne, Rue Lafitte, a name that subsequently was to be well known to the world.

I directed my manuscript to his care, and lay down with a lighter heart than I had known for many a day. I will not weary my reader with the tormenting vacillations of hope and fear which followed. Day after day went over, and no answer came to me. I addressed two notes respectful, but urgent, begging for some information as to my demand—none came. A month passed thus, when, one morning, the governor of the Temple entered my room with an open letter in his hand.

"This is an order for your liberation, Monsieur de Tiernay," said he; "you are free."

"Am I reinstated in my grade?" asked I, eagerly.

He shook his head, and said nothing.

"Is there no mention of my restoration to the service?"

"None, sir."

"Then, what is to become of me—to what end am I liberated?" cried I, passionately

"Paris is a great city, there is a wide world beyond it, and a man so young as you are must have few resources, or he will carve out a good career for himself."

"Say, rather, he must have few resentments, sir," cried I, bitterly, "or he will easily hit upon a bad one;" and with this, I packed up the few articles I possessed, and prepared to depart.

I remember it well; it was between two and three o'clock of the afternoon, on a bright day in spring, that I stood on the Quai Voltaire, a very small packet of clothes in a bundle in one hand, and a cane in the other, something short of three louis in my purse, and as much depression in my heart as ever settled down in that of a youth not full nineteen. Liberty is a glorious thing, and mine had been periled often enough, to give me a hearty appreciation of its blessing; but at that moment, as I stood friendless and companionless in a great thoroughfare of a great city, I almost wished myself back again within the dreary walls of the Temple, for somehow it felt like home! It is true one must have had a lonely lot in life before he could surround the cell of a prison with such attributes as these! Perhaps I have more of the cat-like affection for a particular spot than most men; but I do find that I attach myself to the walls with a tenacity that strengthens as I grow older, and like my brother parasite, the ivy, my grasp becomes more rigid the longer I cling.

If I know of few merely sensual gratifications higher than a lounge through Paris, at the flood-tide of its population, watching the varied hues and complexions of its strange inhabitants, displaying, as they do in feature, air, and gesture, so much more of character and purpose than other people, so also do I feel that there is something indescribably miserable in being alone, unknown, and unnoticed in that vast throng, destitute of means for the present, and devoid of hope for the future.

Some were bent on business, some on pleasure; some were evidently bent on killing time till the hour of more agreeable occupation should arrive; some were loitering along, gazing at the prints in shop-windows, or half-listlessly stopping to read at book-stalls. There was not only every condition of mankind, from wealth to mendicancy, but every frame of mind from enjoyment to utter "ennui," and yet I thought I could not hit upon any one individual who looked as forlorn and cast away as myself; however, there were many who passed me that day who would gladly have changed fortune with me, but it would have been difficult to persuade me of the fact, in the mood I then was.

At the time I speak of, there was a species of cheap ordinary held in the open air on the quay, where people of the humblest condition used to dine; I need scarcely describe the fare; the reader may conceive what it was, which, wine included, cost only four sous; a rude table without a cloth; some wooden platters, and an iron rail to which the knives and forks were chained, formed the "equipage," the cookery bearing a due relation to the elegance of these "accessories."

As for the company, if not polite, it was certainly picturesque; consisting of laborers of the lowest class, the sweepers of crossings, hackney-cab men out of employ, that poorest of the poor who try to earn a livelihood by dragging the Seine for lost articles, and finally, the motley race of idlers who vacillate between beggary and ballad singing, with now and then a dash at highway robbery for a "distraction;" a class, be it said without paradox, which in Paris includes a considerable number of tolerably honest folk.

The moment was the eventful one, in which France was about once more to become a monarchy, and as may be inferred from the character of the people, it was a time of high excitement and enthusiasm. The nation, even in its humblest citizen, seemed to feel some of the reflected glory that glanced from the great achievements of Bonaparte, and his elevation was little other than a grand manifestation of national self-esteem. That he knew how to profit by this sentiment, and incorporate his own with the country's glory, so that they seemed to be inseparable, is not among the lowest nor the least of the efforts of his genius.

The paroxysm of national vanity, for it was indeed no less, imparted a peculiar character to the period. A vainglorious, boastful spirit was abroad; men met each other with high sounding congratulations about French greatness and splendor, the sway we wielded over the rest of Europe, and the influence with which we impressed our views over the entire globe. Since the fall of the monarchy there had been half-a-dozen national fevers! There was the great Fraternal and Equality one; there was the era of classical associations, with all their train of trumpery affectation in dress and manner.

Then came the conquering spirit, with the flattering spectacle of great armies; and now, as if to complete the cycle, there grew up that exaggerated conception of "France and her Mission," an unlucky phrase that has since done plenty of mischief, which seemed to carry the nation into the seventh heaven of overweening self-love.

If I advert to this here, it is but passingly, neither stopping to examine its causes nor seeking to inquire the consequences that ensued from it, but, as it were, chronicling the fact as it impressed me as I stood that day on the Quai Voltaire, perhaps the only unimpassioned lounge along its crowded thoroughfare.

Not even the ordinary "à quatre sous" claimed exemption from this sentiment. It might be supposed that meagre diet and sour wine were but sorry provocatives to national enthusiasm, but even they could minister to the epidemic ardor, and the humble dishes of that frugal board masqueraded under titles that served to feed popular vanity. Of this I was made suddenly aware as I stood looking over the parapet into the river, and heard the rude voices of the laborers as they called for cutlets "à la Caire," potatoes "en Mamelouques," or roast beef "à la Montenotte," while every goblet of their wine was tossed off to some proud sentiment of national supremacy.

Amused by the scene, so novel in all its bearings, I took my place at the table, not sorry for the excuse to myself for partaking so humble a repast.

"Sacre bleu," cried a rough-looking fellow with a red night-cap set on one side of the head, "make room there, we have the 'aristocrates' coming down among us."

"Monsieur is heartily welcome," said another, making room for me; "we are only flattered by such proofs of confidence and esteem."

"Ay, parbleu," cried a third. "The Empire is coming, and we shall be well-bred and well-mannered. I intend to give up the river, and take to some more gentlemanlike trade than drudging for dead men."

"And I, I'll never sharpen any thing under a rapier or a dress-sword for the court," said a knife-grinder; "we have been living like 'cannaille' hitherto—nothing better."

"A l'empire, à l'empire," shouted half-a-dozen voices in concert, and the glasses were drained to the toast with a loud cheer.

Directly opposite to me sat a thin, pale, mild-looking man, of about fifty, in a kind of stuff robe, like the dress of a village curate. His appearance, though palpably poor, was venerable and imposing—not the less so, perhaps, from its contrast with the faces and gestures at either side of him. Once or twice, while these ebullitions of enthusiasm burst forth, his eyes met mine, and I read, or fancied that I read, a look of kindred appreciation in their mild and gentle glance. The expression was less reproachful than compassionate, as though in pity for the ignorance rather than in reprobation for the folly. Now, strangely enough, this was precisely the very sentiment of my own heart at that moment. I remembered a somewhat similar enthusiasm for republican liberty, by men just as unfitted to enjoy it; and I thought to myself the Empire, like the Convention, or the Directory, is a mere fabulous conception to these poor fellows, who, whatever may be the regime, will still be hewers of wood and drawers of water, to the end of all time.

As I was pondering over this, I felt something touch my arm, and on turning perceived that my opposite neighbor had now seated himself at my side, and, in a low, soft voice, was bidding me "Good-day." After one or two commonplace remarks upon the weather and the scene, he seemed to feel that some apology for his presence in such a place was needful, for he said:

"You are here, monsieur, from a feeling of curiosity, that, I see well enough; but I come for a very different reason. I am the pastor of a mountain village of the Ardèche, and have come to Paris in search of a young girl, the daughter of one of my flock, who, it is feared, has been carried off by some evil influence from her home and her friends, to seek fortune and fame in this rich capital; for she is singularly beautiful and gifted too, sings divinely, and improvises poetry with a genius that seems inspiration."

There was a degree of enthusiasm, blended

with simplicity, in the poor curé's admiration for his "lost sheep" that touched me deeply. He had been now three weeks in vain pursuit, and was at last about to return homeward, discomfited and unsuccessful. "Lisette" was the very soul of the little hamlet, and he knew not how life was to be carried on there without her. The old loved her as a daughter; the young were rivals for her regard.

"And to me," said the père, "whom, in all the solitude of my lonely lot, literature, and especially poetry, consoles many an hour of sadness or melancholy—to me, she was like a good angel, her presence diffusing light as she crossed my humble threshold, and elevating my thoughts above the little crosses and accidents of daily life."

So interested had I become in this tale, that I listened while he told every circumstance of the little locality; and walking along at his side, I wandered out of the city, still hearing of "La Marche," as the village was called, till I knew the ford where the blacksmith lived, and the miller with the cross wife, and the lame schoolmaster, and Pierre the postmaster, who read out the *Moniteur* each evening under the elms, even to Jacques Fulgeron the "tapageur," who had served at Jemappes, and, with his wounded hand and his waxed mustache, was the terror of all peaceable folk.

"You should come and see us, my dear monsieur," said he to me, as I showed some more than common interest in the narrative. "You, who seem to study character, would find something better worth the notice than these hardened natures of city life. Come, and spend a week or two with me, and if you do not like our people and their ways, I am but a sorry physiognomist."

It is needless to say that I was much flattered by this kind proof of confidence and good-will; and, finally, it was agreed upon between us that I should aid him in his search for three days, after which, if still unsuccessful, we should set out together for La Marche. It was easy to see that the poor curé was pleased at my partnership in the task, for there were several public places of resort—theatres, "spectacles," and the like—to which he scrupled to resort, and these he now willingly conceded to my inspection, having previously given me so accurate a description of La Lisette, that I fancied I should recognize her among a thousand. If her long black eyelashes did not betray her, her beautiful teeth were sure to do so; or, if I heard her voice, there could be no doubt then; and, lastly, her foot would as infallibly identify her as did Cinderella's.

For want of better, it was agreed upon that we should make the Restaurant à Quatre Sous our rendezvous each day, to exchange our confidences and report progress. It will scarcely be believed how even this much of a pursuit diverted my mind from its own dark dreamings, and how eagerly my thoughts pursued the new track that was opened to them. It was the utter listlessness, the nothingness of my life, that was weighing me down; and already I saw an escape

from this in the pursuit of a good object. I could wager that the pastor of La Marche never thought so intensely, so uninterruptedly, of Lisette as did I for the four-and-twenty hours that followed! It was not only that I had created her image to suit my fancy, but I had invented a whole narrative of her life and adventures since her arrival in Paris.

My firm conviction being that it was lost time to seek for her in obscure and out-of-the-way quarters of the city, I thought it best to pursue the search in the thronged and fashionable resorts of the gay world, the assemblies and theatres. Strong in this conviction, I changed one of my three gold pieces, to purchase a ticket for the opera. The reader may smile at the sacrifice; but when he who thinks four sous enough for a dinner, pays twelve francs for the liberty to be crushed in the crowded *parterre* of a play-house, he is indeed buying pleasure at a costly price. It was something more than a fifth of all I possessed in the world, but, after all, my chief regret arose from thinking that it left me so few remaining "throws of the dice" for "Fortune."

I have often reflected since that day by what a mere accident I was present, and yet the spectacle was one that I have never forgotten. It was the last time the First Consul appeared in public, before his assumption of the imperial title; and at no period through all his great career was the enthusiasm more impassioned regarding him. He sat in the box adjoining the stage—Cambaceres and Lebrun, with a crowd of others, standing, and not sitting, around and behind his chair. When he appeared, the whole theatre rose to greet him, and three several times was he obliged to rise and acknowledge the salutations. And with what a stately condescension did he make these slight acknowledgments!—what haughtiness was there in the glance he threw around him. I have often heard it said, and I have seen it also written, that previous to his assumption of the crown, Bonaparte's manner exhibited the mean arts and subtle devices of a candidate on the hustings, dispensing all the flatteries and scattering all the promises that such occasions are so prolific of. I can not, of course, pretend to contradict this statement positively; but I can record the impression which that scene made upon me as decidedly the opposite of this assumption. I have repeatedly seen him since that event, but never do I remember his calm, cold features more impassively stern, more proudly collected, than on that night.

Every allusion of the piece that could apply to him was eagerly caught up. Not a phrase nor a chance word that could compliment, was passed over in silence; and if greatness and glory were accorded, as if by an instinctive reverence, the vast assemblage turned toward him, to lay their homage at his feet. I watched him narrowly, and could see that he received them all as his rightful tribute, the earnest of the debt the nation owed him. Among the incidents of that night, I remember one which actually for the moment convulsed the house with its enthusiasm. One

of the officers of his suite had somehow stumbled against Bonaparte's hat, which, on *erecting*, he had thrown carelessly beside his chair. Stooping down and lifting it up, he perceived to whom it belonged, and then remarking the mark of a bullet on the edge, he showed it significantly to a general near him. Slight and trivial as was the incident, it was instantly caught up by the *parterre*. A low murmur ran quickly around, and then a sudden cheer burst forth, for some one remembered it was the anniversary of Marengo! And now the excitement became madness, and reiterated shouts proclaimed that the glory of that day was among the proudest memories of France. For once, and once only, did any trait of feeling show itself on that impassive face. I thought I could mark even a faint tinge of color in that sallow cheek, as in recognition he bowed a dignified salute to the waving and agitated assembly.

I saw that proud face, at moments when human ambition might have seemed to have reached its limit, and yet never with a haughtier look than on that night I speak of. His foot was already on the first step of the throne, and his spirit seemed to swell with the conscious force of coming greatness.

And Lisette, all this time? Alas, I had totally forgotten her! As the enthusiasm around me began to subside, I had time to recover myself, and look about me. There was much beauty and splendor to admire. Madame Junot was there, and Mademoiselle de Bessieres, with a crowd of others less known, but scarcely less lovely. Not one, however, could I see that corresponded with my mind-drawn portrait of the peasant-beauty; and I scanned each face closely and critically. There was female loveliness of every type, from the dark-eyed beauty of Spanish race, to the almost divine regularity of a Raffaelite picture. There was the brilliant aspect of fashion, too; but nowhere could I see what I sought for! nowhere detect that image which imagination had stamped as that of the beauty of "La Marche." If disappointed in my great object, I left the theatre with my mind full of all I had witnessed. The dreadful event of Ettenheim had terribly shaken Bonaparte, in my esteem; yet how resist the contagious devotion of a whole nation—how remain cold in the midst of the burning zeal of all France? These thoughts brought me to the consideration of myself. Was I, or was I not, any longer a soldier of his army? or was I disqualified for joining in that burst of national enthusiasm which proclaimed that all France was ready to march under his banner? To-morrow I'll wait upon the Minister of War, thought I, or I'll seek out the commanding officer of some regiment that I know, or, at least, a comrade; and so I went on, endeavoring to frame a plan for my guidance, as I strolled along the streets, which were now almost deserted. The shops were all closed; of the hotels; such as were yet open, were far too costly for means like mine; and so, as the night was calm and balmy with the fresh air of spring, I resolved to pass it out of doors

I loitered then along the Champs Elysees ; and, at length, stretching myself on the grass beneath the trees, lay down to sleep. "An odd bedroom enough," thought I, "for one who has passed the evening at the opera, and who has feasted his ears at the expense of his stomach." I remembered, too, another night, when the sky had been my canopy in Paris, when I slept beneath the shadow of the guillotine and the Place de Grève. "Well," thought I, "times are at least changed for the better, since that day ; and my own fortunes are certainly not lower."

This comforting reflection closed my waking memories, and I slept soundly till morning

CHAPTER XLII.

THE "COUNT DE MAUREPAS," ALIAS —

THERE is a wide gulf between him who opens his waking eyes in a splendid chamber, and with half-drowsy thoughts speculates on the pleasures of the coming day, and him, who, rising from the dew-moistened earth, stretches his aching limbs for a second or so, and then hurries away to make his toilet at the nearest fountain.

I have known both conditions, and yet, without being thought paradoxical, I would wish to say that there are some sensations attendant on the latter and the humbler lot which I would not exchange for all the voluptuous ease of the former. Let there be but youth and there is something of heroism, something adventurous in the notion of thus alone and unaided breasting the wide ocean of life, and, like a hardy swimmer, daring to stem the roughest breakers without one to succor him, that is worth all the security that even wealth can impart, all the conscious ease that luxury and affluence can supply. In a world and an age like ours, thought I, there must surely be some course for one young, active, and daring as I am. Even if France reject me there are countries beyond the seas where energy and determination will open a path. "Courage, Maurice," said I, as I dashed the sparkling water over my head, "the past has not been all inglorious, and the future may prove even better."

A roll and a glass of iced water furnished my breakfast, after which I set forth in good earnest on my search. There was a sort of self-flattery in the thought that one so destitute as I was could devote his thoughts and energies to the service of another, that pleased me greatly. It was so "unselfish"—at least I thought so. Alas, and alas ! how egotistical are we when we fancy ourselves least so. That day I visited St. Roche and Notre Dame at early mass, and by noon reached the Louvre, the gallery of which occupied me till the hour of meeting the curé drew nigh.

Punctual to his appointment, I found him waiting for me at the corner of the quay, and although disappointed at the failure of all his efforts, he talked away with all the energy of one who would not suffer himself to be cast down by adverse fortune. "I feel," said he, "a kind of instinctive conviction that we shall find

her yet. There is something tells me that all our pains shall not go unrewarded. Have you never experienced a sensation of this kind—a species of inward prompting to pursue a road, to penetrate into a pass, or to explore a way, without exactly knowing why or wherefore?"

This question, vague enough as it seemed, led me to talk about myself and my own position ; a theme which, however much I might have shrunk from introducing, when once opened, I spoke of in all the freedom of old friendship.

Nothing could be more delicate than the priest's manner during all this time ; nor even when his curiosity was highest did he permit himself to ask a question or an explanation of any difficulty that occurred ; and while he followed my recital with a degree of interest that was most flattering, he never ventured on a word or dropped a remark that might seem to urge me to greater frankness. "Do you know," said he, at last, "why your story has taken such an uncommon hold upon my attention. It is not from its adventurous character, nor from the stirring and strange scenes you have passed through. It is because your old pastor and guide, the Père Delamoy, was my own dearest friend, my school companion and playfellow from infancy. We were both students at Louvain together ; both called to the priesthood on the same day. Think, then, of my intense delight at hearing his dear name once more ; ay, and permit me to say it, hearing from the lips of another the very precepts and maxims that I can recognize as his own. "Ah, yes ! *mon cher* Maurice," cried he, grasping my hand in a burst of enthusiasm, "disguise it how you may, cover it up under the uniform of a 'Bleu,' bury it beneath the shako of the soldier of the Republic, but the head and the heart will turn to the ancient altars of the Church and the Monarchy. It is not alone that your good blood suggests this, but all your experience of life goes to prove it. Think of poor Michel, self-devoted, generous, and noble-hearted ; think of that dear cottage at Kuffstein, where, even in poverty, the dignity of birth and blood threw a grace and an elegance over daily life ; think of Ettenheim and the glorious prince—the last Condé—and who now sleeps in his narrow bed in the fosse of Vincennes !"

"How do you mean ?" said I, eagerly, for up to this time I knew nothing of his fate.

"Come along with me and you shall know it all," said he ; and, rising, he took my arm, and we sauntered along out of the crowded street, till we reached the Boulevards. He then narrated to me every incident of the midnight trial, the sentence, and the execution. From the death-warrant that came down ready-filled from Paris, to the grave dug while the victim was yet sleeping, he forgot nothing ; and I own that my very blood ran cold at the terrible atrocity of that dark murder. It was already growing dusk when he had finished, and we parted hurriedly, as he was obliged to be at a distant quarter of Paris by eight o'clock, again agreeing to meet, as before, on the Quai Voltaire.

From that moment till we met the following day the Duc D'Enghien was never out of my thoughts, and I was impatient for the priest's presence that I might tell him every little incident of our daily life at Ettenheim, the topics we used to discuss, and the opinions he expressed on various subjects. The eagerness of the curé to listen stimulated me to talk on, and I not only narrated all that I was myself a witness of, but various other circumstances which were told to me by the prince himself; in particular an incident he mentioned to me one day of being visited by a stranger who came, introduced by a letter from a very valued friend; his business being to propose to the duke a scheme for the assassination of Bonaparte. At first the prince suspected the whole as a plot against himself, but on further questioning he discovered that the man's intentions were really such as he professed them, and offered his services in the conviction that no price could be deemed too high to reward him. It is needless to say that the offer was rejected with indignation, and the prince dismissed the fellow with the threat of delivering him up to the government of the French Consul. The pastor heard this anecdote with deep attention, and, for the first time, diverging from his line of cautious reserve, he asked me various questions as to when the occurrence had taken place, and where? If the Prince had communicated the circumstance to any other than myself, and whether he had made it the subject of any correspondence. I knew little more than I had already told him: that the offer was made while residing at Ettenheim, and during the preceding year, were facts, however, that I could remember.

"You are surprised, perhaps," said he, "at the interest I feel in all this, but, strangely enough, there is here in Paris at this moment one of the great 'Seigneurs' of the Ardeche; he has come up to the capital for medical advice, and he was a great, perhaps the greatest friend of the poor duke. What if you were to come and pay him a visit with me, there is not probably one favor the whole world could bestow he would value so highly. You must often have heard his name from the prince; has he not frequently spoken of the Count de Maurepas?" I could not remember having ever heard the name. "It is historical, however," said the curé, "and even in our own days has not derogated from its ancient chivalry. Have you not heard how a noble of the court rode postillion to the king's carriage on the celebrated escape from Varennes? Well, even for curiosity's sake, he is worth a visit, for this is the very Count Henry de Maurepas, now on the verge of the grave!"

If the good curé had known me all my life he could not more successfully have baited a trap for my curiosity. To see and know remarkable people, men who had done something out of the ordinary route of every-day life, had been a passion with me from boyhood. Hero-worship was indeed a great feature in my character, and has more or less influenced all my career, nor was I insensible to the pleasure of doing a kind action.

It was rare, indeed, that one so humbly placed could ever confer a favor, and I grasped with eagerness the occasion to do so. We agreed, then, on the next afternoon, toward nightfall, to meet at the quay, and proceed together to the count's residence. I have often reflected, since that day, that Lisette's name was scarcely ever mentioned by either of us during this interview; and yet, at the time, so preoccupied were my thoughts, I never noticed the omission. The Chateau of Ettenheim, and its tragic story, filled my mind to the exclusion of all else.

I pass over the long and dreary hours that intervened, and come at once to the time, a little after sunset, when we met at our accustomed rendezvous.

The curé had provided a "fiacre" for the occasion, as the count's residence was about two leagues from the city, on the way to Belleville. As we trotted along, he gave me a most interesting account of the old noble, whose life had been one continued act of devotion to the monarchy.

"It will be difficult," said he, "for you to connect the poor, worn-out, shattered wreck before you, with all that was daring in deed and chivalrous in sentiment; but the 'Maurepas' were well upheld in all their glorious renown, by him who is now to be the last of the race! You will see him reduced by suffering and sickness, scarcely able to speak, but be assured that you will have his gratitude for this act of true benevolence." Thus chatting we rattled along over the paved highway, and at length entered upon a deep clay road which conducted us to a spacious park, with a long straight avenue of trees, at the end of which stood what, even in the uncertain light, appeared a spacious chateau. The door lay open, and as we descended a servant in plain clothes received us, and, after a whispered word or two from the curé ushered us along through a suite of rooms into a large chamber furnished like a study. There were book shelves well filled, and a writing table covered with papers and letters, and the whole floor was littered with newspapers and journals.

A lamp, shaded by a deep gauze cover, threw a half light over every thing, nor was it until we had been nearly a couple of minutes in the room that we became aware of the presence of the count, who lay upon a sofa covered up in a fur pelisse, although the season was far advanced in spring.

His gentle "good evening, messieurs," was the first warning we had of his presence, and the curé, advancing respectfully, presented me as his young friend, Monsieur de Tiernay.

"It is not the first time that I hear that name," said the sick man, with a voice of singular sweetness. It is chronicled in the annals of our monarchy. Ay, sir, I knew that faithful servant of his king, who followed his master to the scaffold."

"My father," cried I, eagerly.

"I knew him well," continued he. "I may say, without vaunting, that I had it in my power

to befriend him, too. He made an imprudent marriage; he was unfortunate in the society his second wife's family threw him among. They were not his equals in birth, and far beneath him in sentiment and principle. Well, well," sighed he, "this is not a theme for me to speak of, nor for you to hear; tell me of yourself. The curé says that you have had more than your share of worldly vicissitudes. There, sit down, and let me hear your story from your own lips."

He pointed to a seat at his side, and I obeyed him at once, for, somehow, there was an air of command even in the gentlest tones of his voice, and I felt that his age and his sufferings were not the only claims he possessed to influence those around him.

With all the brevity in my power, my story lasted for above an hour, during which time the count only interrupted me once or twice by asking to which Colonel Mahon I referred, as there were two of the name? and again, by inquiring in what circumstances the *émigré* families were living as to means, and whether they appeared to derive any of their resources from France? These were points I could give no information upon, and I plainly perceived that the count had no patience for a conjecture, and that, where positive knowledge failed, he instantly passed on to something else. When I came to speak of Ettenheim his attention became fixed, not suffering the minutest circumstance to escape him, and even asking for the exact description of the locality, and its distance from the towns in the neighborhood.

The daily journeys of the prince, too, interested him much, and once or twice he made me repeat what the peasant had said of the horse being able to travel from Strassburg without a halt. I vow it puzzled me why he should dwell on these points in preference to others of far more interest, but I set them down to the caprices of illness, and thought no more of them. His daily life, his conversation, the opinions he expressed about France, the questions he used to ask, were all matters he inquired into, till, finally, we came to the anecdote of the meditated assassination of Bonaparte. This he made me tell him twice over, each time asking me eagerly whether, by an effort of memory, I could not recall the name of the man who had offered his services for the deed? This I could not; indeed I knew not if I had ever heard it.

"But the prince rejected the proposal?" said he, peering at me beneath the dark shadow of his heavy brow; "he would not hear of it?"

"Of course not," cried I; "he even threatened to denounce the man to the government."

"And do you think that he would have gone thus far, sir?" asked he, slowly.

"I am certain of it. The horror and disgust he expressed when reciting the story were a guarantee for what he would have done."

"But yet Bonaparte has been a dreadful enemy to his race," said the count.

"It is not a Condé can right himself by a murder," said I as calmly.

"How I like that burst of generous royalism, young man!" said he, grasping my hand and shaking it warmly. "That steadfast faith in the honor of a Bourbon is the very heart and soul of loyalty!"

Now, although I was not, so far as I knew of, any thing of a Royalist—the cause had neither my sympathy nor my wishes—I did not choose to disturb the equanimity of a poor sick man by a needless disclaimer, nor induce a discussion which must be both unprofitable and painful.

"How did the fellow propose the act? had he any accomplices? or was he alone?"

"I believe quite alone."

"Of course suborned by England? Of that there can be no doubt."

"The prince never said so."

"Well, but, it is clear enough, the man must have had means; he traveled by a very circuitous route; he had come from Hamburg, probably?"

"I never heard."

"He must have done so. The ports of Holland, as those of France, would have been too dangerous for him. Italy is out of the question."

I owned that I had not speculated so deeply on the matter.

"It was strange," said he, after a pause, "that the duke never mentioned who had introduced the man to him."

"He merely called him a valued friend."

"In other words, the Count D'Artois," said the count; "did it not strike you so?"

I had to confess it had not occurred to me to think so.

"But reflect a little," said he. "Is there any other living who could have dared to make such a proposal but the count? Who, but the head of his house, could have presumed on such a step? No inferior could have had the audacity! It must have come from one so highly placed, that crime paled itself down to a mere measure of expediency, under the loftiness of the sanction. What think you?"

"I can not, I will not think so, was my answer. "The very indignation of the prince's rejection refutes the supposition."

"What a glorious gift is unsuspectfulness," said he, feelingly. "I am a rich man, and you, I believe, are not so; and yet, I'd give all my wealth, ay, ten times told, not for your vigor of health, not for the lightness of your heart, nor the elasticity of your spirits, but for that one small quality, defect though it be, that makes you trustful and credulous."

I believe I would just as soon that the old gentleman had thought fit to compliment me upon any other quality. Of all my acquisitions, there was not one I was so vain of as my knowledge of life and character. I had seen, as I thought, so much of life! I had peeped at all ranks and conditions of men, and it was rather hard to find an old country gentleman, a "Seigneur de Village," calling me credulous and unsuspecting!

I was much more pleased when he told the curé that a supper was ready for us in the adjoining room, at which he begged we would excuse his absence; and truly a most admirable little meal it was, and served with great elegance.

"The count expects you to stop here; there is a chamber prepared for you," said the curé, as we took our seats at table. "He has evidently taken a fancy to you. I thought, indeed I was quite certain, he would. Who can tell what good fortune this chance meeting may lead to, Monsieur Maurice! A *votre sante, mon cher!*" cried he, as he clinked his champagne glass against mine, and I at last began to think that destiny was about to smile on me.

"You should see his Chateau in the Ardèche; this is nothing to it! There is a forest, too, of native oak, and a 'Chasse' such as royalty never owned!"

Mine were delightful dreams that night; but I was sorely disappointed on waking to find that Laura was not riding at my side through a forest-alley, while a crowd of "Piqueurs" and huntsmen galloped to and fro, making the air vibrate with their joyous bugles. Still, I opened my eyes in a richly-furnished chamber, and a Jaques handed me my coffee on a silver stand, and in a cup of costliest Sèvres.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF COLTON, THE AUTHOR OF "LACON."

COLTON was remarkable for the extent and profundity of his talents, the various mutations of fortune, self-entailed, which he underwent, and for his inordinate addiction to a vice of all others the most degrading and destructive to intellectual strength—who was yet great in intellect and purpose amidst all the strange vicissitudes of which he was the self-constituted victim, and beneath the pressure of moral and physical degradation which he would never have undergone but for the influence of one fatal and overwhelming passion. One of the very first objects of my boyish reverence and veneration was, as might be expected with a child religiously educated, the parson of the parish in the market town where I was brought up. Parson C——, who, I believe, held the benefice of St. Peter's in my native place, was a man whom, having once known, it was not very easy to forget. I could have been hardly six years of age when I first saw him without his canonical garb, on which occasion he was playing a trout on the end of his line under one of the weirs in the river Exe. At that time the town was pretty well stocked with French prisoners. The jails were crammed with the miserable soldiery of Napoleon's generals, captured in the Peninsular war, then raging, and numbers of French officers on parole were installed with the housekeepers of the place in the capacity of lodgers. With these our all-accomplished divine was almost the only man in the place who could hold converse

A part of my father's house was occupied by a couple of Gallic strangers, to whom the parson's visits were many and frequent. As they dined at the common table, their society, together with that of the reverend gentleman, was shared by the whole family, and we thus became more intimate with him than we otherwise should. It is said that familiarity breeds contempt. Certain it is that my father's veneration for the character of his and our spiritual guide and instructor suffered considerable declension from his closer acquaintance. Still, what he lost in reverence he perhaps gained in another way. His kind, agreeable, and social manners won the admiration and good-will of the whole family, and though he had a good many enemies in the town, we could not be of the number. He was a man of eccentric manners and fine genius, and, though then but young, had given proofs of talent of no mean order. He had published a rather bulky poem on the subject of Hypocrisy, a subject with which his detractors were not slow to observe he ought to be very well acquainted. But he was not really a hypocrite in the true sense of the word, if indeed, as may be questioned, he deserved the imputation at all. He was rather the subject of ever-varying impulses, under the instigation of which, were they good or bad, he would instinctively proceed to act without consideration and without restraint. He would be eloquent as Demosthenes in the pulpit in praise of the Christian virtues, and would work himself into a passion of tears on behalf of some benevolent or charitable purpose, the claims of which he would enforce with the most irresistible appeals to the conscience; and the next day he would gallop after the fox with a pack of hounds, fish, shoot, or fight a main, in company with sporting blacklegs, bruisers, dicers, *et hoc genus omne*. But he never made any personal pretensions to religious sentiment that I am aware of, except on one occasion, which, as it tends greatly to illustrate the true character of the man, I shall relate.

Among the companions of his sporting pursuits was a country squire of the neighborhood, a dissolute and drunken specimen of a class of men of which, fortunately for humanity, the present generation knows but little. He had ruined his fortune and nearly beggared his family by extravagance and intemperance, when, after a long course of uninterrupted and abused health and vigor, he was laid by the heels upon a sick bed, from which the doctors had no hopes of ever releasing him. In this dilemma he sent for Parson C——, who appeared forthwith in the chamber of the sick man, and was beginning to mutter over the service for the visitation of the sick, when the latter, belching forth a volley of oaths and curses, swore that he did not send for him for any such purpose; that what he wanted was an acknowledgment from the parson's own lips of the fact which all parsons' lives declared—that their religion, and all religion was a lie. This was an admission which C—— declined to make. A horrible scene en-

sued, of impotent rage and blasphemy on one part, and shame and confusion on the other. It ended in the death of the frantic and despairing drunkard, in the very presence of his ghostly adviser, whom he cursed with his last breath. This deplorable climax to such a scene of horror, it may be readily imagined, had a powerful effect upon the impulsive and excitable nature of poor C——. He left the chamber of such a death an altered man, and, proceeding homeward, shut himself up in his closet. On the following Sunday morning he took occasion to preach impressively, from the most solemn text he could select, upon the uncertainty of life. In the course of his sermon, he called upon all present to prepare for the doom which none could escape—which, inexorable to all, might be immediate to any, and therefore demanded instant and energetic preparation. He wound up his discourse with the extraordinary declaration that he, for one, had made up his mind upon the subject; that he had seen the error of his ways, and determined to abandon them; and that he was resolved thenceforth, with God's help, to devote the rest of his remaining life to his own preparation, and theirs, for the dreaded hour. He then called upon his auditors to bear witness to the resolution he had expressed, and to aid him in carrying it out. There was something like a commotion even in the church when this announcement was concluded; and the sensation and excitement it occasioned in the town, for some time after, only subsided as the parson's resolution waned in strength, and its effects became less and less observable. For some months he held fast to his purpose with the most laudable tenacity. It was in the spring of the year that he made his public declaration; and though the old friends of his follies laughed at it, and laid heavy wagers against his perseverance, he held on his way steadily. He began a course of pastoral visitation—sought out and relieved the poor and afflicted—parted with his fishing-tackle, and commenced an enthusiastic canvass for a dispensary for the poor. Of his old friends among the “ungodly,” and his old enemies among the pious, few knew what to make of it. The Parson C—— of old time was no more; but, in his place, a new man with the same face was every where active in the cause of charity and Christian benevolence. Those who knew him best doubted most of his stability; and among these, I remember my father's expressing his conviction that the reformation was “too hot to hold.” So it turned out in the end. Three, four, five months of exemplary conduct, and then came the first symptom of declension, in the shape of the parson's gray horse harnessed to a dog-cart, with his gun and brace of pointers, in charge of a groom, the whole “turn-out” ready for starting, and waiting at the entrance of the church-yard on Sunday evening, the last night of August, to carry the parson, so soon as service was over, to a celebrated shooting-ground, five-and-twenty miles off, that he might be on the spot, ready by dawn for the irresistible 1st

of September. Those who prophesied from this demonstration a return to old habits had speedy occasion to pride themselves upon their augury.

The Sampford Ghost soon after came upon the stage, with his mysterious knockings and poundings; and defied all oburgations and exorcisms, save and except those of Parson C——, at the sound of whose classical Greek, or gibberish, as it might happen, he absconded to the bottom of the Red Sea, as in duty bound. Here was food for wonder and gaping superstition, to which the reverend divine condescended to pander, by the publication of a pamphlet supporting the supernatural view of the subject, which, being on a marvelous topic, sold marvelously well, and brought grist to the clerical mill.

Of the subsequent career of this eccentric genius, from the time I ceased to reside in Devonshire to that when I encountered him in Paris I have no personal knowledge. I only know that he afterward obtained a benefice in the neighborhood of London; that in the year 1820 he published a work which has run through many editions, is in high repute with a certain class of readers, and is said by competent judges to manifest a profound practical acquaintance with the philosophy of the mind, and to contain more original views in relation to that science than any other work of equal dimensions.

I have already hinted that my vocation as a teacher of English introduced me to a new order of French humanity. Among the various pupils who sought my cheap assistance in the promotion of their studies was one Maubert, a young fellow of four or five and twenty, who was contemplating a removal to London in the exercise of his profession, which was neither more nor less than that of a gambler. He had a relative in one of the hells at St. James's, who had offered him a lucrative engagement so soon as he was sufficiently master of English to be enabled to undertake it. I was astonished to find a person of such mild, meek, and almost effeminate manners engaged in such a pursuit, and still more to hear that he had been brought up to it from boyhood, and was but following in the steps of his father, who was employed in the same establishment in a situation of great trust and responsibility.

In the course of our bilingual conversations, I made no scruple of expressing my perfect horror of gambling, at which he appeared to be heartily amused, and attributed the feeling I manifested not so much to moral principle as to constitutional peculiarity. It soon became apparent to me that he had not himself the slightest idea of disgrace or discredit as attachable to the profession of a gambler, so long as it was carried on upon principles of honesty and fair-play. “What is gambling,” said he, “after all, but a species of exchange, skill for skill, or chance for chance? It is true, there is no solid merchandise in question; but, since you are determined to consider it in a moral point of view, what, let me ask, does the merchant or the shop

keeper care for the goods that pass through his hands? Is not his sole object to profit by the transfer? Does he not speculate to gain? and is not all speculation, morally considered, gambling? Now, all the professed gamester does is to get rid of the lumbering medium of trading-speculations—to clear the game, which all men are willing to play, of the cumbrous machinery that clogs its movements when played upon commercial principles, and to bring it to a crisis and a close at once. You talk of the misery and ruin entailed upon families by gambling; but depend upon it the same men who ruin themselves and families by play would do precisely the same thing were there no such thing as play. For one Frenchman ruined by hazard, ten Englishmen are ruined by commerce. In fact, as a people, you gamble much more than we do, though in a different way; and when you choose to gamble *as* we do, you do it to much greater extent, and with a recklessness to which our habits in that respect afford no parallel. There is an Englishman now in Paris who has repeatedly won and lost ten thousand francs at a sitting, and whom you may see, if you choose to come with me, any evening you like.”

“What is his name?” I demanded.

“C——. He is a priest, too, I have heard, and of course, when at home, a preacher of morality.”

“Well,” said I, “with your permission, I shall be glad to have a look at him.”

“Very well; you shall dine with me to-morrow at the Salon Français. Meet me there at six, and then, after dinner, I will accompany you.”

“Agreed.”

And so it came to pass that, about nine o'clock on the following evening—for we had dined at most gentlemanly leisure, and followed up the dinner with a complete debauch of sugared water—I entered, for the first time, one of the saloons devoted to gambling on the first floor of the Palais Royal. There was not so great and gorgeous display of taste and expenditure as I had expected to see; though every thing was substantial and elegant, nothing was pretentious or superb. Tables arranged with a view to convenience rather than order or regularity, and covered with the means and materials of gaming, were surrounded, on three sides, by persons already engaged at the sport. We passed through several rooms thus furnished, and more or less tumultuously filled. Hazard appeared to be the most favorite game; as I noticed during my stay that the tables where that was played were first in full occupation, and throughout the evening were more crowded than others. Maubert led me to a room, which must have been the fifth or sixth we entered, and, pointing to a table at the further end, upon the centre of which rose a brazen dragon, with a pair of emerald eyes, a yawning, cavernous jaw, and a ridgy tail, whose voluminous folds coiled round a column of polished steel—told me that there I should find my man in the course of the evening, though I

should have to wait for him, as he had not yet arrived. He informed me that I could act as I chose, without being questioned; and then took his leave, as his services were wanted in his own department. I amused myself for nearly a couple of hours in contemplating, *en philosophe*, the scene before me. I had heard and read much of gamblers and gambling, and here they were in multitudes to test the truth or falsity of my impressions. I noticed particularly that, while the younger players acted throughout as though gaming were a frolic, and welcomed both their gains and losses with a joke or a laugh, the older hands maintained a perfect silence, and accepted the decrees of fortune without betraying the least emotion. The table near which I stood was appropriated to the following purpose: A ball, or rather solid polygon, of near a hundred sides, each side colored blue, red, or black, was dropped into the mouth of the dragon; and while it was rolling audibly through the long folds of its tail, the players placed what sums they chose upon red, blue, or black-colored spaces on the table. Whatever color the ball, upon emerging from the tail and finally resting, showed uppermost, was the winning color; the rest lost. The first operation of the manager, after each throw, was to rake into the bank in front of him the several amounts placed on the losing colors, after which he paid the winners, doubling the stake for black, trebling it for red, and multiplying it by five for the blue. Most of the young players began upon the black; but whether they won or lost, and the chance was equal for either fate, they invariably migrated to the other colors; or, in other words, doubled or quintupled their stakes as their passions became heated by play. The old ones, on the contrary, kept mostly to one color; and, in pursuance of some cunningly-concocted plan, frequently consulted pricked or penciled cards, upon which they had perhaps made previous calculations, or chronicled the course of play as it went on. The physiognomy of these old stagers certainly afforded a rich variety of exceedingly ugly faces. Disappointment, however, was not the prevailing expression; and, from what I observed of the general manifestation of their hardened visages, I was led to the conclusion that your calculating gambler, who has his passions under control, is *not*, in the long-run, a loser, but the contrary; and that the support of the bank, and the whole establishment, is derived from the swarming flights of raw, inexperienced, and uncalculating pigeons which every day brings to be plucked. One old fellow walked off with a bag of five-franc pieces, which could not have been worth less than twenty pounds English, accumulated in little more than half an hour; and others pocketed various smaller sums, and then withdrew. An English gentleman lost several five-pound notes in succession on the blue, and, continuing the stake, recovered them all with a profit. An Irishman who had been playing for silver on the black, attempted to do the same; but his heart failed him, or else his pocket, after the loss of his second note, and

with a guttural oath, he retired in a rage. To win at gaming, it would seem from such examples, requires but a large amount of courage and capital; and it must be from this fact alone that, where the game, whatever it be, is fairly played, the bank which has the courage to challenge all the world, and unlimited capital to support the challenge, is so largely the gainer. The natural advantage of the bank may, however, be met by calculation and cautious adherence to system in playing; and instances are not wanting where the bank, though well stocked, has been broken, and the whole funds carried off, through the success of a deep-laid scheme.

While I was indulging in these speculations, in which I have no desire that the reader should place implicit faith, the personage whom my curiosity had led me hither to meet, entered the room, and made toward the place where I stood. The long interval that had elapsed since I last saw him had effected such an alteration in his appearance that it is probable that, had I not been expecting him, he would have passed unrecognized. As it was, the first glance assured me of his identity. From added years, or from long-enduring sedentary habits, he had acquired a slight stoop, and the old sprightly elasticity of step had given place to the sober foot-fall of mature age; but the face, though of a somewhat darker hue, and now lined with faint furrows, bore the same contour and much of the same expression as of yore. There was the same classic and intellectual profile, and the same commonplace and rather sordid indications in the full face, which had formerly given rise to the saying among his flock, that "The parson had two faces, one for Sunday's and one for working days." He took his seat at the left-hand of the money-raker, and, presenting a paper, probably a check or foreign note, received a pile of gold and silver, which he spread before him. I had intended to watch his game, and perhaps, if occasion offered, to speak to him; but the sight of the very man from whose lips my infant ears had caught the first accents of public worship, preparing to take part in the debasing orgies of the pandemonium in which I stood, so revolted my feelings—and his action, as he bent over his pocket-book in search of something he wanted, brought so forcibly to my recollection his old gestures in the pulpit—that I resolved to spare myself the witnessing of his degradation, and accordingly walked away, and out of the accursed den, to the side of the fountain in the quadrangle, in the cool spray of which I sat for an hour, *not* enjoying my reflections upon the past.

I learnt from Maubert subsequently, that, though C—— played the boldest game, he was far from being a welcome guest at some of the tables he chose to patronize. He won, occasionally, large sums; and, if he lost them again, as from his known difficulties at certain seasons it is pretty sure he did, he did not lose them at the public tables, but at some of the private gaming-houses of the nobility which he was known to frequent. That he was occasionally reduced to

unpleasant straits I have reason to think; because, long after the encounter above related, I met him at a place whither I had resorted for a cheap dinner, and where we dined together on a deal table from soup and *bouilli*, for a sum not to be mentioned in connection with the repast of a gentleman. On this occasion, I somewhat alarmed him by inquiring, in a broad Devonshire accent, if he could inform me of the address of M. V——, naming one of the French prisoners with whom the parson had been especially intimate in the time of the war. He stared at me fixedly for a minute, and then, with a voice like one apostrophizing a spirit, said, "You are ——, the son of Thomas ——. I know you from your likeness to your father. Do not know me here. Let me have your address; I should like to talk to you. M. V—— is dead—dead! And your father, is he yet living?"

I was going to reply to his queries, but, snatching the card I presented, he bade me hastily adieu, and disappeared.

It was rumored about that he won a large sum of money previous to the breaking out of the Revolution, and that, having accomplished his object, he withdrew from the gaming-table. But he had played the game of life too fast, and, in desperately acquiring the means of expenditure, had lost those of enjoyment. In the published work, to which allusion has been made, is the following sentence: "The gamester, if he die a martyr to his profession, is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other loss, and, by the act of suicide, renounces earth to forfeit heaven." It is wretched to think that the writer put an end to his own existence, after a life devoted to the very vice he so powerfully deprecated. He blew out his brains at Fontainebleau, in 1832—it was said, to escape the pain of a surgical operation from which no danger could be apprehended.

NEVER DESPAIR.

THE opal-hued and many-perfumed Morn
From Gloom is born;
From out the sullen depth of ebon Night
The stars shed light;
Gems in the rayless caverns of the earth
Have their slow birth;
From wondrous alchemy of winter-hours
Come summer flowers;
The bitter waters of the restless main
Give gentle rain;
The fading bloom and dry seed bring once more
The year's fresh store;
Just sequences of clashing Tones afford
The full accord;
Through weary ages, full of strife and ruth,
Thought reaches Truth;
Through efforts, long in vain, prophetic Need
Begets the Deed:
Nerve then thy soul with direst need to cope;
Life's brightest Hope
Lies latent in Fate's deadliest lair—
Never despair!

INCIDENT DURING THE MUTINY OF 1797.

THE nineteenth century may now be said to have attained middle age, and in the brilliant noonday of its intellect and science the important events that marked the close of its predecessor are becoming dim and indistinct, like the vanishing images of a dissolving view. Progress has been so rapid since the peace that a wider chasm intervenes between 1799 and 1851 than any dividing the preceding centuries: much more than half a century appears to separate us from the eighteenth. But a stirring and troublous period lies before this interval. Life, doubtless, was more rife with interest and excitement to those whose youth belonged to it than it is in this calmer age. One feels that the "old people" of to-day have more of a "history in their lives" than our age will have; and even while we acknowledge with devout gratitude the blessing of peace, it is pleasant to listen to stories of "the War-time." One evening, while sitting with a relative of our own, gazing on the waters of the Channel, which were trembling and quivering beneath the rosy sunset, we expressed some such sentiments, and after agreeing in our opinion that life in those days was more animated by hope and fear than at present, he added, smiling, "For instance, in '97 I narrowly escaped hanging!"

We were much surprised at such a declaration from one who, at the time he spoke, was a brave and distinguished admiral, and eagerly asked the "how and why" of the adventure; and he told us. We regret that we can not recall the exact words of the animated relation, but we will try to give the substance as nearly as possible.

In 1797 mutiny broke out among the seamen at Spithead—an inexcusable crime in the opinion of naval men, but which he who related the story palliated in some degree, by candidly acknowledging that in those days the poor fellows who were guilty of it had great and just cause for complaint. They were not only ill-paid, but their food was of very bad quality; many captains in the navy were harsh and tyrannical—as, in consequence of the perversity of human nature, will always be the case; and the men whose blood was freely poured out in the defense of their native land were, to say the least, neglected and uncared-for by their rulers. Oh happy consequence of peace and advancing knowledge! these men are now well-fed, have the means of instruction afforded them, and homes provided for them when, returning from "the dangers of the sea," they are discharged and sent on shore. The poor mutineers at Spithead dreamed not of such advantages as these.

Admiral R—— was a junior lieutenant on board the *Saturn* when the mutiny broke out; but promotion was very rapid then, and though bearing that rank he was still only a youth in his teens. Probably the mutineers had discovered, and in a measure appreciated the kindness of his nature, for, exempting him from the

thralldom of his companions, whom they had confined in the wardroom, they fixed on him to bear their propositions and their threats to the port-admiral—swearing at the same time, that if he did not bring them back a favorable answer they would hang him on the yard-arm! He was obliged to obey their will, of course, secretly resolving, however, not to give them the opportunity of fulfilling their kind intentions by returning to the ship; but the young officer calculated too much upon being his own master. He was put on shore at the Point, and proceeded at once to the admiral's house in the High-street. The naval chief gave him a good-natured and cordial reception, and listened patiently to the message he delivered from the mutineers, which was to the effect that they must have an immediate advance of wages, good biscuit, pork, &c., or that they would carry their ship over to the French.

"Go on board again, sir," was his reply, "and tell these gentlemen that none of their demands can be listened to till they return to their duty: inform them also that the moment they attempt to weigh anchor hot shot will be fired on them from the Isle of Dogs, and their vessel and themselves sent to the bottom."

The lieutenant bowed and left the office. Outside he paused. He was going, in obedience to his superior, to certain death. It was a fearful trial of courage and professional discipline. A mother whom he idolized lived at no great distance: he would at least bid her a last farewell! But the admiral, aware of the sacrifice he exacted, so much greater than that of periling life by mounting "the deadly breach," had followed the poor boy, and lightly tapping his shoulder, told him he would walk with him to the beach. Thus, even the last look at home, for which he longed, was denied him. A waterman's wherry conveyed him to the ship. It was May—a bright, glorious May, such as England used to enjoy "once upon a time;" and very sad were the feelings with which the young officer looked back upon the retreating town, and round on the glad, sunny waters and blue-tinted Isle of Wight, deeming that he beheld them for the last time. Occasionally, also, he told us, his eyes would revert, in spite of his endeavors to forget it, to the fatal yard-arm, distinct with all its tracery of cordage against the clear blue sky. He gained the ship, was received on board, and conducted to the fore-castle, where the chief mutineers had assembled. Here he delivered his message. They were greatly enraged, and commanded him not to repeat the admiral's threat of sinking the ship to the crew. He replied simply that it was his duty to obey the orders of his superior officer. Their looks and words threatened him at first with instant and summary vengeance; but after a short consultation they agreed to try him by a court-martial, and proceeding aft, ordered him to be brought before them. It was a fearful scene; the men were terribly excited, frightfully ignorant, and believed that their cause required a victim.

The courage of the youth bore him through the trial, however, bravely. He ventured boldly to reproach them with their guilt in confounding the innocent with those whom they looked upon as their enemies; taunted them with the cowardly injustice of the deed they contemplated; and persisted, in opposition to the ringleaders' commands, in repeating the admiral's message to the crew. He was heard by the officers in the ward-room, and their loud cheers when he spoke probably gave him fresh courage. The ringleaders becoming alarmed at the effect his words and bearing might have on the British instincts of the ship's company, condemned him to be hung in two hours' time, and ordered him to prepare for death meantime in his cabin. There a new and singular scene awaited him: one of the seamen had taken possession of it, opened his lockers, and finding some brandy, had been drinking till he was perfectly intoxicated, and lay in the sleep of drunkenness on the floor, which was strewed and littered with the lieutenant's clothes, books, &c. A deep oath escaped the lips of the ringleaders at this sight. Throughout the fleet the mutineers had forbidden drunkenness on pain of death; for, fully aware of the peril of their position, they kept up among themselves a terribly severe discipline. They were raising their insensible comrade in their arms, and coolly preparing to throw him overboard, when, aware from their words of their intentions, the condemned officer struck one of them to the floor, and standing over the again prostrate drunkard, declared that while he lived he would not see men who had sailed beneath the British flag guilty of murder! The mutineers paused, touched probably by this generous defense of a foe—for the insensible seaman had been peculiarly bitter against the officers—and after a muttered oath or two they left the cabin.

The lieutenant remained alone with his disgusting and unwelcome visitant, and the two hours following he described as the most painful of his life. It was less the fear of death than the destined mode of it which tortured him: not that he was insensible or indifferent to the blessing of life, for he was by nature of a happy, joyous temperament, and fair prospects of advancement were before him; but in "war-time" existence was held on such a precarious tenure that the idea of death in battle would scarcely have troubled his equanimity. Two hours waiting to be hanged, however, is a far different trial for courage, and we have never read or imagined any thing more painful than the description which the aged admiral gave us of that (to him) endless period of time. As if to add to the horror of his position, the silence on board was so great that it appeared as if he could hear the pulsation of his own heart, while the low snoring of the drunken man struck with painful distinctness on his ear. At last the bell struck the fatal hour, and steps were heard on the ladder. His door opened; he rose prepared to show no symptoms of faltering courage, when the leaders of the party advancing, told him "that the people

had taken his case into consideration, and as they believed he individually had no ill-feeling toward them, and as he had recently given proof that he cared for the men, they had changed his sentence from death to *flogging*! He must therefore prepare to receive three dozen on the following morning.

My kinsman, with the ready humor that never deserted him, returned thanks with mock gravity for their clemency, and begged them to carry his compliments to the gentlemen who sent them, and assure them that he could not have believed he should ever have felt so much satisfaction at the prospect of a whipping. The men, always susceptible of fun, laughed. From that moment he was safe! Falstaff wisely despairs of gaining the love of Prince John, "because he could not make him laugh;" the young lieutenant acted as if he possessed Shakspeare's knowledge of human nature when he awoke by his jest the slumbering sympathies of the sailors. He was detained a prisoner, but no further notice was taken of the threatened flogging.

The mutiny subsided on the 16th of May, when Parliament passed an act to raise the seamen's wages, and the royal pardon was bestowed on the mutineers; not, however, before some sacrifice of human life had ensued, as Admiral Colpoys, on the recommencement of the mutiny on board the *London*, had ordered the marines to fire on the people, and three seamen fell. The funeral of these unfortunates was described to us as a singularly impressive and touching spectacle. The townspeople were fearful of some violence or riot on the part of the sailors when they landed to bury their dead, and consequently closed their shutters and retired into their houses. The mournful procession moved therefore through deserted and silent streets on its way to the village church-yard, in which the victims were to be interred. But there was no cause for alarm. The men walked silently and solemnly, two and two, after their slain comrades, a stern, quiet sorrow legible on their weather-beaten faces; and nothing could exceed the reverence and propriety of their conduct beside the grave. It is a quiet, pretty village church-yard in which these most pardonable rebels have their resting-place, not far from which is the large grave where three hundred bodies of those who perished in the *Royal George* are buried.

One can scarcely forbear wondering at the little real mischief which proceeded from this alarming mutiny. It afforded, on the whole, a noble display of the principal characteristics of the British seaman—the frolic-spirit peculiar to him manifesting itself even when he is most sadly and seriously in earnest. A captain of marines, who was especially the object of the mutineers' aversion, was brought on shore by them, and compelled to parade up the High-street to the "Rogue's March," which was drummed before him. He was a tall, gaunt old man, with a singularly long neck. The day after his expulsion from his ship, the crew sent a man to his house with a message, ordering him to "come

on board again and be hanged!" The unpopular veteran sent back his compliments; but considering his throat unbecomingly long *naturally*, he did not wish to have it stretched: he declined, therefore, accepting their invitation. The men went away laughing. The people and the times were both extraordinary.

WOMAN'S OFFICES AND INFLUENCE.

BY PROF. J. H. AGNEW, UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

OURS is an age of stirring life, an age of notions and novelties, of invention and enterprise, of steam-motives and telegraph-wires. The ocean, for passage, has become a river. The air a medium for the flight, not only of birds, but of thoughts. Distance scarce any more lends enchantment to the view, for 'tis annihilated. The ends of the earth meet, and the watchmen on her walls see eye to eye. Even worlds long buried in the deep unknown are now revealed to human vision, and we almost penetrate the arcana of our own fair satellite, as she nightly looks down upon us in her beauty. And man would fain believe, too, in his wisdom, or his folly, that e'en the rappings of spirits are heard in this nether planet of ours.

But what of all this? Why, we live in this whirl of galvanic motion: we breathe this excited atmosphere: we revolve on this stirring sphere. And, think you, without feeling aught of its forces?

We have our being, too, amid the busy scenes of a new world, a free world, a forming world. Our geologic species is a conglomerate. Whether it shall be of rude, unshapen masses, or of polished gems, fit not only for the pillars of this republican edifice, but for its adornment also, will depend much on the present generation, more on the women of that generation.

Believing that woman not only takes impressions from the age, but emphatically makes them on it too, I select for my theme WOMAN'S OFFICES AND INFLUENCE.

To make home happy is one of the offices of woman. Home, blessed word. Thanks to our Saxon fathers for it. Not the name merely, but the realities it expresses. An English, an American home is a Bethlehem-star in the horizon of earth's sorrows, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

"There is a magic in that little word:
It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known beyond
The hallowed limit."

"The tabernacle of our earthly joys
And sorrows, hopes and fears—this Home of ours
Is it not pleasant?"

Yes, home is the centre of all that is sweet in the sympathies, dear in the affections of the soul. There the kiss of love is impressed in its purity, the warm pressure of the hand knows no betrayal, the smile of joy plays no deceiver's part. All is candid, cordial, sincere. The faults and failings which belong to humanity fallen, are there covered by the mantle of charity, and the feeling of every member of the family is, "With all thy faults I love thee still."

How the traveler climbing Alpine summits, looking forth on the sublime creations of Jehovah, thinks of home, and wishes the loved ones there could share his rapture. How the wrecked mariner on some desert isle longs for a mother's fond endearment, a sister's kindly care. Home is in all his thoughts.

It is worth the while, then, to strive to make home happy; to do each his part toward rendering it the spot of all pleasant associations. In the several relations of child, sister, wife, mother, let kindness and cheerfulness reign.

Kindness comes over the spirit like the music of David's harp over the passion of Saul. It softens and subdues. It manifests itself in a thousand nameless forms, but all beautiful. It is a crown of glory on the head of old age, a jewel on the breast of childhood. The light it diffuses is soft, the rays it emits are melting

"And oh, if those who cluster round,
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth."

Cheerfulness is another attribute of character tending to the happiness of home: and let me commend it to woman's cultivation. Some there are, ever disposed to look on the dark side of life; and thus they not only becloud their own spirits, but cast a shadow over the smiling precincts of home. Every single sour grape portends a cluster; every flash of lightning a riving thunderbolt. Earth's actual cares are not enough; troubles must be borrowed. The present does not fill their heart with sadness; the future must be laid under contribution.

All this is just the opposite of cheerfulness. That scatters wide over the soil of the household the seeds of many little joys, that the weeds of small vexations may be kept under, and ever and anon the sickle be thrust in and a harvest of good fruits be garnered for daily use. It gazes on the bright side of the picture, and throws its delighted glances upon every eye. And thus it not only augments present bliss, but in hoary years the memory of other days around the family hearth will be sweeter, and the influence on ourselves better.

"Cheerfully to bear thy cross in patient strength is duty." "Not few nor light are the burdens of life: then load it not with heaviness of spirit; sickness, and penury, and travail—these be ills enow: the tide is strong against us: struggle, thou art better for the strife, and the very energy shall hearten thee."

"In thy day of grief let nature weep; leave her alone; the freshet of her sorrow must run off; and sooner will the lake be clear, relieved of turbid floodings. Yet see, that her license hath a limit."

"For empty fears, the harassings of possible calamity, pray and thou shalt prosper: trust God and tread them down." "The stoutest armor of defense is that which is worn within the bosom, and the weapon which no enemy can parry is a bold and cheerful spirit."

Beautiful in the family is this spirit of cheer

fulness; and surely it is an office of woman to cherish it. It can be wooed and won. Wherever woman goes, and especially at home, let it be as an halo of light around her head, and then shall she be a blessing to the circle in which she moves. Despondency is death, cheerfulness life. But remember that levity and boisterous mirth are no essential ingredients of this wholesome cordial. Its chief element is rather that which Paul spake of when he said, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

Another office of woman is, *to check the utilitarianism, the money-loving spirit of the day.* There is something beside bread and water to be cared for in this probationary world of ours, inhabited by living *spirits*. And yet one is almost compelled to the conclusion that the whole race, at the present day, has given itself up to the worship of Mammon.

That which is a *physical* fact, which is capable of being *used*, is the *summum bonum*. *Cui bono*, in a terrene sense, is the great question. "Will it pay," the grand idea of the age. And men are hurrying along, life in hand, breathless and bootless, over the highways and byways to the Great Mogul's temple, where there is no spiritual Divinity to revere.

We almost wish the return of the old Grecian's faith, who enveloped himself with a spiritual world, and this, at least, elevated his intellect, if it did not renovate his heart. To him the majestic mountain was peopled with august entities. To us it is of no account, if it do not contain in its bowels buried stores of wealth, though it may awaken the feeling of the sublime, and lift the soul up to God. To him the shady tree was the habitation of dryads, the rippling brook of naiads: to us, neither has beauty, unless the one can turn a mill, and the other furnish us fire-wood or lumber.

We have made the soul slave to the body; have stripped the Universe of its glory, as a reflecting mirror, pouring down upon us such rays of Heaven's brilliancy as our vision can endure. God's sun is only to lighten us on our pathway of business; His mighty ocean only to bear the burden of our commerce; His magnificent lakes to carry our trade; His beautiful hills and smiling vales but to grow our corn, feed our cattle, and be the substratum for our railways.

This utilitarianism of the day, too, has but little sympathy with the fine arts. It laughs at music and painting, poetry and sculpture, as things of naught, although they may tend mightily to the culture of the spirit and the refinement of humanity. Classical learning it discards, because with its dusty eyes it can not just see how that can qualify man or woman for the better enjoyment of life, or how it will help us plow or measure our fields, grind our grain, or churn our butter.

The mere discipline of the mind, the symmetrical development of man's higher powers, the æsthetic evolution of himself; all this, though it expand his intellect and enlarge his heart, though

it impress on him more of the lineaments of the skies, and bring him nearer to his great Original, is but waste of time and thought, because it falls not within the described circle of the utilitarian. Shades of Bacon and Locke, of Shakspeare and Milton, of Goethe and Schiller, come and alight at least on the daughters of our land!

Here is a wide field of influence for woman. You are the vestal virgins to watch the fires on the altar of the fine arts. Yours it is to check the sensuousness of man, to recall him from his ceaseless toil after the mammon of this life, his restless ambition to turn every thing to account in available funds, in bank-stocks, copper-stocks, railroad-stocks. Tell your sons and your sires that there are higher sources of joy. Point them away from earth's sordid gold to the brighter gems of literature. Direct their energies to the intellectual and moral advancement of their age. Help them to slake their quenchless thirst at the pure fountains of knowledge and religion.

There is a poetry of life worth cultivating. There are spiritual entities around us to which we are linked by ethereal chains. Let us not struggle to throw off those chains, but rather to bind them faster about us. And when you see a link broken, and others likely to drop, mend it.

Woman's office is it also to *soften political asperities in the other sex, and themselves to shun political publicity.* Not that woman need be ignorant of the great questions of the age; better be familiar with them. But let her not become absorbed in them: rather keep so aloof from exciting occasions as to be better qualified to form and express a deliberate and unbiased judgment on men and measures. Let her opinions be well matured, and always uttered with calmness and caution. When her dearest friends of the other sex seem embittered toward others, and in danger of forgetting the sweet charities of life amid the chafings of party rivalry, let her pour out the milk of human kindness into the cup of courtesy, and ask them to drink of it. When the waters are troubled and the billows roar, let her diffuse over them the oil of love to still the waters into a great calm. Surely this is an office higher, better far, than to be pressing on, as some would have her, into the busy bustle of out-door politics. Here is *influence*, and it is better than *power*.

Who that loves woman, that really admires her worth as *woman*, that thinks of her as the delicate, refined, tasteful, sensitive development of humanity, the incarnation of all that is lovely, gentle, modest, peaceful, and pure, the highest earthly manifestation of God as *love*; who that remembers her as the "help-meet," can bear the thought of hurrying her out upon the theatre of politics, the platform of legislation?

"Woman's rights," they cry, and so loud the cry, that even woman's ambition has conquered her judgment and her delicacy, and she has gone forth, out of her appointed and fitting sphere, to be gazed on by a curious crowd, and perhaps to hear the plaudits of a noisy populace. *O tempora! O mores!* Save us from such a race of women!

Now woman has rights, many rights, and let them be well guarded; but she has no right to be a *man*. Yet, no wonder 'tis, if amid the stirring enterprises and new discoveries of the age, some half-amazon should defy the customs of social life, and assume the right of leveling all distinctions between the sexes, walking forth *à la Turk*, and becoming the gazing-stock of the street. Oh, let beauteous, winning woman wear the gracefully-flowing robes of modesty; let her not be met by us "up to the eyes" in politics, nor at the ballot-box, nor the caucus, nor in the legislative hall, nor on the judicial bench, surrounded, perchance, by tobacco-chewing barristers, nor as the public haranguer, addressing promiscuous multitudes.

Let us rather see her in the quiet retirement of home, not doomed to the busy drudgery of hard housekeeping merely, but there the refined woman, whose pure sensibilities are shocked at the thought of a public notoriety; who shuns the wistful gaze of the crowd, and finds in her own family circle her kingdom and her *rights*, and seeks to adorn that with all that is lovely and of good report. Thus will she win our admiration and secure our love. Were her intellect and her eloquence displayed at the bar or on the platform, we might indeed wonder with deep amazement, but we should not love; and wanting this, both she and we were unhappy.

While sensible, then, of her equality with man in the possession of a soul like his own, capable of the highest enterprises in science and literature, may she yet recognize, as the appointment of her all-wise Creator, subordination to man in power, superordination in influence. Be content to be *woman*. It is a province high enough. If not cherubic, it is seraphic. It is that phase of humanity we think most godlike; for if Jehovah's highest expression of himself is *Love*, then that form of humanity expressing most of it, is most like Him. That form, in our opinion, is woman.

Let her not, then, strip herself of her chief glory, and depart further from her God and Saviour, by shooting out from her own feminine orbit, and aiming to revolve in that of the other sex, under the false impression that it is a higher one. Even if it were, it is not hers, and by thus battling with the order of nature, and swinging loose from the proper relations of her being, she might become a wandering star in the blackness of darkness forever.

Another evident office of woman is, *to regulate the forms and control the habits of social life*. In this land, especially, do the "lords of creation" bow with due deference to their ladies. We give them our arms, 'tis true, and we ask them to lean upon us, yet do we take step with them, and in turn lean on them, amid the trying times of life, and look to them for many of our joys, for most of our happiness. He is vulgar, even barbarous, we think, who does not appreciate her worth and respect her character. Hence, every where, hers is the first place, the best place; and an American gentleman would rather suffer an agony than subject woman to a discomfort.

Such being her relative position, hers it must be to prescribe the customs of social life, and say to man, "hitherto shalt thou go and no further." The tone of morals will be such as she makes it. Man will be conformed to the model she exhibits. He seldom, if ever, rises above the level of his female associates. Surround him with the vulgar, the thoughtless, the impure, and you shall not see him pure, thoughtful, refined. Place him ever in the society of intelligent, dignified, Christian women, and their virtues will be reflected on him.

And is it so, that woman is responsible, in a great measure, for the fashions and habits of the community in which she lives? It is even so. If she discard that foolish frippery and passion for display, which occasionally characterize her own sex, it will not long live. It must be buried in its own foibles, and have no resurrection. If she frown upon him who robs woman of her jewel, he is a fugitive on the face of the earth. If she discountenance the use of intoxicating beverages, the young man will learn that abstinence on his part is the price of respect and love on hers. Her office here is magnified: her influence has become a power. The other offices were guiding and directory; this is reformatory. Society looks to her for its type. Its virtues and its vices are of her moulding. *It is what she bids it be.*

What a potency! Let her wield it for her country's welfare. Then shall it be a beacon light to other lands now in darkness and degradation, because there woman is still the slave of man's passions, and has never risen, under Christianity, to know her dignity, and make her brutal master feel her moral equality in the scale of being.

Only one other office of woman shall we notice at present—the *exemplification and diffusion of Christianity*—of Christianity, not so much in its forms and dogmas, as in its spirit; not solely as a redeeming scheme, but also as a reforming power.

To Christianity woman is emphatically a debtor. It has breathed into her its breath of life, and she has become a living soul. Else had she been but a dead manikin. To it she owes her present advanced position, her commanding influence. Even all the literature and refinement of Greece and Rome could not confer on woman the boon which the religion of Jesus has brought her. He was woman's son, and his religion tells it. Go where that religion is not, and there woman is naught.

Christianity has not only broken down the wall of partition between male and female, but has opened the sealed fountains of her soul, and caused them to send forth rills of gentleness and love, which have refreshed humanity and poured out gladness on a dark and dreary world. Let the cross, then, be woman's standard, Jesus woman's trust, Christianity woman's charter. That thrown overboard, we are wrecked. Its principles abandoned, the world sinks again into barbarism, and woman to brute degradation.

"The last at the cross and earliest at the sepulchre," must remember to cling to Christianity as her hope, her life. Let her never be ashamed to confess it her ruling principle, her source of joy, nor be hesitant in disseminating its seeds, that she may every where behold its lily-flowers.

Can it ever be well said of woman, "she careth not if there be a God, or a soul, or a time of retribution; pleasure is the idol of her heart: she thirsteth for no purer heaven." Let such an one be decked in all the gorgeous trappings of wealth, let her brow be crowned with the coronet of rank, let her girdle hold the key which unlocks the treasures of California, and yet she wants that which ennobles her sex, and would render her an object of love and a source of joy to others.

"Oh, what is woman, what her smile,
Her lip of love, her eyes of light.
What is she, if her lips revile
The lowly Jesus? Love may write
His name upon her marble brow,
And linger in her curls of jet:
The light spring-flower may scarcely bow
Beneath her step—and yet—and yet—
Without that meeker grace she'll be
A lighter thing than vanity."

Never, then, let the sneer of the infidel, nor the scorn of the skeptic drive woman from compounding the spices to embalm her crucified Master, nor make her ashamed to be seen early at his sepulchre. Rather let her glory in the cross, and make the most of her high mission here to send its healing influences to every sick and sorrowing creature on this green earth. Why should any poor, perishing mortal be left in all the degradation of idolatry, when there is in our possession a power that would lift him to heights of bliss, temporal and eternal? Why should the world be left to its wailings and its woes, when Christianity diffused, in its benign spirit, would convert those woes into joys, those wailings into hallelujahs? How can woman, owing her all to the religion of the Bible, refrain from exerting her energies to place this word of life in the hands of every pilgrim over the deserts of time? And may she so breathe its spirit and feel its power, that it shall never again be thus written of her:

"There came
A stranger bright and beautiful
With steps of grace, and eye of flame,
And tone and look most sweetly blent
To make her presence eloquent;
Oh, then I looked for tears. She stood
Before the prisoner of Calvary.
I saw the piercing spear—the blood—
The gall—the writhe of agony.
I saw his quivering lips in prayer,
'Father, forgive them'—all was there!
I turned in bitterness of soul,
And spake of Jesus. I had thought
Her feelings would refuse control:
For woman's heart I knew was fraught
With gushing sympathies. She gazed
A moment on it carelessly,
Then coldly curl'd her lip, and praised
The high priest's garment! Could it be
That look was meant, dear Lord, for thee!"

A few words on *Influence*. This is woman's power. That distinctively belongs to man, and

is exercised by authority. Law and penalty grow out of it. It regulates actions, it punishes crime. Influence, on the other hand, awakens feeling, generates opinions, implants sentiments in the soul, silently yet emphatically; and thus it crushes vice, promotes virtue, and avoids the necessity of penal infliction.

Now this is pre-eminently the potent lever in the hands of woman for regenerating and reforming the political and moral world. We may stand in awe, indeed, before the exhibition of *power*, whether physical or moral, but we are not won by them to the love of truth and goodness, while *influence* steals in upon our hearts, gets hold of the springs of action, and leads us into its own ways. It is the *inflowing* upon others from the nameless traits of character which constitute woman's idiosyncrasy. Her heart is a great reservoir of love, the water-works of moral influence, from which go out ten thousand tubes, conveying off the ethereal essences of her nature, and diffusing them quietly over the secret chambers of man's inner being.

Even the weakness of woman softens and subdues, and thus unseals the soul for the infusion of her own sentiments. Her winning smiles, her tender sympathies, her sensible expressions, her gentle ways, all influence us, flow in upon our spirits. Who can be long boisterous in the presence of woman? No more can the yeasty waves dash and foam when superinfused by the mollifying touch of oil, than can the passions of man rage with impetuosity in contact with the oleaginous serenity of gentle woman.

Let man, then, exercise power; woman exert influence. By this will she best perform her offices, discharge her duties. Thus will she most effectually make home happy, restrain utilitarianism, allay party asperities, regulate the habits of social life, and both exemplify and diffuse Christianity. Thus will she become *vanqueur des vanqueurs de la terre*—"conqueror of the conquerors of earth," and do more to bless the world, and make it truly happy, than all political institutions, fiscal agencies, and merely intellectual educations.

Surely this is a mission exalted. Let no woman despise it, though it exclude her from the senator's seat and the chair of state. Let her rather remember that she honors herself more, glorifies her God better, and elevates her race higher, by adorning the sphere which her very physical organization prescribes. Never will she be improved in her nature, elevated in her influence, happier in her own spirit, or more potent in effecting the happiness of the world, by aiming at the proper dignities of *man*, throwing herself out upon the arena of public life, meddling and mingling in its chafings and chances. Ah no! let us still hope that woman will have good sense enough to discern the wisdom of God in her proper relation, and that man shall still and ever have the privilege and the joy of admiring and loving her as gentle, retiring, delicate, yet influential *woman*.

THE TOWN-HO'S STORY.*

BY HERMAN MELVILLE.

THE Cape of Good Hope, and all the watery region round about there, is much like some noted four corners of a great highway, where you meet more travelers than in any other part.

It was not very long after speaking the Goney that another homeward-bound whaler, the Town-Ho, was encountered. She was manned almost wholly by Polynesians. In the short gam that ensued she gave us strong news of Moby Dick. To some the general interest in the White Whale was now wildly heightened by a circumstance of the Town-Ho's story, which seemed obscurely to involve with the whale a certain wondrous, inverted visitation of one of those so called judgments of God which at times are said to overtake some men. This latter circumstance, with its own particular accompaniments, forming what may be called the secret part of the tragedy about to be narrated, never reached the ears of Captain Ahab or his mates. For that secret part of the story was unknown to the captain of the Town-Ho himself. It was the private property of three confederate white seamen of that ship, one of whom, it seems, communicated it to Tashtego with Romish injunctions of secrecy, but the following night Tashtego rambled in his sleep, and revealed so much of it in that way, that when he was awakened he could not well withhold the rest. Nevertheless, so potent an influence did this thing have on those seamen in the Pequod who came to the full knowledge of it, and by such a strange delicacy, to call it so, were they governed in this matter, that they kept the secret among themselves so that it never transpired abaft the Pequod's mainmast. Interweaving in its proper place this darker thread with the story as publicly narrated on the ship, the whole of this strange affair I now proceed to put on lasting record.

For my humor's sake, I shall preserve the style in which I once narrated it at Lima, to a lounging circle of my Spanish friends, one saint's eve, smoking upon the thick-gilt tiled piazza of the Golden Inn. Of those fine cavaliers, the young Dons, Pedro and Sebastian, were on the closer terms with me; and hence the interluding questions they occasionally put, and which are duly answered at the time.

"Some two years prior to my first learning the events which I am about rehearsing to you, gentlemen, the Town-Ho, Sperm Whaler of Nantucket, was cruising in your Pacific here, not very many days' sail eastward from the eaves of this good Golden Inn. She was somewhere to the northward of the Line. One morning upon handling the pumps, according to daily usage, it was observed that she made more water in her hold than common. They supposed a sword-fish had stabbed her, gentlemen. But the captain, having some unusual reason for believing

that rare good luck awaited him in those latitudes; and therefore being very averse to quit them, and the leak not being then considered at all dangerous, though, indeed, they could not find it after searching the hold as low down as was possible in rather heavy weather, the ship still continued her cruising, the mariners working at the pumps at wide and easy intervals; but no good luck came; more days went by, and not only was the leak yet undiscovered, but it sensibly increased. So much so, that now taking some alarm, the captain, making all sail, stood away for the nearest harbor among the islands, there to have his hull hove out and repaired.

"Though no small passage was before her, yet, if the commonest chance favored, he did not at all fear that his ship would founder by the way, because his pumps were of the best, and being periodically relieved at them, those six-and-thirty men of his could easily keep the ship free; never mind if the leak should double on her. In truth, well nigh the whole of this passage being attended by very prosperous breezes, the Town-Ho had all but certainly arrived in perfect safety at her port without the occurrence of the least fatality, had it not been for the brutal overbearing of Radney, the mate, a Vineyarder, and the bitterly provoked vengeance of Steelkilt, a Lakeman and desperado from Buffalo.

"'Lakeman!—Buffalo! Pray, what is a Lakeman, and where is Buffalo?' said Don Sebastian, rising in his swinging mat of grass.

"On the eastern shore of our Lake Erie, Don; but—I crave your courtesy—may be, you shall soon hear further of all that. Now, gentlemen, in square-sail brigs and three-masted ships, well nigh as large and stout as any that ever sailed out of your old Callao to far Manilla; this Lakeman, in the land-locked heart of our America, had yet been nurtured by all those agrarian free-booting impressions popularly connected with the open ocean. For in their interflowing aggregate, those grand fresh-water seas of ours—Erie, and Ontario, and Huron, and Superior, and Michigan—possess an ocean-like expansiveness, with many of the ocean's noblest traits; with many of its rimmed varieties of races and of climes. They contain round archipelagoes of romantic isles, even as the Polynesian waters do; in large part, are shored by two great contrasting nations, as the Atlantic is; they furnish long maritime approaches to our numerous territorial colonies from the East, dotted all round their banks; here and there are frowned upon by batteries, and by the goat-like craggy guns of lofty Mackinaw; they have heard the fleet thunderings of naval victories; at intervals, they yield their beaches to wild barbarians, whose red painted faces flash from out their peltry wigwams; for leagues and leagues are flanked by ancient and unentered forests, where the gaunt pines stand like serried lines of kings in Gothic genealogies; those same woods harboring wild Afric beasts of prey, and silken creatures whose exported furs give robes to Tartar Emperors; they mirror the paved capitals of Buffalo and Cleveland, as well as Winnebago

* From "THE WHALE." The title of a new work by Mr. Melville, in the press of Harper and Brothers, and now publishing in London by Mr. Bentley.

villages; they float alike the full-rigged merchant ship, the armed cruiser of the State, the steamer, and the beech canoe; they are swept by Borean and dismasting blasts as direful as any that lash the salted wave; they know what shipwrecks are, for out of sight of land, however inland, they have drowned full many a midnight ship with all its shrieking crew. Thus, gentlemen, though an inlander, Steelkilt was wild-ocean born, and wild-ocean nurtured; as much of an audacious mariner as any. And for Radney, though in his infancy he may have laid him down on the lone Nantucket beach, to nurse at his maternal sea; though in after life he had long followed our austere Atlantic and your contemplative Pacific; yet was he quite as vengeful and full of social quarrel as the backwoods seaman, fresh from the latitudes of buck-horn handled Bowie-knives. Yet was this Nantucketer a man with some good-hearted traits; and this Lakeman, a mariner, who though a sort of devil indeed, might yet by inflexible firmness, only tempered by that common decency of human recognition which is the meanest slave's right; thus treated, this Steelkilt had long been retained harmless and docile. At all events, he had proved so thus far; but Radney was doomed and made mad, and Steelkilt—but, gentlemen, you shall hear.

"It was not more than a day or two at the furthest after pointing her prow for her island haven, that the Town-Ho's leak seemed again increasing, but only so as to require an hour or more at the pumps every day. You must know that in a settled and civilized ocean like our Atlantic, for example, some skippers think little of pumping their whole way across it; though of a still, sleepy night, should the officer of the deck happen to forget his duty in that respect, the probability would be that he and his shipmates would never again remember it, on account of all hands gently subsiding to the bottom. Nor in the solitary and savage seas far from you to the westward, gentlemen, is it altogether unusual for ships to keep clanging at their pump-handles in full chorus even for a voyage of considerable length; that is, if it lie along a tolerably accessible coast, or if any other reasonable retreat is afforded them. It is only when a leaky vessel is in some very out of the way part of those waters, some really landless latitude, that her captain begins to feel a little anxious.

"Much this way had it been with the Town-Ho; so when her leak was found gaining once more, there was in truth some small concern manifested by several of her company; especially by Radney the mate. He commanded the upper sails to be well hoisted, sheeted home anew, and every way expanded to the breeze. Now this Radney, I suppose, was as little of a coward, and as little inclined to any sort of nervous apprehensiveness touching his own person as any fearless, unthinking creature on land or on sea that you can conveniently imagine, gentlemen. Therefore when he betrayed this solicitude about the safety of the ship, some of the seamen declared that it was only on account of his being

a part owner in her. So when they were working that evening at the pumps, there was on this head no small gamesomeness slyly going on among them, as they stood with their feet continually overflowed by the rippling clear water; clear as any mountain spring, gentlemen—that bubbling from the pumps ran across the deck, and poured itself out in steady spouts at the lee scupper-holes.

"Now, as you well know, it is not seldom the case in this conventional world of ours—watery or otherwise; that when a person placed in command over his fellow-men finds one of them to be very significantly his superior in general pride of manhood, straightway against that man he conceives an unconquerable dislike and bitterness; and if he have a chance he will pull down and pulverize that subaltern's tower, and make a little heap of dust of it. Be this conceit of mine as it may, gentlemen, at all events Steelkilt was a tall and noble animal with a head like a Roman, and a flowing golden beard like the tasseled housings of your last viceroy's snorting charger; and a brain, and a heart, and a soul in him, gentlemen, which had made Steelkilt Charlemagne, had he been born son to Charlemagne's father. But Radney, the mate, was ugly as a mule; yet as hardy, as stubborn, as malicious. He did not love Steelkilt, and Steelkilt knew it.

"Espying the mate drawing near as he was toiling at the pump with the rest, the Lakeman affected not to notice him, but unawed, went on with his gay banterings.

"Ay, ay, my merry lads, it's a lively leak this; hold a cannikin, one of ye, and let's have a taste. By the Lord, it's worth bottling! I tell ye what, men, old Rad's investment must go for it! he had best cut away his part of the hull and tow it home. The fact is, boys, that sword-fish only began the job; he's come back again with a gang of ship-carpenters, saw-fish, and file-fish, and what not; and the whole posse of 'em are now hard at work cutting and slashing at the bottom; making improvements, I suppose. If old Rad were here now, I'd tell him to jump overboard and scatter 'em. They're playing the devil with his estate, I can tell him. But he's a simple old soul—Rad, and a beauty, too. Boys, they say the rest of his property is invested in looking-glasses. I wonder if he'd give a poor devil like me the model of his nose.'

"'Damn your eyes! what's that pump stopping for?' roared Radney, pretending not to have heard the sailors' talk. 'Thunder away at it!'

"'Ay, ay, sir,' said Steelkilt, merry as a cricket. 'Lively, boys, lively, now! And with that the pump clanged like fifty fire-engines; the men tossed their hats off to it, and ere long that peculiar gasping of the lungs was heard which denotes the fullest tension of life's utmost energies.

"Quitting the pump at last, with the rest of his band, the Lakeman went forward all panting, and sat himself down on the windlass; his face fiery red, his eyes bloodshot, and wiping the profuse sweat from his brow. Now what cozening

fiend it was, gentlemen, that possessed Radney to meddle with such a man in that corporeally exasperated state, I know not; but so it happened. Intolerably striding along the deck, the mate commanded him to get a broom and sweep down the planks, and also a shovel, and remove some offensive matters consequent upon allowing a pig to run at large.

"Now, gentlemen, sweeping a ship's deck at sea is a piece of household work which in all times but raging gales is regularly attended to every evening; it has been known to be done in the case of ships actually foundering at the time. Such, gentlemen, is the inflexibility of sea-usages and the instinctive love of neatness in seamen; some of whom would not willingly drown without first washing their faces. But in all vessels this broom business is the prescriptive province of the boys, if boys there be aboard. Besides, it was the stronger men in the Town-Ho that had been divided into gangs, taking turns at the pumps; and being the most athletic seaman of them all, Steelkilt had been regularly assigned captain of one of the gangs; consequently he should have been freed from any trivial business not connected with truly nautical duties, such being the case with his comrades. I mention all these particulars so that you may understand exactly how this affair stood between the two men.

"But there was more than this: the order about the shovel was almost as plainly meant to sting and insult Steelkilt, as though Radney had spat in his face. Any man who has gone sailor in a whale-ship will understand this; and all this and doubtless much more, the Lakeman fully comprehended when the mate uttered his command. But as he sat still for a moment, and as he steadfastly looked into the mate's malignant eye and perceived the stacks of powder-casks heaped up in him and the slow match silently burning along toward them; as he instinctively saw all this, that strange forbearance and unwillingness to stir up the deeper passionateness in any already ireful being—a repugnance most felt, when felt at all, by really valiant men even when aggrieved—this nameless phantom feeling, gentlemen, stole over Steelkilt.

"Therefore, in his ordinary tone, only a little broken by the bodily exhaustion he was temporarily in, he answered him, saying that sweeping the deck was not his business, and he would not do it. And then, without at all alluding to the shovel, he pointed to three lads as the customary sweepers; who, not being billeted at the pumps, had done little or nothing all day. To this, Radney replied with an oath, in a most domineering and outrageous manner unconditionally reiterating his command; meanwhile advancing upon the still seated Lakeman, with an uplifted cooper's club hammer which he had snatched from a cask near by.

"Heated and irritated as he was by his spasmodic toil at the pumps, for all his first nameless feeling of forbearance the sweating Steelkilt could but ill brook this bearing in the mate; but somehow still smothering the conflagration with-

in him, without speaking he remained doggedly rooted to his seat, till at last the incensed Radney shook the hammer within a few inches of his face, furiously commanding him to do his bidding.

"Steelkilt rose, and slowly retreating round the windlass, steadily followed by the mate with his menacing hammer, deliberately repeated his intention not to obey. Seeing, however, that his forbearance had not the slightest effect, by an awful and unspeakable intimation with his twisted hand he warned off the foolish and infatuated man; but it was to no purpose. And in this way the two went once slowly round the windlass; when, resolved at last no longer to retreat, bethinking him that he had now forborne as much as comported with his humor, the Lakeman paused on the hatches and thus spoke to the officer:

"'Mr. Radney, I will not obey you. Take that hammer away, or look to yourself.' But the predestinated mate coming still closer to him, where the Lakeman stood fixed, now shook the heavy hammer within an inch of his teeth; meanwhile repeating a string of insufferable maledictions. Retreating not the thousandth part of an inch; stabbing him in the eye with the unflinching poniard of his glance, Steelkilt, clenching his right hand behind him and creepingly drawing it back, told his persecutor that if the hammer but grazed his cheek he (Steelkilt) would murder him. But, gentlemen, the fool had been branded for the slaughter by the gods. Immediately the hammer touched the cheek; the next instant the lower jaw of the mate was stove in his head; he fell on the hatch spouting blood like a whale.

"Ere the cry could go aft Steelkilt was shaking one of the backstays leading far aloft to where two of his comrades were standing their mast-heads. They were both Canalers.

"'Canalers!' cried Don Pedro. 'We have seen many whaleships in our harbors, but never heard of your Canalers. Pardon: who and what are they?'

"Canalers, Don, are the boatmen belonging to our grand Erie Canal. You must have heard of it.

"'Nay, Senor; hereabouts in this dull, warm, most lazy, and hereditary land, we know but little of your vigorous North.'

"Ay! Well, then, Don, refill my cup. Your chicha's very fine; and, ere proceeding further I will tell you what our Canalers are; for such information may throw side-light upon my story.

"For three hundred and sixty miles, gentlemen, through the entire breadth of the state of New York; through numerous populous cities and most thriving villages; through long, dismal, uninhabited swamps, and affluent, cultivated fields, unrivaled for fertility; by billiard-room and bar room; through the holy-of-holies of great forests; on Roman arches over Indian rivers; through sun and shade; by happy hearts or broken; through all the wide contrasting scenery of those noble Mohawk counties; and especially by rows

of snow-white chapels, whose spires stand almost like milestones, flows one continual stream of Venetianly corrupt and often lawless life. There's your true Ashantee, gentlemen; there howl your pagans; where you ever find them, next door to you; under the long-flung shadow, and the snug patronizing lee of churches. For by some curious fatality, as it is often noted of your metropolitan freebooters that they ever encamp around the halls of justice, so sinners, gentlemen, most abound in holiest vicinities.

"Is that a friar passing?" said Don Pedro, looking downward into the crowded plaza, with humorous concern.

"Well for our northern friend, Dame Isabel's Inquisition wanes in Lima," laughed Don Sebastian. "Proceed, *Senor*."

"A moment! Pardon!" cried another of the company. "In the name of all us Limeese, I but desire to express to you, sir sailor, that we have by no means overlooked your delicacy in not substituting present Lima for distant Venice in your corrupt comparison. Oh! do not bow and look surprised; you know the proverb all along this coast—"Corrupt as Lima." It but bears out your saying, too; churches more plentiful than billiard-tables, and forever open—and "Corrupt as Lima." So, too, Venice; I have been there; the holy city of the blessed evangelist, St. Mark!—St. Dominic, purge it! Your cup! Thanks: here I refill; now, you pour out again."

"Freely depicted in his own vocation, gentlemen, the Canaler would make a fine dramatic hero, so abundantly and picturesquely wicked is he. Like Mark Antony, for days and days along his green-turfed, flowery Nile, he indolently floats, openly toying with his red-cheeked Cleopatra, ripening his apricot thigh upon the sunny deck. But ashore, all this effeminacy is dashed. The brigandish guise which the Canaler so proudly sports; his slouched and gayly-ribboned hat betoken his grand features. A terror to the smiling innocence of the villages through which he floats; his swart visage and bold swagger are not unshunned in cities. Once a vagabond on his own canal, I have received good turns from one of those Canalers; I thank him heartily; would fain be not ungrateful; but it is often one of the prime redeeming qualities of your man of violence, that at times he has as stiff an arm to back a poor stranger in a strait, as to plunder a wealthy one. In sum, gentlemen, what the wildness of this canal life is, is emphatically evinced by this; that our wild whale-fishery contains so many of its most finished graduates, and that scarce any race of mankind, except Sydney men, are so much distrusted by our whaling captains. Nor does it at all diminish the curiousness of this matter, that to many thousands of our rural boys and young men born along its line, the probationary life of the Grand Canal furnishes the sole transition between quietly reaping in a Christian corn-field, and recklessly ploughing the waters of the most barbaric seas."

"I see! I see!" impetuously exclaimed Don

Pedro, spilling his chicha upon his silvery ruffles. "No need to travel! The world's one Lima. I had thought, now, that at your temperate North the generations were cold and holy as the hills. But the story."

"I left off, gentlemen, where the Lakeman shook the backstay. Hardly had he done so, when he was surrounded by the three junior mates and the four harpooners, who all crowded him to the deck. But sliding down the ropes like baleful comets, the two Canalers rushed into the uproar, and sought to drag their man out of it toward the fore-castle. Others of the sailors joined with them in this attempt, and a twisted turmoil ensued; while standing out of harm's way, the valiant captain danced up and down with a whale-pike, calling upon his officers to manhandle that atrocious scoundrel, and smoke him along to the quarter-deck. At intervals, he ran close up to the revolving border of the confusion, and prying into the heart of it with his pike, sought to prick out the object of his resentment. But Steelkilt and his desperadoes were too much for them all; they succeeded in gaining the fore-castle deck, where, hastily slewing about three or four large casks in a line with the windlass, these sea-Parisians entrenched themselves behind the barricade."

"Come out of that, ye pirates!" roared the captain, now menacing them with a pistol in each hand, just brought to him by the steward. "Come out of that, ye cut-throats!"

"Steelkilt leaped on the barricade, and striding up and down there, defied the worst the pistols could do; but gave the captain to understand distinctly, that his (Steelkilt's) death would be the signal for a murderous mutiny on the part of all hands. Fearing in his heart lest this might prove but too true, the captain a little desisted, but still commanded the insurgents instantly to return to their duty.

"Will you promise not to touch us, if we do?" demanded their ringleader.

"Turn to! turn to!—I make no promise; to your duty! Do you want to sink the ship, by knocking off at a time like this? Turn to!" and he once more raised a pistol.

"Sink the ship?" cried Steelkilt. "Ay, let her sink. Not a man of us turns to, unless you swear not to raise a rope-yarn against us. What say ye, men?" turning to his comrades. A fierce cheer was their response.

"The Lakeman now patrolled the barricade, all the while keeping his eye on the Captain, and jerking out such sentences as these: 'It's not our fault; we didn't want it; I told him to take his hammer away; it was boys' business: he might have known me before this; I told him not to prick the buffalo; I believe I have broken a finger here against his cursed jaw; ain't those mincing knives down in the fore-castle there, men? look to those handspikes, my hearties Captain, by God, look to yourself; say the word; don't be a fool; forget it all; we are ready to turn to; treat us decently, and we're your men; but we won't be flogged.'"

"'Turn to! I make no promises: turn to, I say!'"

"'Look ya, now,' cried the Lakeman, flinging out his arm toward him, 'there are a few of us here (and I am one of them) who have shipped for the cruise, d'ye see; now as you well know, sir, we can claim our discharge as soon as the anchor is down; so we don't want a row; it's not our interest; we want to be peaceable; we are ready to work, but we won't be flogged.'"

"'Turn to!' roared the Captain.

"Steelkilt glanced round him a moment, and then said: 'I tell you what it is now, Captain, rather than kill ye, and be hung for such a shabby rascal, we won't lift a hand against ye unless ye attack us; but till you say the word about not flogging us, we don't do a hand's turn.'"

"'Down into the forecastle then, down with ye, I'll keep ye there till ye're sick of it. Down ye go.'"

"'Shall we?' cried the ringleader to his men. Most of them were against it; but at length, in obedience to Steelkilt, they preceded him down into their dark den, growlingly disappearing like bears into a cave.

"As the Lakeman's bare head was just level with the planks, the Captain and his posse leaped the barricade, and rapidly drawing over the slide of the scuttle, planted their group of hands upon it, and loudly called for the steward to bring the heavy brass padlock belonging to the companion-way. Then opening the slide a little, the Captain whispered something down the crack, closed it, and turned the key upon them—ten in number—leaving on deck some twenty or more, who thus far had remained neutral.

"All night a wide-awake watch was kept by all the officers, forward and aft, especially about the forecastle scuttle and fore hatchway; at which last place it was feared the insurgents might emerge, after breaking through the bulk-head below. But the hours of darkness passed in peace; the men who still remained at their duty toiling hard at the pumps, whose clinking and clanking at intervals through the dreary night dimly resounded through the ship.

"At sunrise the Captain went forward, and knocking on the deck summoned the prisoners to work; but with a yell they refused. Water was then lowered down to them, and a couple of handfuls of biscuit were tossed after it; when again turning the key upon them and pocketing it, the Captain returned to the quarter-deck. Twice every day for three days this was repeated; but on the fourth morning a confused wrangling, and then a scuffling was heard, as the customary summons was delivered; and suddenly four men burst up from the forecastle, saying they were ready to turn to. The fetid closeness of the air, and a famishing diet, united perhaps to some fears of ultimate retribution, had constrained them to surrender at discretion. Emboldened by this, the Captain reiterated his demand to the rest, but Steelkilt shouted up to him a terrific hint to stop his babbling and betake himself where he belonged. On the fifth

morning three others of the mutineers bolted up into the air from the desperate arms below that sought to restrain them. Only three were left.

"'Better turn to, now?' said the Captain with a heartless jeer.

"'Shut us up again, will ye!' cried Steelkilt.

"'Oh! certainly,' said the Captain, and the key clicked.

"It was at this point, gentlemen, that enraged by the defection of seven of his former associates, and stung by the mocking voice that had last hailed him, and maddened by his long entombment in a place as black as the bowels of despair; it was then that Steelkilt proposed to the two Canalers, thus far apparently of one mind with him, to burst out of their hole at the next summoning of the garrison; and armed with their keen mincing knives (long, crescentic, heavy implements with a handle at each end) run a muck from the bowsprit to the taffrail; and if by any devilishness of desperation possible, seize the ship. For himself, he would do this, he said, whether they joined him or not. That was the last night he should spend in that den. But the scheme met with no opposition on the part of the other two; they swore they were ready for that, or for any other mad thing, for any thing, in short, but a surrender. And what was more, they each insisted upon being the first man on deck, when the time to make the rush should come. But to this their leader as fiercely objected, reserving that priority for himself; particularly as his two comrades would not yield, the one to the other, in the matter; and both of them could not be first, for the ladder would but admit one man at a time. And here, gentlemen, the foul play of these miscreants must come out.

"Upon hearing the frantic project of their leader, each in his own separate soul had suddenly lighted, it would seem, upon the same piece of treachery, namely: to be foremost in breaking out, in order to be the first of the three, though the last of the ten, to surrender; and thereby secure whatever small chance of pardon such conduct might merit. But when Steelkilt made known his determination still to lead them to the last, they in some way, by some subtle chemistry of villainy, mixed their before secret treacheries together; and when their leader fell into a doze, verbally opened their souls to each other in three sentences; and bound the sleeper with cords, and gagged him with cords; and shrieked out for the Captain at midnight.

"Thinking murder at hand, and smelling in the dark for the blood, he and all his armed mates and harpooners rushed for the forecastle. In a few minutes the scuttle was opened, and, bound hand and foot, the still struggling ringleader was shoved up into the air by his perfidious allies, who at once claimed the honor of securing a man who had been fully ripe for murder. But all three were collared, and dragged along the deck like dead cattle; and, side by side, were seized up into the mizen rigging, like three quarters of meat, and there they hung till morning. 'Damn

ye,' cried the Captain, pacing to and fro before them, 'the vultures would not touch ye, ye villains!'

"At sunrise he summoned all hands; and separated those who had rebelled from those who had taken no part in the mutiny, he told the former that he had a good mind to flog them all around—thought, upon the whole, he would do so—he ought to—justice demanded it; but, for the present, considering their timely surrender, he would let them go with a reprimand, which he accordingly administered in the vernacular.

"'But as for you, ye carrion rogues,' turning to the three men in the rigging—'for you, I mean to mince ye up for the try-pots;' and, seizing a rope, he applied it with all his might to the backs of the two traitors, till they yelled no more, but lifelessly hung their head sideways, as the two crucified thieves are drawn.

"'My wrist is sprained with ye!' he cried, at last; 'but there is still rope enough left for you, my fine bantam, that wouldn't give up. Take that gag from his mouth, and let us hear what he can say for himself.'

"For a moment the exhausted mutineer made a tremulous motion of his cramped jaws, and then painfully twisting round his head, said, in a sort of hiss, 'What I say is this—and mind it well—if you flog me, I murder you!'

"'Say ye so? then see how ye frighten me'—and the Captain drew off with the rope to strike.

"'Best not,' hissed the Lakeman.

"'But I must'—and the rope was once more drawn back for the stroke.

"Steelkilt here hissed out something, inaudible to all but the Captain; who, to the amazement of all hands, started back, paced the deck rapidly two or three times, and then suddenly throwing down his rope, said, 'I won't do it—let him go—cut him down: d'ye hear?'

"But as the junior mates were hurrying to execute the order, a pale man, with a bandaged head, arrested them—Radney the chief mate. Ever since the blow, he had lain in his berth; but that morning, hearing the tumult on the deck, he had crept out, and thus far had watched the whole scene. Such was the state of his mouth, that he could hardly speak; but mumbling something about *his* being willing and able to do what the Captain dared not attempt, he snatched the rope and advanced to his pinioned foe.

"'You are a coward!' hissed the Lakeman.

"'So I am, but take that.' The mate was in the very act of striking, when another hiss stayed his uplifted arm. He paused: and then pausing no more, made good his word, spite of Steelkilt's threat, whatever that might have been. The three men were then cut down, all hands were turned to, and, sullenly worked by the moody seamen, the iron pumps clanged as before.

"Just after dark that day, when one watch had retired below, a clamor was heard in the fore-castle; and the two trembling traitors running up, besieged the cabin-door, saying they durst not consort with the crew. Entreaties, cuffs, and kicks could not drive them back, so at

their own instance they were put down in the ship's run for salvation. Still, no sign of mutiny re-appeared among the rest. On the contrary, it seemed, that mainly at Steelkilt's instigation, they had resolved to maintain the strictest peacefulness, obey all orders to the last, and, when the ship reached port, desert her in a body. But in order to insure the speediest end to the voyage, they all agreed to another thing—namely, not to sing out for whales, in case any should be discovered. For, spite of her leak, and spite of all her other perils, the Town-Ho still maintained her mast heads, and her captain was just as willing to lower for a fish that moment, as on the day his craft first struck the cruising-ground, and Radney the mate was quite as ready to change his berth for a boat, and with his bandaged mouth seek to gag in death the vital jaw of the whale.

"But though the Lakeman had induced the seamen to adopt this sort of passiveness in their conduct, he kept his own counsel (at least till all was over) concerning his own proper and private revenge upon the man who had stung him in the ventricles of his heart. He was in Radney the chief-mate's watch; and as if the infatuated man sought to run more than half way to meet his doom, after the scene at the rigging, he insisted, against the express counsel of the captain, upon resuming the head of his watch at night. Upon this, and one or two other circumstances, Steelkilt systematically built the plan of his revenge.

"During the night, Radney had an unseaman-like way of sitting on the bulwarks of the quarter-deck, and leaning his arm upon the gunwale of the boat which was hoisted up there, a little above the ship's side. In this attitude, it was well known, he sometimes dozed. There was a considerable vacancy between the boat and the ship, and down between this was the sea. Steelkilt calculated his time, and found that his next trick at the helm would come round at two o'clock, in the morning of the third day from that in which he had been betrayed. At his leisure, he employed the interval in braiding something very carefully in his watches below.

"'What are you making there?' said a shipmate.

"'What do you think? what does it look like?'

"'Like a lanyard for your bag; but it's an odd one, seems to me.'

"'Yes, rather oddish,' said the Lakeman, holding it at arm's length before him; 'but I think it will answer. Shipmate, I haven't enough twine—have you any?'

"'But there was none in the fore-castle.

"'Then I must get some from old Rad,' and he rose to go aft.

"'You don't mean to go a-begging to *him*!' said a sailor.

"'Why not? Do you think he won't do me a turn, when it's to help himself in the end, shipmate?' and going to the mate, he looked at him quietly, and asked him for some twine to mend his hammock. It was given him—neither twine nor lanyard was seen again; but the next night an iron ball, closely netted, partly rolled from the

pocket of the Lakeman's monkey-jacket, as he was tucking the coat into his hammock for a pillow. Twenty-four hours after, his trick at the silent helm—nigh to the man who was apt to doze over the grave always ready dug to the seaman's hand—that fatal hour was then to come; and in the fore-ordaining soul of Steelkilt, the mate was already stark and stretched as a corpse, with his forehead crushed in.

"But, gentlemen, a fool saved the would-be murderer from the bloody deed he had planned. Yet complete revenge he had, and without being the avenger. For by a mysterious fatality, Heaven itself seemed to step in to take out of his hands into its own the damning thing he would have done.

"It was just between daybreak and sunrise of the morning of the second day, when they were washing down the decks, that a stupid Teneriffe man, drawing water in the main-chains, all at once shouted out, 'There she rolls! there she rolls! Jesu! what a whale!' It was Moby Dick.

"'Moby Dick!' cried Don Sebastian; 'St. Dominic! Sir sailor, but do whales have christenings? Whom call you Moby Dick?'

"A very white, and famous, and most deadly immortal monster, Don; but that would be too long a story.

"'How? how?' cried all the young Spaniards, crowding.

"Nay, Dons, Dons—nay, nay! I can not rehearse that now. Let me get more into the air, sirs.

"'The chicha! the chicha!' cried Don Pedro; 'our vigorous friend looks faint; fill up his empty glass!'

"No need, gentlemen; one moment, and I proceed. Now, gentlemen, so suddenly perceiving the snowy whale within fifty yards of the ship—forgetful of the compact among the crew—in the excitement of the moment, the Teneriffe man had instinctively and involuntarily lifted his voice for the monster, though for some little time past it had been plainly beheld from the three sullen mast-heads. All was now a frenzy. 'The White Whale—the White Whale!' was the cry from captain, mates, and harpooners, who, undeterred by fearful rumors, were all anxious to capture so famous and precious a fish; while the dogged crew eyed askance, and with curses, the appalling beauty of the vast milky mass, that lit up by a horizontal spangling sun, shifted and glistened like a living opal in the blue morning sea. Gentlemen, a strange fatality pervades the whole career of these events, as if verily mapped out before the world itself was charted. The mutineer was the bowsman of the mate, and when fast to a fish, it was his duty to sit next him, while Radney stood up with his lance in the prow, and haul in or slacken the line, at the word of command. Moreover, when the four boats were lowered, the mate's got the start; and none howled more fiercely with delight than did Steelkilt, as he strained at his oar. After a stiff pull, their harpooner got fast, and, spear in hand, Radney sprang to the bow. He was always a furious

man, it seems, in a boat. And now his bandaged cry was, to beach him on the whale's topmost back. Nothing loath, his bowsman hauled him up and up, through a blinding foam that blent two whitenesses together; till of a sudden the boat struck as against a sunken ledge, and keeling over, spilled out the standing mate. That instant, as he fell on the whale's slippery back, the boat righted, and was dashed aside by the swell, while Radney was tossed over into the sea, on the other flank of the whale. He struck out through the spray, and, for an instant, was dimly seen through that veil, wildly seeking to remove himself from the eye of Moby Dick. But the whale rushed round in a sudden maelstrom, seized the swimmer between his jaws; and rearing high up with him, plunged headlong again, and went down.

"Meantime, at the first tap of the boat's bottom, the Lakeman had slackened the line, so as to drop astern from the whirlpool; calmly looking on, he thought his own thoughts. But a sudden, terrific, downward jerking of the boat, quickly brought his knife to the line. He cut it; and the whale was free. But, at some distance, Moby Dick rose again, with some tatters of Radney's red woolen shirt, caught in the teeth that had destroyed him. All four boats gave chase again; but the whale eluded them, and, finally, wholly disappeared.

"In good time, the Town-Ho reached her port—a savage, solitary place—where no civilized creature resided. There, headed by the Lakeman, all but five or six of the foremast-men deliberately deserted among the palms; eventually, as it turned out, seizing a large double war-canoe of the savages, and setting sail for some other harbor.

"The ship's company being reduced to but a handful, the Captain called upon the Islanders to assist him in the laborious business of heaving down the ship to stop the leak. But to such un-resting vigilance over their dangerous allies was this small band of whites necessitated, both by night and by day, and so extreme was the hard work they underwent, that upon the vessel being ready again for sea, they were in such a weakened condition that the captain durst not put off with them in so heavy a vessel. After taking counsel with his officers, he anchored the ship as far off shore as possible; loaded and ran out his two cannon from the bows; stacked his muskets on the poop; and warning the Islanders not to approach the ship at their peril, took one man with him, and setting the sail of his best whale-boat, steered straight before the wind for Tahiti, five hundred miles distant, to procure a reinforcement to his crew.

"On the fourth day of the sail, a large canoe was descried, which seemed to have touched at a low isle of corals. He steered away from it; but the savage craft bore down on him; and soon the voice of Steelkilt hailed him to heave to, or he would run him under water. The captain presented a pistol. With one foot on each prow of the yoked war-canoes, the Lakeman laughed him

to scorn; assuring him that if the pistol so much as clicked in the lock, he would bury him in bubbles and foam.

"What do you want of me?" cried the captain.

"Where are you bound? and for what are you bound?" demanded Steelkilt; 'no lies.'

"I am bound to Tahiti for more men."

"Very good. Let me board you a moment—I come in peace.' With that he leaped from the canoe, swam to the boat; and climbing the gunwale, stood face to face with the captain.

"Cross your arm, sir; throw back your head. Now, repeat after me. As soon as Steelkilt leaves me, I swear to beach this boat on yonder island, and remain there six days. If I do not, may lightnings strike me!"

"A pretty scholar," laughed the Lakeman. 'Adios, Senor!' and leaping into the sea, he swam back to his comrades.

"Watching the boat till it was fairly beached, and drawn up to the roots of the cocoa-nut trees, Steelkilt made sail again, and in due time arrived at Tahiti, his own place of destination. There, luck befriended him; two ships were about to sail for France, and were providentially in want of precisely that number of men which the sailor headed. They embarked; and so forever got the start of their former captain, had he been at all minded to work them legal retribution.

"Some ten days after the French ships sailed, the whale-boat arrived, and the captain was forced to enlist some of the more civilized Tahitians, who had been somewhat used to the sea. Chartering a small native schooner, he returned with them to his vessel; and finding all right there, again resumed his cruising.

"Where Steelkilt now is, gentlemen, none know; but upon the island of Nantucket, the widow of Radney still turns to the sea which refuses to give up its dead; still in dreams sees the awful white whale that destroyed him. . . .

"Are you through?" said Don Sebastian, quietly.

"I am, Don.

"Then I entreat you, tell me if to the best of your own convictions, this your story is, in substance, really true? It is so passing wonderful! Did you get it from an unquestionable source? Bear with me if I seem to press."

"Also bear with all of us, sir sailor; for we all join in Don Sebastian's suit," cried the company, with exceeding interest.

"Is there a copy of the Holy Evangelists in the Golden Inn, gentlemen?"

"Nay," said Don Sebastian; 'but I know a worthy priest near by, who will quickly procure one for me. I go for it; but are you well advised? this may grow too serious.'

"Will you be so good as to bring the priest also, Don?"

"Though there are no Auto-da-Fés in Lima now," said one of the company to another; 'I fear our sailor friend runs risk of the archiepiscopacy. Let us withdraw more out of the moonlight. I see no need of this.'

"Excuse me for running after you, Don Sebastian; but may I also beg that you will be particular in procuring the largest sized Evangelists you can.

"This is the priest; he brings you the Evangelists," said Don Sebastian, gravely, returning with a tall and solemn figure.

"Let me remove my hat. Now, venerable priest, further into the light, and hold the Holy Book before me that I may touch it.

"So help me Heaven, and on my honor, the story I have told ye, gentlemen, is, in substance and its great items, true. I know it to be true; it happened on this ball; I trod the ship; I knew the crew; I have seen and talked with Steelkilt since the death of Radney."

MY NOVEL, OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.*

BOOK VII.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

"WHAT is courage?" said my uncle Roland, rousing himself from a reverie into which he had fallen after the Sixth Book in this history had been read to our family circle.

"What is courage?" he repeated more earnestly. "Is it insensibility to fear? *That* may be the mere accident of constitution; and, if so, there is no more merit in being courageous than in being this table."

"I am very glad to hear you speak thus," observed Mr. Caxton, "for I should not like to consider myself a coward; yet I am very sensible to fear in all dangers, bodily and moral."

"La, Austin, how can you say so?" cried my mother, firing up; "was it not only last week that you faced the great bull that was rushing after Blanche and the children?"

Blanche at that recollection stole to my father's chair, and, hanging over his shoulder kissed his forehead.

MR. CAXTON (sublimely unmoved by these flatteries).—"I don't deny that I faced the bull, but I assert that I was horribly frightened."

ROLAND.—"The sense of honor which conquers fear is the true courage of chivalry: you could not run away when others were looking on—no gentleman could."

MR. CAXTON.—"Fiddledee! It was not on my gentility that I stood, Captain. I should have run fast enough, if it had done any good. I stood upon my understanding. As the bull could run faster than I could, the only chance of escape was to make the brute as frightened as myself."

BLANCHE.—"Ah, you did not think of that; your only thought was to save me and the children."

MR. CAXTON.—"Possibly, my dear—very possibly I might have been afraid for you too—but I was very much afraid for myself. However, luckily I had the umbrella, and I sprang it up and spread it forth in the animal's stupid eyes, hurling at him simultaneously the biggest lines I could think of in the First Chorus of the 'Seven against Thebes.' I began with ELEDEMNAS

PEDIOPLOKTUPOS; and when I came to the grand howl of *lō, lō, lō, lō*—the beast stood appalled as at the roar of a lion. I shall never forget his amazed snort at the Greek. Then he kicked up his hind legs, and went bolt through the gap in the hedge. Thus, armed with Æschylus and the umbrella, I remained master of the field; but (continued Mr. Caxton, ingenuously), I should not like to go through that half minute again."

"No man would," said the Captain, kindly. "I should be very sorry to face a bull myself, even with a bigger umbrella than yours, and even though I had Æschylus, and Homer to boot, at my fingers' ends."

MR. CAXTON.—"You would not have minded if it had been a Frenchman with a sword in his hand?"

CAPTAIN.—"Of course not. Rather liked it than otherwise," he added, grimly.

MR. CAXTON.—"Yet many a Spanish matador, who doesn't care a button for a bull, would take to his heels at the first lunge *en carte* from a Frenchman. Therefore, in fact, if courage be a matter of constitution, it is also a matter of custom. We face calmly the dangers we are habituated to, and recoil from those of which we have no familiar experience. I doubt if Marshal Turenne himself would have been quite at his ease on the tight rope; and a rope-dancer, who seems disposed to scale the heavens with Titanic temerity, might possibly object to charge on a cannon."

CAPTAIN ROLAND.—"Still, either this is not the courage I mean, or there is another kind of it. I mean by courage that which is the especial force and dignity of the human character, without which there is no reliance on principle, no constancy in virtue—a something," continued my uncle, gallantly, and with a half bow toward my mother, "which your sex shares with our own. When the lover, for instance, clasps the hand of his betrothed, and says, 'Wilt thou be true to me, in spite of absence and time, in spite of hazard and fortune, though my foes malign me, though thy friends may dissuade thee, and our lot in life may be rough and rude?' and when the betrothed answers, 'I will be true,' does not the lover trust to her courage as well as her love?"

"Admirably put, Roland," said my father. "But *apropos* of what do you puzzle us with these queries on courage?"

CAPTAIN ROLAND (with a slight blush).—"I was led to the inquiry (though, perhaps, it may be frivolous to take so much thought of what, no doubt, costs Pisistratus so little), by the last chapters in my nephew's story. I see this poor boy, Leonard, alone with his fallen hopes (though very irrational they were), and his sense of shame. And I read his heart, I dare say, better than Pisistratus does, for I could feel like that boy if I had been in the same position; and, conjecturing what he and thousands like him must go through, I asked myself, 'What can save him and them?' I answered, as a soldier would answer, 'Courage!' Very well. But pray, Austin, what is courage?"

MR. CAXTON (prudently backing out of a reply).—"Papa! Brother, since you have just complimented the ladies on that quality, you had better address your question to them."

Blanche here leant both hands on my father's chair, and said, looking down at first bashfully, but afterward warming with the subject, "Do you not think, sir, that little Helen has already suggested, if not what is courage, what at least is the real essence of all courage that endures and conquers, that ennobles, and hallows, and redeems? Is it not PATIENCE, father?—and that is why we women have a courage of our own. Patience does not affect to be superior to fear, but at least it never admits despair."

PISISTRATUS.—"Kiss me, my Blanche, for you have come near to the truth which perplexed the soldier and puzzled the sage."

MR. CAXTON (tartly).—"If you mean me by the sage, I was not puzzled at all. Heaven knows you do right to inculcate patience—it is a virtue very much required in your readers. Nevertheless," added my father, softening with the enjoyment of his joke—"nevertheless, Blanche and Helen are quite right. Patience is the courage of the conqueror; it is the virtue, *par excellence*, of Man against Destiny—of the One against the World, and of the Soul against Matter. Therefore this is the courage of the Gospel; and its importance, in a social view—its importance to races and institutions—can not be too earnestly included. What is it that distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon from all other branches of the human family, peoples deserts with his children, and consigns to them the heritage of rising worlds? What but his faculty to brave, to suffer, to endure—the patience that resists firmly, and innovates slowly. Compare him with the Frenchman. The Frenchman has plenty of valor—that there is no denying; but as for fortitude, he has not enough to cover the point of a pin. He is ready to rush out of the world if he is bit by a flea."

CAPTAIN ROLAND.—"There was a case in the papers the other day, Austin, of a Frenchman who actually did destroy himself because he was so teased by the little creatures you speak of. He left a paper on his table, saying that 'life was not worth having at the price of such torments.' " *

MR. CAXTON (solemnly).—"Sir, their whole political history, since the great meeting of the Tiers Etat, has been the history of men who would rather go to the devil than be bit by a flea. It is the record of human impatience, that seeks to force time, and expects to grow forests from the spawn of a mushroom. Wherefore,

* Fact. In a work by M. GIBERT, a celebrated French physician, on diseases of the skin, he states that that minute troublesome kind of rash, known by the name of *prurigo*, though not dangerous in itself, has often driven the individual afflicted by it to—suicide. I believe that our more varying climate, and our more heating drinks and aliments, render the skin complaint more common in England than in France, yet I doubt if any English physician could state that it had ever driven one of his English patients to suicide.

running through all extremes of constitutional experiment, when they are nearest to democracy they are next door to a despot; and all they have really done is to destroy whatever constitutes the foundation of every tolerable government. A constitutional monarchy can not exist without aristocracy, nor a healthful republic endure with corruption of manners. The cry of Equality is incompatible with Civilization, which, of necessity, contrasts poverty with wealth, and, in short, whether it be an emperor or a mob that is to rule, Force is the sole hope of order, and the government is but an army.

"Impress, O Pisistratus! impress the value of patience as regards man and men. You touch there on the kernel of the social system—the secret that fortifies the individual and disciplines the million. I care not, for my part, if you are tedious so long as you are earnest. Be minute and detailed. Let the real human life, in its war with Circumstance, stand out. Never mind if one can read you but slowly—better chance of being less quickly forgotten. Patience, patience! By the soul of Epictetus, your readers shall set you an example!"

CHAPTER II.

LEONARD had written twice to Mrs. Fairfield, twice to Riccabocca, and once to Mr. Dale; and the poor proud boy could not bear to betray his humiliation. He wrote with as cheerful spirits—as if perfectly satisfied with his prospects. He said that he was well employed, in the midst of books, and that he had found kind friends. Then he turned from himself to write about those whom he addressed, and the affairs and interests of the quiet world wherein they lived. He did not give his own address, nor that of Mr. Prickett. He dated his letters from a small coffee-house near the bookseller, to which he occasionally went for his simple meals. He had a motive in this. He did not desire to be found out. Mr. Dale replied for himself and for Mrs. Fairfield, to the epistles addressed to these two. Riccabocca wrote also. Nothing could be more kind than the replies of both. They came to Leonard in a very dark period in his life, and they strengthened him in the noiseless battle with despair.

If there be a good in the world that we do without knowing it, without conjecturing the effect it may have upon a human soul, it is when we show kindness to the young in the first barren footpath up the mountain of life.

Leonard's face resumed its serenity in his intercourse with his employer; but he did not recover his boyish ingenuous frankness. The under-currents flowed again pure from the turbid soil and the splintered fragments upturned from the deep; but they were still too strong and too rapid to allow transparency to the surface. And now he stood in the sublime world of books, still and earnest as a seer who invokes the dead. And thus, face to face with knowledge, hourly he discovered how little he knew. Mr. Prickett

lent him such works as he selected and asked to take home with him. He spent whole nights in reading; and no longer desultorily. He read no more poetry, no more Lives of Poets. He read what poets must read if they desire to be great—*Sapere principium et fons*—strict reasonings on the human mind; the relations between motive and conduct, thought and action; the grave and solemn truths of the past world; antiquities, history, philosophy. He was taken out of himself. He was carried along the ocean of the universe. In that ocean, O seeker, study the law of the tides; and seeing Chance nowhere—Thought presiding over all—Fate, that dread phantom, shall vanish from creation, and Providence alone be visible in heaven and on earth!

CHAPTER III.

THERE was to be a considerable book-sale at a country house one day's journey from London. Mr. Prickett meant to have attended it on his own behalf, and that of several gentlemen who had given him commissions for purchase; but, on the morning fixed for his departure, he was seized with a severe return of his old foe, the rheumatism. He requested Leonard to attend instead of himself. Leonard went, and was absent for the three days during which the sale lasted. He returned late in the evening, and went at once to Mr. Prickett's house. The shop was closed; he knocked at the private entrance; a strange person opened the door to him, and in reply to his question if Mr. Prickett was at home, said with a long and funereal face—"Young man, Mr. Prickett senior has gone to his long home, but Mr. Richard Prickett will see you."

At this moment a very grave-looking man, with lank hair, looked forth from the side-door communicating between the shop and the passage; and then stepped forward—"Come in, sir; you are my late uncle's assistant, Mr. Fairfield, I suppose?"

"Your late uncle! Heavens, sir, do I understand aright—can Mr. Prickett be dead since I left London?"

"Died, sir, suddenly last night. It was an affection of the heart; the doctor thinks the rheumatism attacked that organ. He had small time to provide for his departure, and his account books seem in sad disorder: I am his nephew and executor."

Leonard had now followed the nephew into the shop. There, still burned the gas lamp. The place seemed more dingy and cavernous than before. Death always makes its presence felt in the house it visits.

Leonard was greatly affected—and yet more, perhaps, by the utter want of feeling which the nephew exhibited. In fact, the deceased had not been on friendly terms with this person, his nearest relative and heir-at-law, who was also a bookseller.

"You were engaged but by the week I find, young man, on reference to my late uncle's

papers. He gave you a £1 a week—a monstrous sum! I shall not require your services any further. I shall move these books to my own house. You will be good enough to send me a list of those you bought at the sale, and your account of traveling expenses, &c. What may be due to you shall be sent to your address. Good evening."

Leonard went home, shocked and saddened at the sudden death of his kind employer. He did not think much of himself that night; but, when he rose the next day, he suddenly felt that the world of London lay before him, without a friend, without a calling, without an occupation for bread.

This time it was no fancied sorrow, no poetic dream disappointed. Before him, gaunt and palpable, stood Famine.

Escape!—yes. Back to the village; his mother's cottage; the exile's garden; the radishes and the fount. Why could he not escape? Ask why civilization can not escape its ills and fly back to the wilds and the wigwam?

Leonard could not have returned to the cottage, even if the Famine that faced had already seized him with her skeleton hand. London releases not so readily her fated stepsons.

CHAPTER IV.

One day three persons were standing before an old book-stall in a passage leading from Oxford-street into Tottenham-court-road. Two were gentlemen; the third, of the class and appearance of those who more habitually halt at old book-stalls.

"Look," said one of the gentlemen to the other, "I have discovered here what I have searched for in vain for the last ten years—the Horace of 1580, the Horace of the Forty Commentators—a perfect treasury of learning, and marked only fourteen shillings!"

"Hush, Norreys," said the other, "and observe what is yet more worth your study;" and he pointed to the third bystander, whose face, sharp and attenuated, was bent with an absorbed, and as it were, with a hungering attention over an old worm-eaten volume.

"What is the book, my lord?" whispered Mr. Norreys.

His companion smiled, and replied by another question, "What is the man who reads the book?"

Mr. Norreys moved a few paces, and looked over the student's shoulder. "Preston's translation of BOETHIUS, *The Consolations of Philosophy*," he said, coming back to his friend.

"He looks as if he wanted all the consolations Philosophy can give him, poor boy."

At this moment a fourth passenger paused at the book-stall, and, recognizing the pale student, placed his hand on his shoulder and said, "Aha, young sir, we meet again. So poor Prickett is dead. But you are still haunted by associations. Books—books—magnets to which all iron minds move insensibly. What is this? BOETHIUS! Ah, a book written in prison, but a little time

before the advent of the only philosopher who solves to the simplest understanding every mystery of life—"

"And that philosopher?"

"Is Death!" said Mr. Burley. "How can you be dull enough to ask? Poor Boethius, rich, nobly born, a consul, his sons consuls—the world one smile to the Last Philosopher of Rome. Then suddenly, against this type of the old world's departing wisdom, stands frowning the new world's grim genius, FORCE—Theodoric the Ostrogoth condemning Boethius the Schoolman; and Boethius, in his Pavian dungeon, holding a dialogue with the shade of Athenian Philosophy. It is the finest picture upon which lingers the glimmering of the Western golden day, before night rushes over time."

"And," said Mr. Norreys abruptly, "Boethius comes back to us with the faint gleam of returning light, translated by Alfred the Great. And, again, as the sun of knowledge bursts forth in all its splendor, by Queen Elizabeth. Boethius influences us as we stand in this passage; and that is the best of all the Consolations of Philosophy—eh, Mr. Burley?"

Mr. Burley turned and bowed.

The two men looked at each other; you could not see a greater contrast. Mr. Burley, his gay green dress already shabby and soiled, with a rent in the skirts, and his face speaking of habitual night-cups. Mr. Norreys, neat and somewhat precise in dress, with firm lean figure, and quiet, collected, vigorous energy in his eye and aspect.

"If," replied Mr. Burley, "a poor devil like me may argue with a gentleman who may command his own price with the booksellers, I should say it is no consolation at all Mr. Norreys. And I should like to see any man of sense accept the condition of Boethius in his prison, with some strangler or headsman waiting behind the door, upon the promised proviso that he should be translated, centuries afterward, by Kings and Queens, and help indirectly to influence the minds of Northern barbarians, babbling about him in an alley, jostled by passers-by who never heard the name of Boethius, and who don't care a fig for philosophy. Your servant, sir—young man, come and talk."

Burley hooked his arm within Leonard's, and led the boy passively away.

"That is a clever man," said Harley L'Estrange. "But I am sorry to see yon young student, with his bright, earnest eyes, and his lip that has the quiver of passion and enthusiasm, leaning on the arm of a guide who seems disenchanted of all that gives purpose to learning, and links philosophy with use to the world. Who, and what is this clever man whom you call Burley?"

"A man who might have been famous, if he had condescended to be respectable! The boy listening to us both so attentively interested me too—I should like to have the making of him. But I must buy this Horace."

The shopman, lurking within his hole like a

spider for flies, was now called out. And when Mr. Norreys had bought the Horace, and given an address where to send it, Harley asked the shopman if he knew the young man who had been reading Boethius.

"Only by sight. He has come here every day the last week, and spends hours at the stall. When once he fastens on a book, he reads it through."

"And never buys?" said Mr. Norreys.

"Sir," said the shopman, with a good-natured smile, "they who buy seldom read. The poor boy pays me two-pence a day to read as long as he pleases. I would not take it, but he is proud."

"I have known men amass great learning in that way," said Mr. Norreys. "Yes, I should like to have that boy in my hands. And now, my lord, I am at your service, and we shall go to the studio of your artist."

The two gentlemen walked on toward one of the streets out of Fitzroy-square.

In a few minutes more, Harley L'Estrange was in his element, seated carelessly on a deal table, smoking his cigar, and discussing art with the gusto of a man who honestly loved, and the taste of a man who thoroughly understood it. The young artist, in his dressing robe, adding slow touch upon touch, paused often to listen the better. And Henry Norreys, enjoying the brief respite from a life of great labor, was gladly reminded of idle hours under rosy skies; for these three men had formed their friendship in Italy, where the bands of friendship are woven by the hands of the Graces.

CHAPTER V.

LEONARD and Mr. Burley walked on into the suburbs round the north road from London, and Mr. Burley offered to find literary employment for Leonard—an offer eagerly accepted.

Then they went into a public house by the wayside. Burley demanded a private room, called for pen, ink, and paper; and placing these implements before Leonard, said, "Write what you please, in prose, five sheets of letter paper, twenty-two lines to a page neither more nor less."

"I can not write so."

"Tut, 'tis for bread,"

The boy's face crimsoned.

"I must forget that," said he.

"There is an arbor in the garden under a weeping ash," returned Burley. "Go there, and fancy yourself in Arcadia."

Leonard was too pleased to obey. He found out the little arbor at one end of a deserted bowling-green. All was still—the hedgerow shut out the sight of the inn. The sun lay warm on the grass, and glinted pleasantly through the leaves of the ash. And Leonard there wrote the first essay from his hand as Author by profession. What was it that he wrote? His dreamy impressions of London? an anathema on its streets, and its hearts of stone? murmurs against poverty? dark elegies on fate?

Oh, no! little knowest thou true genius if

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thou askest such questions, or thinkest that there, under the weeping ash, the taskwork for bread was remembered; or that the sunbeam glinted but over the practical world, which, vulgar and sordid, lay around. Leonard wrote a fairy tale—one of the loveliest you can conceive, with a delicate touch of playful humor—in a style all flowered over with happy fancies. He smiled as he wrote the last word—he was happy. In rather more than an hour Mr. Burley came to him, and found him with that smile on his lips.

Mr. Burley had a glass of brandy and water in his hand; it was his third. He too smiled—he too looked happy. He read the paper aloud, and well. He was very complimentary. "You will do!" said he, clapping Leonard on the back. "Perhaps some day you will catch my one-eyed perch." Then he folded up the MS., scribbled off a note, put the whole in one envelope—and they returned to London.

Mr. Burley disappeared within a dingy office near Fleet-street, on which was inscribed—"Office of the *Beehive*," and soon came forth with a golden sovereign in his hand—Leonard's first fruits. Leonard thought Peru lay before him. He accompanied Mr. Burley to that gentleman's lodging in Maida Hill. The walk had been very long; Leonard was not fatigued. He listened with a livelier attention than before to Burley's talk. And when they reached the apartments of the latter, and Mr. Burley sent to the cookshop, and their joint supper was taken out of the golden sovereign, Leonard felt proud, and for the first time for weeks he laughed the heart's laugh. The two writers grew more and more intimate and cordial. And there was a vast deal in Burley by which any young man might be made the wiser. There was no apparent evidence of poverty in the apartment—clean, new, well furnished; but all things in the most horrible litter—all speaking of the huge literary sloven.

For several days Leonard almost lived in those rooms. He wrote continuously—save when Burley's conversation fascinated him into idleness. Nay, it was not idleness—his knowledge grew larger as he listened; but the cynicism of the talker began slowly to work its way. That cynicism in which there was no faith, no hope, no vivifying breath from Glory—from Religion. The cynicism of the Epicurean, more degraded in his style than ever was Diogenes in his tub; and yet presented with such ease and such eloquence—with such art and such mirth—so adorned with illustration and anecdote, so unconscious of debasement.

Strange and dread philosophy—that made it a maxim to squander the gifts of mind on the mere care for matter, and fit the soul to live but as from day to day, with its scornful cry, "A fig for immortality and laurels!" An author for bread! Oh, miserable calling! was there something grand and holy, after all, even in Chatterton's despair!

CHAPTER VI.

THE villainous *Beehive*! Bread was worked out of it, certainly; but fame, but hope for the future—certainly not. Milton's *Paradise Lost* would have perished without a sound, had it appeared in the *Beehive*.

Fine things were there in a fragmentary crude state, composed by Burley himself. At the end of a week they were dead and forgotten—never read by one man of education and taste; taken simultaneously and indifferently with shallow politics and wretched essays, yet selling, perhaps, twenty or thirty thousand copies—an immense sale; and nothing got out of them but bread and brandy!

"What more would you have?" cried John Burley. "Did not stern old Sam Johnson say he could never write but from want?"

"He might say it," answered Leonard; "but he never meant posterity to believe him. And he would have died of want, I suspect, rather than have written *Rasselas* for the *Beehive*! Want is a grand thing," continued the boy, thoughtfully. "A parent of grand things. Necessity is strong, and should give us its own strength; but Want should shatter asunder, with its very writhings, the walls of our prison-house, and not sit contented with the allowance the jail gives us in exchange for our work."

"There is no prison-house to a man who calls upon Bacchus—stay—I will translate to you Schiller's Dithyramb. 'Then see I Bacchus—then up come Cupid and Phœbus, and all the Celestials are filling my dwelling.'"

Breaking into impromptu careless rhymes, Burley threw off a rude but spirited translation of that divine lyric.

"O materialists!" cried the boy, with his bright eyes suffused. "Schiller calls on the gods to take him to their heaven with him; and you would debase the gods to a gin palace."

"Ho, ho!" cried Burley, with his giant laugh. "Drink, and you will understand the Dithyramb."

CHAPTER VII.

SUDDENLY one morning, as Leonard sate with Burley, a fashionable cabriolet, with a very handsome horse, stopped at the door—a loud knock—a quick step on the stairs, and Randal Leslie entered. Leonard recognized him and started. Randal glanced at him in surprise, and then, with a tact that showed he had already learned to profit by London life, after shaking hands with Burley, approached, and said, with some unsuccessful attempt at ease, "Unless I am mistaken, sir, we have met before. If you remember me, I hope all boyish quarrels are forgotten?"

Leonard bowed, and his heart was still good enough to be softened.

"Where could you two ever have met?" asked Burley.

"In a village green, and in single combat," answered Randal, smiling; and he told the story of the Battle of the Stocks with a well-bred

jest on himself. Burley laughed at the story. "But," said he, when this laugh was over, "my young friend had better have remained guardian of the village stocks, than come to London in search of such fortune as lies at the bottom of an inkhorn."

"Ah," said Randal, with the secret contempt which men elaborately cultivated are apt to feel for those who seek to educate themselves—"ah, you make literature your calling, sir? At what school did you conceive a taste for letters? not very common at our great public schools."

"I am at school now for the first time," answered Leonard, drily.

"Experience is the best schoolmistress," said Burley; "and that was the maxim of Goethe, who had book-learning enough, in all conscience."

Randal slightly shrugged his shoulders, and, without wasting another thought on Leonard, peasant-born and self-taught, took his seat, and began to talk to Burley upon a political question, which made then the war-cry between the two great Parliamentary parties. It was a subject in which Burley showed much general knowledge; and Randal, seeming to differ from him, drew forth alike his information and his argumentative powers. The conversation lasted more than an hour.

"I can't quite agree with you," said Randal, taking his leave; "but you must allow me to call again—will the same hour to-morrow suit you?"

"Yes," said Burley.

Away went the young man in his cabriolet. Leonard watched him from the window.

For five days consecutively, did Randal call and discuss the question in all its bearings; and Burley, after the second day, got interested in the matter, looked up his authorities—refreshed his memory and even spent an hour or two in the Library of the British Museum.

By the fifth day Burley had really exhausted all that could well be said on his side of the question.

Leonard, during these colloquies, had sate apart, seemingly absorbed in reading, and secretly stung by Randal's disregard of his presence. For indeed that young man, in his superb self-esteem, and in the absorption of his ambitious projects, scarce felt even curiosity as to Leonard's rise above his earlier station, and looked on him as a mere journeyman of Burley's. But the self-taught are keen and quick observers. And Leonard had remarked that Randal seemed more as one playing a part for some private purpose, than arguing in earnest; and that when he rose and said, "Mr. Burley, you have convinced me," it was not with the modesty of a sincere reasoner, but the triumph of one who has gained his end. But so struck, meanwhile, was our unheeded and silent listener, with Burley's power of generalization, and the wide surface over which his information extended, that when Randal left the room the boy

looked at the slovenly, purposeless man, and said aloud—"True; knowledge is *not* power."

"Certainly not," said Burley, drily—"the weakest thing in the world."

"Knowledge is power," muttered Randal Leslie, as, with a smile on his lip, he drove from the door.

Not many days after this last interview there appeared a short pamphlet; anonymous, but one which made a great impression on the town. It was on the subject discussed between Randal and Burley. It was quoted at great length in the newspapers. And Burley started to his feet one morning, and exclaimed, "My own thoughts! my very words! Who the devil is this pamphleteer?"

Leonard took the newspaper from Burley's hand. The most flattering encomiums preceded the extracts, and the extracts were as stereotypes of Burley's talk.

"Can you doubt the author?" cried Leonard, in deep disgust and ingenuous scorn. "The young man who came to steal your brains, and turn your knowledge—"

"Into power," interrupted Burley, with a laugh, but it was a laugh of pain. "Well, this was very mean; I shall tell him so when he comes."

"He will come no more," said Leonard. Nor did Randal come again. But he sent Mr. Burley a copy of the pamphlet with a polite note, saying, with candid but careless acknowledgment, that "he had profited much by Mr. Burley's hints and remarks."

And now it was in all the papers, that the pamphlet which had made so great a noise was by a very young man, Mr. Audley Egerton's relation, and high hopes were expressed of the future career of Mr. Randal Leslie.

Burley still attempted to laugh, and still his pain was visible. Leonard most cordially despised and hated Randal Leslie, and his heart moved to Burley with noble but perilous compassion. In his desire to soothe and comfort the man whom he deemed cheated out of fame, he forgot the caution he had hitherto imposed on himself, and yielded more and more to the charm of that wasted intellect. He accompanied Burley now where he went to spend his evenings, and more and more—though gradually, and with many a recoil and self-rebuke—there crept over him the cynic's contempt for glory, and miserable philosophy of debased content.

Randal had risen into grave repute upon the strength of Burley's knowledge. But, had Burley written the pamphlet, would the same repute have attended *him*? Certainly not. Randal Leslie brought to that knowledge qualities all his own—a style simple, strong, and logical; a certain tone of good society, and allusions to men and to parties that showed his connection with a cabinet minister, and proved that he had profited no less by Egerton's talk than Burley's.

Had Burley written the pamphlet, it would have showed more genius, it would have had humor and wit, but have been so full of whims

and quips, sins against taste, and defects in earnestness, that it would have failed to create any serious sensation. Here, then, there was something else besides knowledge, by which knowledge became power. Knowledge must not smell of the brandy bottle.

Randal Leslie might be mean in his plagiarism, but he turned the useless into use. And so far he was original.

But one's admiration, after all, rests where Leonard's rested—with the poor, shabby, riotous, lawless, big fallen man.

Burley took himself off to the Brent, and fished again for the one-eyed perch. Leonard accompanied him. His feelings were indeed different from what they had been when he had reclined under the old tree, and talked with Helen of the future. But it was almost pathetic to see how Burley's nature seemed to alter, as he strayed along the banks of the rivulet, and talked of his own boyhood. The man then seemed restored to something of the innocence of the child. He cared, in truth, little for the perch, which continued intractable, but he enjoyed the air and the sky, the rustling grass and the murmuring waters. These excursions to the haunts of youth seemed to rebaptize him, and then his eloquence took a pastoral character, and Izaak Walton himself would have loved to hear him. But as he got back into the smoke of the metropolis, and the gas lamps made him forget the ruddy sunset, and the soft evening star, the gross habits reassumed their sway; and on he went with his swaggering, reckless step to the orgies in which his abused intellect flamed forth, and then sank into the socket quenched and rayless.

CHAPTER VIII.

HELEN was seized with profound and anxious sadness. Leonard had been three or four times to see her, and each time she saw a change in him that excited all her fears. He seemed, it is true, more shrewd, more worldly-wise, more fitted, it might be, for coarse daily life; but, on the other hand, the freshness and glory of his youth were waning slowly. His aspirings drooped earthward. He had not mastered the Practical, and moulded its uses with the strong hand of the Spiritual Architect, of the Ideal Builder: the Practical was overpowering himself. She grew pale when he talked of Burley, and shuddered, poor little Helen! when she found he was daily and almost nightly in a companionship which, with her native honest prudence, she saw so unsuited to strengthen him in his struggles, and aid him against temptation. She almost groaned when, pressing him as to his pecuniary means, she found his old terror of debt seemed fading away, and the solid healthful principles he had taken from his village were loosening fast. Under all, it is true, there was what a wiser and older person than Helen would have hailed as the redeeming promise. But that something was *grief*—a sublime grief in his own sense of falling—in his own conscience against

the Fate he had provoked and coveted. The sublimity of that grief Helen could not detect: she saw only that it *was* grief, and she grieved with it, letting it excuse every fault—making her more anxious to comfort, in order that she might save. Even from the first, when Leonard had exclaimed, “Ah, Helen, why did you ever leave me?” she had revolved the idea of return to him; and when in the boy’s last visit he told her that Burley, persecuted by duns, was about to fly from his present lodgings, and take his abode with Leonard in the room she had left vacant, all doubt was over. She resolved to sacrifice the safety and shelter of the home assured her. She resolved to come back and share Leonard’s penury and struggles, and save the old room, wherein she had prayed for him, from the tempter’s dangerous presence. Should she burden him? No; she had assisted her father by many little female arts in needle and fancy work. She had improved herself in these during her sojourn with Miss Starke. She could bring her share to the common stock. Possessed with this idea, she determined to realize it before the day on which Leonard had told her Burley was to move his quarters. Accordingly she rose very early one morning; she wrote a pretty and grateful note to Miss Starke, who was fast asleep, left it on the table, and before any one was astir, stole from the house, her little bundle on her arm. She lingered an instant at the garden-gate, with a remorseful sentiment—a feeling that she had ill-repaid the cold and prim protection that Miss Starke had shown her. But sisterly love carried all before it. She closed the gate with a sigh, and went on.

She arrived at the lodging-house before Leonard was up, took possession of her old chamber, and, presenting herself to Leonard as he was about to go forth, said (story-teller that she was)—“I am sent away, brother, and I have come to you to take care of me. Do not let us part again. But you must be very cheerful and very happy, or I shall think that I am sadly in your way.”

Leonard at first did look cheerful, and even happy; but then he thought of Burley, and then of his own means of supporting her, and was embarrassed, and began questioning Helen as to the possibility of reconciliation with Miss Starke. And Helen said gravely, “Impossible—do not ask it, and do not go near her.”

Then Leonard thought she had been humbled and insulted, and remembered that she was a gentleman’s child, and felt for her wounded pride—he was so proud himself. Yet still he was embarrassed.

“Shall I keep the purse again, Leonard?” said Helen coaxingly.

“Alas!” replied Leonard, “the purse is empty.”

“That is very naughty in the purse,” said Helen, since you put so much into it.”

“I?”

“Did not you say that you made, at least, a guinea a-week?”

“Yes; but Burley takes the money; and then, poor fellow! as I owe all to him, I have not the heart to prevent his spending it as he likes.”

“Please, I wish you could settle the month’s rent,” said the landlady, suddenly showing herself. She said it civilly, but with firmness.

Leonard colored. “It shall be paid to-day.”

Then he pressed his hat on his head, and putting Helen gently aside, went forth.

“Speak to me in future, kind Mrs. Smedley,” said Helen with the air of a housewife. “He is always in study, and must not be disturbed.”

The landlady—a good woman, though she liked her rent—smiled benignly. She was fond of Helen, whom she had known of old.

“I am so glad you are come back; and perhaps now the young man will not keep such late hours. I meant to give him warning, but—”

“But he will be a great man one of these days, and you must bear with him now.” And Helen kissed Mrs. Smedley, and sent her away half inclined to cry.

Then Helen busied herself in the rooms. She found her father’s box, which had been duly forwarded. She re-examined its contents, and wept as she touched each humble and pious relic. But her father’s memory itself thus seemed to give this home a sanction which the former had not; and she rose quietly and began mechanically to put things in order, sighing as she saw all so neglected, till she came to the rose-tree, and that alone showed heed and care. “Dear Leonard!” she murmured, and the smile re-settled on her lips.

CHAPTER IX.

Nothing, perhaps, could have severed Leonard from Burley but Helen’s return to his care. It was impossible for him, even had there been another room in the house vacant (which there was not), to install this noisy riotous son of the Muse by Bacchus, talking at random, and smelling of spirits, in the same dwelling with an innocent, delicate, timid female child. And Leonard could not leave her alone all the twenty-four hours. She restored a home to him, and imposed its duties. He therefore told Mr. Burley that in future he should write and study in his own room, and hinted with many a blush, and as delicately as he could, that it seemed to him that whatever he obtained from his pen ought to be halved with Burley, to whose interest he owed the employment, and from whose books or whose knowledge he took what helped to maintain it; but that the other half, if his, he could no longer afford to spend upon feasts or libations. He had another to provide for.

Burley pooh-poohed the notion of taking half his coadjutor’s earnings, with much grandeur, but spoke very fretfully of Leonard’s sober appropriation of the other half; and, though a good-natured, warm-hearted man, felt extremely indignant against the sudden interposition of poor Helen. However, Leonard was firm; and then Burley grew sullen, and so they parted. But

the rent was still to be paid. How? Leonard for the first time thought of the pawnbroker. He had clothes to spare, and Riccabocca's watch. No; that last he shrank from applying to such base uses.

He went home at noon, and met Helen at the street-door. She too had been out, and her soft cheek was rosy red with unwonted exercise and the sense of joy. She had still preserved the few gold pieces which Leonard had taken back to her on his first visit to Miss Starke's. She had now gone out and bought wools and implements for work; and meanwhile she had paid the rent.

Leonard did not object to the work, but he blushed deeply when he knew about the rent, and was very angry. He paid back to her that night what she had advanced; and Helen wept silently at his pride, and wept more when she saw the next day a woeful hiatus in his wardrobe.

But Leonard now worked at home, and worked resolutely; and Helen sate by his side, working too; so that next day, and the next, slipped peacefully away, and in the evening of the second he asked her to walk out in the fields. She sprang up joyously at the invitation, when bang went the door, and in reeled John Burley—drunk:—And so drunk!

CHAPTER X.

AND with Burley there reeled in another man—a friend of his—a man who had been a wealthy trader and once well to do, but who, unluckily, had literary tastes, and was fond of hearing Burley talk. So, since he had known the wit, his business had fallen from him, and he had passed through the Bankrupt Court. A very shabby-looking dog he was, indeed, and his nose was redder than Burley's.

John made a drunken dash at poor Helen. "So you are the Pentheus in petticoats who defies Bacchus," cried he; and therewith he roared out a verse from Euripides. Helen ran away, and Leonard interposed.

"For shame, Burley!"

"He's drunk," said Mr. Douce, the bankrupt trader—"very drunk—don't mind—him. I say, sir, I hope we don't intrude. Sit still, Burley, sit still, and talk, do—that's a good man. You should hear him ta—ta—talk, sir."

Leonard meanwhile had got Helen out of the room, into her own, and begged her not to be alarmed, and keep the door locked. He then returned to Burley, who had seated himself on the bed, trying wondrous hard to keep himself upright; while Mr. Douce was striving to light a short pipe that he carried in his button-hole—without having filled it—and, naturally failing in that attempt, was now beginning to weep.

Leonard was deeply shocked and revolted for Helen's sake; but it was hopeless to make Burley listen to reason. And how could the boy turn out of his room the man to whom he was under obligations?

Meanwhile there smote upon Helen's shrink-

ing ears loud jarring talk and maudlin laughter, and cracked attempts at jovial songs. Then she heard Mrs. Smedley in Leonard's room, remonstrating, and Burley's laugh was louder than before, and Mrs. Smedley, who was a meek woman, evidently got frightened, and was heard in precipitate retreat. Long and loud talk recommenced, Burley's great voice predominant, Mr. Douce chiming in with hiccupy broken treble. Hour after hour this lasted, for want of the drink that would have brought it to a premature close. And Burley gradually began to talk himself somewhat sober. Then Mr. Douce was heard descending the stairs, and silence followed. At dawn, Leonard knocked at Helen's door. She opened it at once, for she had not gone to bed.

"Helen," said he, very sadly, "you can not continue here. I must find out some proper home for you. This man has served me when all London was friendless, and he tells me that he has nowhere else to go—that the bailiffs are after him. He has now fallen asleep. I will go and find you some lodging close at hand—for I can not expel him who has protected me; and yet you can not be under the same roof with him. My own good angel, I must lose you."

He did not wait for her answer, but hurried down the stairs.

The morning looked through the shutterless panes in Leonard's garret, and the birds began to chirp from the elm-tree, when Burley rose, and shook himself, and stared round. He could not quite make out where he was. He got hold of the water-jug which he emptied at three draughts, and felt greatly refreshed. He then began to reconnoitre the chamber—looked at Leonard's MSS.—peeped into the drawers—wondered where the devil Leonard himself had gone to—and finally amused himself by throwing down the fire-irons, ringing the bell, and making all the noise he could, in the hopes of attracting the attention of somebody or other, and procuring himself his morning dram.

In the midst of this *charivari* the door opened softly, but as if with a resolute hand, and the small quiet form of Helen stood before the threshold. Burley turned round, and the two looked at each other for some moments with silent scrutiny.

BURLEY (composing his features into their most friendly expression).—"Come hither, my dear. So you are the little girl whom I saw with Leonard on the banks of the Brent, and you have come back to live with him—and I have come to live with him too. You shall be our little house-keeper, and I will tell you the story of Prince Prettyman, and a great many others not to be found in *Mother Goose*. Meanwhile, my dear little girl, here's sixpence—just run out and change this for its worth in rum."

HELEN (coming slowly up to Mr. Burley, and still gazing earnestly into his face).—"Ah, sir, Leonard says you have a kind heart, and that you have served him—he can not ask you to

leave the house: and so I, who have never served him, am to go hence and live alone."

BURLEY (moved).—"You go, my little lady?—and why? Can we not all live together?"

HELEN. "No sir. I left every thing to come to Leonard, for we had met first at my father's grave. But you rob me of him, and I have no other friend on earth."

BURLEY (discomposed).—"Explain yourself. Why must you leave him because I come?"

Helen looks at Mr. Burley again, long and wistfully, but makes no answer.

BURLEY (with a gulp).—"Is it because he thinks I am not fit company for you?"

Helen bowed her head.

Burley winced, and after a moment's pause said—"He is right."

HELEN (obeying the impulse at her heart, springs forward and takes Burley's hand).—"Ah, sir," she cried, "before he knew you he was so different—then he was cheerful—then, even when his first disappointment came, I grieved and wept; but I felt he would conquer still—for his heart was so good and pure. Oh, sir, don't think I reproach you; but what is to become of him if—if—No, it is not for myself I speak. I know that if I was here, that if he had me to care for, he would come home early and—work patiently—and—and—that I might save him. But now when I am gone, and you with him—you to whom he is grateful, you whom he would follow against his own conscience (you must see that, sir)—what is to become of him?"

Helen's voice died in sobs.

Burley took three or four long strides through the room—he was greatly agitated. "I am a demon," he murmured. "I never saw it before—but it is true I should be this boy's ruin." Tears stood in his eyes, he paused abruptly, made a clutch at his hat, and turned to the door.

Helen stopped the way, and taking him gently by the arm, said—"Oh, sir, forgive me—I have pained you;" and looked up at him with a compassionate expression, that indeed made the child's sweet face as that of an angel.

Burley bent down as if to kiss her, and then drew back—perhaps with a sentiment that his lips were not worthy to touch that innocent brow.

"If I had had a sister—a child like you, little one," he muttered, "perhaps I too might have been saved in time. Now—"

"Ah, now you may stay, sir; I don't fear you any more."

"No, no; you would fear me again ere night-time, and I might not be always in the right mood to listen to a voice like yours, child. Your Leonard has a noble heart and rare gifts. He should rise yet, and he shall. I will not drag him into the mire. Good-by—you will see me no more." He broke from Helen, cleared the stairs with a bound, and was out of the house.

When Leonard returned he was surprised to hear his unwelcome guest was gone—but Helen did not venture to tell him of her inter-

position. She knew instinctively how such officiousness would mortify and offend the pride of man; but she never again spoke harshly of poor Burley. Leonard supposed that he should either see or hear of the humorist in the course of the day. Finding he did not, he went in search of him at his old haunts; but no trace. He inquired at the *Beehive* if they knew there of his new address, but no tidings of Burley could be obtained.

As he came home disappointed and anxious, for he felt uneasy as to the disappearance of his wild friend, Mrs. Smedley met him at the door.

"Please, sir, suit yourself with another lodging," said she. "I can have no such singings and shoutings going on at night in my house. And that poor little girl too!—you should be ashamed of yourself."

Leonard frowned, and passed by.

CHAPTER XI.

MEANWHILE, on leaving Helen, Burley strode on; and, as if by some better instinct, for he was unconscious of his own steps, he took the way toward the still green haunts of his youth. When he paused at length, he was already before the door of a rural cottage, standing alone in the midst of fields, with a little farm-yard at the back; and far through the trees in front was caught a glimpse of the winding Brent.

With this cottage Burley was familiar; it was inhabited by a good old couple who had known him from a boy. There he habitually left his rods and fishing-tackle; there, for intervals in his turbid, riotous life, he had sojourned for two or three days together—fancying, the first day that the country was a heaven, and convinced before the third that it was a purgatory.

An old woman of neat and tidy exterior came forth to greet him.

"Ah, Master John," said she, clasping his nerveless hand—"well, the fields be pleasant now—I hope you are come to stay a bit? Do; it will freshen you: you lose all the fine color you had once, in Lunnion town."

"I will stay with you, my kind friend," said Burley, with unusual meekness—"I can have the old room, then?"

"Oh yes, come and look at it. I never let it now to any one but you—never have let it since the dear beautiful lady with the angel's face went away. Poor thing, what could have become of her?"

Thus speaking, while Burley listened not, the old woman drew him within the cottage, and led him up the stairs into a room that might have well become a better house, for it was furnished with taste, and even elegance. A small cabinet pianoforte stood opposite the fire-place, and the window looked upon pleasant meads and tangled hedgerows, and the narrow windings of the blue rivulet. Burley sank down exhausted, and gazed wistfully from the casement.

"You have not breakfasted?" said the hostess anxiously.

"No."

"Well, the eggs are fresh laid, and you would like a rasher of bacon, Master John? And if you *will* have brandy in your tea, I have some that you left long ago in your own bottle."

Burley shook his head. "No brandy, Mrs. Goodyer; only fresh milk. I will see whether I can yet coax Nature."

Mrs. Goodyer did not know what was meant by coaxing Nature, but she said, "Pray do, Master John," and vanished.

That day Burley went out with his rod, and he fished hard for the one-eyed perch: but in vain. Then he roved along the stream with his hands in his pockets, whistling. He returned to the cottage at sunset, partook of the fare provided for him, abstained from the brandy, and felt dreadfully low. He called for pen, ink, and paper, and sought to write, but could not achieve two lines. He summoned Mrs. Goodyer, "Tell your husband to come and sit and talk."

Up came old Jacob Goodyer, and the great wit bade him tell him all the news of the village. Jacob obeyed willingly, and Burley at last fell asleep. The next day it was much the same, only at dinner he had up the brandy bottle, and finished it; and he did *not* have up Jacob, but he contrived to write.

The third day it rained incessantly.

"Have you no books, Mrs. Goodyer?" asked poor John Burley.

"Oh, yes; some that the dear lady left behind her; and perhaps you would like to look at some papers in her own writing?"

"No, not the papers—all women scribble, and all scribble the same things. Get me the books."

The books were brought up—poetry and essays—John knew them by heart. He looked out on the rain, and at evening the rain had ceased. He rushed to his hat and fled.

"Nature, Nature!" he exclaimed when he was out in the air, and hurrying by the dripping hedgerows, "you are not to be coaxed by me! I have jilted you shamefully, I own it; you are a female and unforgiving. I don't complain. You may be very pretty, but you are the stupidest and most tiresome companion that ever I met with. Thank heaven, I am not married to you!"

Thus John Burley made his way into town, and paused at the first public-house. Out of that house he came with a jovial air, and on he strode toward the heart of London. Now he is in Leicester-square, and he gazes on the foreigners who stalk that region, and hums a tune; and now from yonder alley two forms emerge, and dog his careless footsteps; now through the maze of passages toward St. Martin's he threads his path, and, anticipating an orgy as he nears his favorite haunts, jingles the silver in his pockets; and now the two forms are at his heels.

"Hail to thee, O Freedom!" muttered John Burley; "thy dwelling is in cities, and thy palace is the tavern."

"In the king's name," quoth a gruff voice, and John Burley feels the horrid and familiar tap on the shoulder.

The two bailiffs who dogged have seized their prey.

"At whose suit?" asked John Burley falteringly.

"Mr. Cox, the wine-merchant."

"Cox! A man to whom I gave a check on my bankers, not three months ago!"

"But it warn't cashed."

"What does that signify?—the intention was the same. A good heart takes the will for the deed. Cox is a monster of ingratitude; and I withdraw my custom."

"Sarve him right. Would your honor like a jarvey?"

"I would rather spend the money on something else," said John Burley. "Give me your arm, I am not proud. After all, thank heaven, I shall not sleep in the country."

And John Burley made a night of it in the Fleet.

CHAPTER XII.

MISS STARKE was one of those ladies who pass their lives in the direst of all civil strife—war with their servants. She looked upon the members of that class as the unrelenting and sleepless enemies of the unfortunate householders condemned to employ them. She thought they ate and drank to their villainous utmost, in order to ruin their benefactors—that they lived in one constant conspiracy with one another and the tradesmen, the object of which was to cheat and pilfer. Miss Starke was a miserable woman. As she had no relations or friends who cared enough for her to share her solitary struggle against her domestic foes; and her income, though easy, was an annuity that died with herself, thereby reducing various nephews, nieces, or cousins, to the strict bounds of a natural affection—that did not exist; and as she felt the want of some friendly face amidst this world of distrust and hate, so she had tried the resource of venal companions. But the venal companions had never staid long—either they disliked Miss Starke, or Miss Starke disliked them. Therefore the poor woman had resolved upon bringing up some little girl whose heart, as she said to herself, would be fresh and uncorrupted, and from whom she might expect gratitude. She had been contented, on the whole, with Helen, and had meant to keep that child in her house as long as she (Miss Starke) remained upon the earth—perhaps some thirty years longer; and then, having carefully secluded her from marriage, and other friendship, to leave her nothing but the regret of having lost so kind a benefactress. Agreeably with this notion, and in order to secure the affections of the child, Miss Starke had relaxed the frigid austerity natural to her manner and mode of thought, and been kind to Helen in an iron way. She had neither slapped nor punched her, neither had she starved. She had

allowed her to see Leonard, according to the agreement made with Dr. Morgan, and had laid out tenpence on cakes, besides contributing fruit from her garden for the first interview—a hospitality she did not think fit to renew on subsequent occasions. In return for this, she conceived she had purchased the right to Helen bodily and spiritually, and nothing could exceed her indignation when she rose one morning and found the child had gone. As it never had occurred to her to ask Leonard's address, though she suspected Helen had gone to him, she was at a loss what to do, and remained for twenty-four hours in a state of inane depression. But then she began to miss the child so much that her energies woke, and she persuaded herself that she was actuated by the purest benevolence in trying to reclaim this poor creature from the world, into which Helen had thus rashly plunged.

"Accordingly, she put an advertisement into the *Times*, to the following effect, liberally imitated from one by which, in former years, she had recovered a favorite Blenheim :

TWO GUINEAS REWARD.

STRAYED, from Ivy Cottage, Highgate, a Little Girl, answers to the name of Helen ; with blue eyes and brown hair ; white muslin frock, and straw hat with blue ribbons. Whoever will bring the same to Ivy Cottage, shall receive the above Reward.

N.B.—Nothing more will be offered.

Now, it so happened that Mrs. Smedley had put an advertisement in the *Times* on her own account relative to a niece of hers who was coming from the country, and for whom she desired to find a situation. So, contrary to her usual habit, she sent for the newspaper, and, close by her own advertisement, she saw Miss Starke's.

It was impossible that she could mistake the description of Helen ; and, as this advertisement caught her eye the very day after the whole house had been disturbed and scandalized by Burley's noisy visit, and on which she had resolved to get rid of a lodger who received such visitors, the good-hearted woman was delighted to think that she could restore Helen to some safe home. While thus thinking, Helen herself entered the kitchen where Mrs. Smedley sate, and the landlady had the imprudence to point out the advertisement, and talk, as she called it, "seriously" to the little girl.

Helen in vain and with tears entreated her to take no step in reply to the advertisement. Mrs. Smedley felt it was an affair of duty, and was obdurate, and shortly afterward put on her bonnet and left the house. Helen conjectured that she was on her way to Miss Starke's, and her whole soul was bent on flight. Leonard had gone to the office of the *Beehive* with his MSS. ; but she packed up all their joint effects, and, just as she had done so, he returned. She communicated the news of the advertisement, and said she should be so miserable if compelled to

go back to Miss Starke's, and implored him so pathetically to save her from such sorrow that he at once assented to her proposal of flight. Luckily, little was owing to the landlady—that little was left with the maid-servant ; and, profiting by Mrs. Smedley's absence, they escaped without scene or conflict. Their effects were taken by Leonard to a stand of hackney vehicles, and then left at a coach-office, while they went in search of lodgings. It was wise to choose an entirely new and remote district ; and before night they were settled in an attic in Lambeth.

CHAPTER XIII.

As the reader will expect, no trace of Burley could Leonard find ; the humorist had ceased to communicate with the *Beehive*. But Leonard grieved for Burley's sake ; and, indeed, he missed the intercourse of the large wrong mind. But he settled down by degrees to the simple loving society of his child companion, and in that presence grew more tranquil. The hours in the day time that he did not pass at work he spent as before, picking up knowledge at bookstalls ; and at dusk he and Helen would stroll out—sometimes striving to escape from the long suburb into fresh rural air ; more often wandering to and fro the bridge that led to glorious Westminster—London's classic land—and watching the vague lamps reflected on the river. This haunt suited the musing melancholy boy. He would stand long and with wistful silence by the balustrade—seating Helen thereon, that she too might look along the dark mournful waters which, dark though they be, still have their charm of mysterious repose.

As the river flowed between the world of roofs, and the roar of human passions on either side, so in those two hearts flowed Thought—and all they knew of London was its shadow.

CHAPTER XIV.

THERE appeared in the *Beehive* certain very truculent political papers—papers very like the tracts in the Tinker's bag. Leonard did not heed them much, but they made far more sensation in the public that read the *Beehive* than Leonard's papers, full of rare promise though the last were. They greatly increased the sale of the periodical in the manufacturing towns, and began to awake the drowsy vigilance of the Home Office. Suddenly a descent was made upon the *Beehive*, and all its papers and plant. The editor saw himself threatened with a criminal prosecution, and the certainty of two years' imprisonment : he did not like the prospect, and disappeared. One evening, when Leonard, unconscious of these mischances, arrived at the door of the office, he found it closed. An agitated mob was before it, and a voice that was not new to his ear, was haranguing the bystanders, with many imprecations against "tyrants." He looked, and, to his amaze, recognized in the orator Mr. Sprott the Tinker.

The police came in numbers to disperse the

crowd, and Mr. Sprott prudently vanished. Leonard learned then what had befallen, and again saw himself without employment and the means of bread.

Slowly he walked back. "O, knowledge, knowledge!—powerless indeed!" he murmured.

As he thus spoke, a handbill in large capitals met his eyes on a dead wall—"Wanted, a few smart young men for India."

A crimp accosted him—"You would make a fine soldier, my man. You have stout limbs of your own." Leonard moved on.

"It has come back, then, to this. Brute physical force after all. O Mind, despair! O Peasant, be a machine again.

He entered his attic noiselessly, and gazed upon Helen as she sate at work, straining her eyes by the open window—with tender and deep compassion. She had not heard him enter, nor was she aware of his presence. Patient and still she sate, and the small fingers plied busily. He gazed, and saw that her cheek was pale and hollow, and the hands looked so thin! His heart was deeply touched, and at that moment he had not one memory of the baffled Poet, one thought that proclaimed the Egotist.

He approached her gently, laid his hand on her shoulder—"Helen, put on your shawl and bonnet, and walk out—I have much to say."

In a few moments she was ready, and they took their way to their favorite haunt upon the bridge. Pausing in one of the recesses or nooks, Leonard then began—"Helen we must part."

"Part?—Oh, brother!"

"Listen. All work that depends on mind is over for me; nothing remains but the labor of thews and sinews. I can not go back to my village and say to all, 'My hopes were self-conceit, and my intellect a delusion!' I can not. Neither in this sordid city can I turn menial or porter. I might be born to that drudgery, but my mind has, it may be unhappily, raised me above my birth. What, then, shall I do? I know not yet—serve as a soldier, or push my way to some wilderness afar, as an emigrant, perhaps. But whatever my choice, I must henceforth be alone; I have a home no more. but there is a home for you, a very humble one (for you, too, so well born), but very safe—the roof of—of—my peasant mother. She will love you for my sake, and—and—"

Helen clung to him trembling, and sobbed out, "Any thing, any thing you will. But I can work; I can make money, Leonard, I do, indeed, make money—you do not know how much—but enough for us both till better times come to you. Do not let us part."

"And I—a man, and born to labor, to be maintained by the work of an infant! No, Helen, do not so degrade me."

She drew back as she looked on his flushed brow, bowed her head submissively, and murmured, "Pardon."

"Ah," said Helen, after a pause, "if now we

could but find my poor father's friend! I never so much cared for it before."

"Yes, he would surely provide for you."

"For me!" repeated Helen, in a tone of soft deep reproach, and she turned away her head to conceal her tears.

"You are sure you would him remember if we met him by chance?"

"Oh yes. He was so different from all we see in this terrible city, and his eyes were like yonder stars, so clear and so bright; yet the light seemed to come from afar off, as the light does in yours, when your thoughts are away from all things round you. And then, too, his dog, whom he called Nero—I could not forget that."

"But his dog may not be always with him."

"But the clear, bright eyes are! Ah, now you look up to heaven; and yours seem to dream like his."

Leonard did not answer, for his thoughts were indeed less on earth than struggling to pierce into that remote and mysterious heaven.

Both were silent long; the crowd passed them by unheedingly. Night deepened over the river, but the reflection of the lamplights on its waves was more visible than that of the stars. The beams showed the darkness of the strong current, and the craft that lay eastward on the tide, with sailless, spectral masts and black dismal hulks, looked death-like in their stillness.

Leonard looked down, and the thought of Chatterton's grim suicide came back to his soul, and a pale scornful face with luminous haunting eyes seemed to look up from the stream, and murmur from livid lips, "Struggle no more against the tides on the surface—all is calm and rest within the deep."

Starting in terror from the gloom of his reverie, the boy began to talk fast to Helen, and tried to soothe her with descriptions of the lowly home which he had offered.

He spoke of the light cares which she would participate with his mother—for by that name he still called the widow—and dwelt, with an eloquence that the contrast round him made sincere and strong, on the happy rural life, the shadowy woodlands, the rippling corn-fields, the solemn lone church-spire soaring from the tranquil landscape. Flatteringly he painted the flowery terraces of the Italian exile, and the playful fountain that, even as he spoke, was flinging up its spray to the stars, through serene air untroubled by the smoke of cities, and untainted by the sinful sighs of men. He promised her the love and protection of natures akin to the happy scene: the simple affectionate mother—the gentle pastor—the exile wise and kind—Violante, with dark eyes full of the mystic thoughts that solitude calls from childhood—Violante should be her companion.

"And oh!" cried Helen, "if life be thus happy there, return with me, return—return!"

"Alas!" murmured the boy, "if the hammer once strike the spark from the anvil, the spark must fly upward: it can not fall back to earth."

until life has left it. Upward still, Helen—let me go upward still!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE next morning Helen was very ill—so ill that, shortly after rising, she was forced to creep back to bed. Her frame shivered—her eyes were heavy—her hand burned like fire. Fever had set in. Perhaps she might have caught cold on the bridge—perhaps her emotions had proved too much for her frame. Leonard, in great alarm, called on the nearest apothecary. The apothecary looked grave, and said there was danger. And danger soon declared itself.—Helen became delirious. For several days she lay in this state, between life and death. Leonard then felt that all the sorrows of earth are light, compared with the fear of losing what we love. How valueless the envied laurel seemed beside the dying rose.

Thanks, perhaps, more to his heed and tending than to medical skill, she recovered sense at last—immediate peril was over. But she was very weak and reduced—her ultimate recovery doubtful—convalescence, at best, likely to be very slow.

But when she learned how long she had been thus ill, she looked anxiously at Leonard's face as he bent over her, and faltered forth, "Give me my work! I am strong enough for that now—it would amuse me."

Leonard burst into tears.

Alas! he had no work himself; all their joint money had melted away; the apothecary was not like good Dr. Morgan; the medicines were to be paid for, and the rent. Two days before, Leonard had pawned Riccabocca's watch; and when the last shilling thus raised was gone, how should he support Helen? Nevertheless he conquered his tears, and assured her that he had employment; and that so earnestly that she believed him, and sank into soft sleep. He listened to her breathing, kissed her forehead, and left the room. He turned into his own neighboring garret, and, leaning his face on his hands, collected all his thoughts.

He must be a beggar at last. He must write to Mr. Dale for money—Mr. Dale, too, who knew the secret of his birth. He would rather have begged of a stranger—it served to add a new dishonor to his mother's memory for the child to beg of one who was acquainted with her shame. Had he himself been the only one to want and to starve, he would have sunk inch by inch into the grave of famine, before he would have so subdued his pride. But Helen, there on that bed—Helen needing, for weeks perhaps, all support, and illness making luxuries themselves like necessities! Beg he must. And when he so resolved, had you but seen the proud, bitter soul he conquered, you would have said—"This which he thinks is degradation—this is heroism. Oh strange human heart!—no epic ever written achieves the Sublime and the Beautiful which are graven, unread by human

eye, in thy secret leaves." Of whom else should he beg? His mother had nothing, Riccabocca was poor, and the stately Violante, who had exclaimed, "Would that I were a man!" he could not endure the thought that she should pity him, and despise. The Avenels! No—thrice No. He drew toward him hastily ink and paper, and wrote rapid lines that were wrung from him as from the bleeding strings of life.

But the hour for the post had passed—the letter must wait till the next day; and three days at least must elapse before he could receive an answer. He left the letter on the table, and, stifling as for air, went forth. He crossed the bridge—he passed on mechanically—and was borne along by a crowd pressing toward the doors of Parliament. A debate that excited popular interest was fixed for that evening, and many bystanders collected in the street to see the members pass to and fro, or hear what speakers had yet risen to take part in the debate, or try to get orders for the gallery.

He halted amidst these loiterers, with no interest, indeed, in common with them, but looking over their heads abstractedly toward the tall Funeral Abbey—Imperial Golgotha of Poets, and Chiefs, and Kings.

Suddenly his attention was diverted to those around by the sound of a name—displeasingly known to him, "How are you, Randal Leslie? coming to hear the debate?" said a member who was passing through the street.

"Yes; Mr. Egerton promised to get me under the gallery. He is to speak himself to-night, and I have never heard him. As you are going into the House, will you remind him?"

"I can't now, for he is speaking already—and well too. I hurried from the Athenæum, where I was dining, on purpose to be in time, as I heard that his speech was making a great effect."

"This is very unlucky," said Randal. "I had no idea he would speak so early."

"M—— brought him up by a direct personal attack. But follow me; perhaps I can get you into the House; and a man like you, Leslie, of whom we expect great things some day, I can tell you, should not miss any such opportunity of knowing what this House of ours is on a field night. Come on!"

The member hurried toward the door; and as Randal followed him, a bystander cried—"That is the young man who wrote the famous pamphlet—Egerton's relation."

"Oh, indeed!" said another. "Clever man, Egerton—I am waiting for him."

"So am I."

"Why, you are not a constituent, as I am."

"No; but he has been very kind to my nephew, and I must thank him. You are a constituent—he is an honor to your town."

"So he is; enlightened man!"

"And so generous."

"Brings forward really good measures," quoth the politician.

"And clever young men," said the unclo-

Therewith one or two others joined in the praise of Audley Egerton, and many anecdotes of his liberality were told.

Leonard listened at first listlessly, at last with thoughtful attention. He had heard Burley, too, speak highly of this generous statesman, who, without pretending to genius himself, appreciated it in others. He suddenly remembered, too, that Egerton was half-brother to the Squire. Vague notions of some appeal to this eminent person, not for charity, but employ to his mind, gleamed across him—inexperienced boy that he yet was! And while thus meditating, the door of the House opened, and out came Audley Egerton himself. A partial cheering, followed by a general murmur, apprised Leonard of the presence of the popular statesman. Egerton was caught hold of by some five or six persons in succession; a shake of the hand, a nod, a brief whispered word or two, sufficed the practiced member for graceful escape; and soon, free from the crowd, his tall erect figure passed on, and turned toward the bridge. He paused at the angle and took out his watch, looking at it by the lamp-light.

"Harley will be here soon," he muttered "he is always punctual; and now that I have spoken, I can give him an hour or so. That is well."

As he replaced his watch in his pocket, and re-buttoned his coat over his firm, broad chest, he lifted his eyes, and saw a young man standing before him.

"Do you want me?" asked the statesman, with the direct brevity of his practical character.

"Mr. Egerton," said the young man, with a voice that slightly trembled, and yet was manly amidst emotion, "you have a great name, and great power—I stand here in these streets of London without a friend, and without employ. I believe that I have it in me to do some nobler work than that of bodily labor, had I but one friend—one opening for my thoughts. And now I have said this, I scarcely know how or why, but from despair, and the sudden impulse which that despair took from the praise that follows your success. I have nothing more to add."

Audley Egerton was silent for a moment, struck by the tone and address of the stranger; but the consummate and wary man of the world, accustomed to all manner of strange applications, and all varieties of imposture, quickly recovered from a passing effect.

"Are you a native of —?" (naming the town he represented as member.)

"No, sir."

"Well, young man, I am very sorry for you; but the good sense you must possess (for I judge of that by the education you have evidently received) must tell you that a public man, whatever be his patronage, has it too fully absorbed by claimants who have a right to demand it, to be able to listen to strangers."

He paused a moment, and, as Leonard stood silent, added, with more kindness than most public men so accosted would have showed—

"You say you are friendless—poor fellow. in early life that happens to many of us, who find friends enough before the close. Be honest, and well-conducted; lean on yourself, not on strangers; work with the body if you can't with the mind; and, believe me, that advice is all I can give you, unless this trifle," and the minister held out a crown piece.

Leonard bowed, shook his head sadly, and walked away. Egerton looked after him with a slight pang.

"Pooh!" said he to himself, "there must be thousands in the same state in the streets of London. I can not redress these necessities of civilization. Well educated! It is not from ignorance henceforth that society will suffer—it is from over-educating the hungry thousands who, thus unfitted for manual toil, and with no career for mental, will some day or other stand like that boy in our streets, and puzzle wiser ministers than I am."

As Egerton thus mused, and passed on to the bridge, a bugle-horn rang merrily from the box of a gay four-in-hand. A drag-coach with superb blood-horses, rattled over the causeway, and in the driver Egerton recognized his nephew—Frank Hazeldean.

The young Guardsman was returning, with a lively party of men, from dining at Greenwich; and the careless laughter of these children of pleasure floated far over the still river.

It vexed the ear of the careworn statesman—sad, perhaps, with all his greatness, lonely amidst all his crowd of friends. It reminded him, perhaps, of his own youth, when such parties and companionships were familiar to him, though through them all he bore an ambitious, aspiring soul—" *Le jeu, vaut-il la chandelle?*" said he, shrugging his shoulders.

The coach rolled rapidly past Leonard, as he stood leaning against the corner of the bridge, and the mire of the kennel splashed over him from the hoofs of the fiery horses. The laughter smote on his ear more discordantly than on the minister's, but it begot no envy.

"Life is a dark riddle," said he, smiting his breast.

And he walked slowly on, gained the recess where he had stood several nights before with Helen; and dizzy with want of food, and worn out for want of sleep, he sank down into the dark corner; while the river that rolled under the arch of stone muttered dirge-like in his ear; as under the social key-stone wails and rolls on forever the mystery of Human Discontent. Take comfort, O Thinker, by the stream! 'Tis the river that founded and gave pomp to the city; and without the discontent, where were progress—what were Man? Take comfort, O THINKER! wherever the stream over which thou bendest, or beside which thou sinkest, weary and desolate, frets the arch that supports thee—never dream that, by destroying the bridge, thou canst silence the moan of the wave.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FORTUNES OF THE REVEREND CALEB ELLISON.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE Reverend Caleb Ellison had an odd way of doing every thing; but he was so good a man, and so adored a clergyman, that his being in love was an interesting circumstance to a large proportion of the inhabitants of the country town in which he lived. When he looked up at the chimney-pots as he walked the streets, or went slowly skipping along the foot-pavement to the Reading-room in the market-place, the elders of his congregation might wish that he would walk more like other men, and the children giggled at the sight; but the ladies, young and old, regarded these things as a part of the "originality" which they admired in him; and Joanna Carey would scarcely admit to herself that such freaks required forbearance.

On Friday evening Mr. Carey returned before the rest of his party from a strawberry feast, to tell his wife that their dear girl had shown him by a look, that she must now decide on her lot for life. Ellison had certainly spoken. Joanna must decide for herself. If she was satisfied to have the greatest blessings that a woman could have—high moral and spiritual excellence in a man who loved her—and could, for these, make light of the daily drawbacks of his oddities, it was not for any one else to object. Mr. Carey could not say that his own temper would bear with so eccentric a companion; but perhaps he was narrow: perhaps his wife's nice household ways for twenty-five years had spoiled him. Joanna knew what she was undertaking. She knew that it was as much as the clerk and the deacons could do, to get the pastor into the pulpit in proper time every Sunday, and that this would be her business now. She knew that he seldom remembered to shave, and how he had burned his marble chimney-piece black; and—Well; perhaps these were trifles. Perhaps it was a fault not to regard them as such. If a father was fortunate enough to have a man of eminent single-mindedness for his son-in-law, and genius to boot, he ought not, perhaps, to require common sense also; but it had always been Mr. Carey's belief that good sense was the greatest part of genius.

By Sunday evening Mr. Carey was little disposed to desire any thing more in his intended son-in-law than had appeared that day. Joanna had engaged herself to him on Saturday evening. On Sunday morning there was something in the tone of his pathetic voice so unusual, in the very first verses of the Psalm, that many hearers looked up; and then they saw something very unusual in his countenance. He so preached, that a stranger inquired earnestly who this Mr. Ellison was, and whence he came; and his admirers in the congregation said he was inspired.

"Joanna behaved very well, did not she?" whispered Mrs. Carey to her husband, as they were returning from chapel.

"Very well, indeed. And it was extremely fine, his preaching to-day. Extremely fine?"

And this particular day, the father feared as little for Joanna as Joanna for herself.

There was no reason for delay about the marriage. Mr. Ellison had three hundred pounds a year from his office, and was never likely to have any more. The interest of Joanna's portion—one thousand pounds—was hers whenever she married. She was four-and-twenty, and Mr. Ellison was five years older. They were no children; there was no reason for delay; so every body knew of the engagement immediately, and the preparations went on diligently.

A pastor's marriage is always a season of great interest and amusement. In this case it was unusually diverting from the singular innocence of the gentleman about all household affairs. He showed all the solicitude of which he was capable to have every thing right and comfortable for Joanna; but his ideas were so extraordinary, that his friends suspected that he had been quizzed by certain youths of his congregation, who had indeed made solemn suggestions to him about dredging-boxes and rolling-pins, and spigots, and ball-irons, and other conveniences, the names of which were strange to him. He had promised to leave the whole concern of furnishing in the hands of a discreet lady and her daughters, with a power of appeal to Mrs. Carey in doubtful cases; but when these mysterious names had been lying on his mind for some days, he could not help making inquiries and suggestions, which brought nothing but laughter upon him. Mr. and Mrs. Carey thought the quizzing went rather too far; but Joanna did not seem to mind it.

"His head should not be stuffed with nonsense," observed Mr. Carey to his wife, "when business that he really ought to be attending to is left undone."

"You mean the Life Insurance," replied she. "Why do you not remind him of it?"

"I believe I must. But it is not a pleasant thing to do. No man in his circumstances ought to need to be spoken to more than once. However, I have to suggest to him to insure all this pretty furniture that his friends are giving him; and while I am speaking about the Fire Insurance, I can easily mention the more important one."

"I should feel no difficulty," observed Mrs. Carey. "He will be purely thankful to you for telling him what he ought to do."

An opportunity soon occurred. The presents came in fast: the Careys were consulted about how to stow them all. One evening at supper, the conversation naturally turned—as it probably does in every house—on what should be saved first in case of fire. Mr. Carey asked Mr. Ellison whether his landlord had not insured the cottage, and whether he himself was not thinking of insuring the furniture from fire.

Instant opposition arose from Mr. Carey's second daughter, Charlotte, who declared that she could not bear to think of such a thing. She begged that nobody would speak of such a thing. Indeed, she wondered that any body could.

When induced to explain the emotions with which her mind was laboring, she declared her horror that any one belonging to her could feel that any money could compensate for the loss of the precious things, such as old letters, and fond memorials, which perish in a fire.

"How old are you, my dear?" inquired her father.

"Sixteen, papa."

"Indeed! I should have taken you to be six years younger. I should wonder at a child of ten talking so sillily as you are doing."

Mr. Ellison stared; for his sympathy with Charlotte's sentiment was so strong, that he was looking at her with beaming eyes, and softly ejaculating, "Dear Charlotte! dear child!"

It took some time to convince both (for young ladies of sixteen sometimes see things less clearly than six years before and ten years after that age) that, if precious papers and gifts are unhappily lost in a fire, that is no reason why tables and chairs, and fish-kettles and dredging-boxes, and carpets and house linen should not be paid for by an Insurance Office; but at last both young lady and pastor saw this. Still, Charlotte did not look satisfied; and her father invited her to utter what was in her mind. After some fencing about whether her thoughts were silly, and whether it would be silly to speak them, out came the scruple. Was there not something worldly in thinking so much about money and the future?

"Dear Charlotte! dear child!" again soliloquized Mr. Ellison.

Mr. Carey did not think the apprehension silly; but, in his opinion, the danger of worldliness lay the other way. He thought the worldliness lay in a man's spending all his income, leaving wife and children to be maintained by their neighbors, in case of accidents which may happen any day to any body, and which do happen to a certain proportion of people, within an assigned time, as regularly as death happens to all. Charlotte had nothing to say against life insurance, because every man knows that he shall die; and there is no speculation in the case. But she was extremely surprised to hear that there is an equal certainty, though of a narrower extent, about fire, and other accidents; that it is a fact that, out of so many householders, such and such a number will have their houses burned down.

"Is it indeed so?" asked Joanna.

"It is indeed so. Moreover, out of so much property, such and such an amount will perish by fire. Every householder being bound in with this state of things for his share of the risk, he owes it equally to others and to himself to secure the compensation, in case of accident. Does he not?"

"How to others?"

"Because he should contribute his share to the subscription, if you like to call it so, by which the sufferer from fire, whoever he be, is to be compensated. Thus, you see, Charlotte, that which seems to you an act of worldliness is a neighborly act, as well as a prudent one."

When reminded, Charlotte admitted that she

had herself said so about the Cow Club at B——. She had told many people how the cottagers at B——, were now saved from all danger of ruin by the loss of a cow—a loss fatal to so many cottagers elsewhere. The farmers at B——, who could ill afford to lose from nine pounds to fifteen pounds at a stroke by the death of a cow, had joined with the cottagers in setting up a Cow Life-insurance. The club employed a skillful cow-doctor. The members paid in a small portion of the weekly profits of their milk-selling; and had the comfort of knowing that, whenever their cow died, they would be supplied with another, or with a part of the value of one, according to the length of time, or the yearly amount they had paid. Charlotte admitted that she had been delighted with the scheme, but now asserted that she was much more pleased about the Quakers and their ship.

"Ha! Quakers?" said Mr. Ellison.

Yes; those Quakers, now, were the sort of people whom Charlotte admired. So unworldly! so trusting! There was a rich India ship, belonging to some Quakers, lately wrecked in the Channel, very near her port. The whole cargo was lost. It had been a total loss to the owners, because their principles would not allow them to insure—to put themselves out of the hands of Providence, and speculate in "the stormy winds fulfilling his word." That had been their statement; and was there not something very beautiful in it? Charlotte looked at her father for an answer.

"Tell me, first, my dear," he replied, "whether you admire Tasker, the shoemaker, for refusing to have his children vaccinated, saying that it was taking them out of the hands of the Lord?"

Charlotte could not think of poor little Mary Tasker, disfigured and half blind, and not wish that she had been vaccinated; and yet Tasker had acted in a resigned spirit.

"Well: exactly as much as you admire Tasker, I admire your Quakers. I honor their motive, but I am sorry for their mistake—sorry that they refuse one safeguard against worldliness."

"Worldliness, papa!"

Mr. Carey explained how the moral dangers of commercial pursuits are in proportion to their gambling character. Large gains and great hazards must be more engrossing to the mind, and more stimulating to the passions than small and secure profits. The great drawback upon commerce with very remote countries is, or was, its gambling character, from the variety and seriousness of the risks, and the largeness of the profits laid on to cover them. By means of insurance against sea risks and other dangers, the losses are spread over so large a number that they cease to be losses, and become a mere tax, such as men may willingly pay for security. When a man has so introduced moderation into his gains and his losses, as to detach himself from "the cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches," he may listen with a quiet pulse (as far as his own affairs are concerned) to the

wind roaring over the sea, and need not be "afraid of evil tidings." It was quite a new view to Charlotte that her Quakers had been gambling, in fact, when they should have been trading safely; but she could not deny that it was so. Nobody wished her to give them up, in regard to their spirit of faith and trust; but nobody could stand up for their prudence.

The most striking view to Charlotte was that there is nothing accidental in storms and tempests; and that it is only our ignorance which makes us call them so. The realm of Meteorology is, no doubt, governed by laws as invariable as that of Astronomy. We know this fact, though we, as yet, know little of these laws. Something more we know: and that is, the average of shipwrecks and conflagrations, in a certain condition of society; in the same way that we know the average of men that will die, out of a certain number, in a certain time: and it is this knowledge of the averages which justifies the resource of insurance in all the three cases. When Mr. Ellison at length comprehended that there were thousands of prudent men now paying their mite to compensate him for the loss of his new furniture, in case of its being burned, on the simple condition of his paying his mite also, he was so struck by their neighborly conduct, that he could scarcely express his sense of it. The ladies considered it impossible that he should feel so strongly, and be heedless about the condition on his own part. Mr. Carey shook his head.

Mr. Carey was right. The wedding-day came, and the insurance was not effected.—Joanna did not like to tease her betrothed about worldly affairs. If the subject was mentioned, and the train of thought revived, he went into an enthusiasm about the benevolent class of insurers: but he did not become one himself.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

The wedding-day came and went. The young people were married and gone. Mr. Ellison's flock were assembled, almost entire, in the parish church, for the first and last time. In those days, dissenters could not marry in their own chapels, or any where but in church; and the present was an occasion when the clergyman of the parish appeared to great advantage, with his kind courtesy toward his dissenting neighbors. The whole affair was talked over from day to day, during the wedding-trip of the Ellisons, in the intervals of Charlotte's business in preparing their house for their return. Then began her sisterly relation toward the pastor beloved by so many. Her reverence for him, and her pride on Joanna's account, made her consider his dignity (in spite of himself) on all occasions; from the receiving him at his own door, on the evening of arrival, to the defending him in every trifle in which he vexed her orderly father. When Mr. Carey complained of his being found at breakfast unshaven, and wondered how he would like to see Joanna come down with her hair in papers, Charlotte contended that these things mattered

less in a gentleman than a lady; and that it was from a meditative turn that he forgot to shave, even as Newton forgot to dine. If he fell over all his new furniture in turn, she declared it was because the affection of his friends had overcrowded his cottage with memorials of their love. If he was met half-way to the town without his hat, she looked with reverence in his face for a foretaste of his next Sunday's sermon. When it came out that Joanna had paid all the post-boys and bills on the journey; that Joanna had to go with him to the tailor's, when he was to be measured for a new coat; that Joanna had to carve, because he did not know the wing of a fowl from the leg—But we will not dwell further on the foibles of a good man whose virtues were as uncommon in their degree, as his weaknesses, it may be hoped, in kind.

Full as the cottage was of pretty things, it was destined to be yet fuller in another year. Never was there a prettier little wardrobe of tiny caps and robes, and the like, than room must be found for, the next autumn, in preparation for that prettiest of all things—a baby. Half the ladies in the congregation brought their offerings of delicate work, in cambric and the softest of flannel, and most fantastical of pincushions and baskets. It was a delightful season to the whole family; and Joanna was so well and bright! And when the great day was over, there were such rallyings of Mr. and Mrs. Carey, on their being so early a grand-papa and grand-mamma; and it was so droll to see Mr. Ellison, who seemed never to have seen a baby, but in baptizing the little creatures, whom he had always hitherto regarded as young Christians, and never as little infants! Mr. Carey was rather ashamed of the extent of his ignorance, shown on the first sight of his child in its sleep, by its mother's side.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "a baby!" in as much surprise as if it had been the last thing he expected to see.

"Yes; there is your baby. How do you like her?"

He gazed in silence, and at length said—"But can she walk?"

"My dear Ellison! at a day old!"

"But can she talk?"

"All in good time. You will have enough of that by-and-by."

"Dear, dear! Ha!" said he, again and again, till he was sent off to dinner, at a friend's house.

He dined at some friend's house every day. On the fourth day it was at a distance of three miles. Mrs. Carey had gone home, in the twilight of a November day. As soon as she was gone, the nurse stepped out, very improperly, for something that she wanted, the child being asleep beside Joanna. She desired the servant girl to carry up her mistress's gruel in a quarter-of-an-hour, if she was not back. The girl did so; and approached the bed, with the basin in one hand and a candle in the other. She poked the candle directly against the dimity curtains, and set the bed on fire. It was a large bed, it

a small crowded room, close to two walls and near the window-curtain. The flame caught the tester instantly, and then the corner of the pillow, and the edge of the sheet. Before that, the girl had thrown down the basin of hot gruel on the baby, rushed to the window, thrown up the sash, and screamed; and she next rushed out at the door, leaving it wide open, and then at the house-door, leaving that wide open too. The air streamed up the staircase, and the bed was on fire all round.

Poor Joanna crept off the bed, and took the child in one arm, while with the other she tried to pull off a blanket. She was found weakly tugging at it. He who so found her was a sailor, who had seen the light from the road, and run up the stairs.

"I see how it is, madam," said he, in a cheerful voice. "Don't be alarmed; you are very safe. Come in here." And he carried her into the next room—the little drawing-room—and laid her, with her baby on her arm, on the sofa. He summoned a comrade, who was in the road. They pulled up the drugget from the floor, doubled it again, laid it over her, and tucked it nicely in, as if there was no hurry.

"Now, madam," said he, "where shall we carry you?" She was carried through damp and dusk, to her father's house. Her mother was not there. Such news spreads, nobody knows how. Her mother was then in the streets without her bonnet, imploring every body she met to save her child. She presently encountered one of the sailors, returning to the fire. He assured her the lady and child were safe, and sent her home. Mr. Carey was almost as much beside himself. His first idea was, that it was Mr. Ellison who had, by some awkwardness, set his house on fire; and he said so, very publicly; and very sorry he was for it afterward.

Mr. Ellison was called from the dinner-table, and told he was wanted at home. He strode along, in a bewildered state, till he saw the flames from a distance. As he stood before the cottage, which was now one blaze, nobody could tell him where his wife was. He was trying to break from many hands, and enter the house, when some one at last came up with the news of the safety of his wife and babe. As for the servant, it was some days before she was heard of; and there were serious apprehensions about her, when her aunt came in from the country, to say that the poor creature had fled to her, and would never come near the town, or see any of the family again. Nobody wondered that she said she should never be happy again.

Joanna seemed to be really no worse for the adventure; and for some days it was confidently believed that the infant would do well, though it was severely scalded. Every thing was lost—every article of clothing of all three, all the pretty gifts, all the furniture, two precious portraits, all Mr. Ellison's books and manuscripts. But he was so happy and thankful that his chief treasures were saved, that he never preached more nobly than on the next Sunday, without a scrap

of notes;—he who took such pains with his sermons, and never preached extempore! It was from the abundance of his heart that he spoke.

"I have to beg your pardon, Ellison," said Mr. Carey, "for what I said in the first moments of misery."

"It was natural—it was not doing me wrong; for my mother used to say that I did awkward things sometimes; that I was not expert; and it appears to me that I really have erred." And the good man went on to blame himself for having no furniture and clothes to give Joanna, no piano, no books! His landlord was no loser by the fire, while he was destitute. In short, Mr. Ellison was full of remorse for not having insured. All the ladies of his acquaintance were stitching away in his and his wife's behalf; but this was rather an aggravation than a comfort; and he fully intended to effect an insurance, both against fire (when he should again be settled) and on his life. Still, Mr. Carey told his wife, with a shake of the head, that his impression was that it would never be done.

All such thoughts were presently banished. The baby did not get through. After pining for ten days, she died. Then it was that the pastor's fine qualities manifested themselves. He surrendered so patiently a happiness and hope which had really become very dear to his heart; he supported Joanna so tenderly; he considered the whole family so much more than himself, that Mr. Carey vowed he would never more be vexed or ashamed at the peculiarities of such a man.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Nobody would hear of the pastor going into furnished lodgings. The pastor and his wife would not hear of Mr. Carey's furnishing another house for them. Joanna was allowed to draw half her little fortune to buy furniture and clothes, and a few indispensable books for her husband. Thus, their income was reduced by twenty-five pounds, and the half of the principal was gone. If that twenty-five pounds of lost income had been devoted to a life insurance, it would, at Mr. Ellison's present age, have secured one thousand pounds at his death. Thus he had, by neglect, in fact, thrown away one thousand five hundred pounds of future provision for his family. The present was not the easiest moment for contracting new obligations; but the duty was clear, even to the unpractical mind of the pastor. He went to London to effect his insurances, and his wife went with him partly for change of scene and thoughts, and partly because she knew that her husband could never get through the business by himself.

It was not got through, after all. One pious friend had affected them with fears, that they would find it an ensnaring bondage to worldly things to have to think of the payment of the annual premium; another thought it was speculating in God's will; another assured them that they could not spare the money, and should pro-

vide for their own household, and hospitality to neighbors, to-day, instead of taking thought for the morrow. They returned without having been near an insurance-office at all. The Careys thought this a sad mistake, and pointed out to them the peace of mind they would lose by the precariousness of their fortunes, and the ease with which the business might be managed, by the trustees of the chapel being authorized to deduct the necessary sum from the pastor's salary, and the pastor's way of living being proportioned to an income of three hundred pounds a year. It was certain that Mr. Ellison would never lay by money in any other way than this; for he could never see a beggar without giving him whatever he had in his pocket.

It may be observed, that insurance was a more onerous matter in those days than in ours. Science has introduced much ease and many varieties into the process of insurance. The rates of premium in Mr. Ellison's younger days were higher; the methods were restricted; middle-class men drank more, and taxed their brother insurers for their accelerated mortality, though precautions were taken against obviously fatal intemperance. The "bondage," that friends talked of, was greater, and the advantages were less, than at present. If Mr. Ellison was wrong in his delays and hesitation, much more are family men wrong who delay and hesitate now.

Time went on, and Joanna was made happy by the birth of a son. During the whole period of her confinement, her husband refused to leave the house, except on Sundays; and he went about, many times in the day, from the attics to the cellars, with his nose in the air, trying to smell fire. There was none, however, to reward his anxious search. No accident happened. The mother and child thrived without drawback; and a finer little fellow really was never seen.

For two years—two precious years—all went well. Then came one of those seasons of unhealthiness which occur at intervals, as if to warn men of their ignorance of the laws on which their life depends, and to rebuke their carelessness about observing such conditions of health as they do understand. No town was less prepared to encounter an onset of autumnal fever than that in which the Ellisons lived. It had no right to expect health at any time: the history of the place told of plague in old times, and every epidemic which visited England became a pestilence amid its ill-drained streets, its tidal expanse of mud, and its crowded alleys. These were the times when the beloved pastor's fidelity shone out. For weeks he was, night and day, in close attendance on the poor of his flock; and any other poor who were needing help. He could not aid them in the way that a more practical man would have done; but Joanna supplied that kind of ability, while the voice of her husband carried peace and support into many a household, prostrated in grief and dread. He ran far greater risks all the while than he needed, if he could have been taught common prudence. He forgot to eat, and went into un-

wholesome chambers with an empty stomach and an exhausted frame. In spite of his wife's watchfulness, he omitted to give himself the easy advantages of freshened air, change of clothes, and a sufficiency of wholesome food; and, for one week, he hardly came home to sleep. It was no wonder that, at last, both were down in the fever. The best care failed to save Joanna. She died without having bidden farewell to husband and child. Her husband was in bed delirious, and her boy was in the country, whither he had been taken for safety when the fever entered the house.

Mr. Ellison recovered slowly, as might be expected, from the weight upon his mind. There was something strange, it appeared to his physician, in his anxiety to obtain strength to go to London. He was extremely pertinacious about this. The Careys, glad to see that he could occupy himself with any project, humored this, without understanding it. They spoke as if he was going to London when he should be strong enough. They did not dream of his not waiting for this. But, in the dark, damp evening of the day when he dismissed his physician, after Mrs. Carey had gone home, leaving him on the sofa, and promising that her husband should call after tea, he was seen at the coach-office, in the market-place; and he made a night-journey to London.

There were no railways in those days; and this journey of one hundred miles required twelve hours by the "Expedition," the "High-flyer," the "Express," or whatever the fastest coach might be called. As soon as he arrived, Mr. Ellison swallowed a cup of coffee in the bar of the inn, had a coach called, and proceeded to an insurance-office to insure his life. As he presented himself, emaciated and feeble, unwashed, unshaven, with a crimson handkerchief tied over his white lips, which quivered when he uncovered them; as he told his errand, in a weak and husky voice, the clerks of the office stared at him in pitying wonder; and the directors dismissed him from their parlor, under the gentlest pretexts they could devise.

He returned home immediately, and told his adventure to Mr. Carey.

"I could not rest till I had made the effort," he said. "When dear Joanna was gone, and I believed that I should follow her, it occurred to me that our child would be left destitute. I saw that I had neglected my duty; and I resolved that, if I recovered, it should be so no longer. I have made the effort; it has failed; and God's will be done!"

Mr. Carey would not allow that the matter must be given up. In fact, there was no difficulty in effecting the insurance, in the next spring, when Mr. Ellison was restored to his ordinary state of health, and Mr. Carey was his guide and helper in the business. The interest of Joanna's little portion was appropriated for the purpose, with a small addition, rendered necessary by the lapse of three years. It is well known that the most unworldly and unapt per-

sons are the most proud of any act of prudence or skill that they may have been able to achieve. So it was in this case. When the pastor sat gazing at his child, it appeared to him a marvelous thing that he, even he, should have endowed any human being with a fortune. He was heard to say to himself, on such occasions, in a tone of happy astonishment,

"A thousand pounds! Ha! a thousand pounds!"

We can not here follow out the curious process of that boy's rearing. We have not space to tell how tenderly he was watched by grandmamma, and by Charlotte, till her marriage gave her cares of her own:—nor what a stroke it was when Mr. Ellison moved to a distant city, being invited to a higher post in the ministry of his sect; nor how curiously he and his child lived in a lodging, where, notwithstanding all his efforts to fill the place of both parents, his boy was too often seen in rags; nor how the child played leap-frog and other games with little beggars and ruffians in the streets, so cleverly, that his father might be seen gazing at him from the foot-pavement, in a rapture of admiration; nor how, on the great occasion of the little lad's first going to chapel, he told every body within reach, that it was "Pa" in the pulpit; nor how, when he was tired of the sermon, he was wont to scrape the sand from the floor, and powder with it the wigs of the old men who sat in the long pew before him; nor how, at length, the importunity of friends prevailed to get him sent to school; nor how comfortably his father was boarded in a private family when the lodging plan became too bad to be borne even by him. All this we must leave undescribed; and also his satisfaction when, in a later time—when his son was grown up, and prosperous, and well married—the good pastor found himself at liberty to do, if he should wish it, what he had always thought ministers had better do, leave the pulpit before they were worn out—before any body had begun to look for their wearing out. The "dear child," as he still calls the father of his grandchildren, early persuaded his father to take advantage of that modern improvement by which his life insurance can be commuted into an annuity at sixty years of age, if he should attain it, or receivable in full, if that method should be preferred. A small independence being thus secured, if he lives to leave the pulpit at sixty, and a legacy to his son, if he dies before that time, Mr. Ellison feels more free from worldly cares than is often the case with dissenting ministers who begin the world without fortune, and with thoughts far above the lucre of gain.

No one wonders that he never seemed to think of marrying again. Before his removal, the name of his "dear Joanna" was often on his lips. After his removal, it was never again heard, except on the rare occasions of his meeting old friends. He did not speak of her to those who had never known her; but not the less was her image understood to be ever in his thoughts.

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LAMARTINE ON THE RESTORATION.*

AN able critic in a recent English journal, remarks as follows, on the last brilliant work of Lamartine on "The History of the Restoration:" Whatever may be said of the author of this volume as a politician, and however much his capabilities for legislation may be despised, he ranks as a first class historian, and as the most brilliant foreign writer of the present day, both of his country's annals, romance, and poetry. If M. Lamartine's "History of the Girondists" excited immense interest, his "History of the Restoration of the Monarchy" is calculated to produce a much greater enthusiasm. The manner in which he details the thrilling events which succeeded the conclusion of the Reign of Terror in the former work, and the opening of the Consulate, has been spoken of by critics of all shades of politics as unique, as perfect in style and comprehensive in detail; but we doubt very much whether it will not be universally acknowledged that in all these points the new effort surpasses the older. The praise of such a work is best accorded by extracts from its own pages. Such extracts speak for themselves, and award far more valuable encomiums than any which those whose office it is to sit in judgment upon their characteristics can do. We present the following account of the arrest and murder of the young Duke d'Enghien, a crime which Europe has very justly never forgiven, and by which the character of Napoleon has been forever blasted. We had thought that a more vivid picture of this act of treachery could not by any possibility have been written than that which appears in the tale of Maurice Tierney, the Soldier of Fortune; but every thing which has been there said, or has been elsewhere written concerning that event, gives place to this vivid picture drawn by Lamartine, while his opinion respecting the dark deed itself, and the villainy by which it was accomplished, will ever stamp him as a man of the most honorable mind, and as a truly noble-hearted Frenchman.

ARREST AND MURDER OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN

"Ordener set out on the same night, that of the 10th and 11th of March, and arrived on the 12th at Strassburg. He held a council on his arrival with General Leval, Charlot, the colonel of gendarmes, and the commissary of police, and they resolved to precede and facilitate the nocturnal expedition by a minute reconnoitring of the scene of action. An agent of police named Stahl, and a non-commissioned officer of the gendarmerie, named Pfersdoff, were dispatched on the instant, and marching all night, arrived at eight o'clock in the morning at Ettenheim. They strolled with an affectation of indifference about the house of the Prince, in order to make themselves well acquainted with the approaches to it. The Prince's valet-de-chambre, concealed behind a window, observed these two strangers

* "History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France," by Alphonse De Lamartine. 12mo. Harper and Brothers

walking round the walls, and intently noting the objects of their mission. He called another of the servants, named Cannone, and communicated his anxieties to him. Cannone was an old soldier and companion of the Prince from his earliest infancy. He had fought with him in all his campaigns, and had saved his life in Poland, by covering him with his sabre and his person. He fancied that he remembered having somewhere seen the face of Pfersdoff, and thought he recognized in him a gendarme in disguise. He hastened to inform the Prince, who, with the thoughtlessness of his age, disdained to pay any attention to these symptoms of espionage. Nevertheless, an officer of his army, named Schmidt, went out and accosted Stahl and Pfersdoff, and questioned them with an appearance of unconcern, pretending that he was going their way, and accompanied them for more than a league; but at last seeing them take a road which led into the interior of Germany, instead of returning toward the Rhine, he felt reassured, and returned to tranquilize the servants and retainers at Ettenheim. But the anxieties of love are not so easily set at rest as those of friendship. The Princess Charlotte de Rohan was filled with a presentiment of danger, and begged the Prince would absent himself for a few days from a residence where he was so evidently watched, and possibly with a criminal intention. Out of affection for her, rather than from uneasiness on his own account, the duke consented to absent himself for two or three days, and it was settled that he should set out the third morning after, on a long hunting excursion in the forests of the Grand Duke of Baden, during which the suspicions of his betrothed would be either dissipated or verified; but it was fated that the third morning should not dawn on him in Germany. . . . On the evening of the 14th, General Ordener, accompanied by General Fririon, chief of General Leval's staff, and by Charlot, colonel of gendarmes, set out in the dark toward the ferry of Rheinau on the Rhine, and found there, at the appointed hour, the 300 dragoons of the 26th, 15 ferrymen, the five large boats, and, lastly, the 30 mounted gendarmes destined to be employed in the violation of dwellings and seizure of persons, in an expedition more worthy of lictors than of soldiers. The Rhine was crossed in silence at midnight, and the column, unperceived during the sleep of the German peasants on the right bank, and guided by different roads, arrived, as the day was breaking, at Ettenheim. The spies, whom Ordener and Charlot had brought with them, pointed out to the gendarmes the houses which were to be invested. . . . The Duke d'Enghien, who had spent the evening before at the house of the Prince Rohan-Rochefort, with the Princess Charlotte, had promised her to absent himself for a few days, to allow time for the plots against his safety, of which she was apprehensive, either to evaporate or be unraveled. He was accordingly about to start at sunrise, with Colonel Grunstein, one of his friends, on his hunting excursion for

several days. He had already left his bed, and was dressing himself, and preparing his arms. Grunstein, contrary to his usual custom, had slept under the same roof with the Prince, that he might be the sooner ready to escort him. This companion of his own, on the battle-field and in the chase, was also half-dressed, when the tramp of horses and the sight of dragoons and gendarmes made the rest of the household start from their sleep. Feron, the most familiar servant of the Prince, flew to the chamber of his young master, and announced to him that the court-yard and garden were surrounded at every outlet by French soldiers, and that the officer commanding them was loudly calling on the servants to open the doors, declaring that in case of refusal, he would have them broken open with hatchets. 'Well, then, we must defend ourselves,' exclaimed the undaunted young man, and saying these words, he seized his double-barreled fowling-piece, ready loaded with ball for the chase, while Cannone, his other servant, animated with the same determination as his master, possessed himself of another fowling-piece, and Grunstein entering the chamber at that moment, armed in a like manner, the whole then darted to the windows to fire. The Prince leveled at Colonel Charlot, who threatened the door, and was about to stretch him dead on the threshold, when Grunstein, perceiving on all sides a host of helmets and sabres, and seeing another detachment of gendarmes already masters of one of the wings of the chateau, seized the barrel of the Prince's fowling-piece, and throwing the gun upward, showed the Duke d'Enghien, by signs, the uselessness of resistance against such overwhelming numbers, and prevented his firing. 'My lord,' he said, 'have you in any way committed yourself?'—'No,' replied the duke. 'Well, then, that being the case, do not attempt a hopeless struggle. We are hemmed in by a complete wall of troops. See how their bayonets glisten on every side.' The Prince was turning round to reply to these words when he beheld Pfersdoff, whom he recognized as the spy of the day before, accompanied by gendarmes with presented carbines, rush into his room. He was followed by Col. Charlot, who, with his soldiers, seized and disarmed the Prince, together with Grunstein, Feron, and Cannone. The Duke, as we have seen, was ready to set out, and was thus lost by the delay of only a few moments. He was dressed in the costume of a Tyrolean hunter, wearing a handsome gold-laced cap, with long gaiters of chamois skin buckled at the knees; and the manly beauty and dauntless expression of his features, heightened by the excitement of the surprise, and determination to resist, struck the soldiers with astonishment. In the midst of such a scene, and the tramp of feet and clatter of arms in the house, the sound of a disturbance without for a moment inspired the Prince and his followers with a hope of deliverance. Loud cries of fire issued from the village, and these cries were re-echoed from house to house, like a tocsin of

human voices. Windows were thrown open, and doorways filled with the inhabitants aroused by the invasion of the French. Half naked mechanics were seen running to the steeple to ring the bells, and summon the peasants to vengeance. Colonel Charlot, however, had them seized, and also arrested the master of the hounds of the Duke of Baden, who, on hearing of the disturbance, was hastening to the house of the Prince, and who was told by Charlot that what was taking place had been mutually agreed upon by the First Consul and his sovereign. On hearing this falsehood, the excitement of the inhabitants subsided, and they submitted, with looks of sorrow and expressions of grief, to the misfortune of a young man who had rendered himself an object of the deepest regard. . . . The Prince was dragged away from his residence, without being permitted to take a last farewell of her whom he left swooning and in tears."

Bonaparte had determined on the duke's death, and his ministers and judges received their instructions to that effect. The midnight trial, the despicable meanness of the tribunal, the heroic attitude of the young Condé, are vividly depicted in this volume: but we pass on to the *dénouement* of the plot.

"As soon as the judgment was pronounced, and even before it was drawn up, Hullin sent to inform Savary and the Judge Advocate of the sentence of death, in order that they might take their measures for its execution. It seemed as if the time was equally pressing to the tribunal as to those who awaited their decision, and as if an invisible genius was hurrying along the acts, formalities, and hours, in order that the morning's sun might not witness the deeds of the night. Hullin and his colleagues remained in the hall of council, and drew up at random the judgment they had just given; and this short and unskillfully prepared document (summing up a whole examination in two questions and two answers) terminated with the order to execute the sentence forthwith. Savary had not waited for this order to be written before he prepared for its execution, and had already marked out the spot. The court and the esplanade being encumbered with troops, by the presence of the brigade of infantry, and the legion of gendarmes d'élite, no safe place could be found there in which the fire of a platoon did not run the risk of striking a soldier or a spectator. No doubt it was also feared that too great publicity would thus be given to the murder in the midst of an army; that the scene of the execution was too distant from the place of sepulture; and that feelings of pity and horror would pervade the ranks at the sight of this young man's mangled corpse. The moat of the chateau, however, offered the means of avoiding all these dangers, as it would conceal the murder as well as the victim. This place was accordingly chosen. Harel received orders to give up the keys of the steps and iron gateways, which descended from the towers and opened on the foundation of the chateau to point out the different outlets and

sites, and to procure a gravedigger to commence digging a grave while the man for whom it was intended still breathed. A poor working gardener of the chateau, named Bontemps, was awakened, and his work pointed out to him. He was furnished with a lantern to guide him through the labyrinth of the moat, and light him while he dug it up. Bontemps descended with his shovel and pickax to the bottom of the moat, and finding the ground all about dry and hard, he recollected that they had begun to dig a trench the evening before, at the foot of the Queen's Pavilion, in the angle formed by the tower and a little wall breast-high, for the purpose, it was said, of depositing rubbish in it. He accordingly went to the foot of the tower, marked out in paces the measure of a man's body extended at length, and dug in the earth that had been already moved a grave for the corpse they were preparing for it. The Duke d'Enghien could have heard from his window, over the humming noise of the troops below, the dull and regular sound of the pickax which was digging his last couch. Savary, at the same time, marched down and arranged slowly in the moat the detachments of troops who were to witness this military death, and ordered the firing party to load their muskets. The Prince was far from suspecting either so much rigor or so much haste on the part of his judges. He did not doubt that even a sentence of death, if awarded by the commission, would give occasion for an exhibition of magnanimity on the part of the First Consul. He had granted an amnesty to emigrants taken with arms in their hands; how could it be doubted, then, that he who pardoned obscure and culpable exiles, would not honor himself by an act of justice or clemency toward an illustrious prince, beloved by all Europe, and innocent of all crime? He had been taken back, after his interrogatories and his appearance before the military commission, into the room where he had slept. He entered it without exhibiting any of that fright which prisoners experience in the anxiety and uncertainty of their sentence. With a serene countenance and unoccupied mind, he conversed with his gendarmes, and played with his dog. Lieutenant Noirot who was on guard over him, had formerly served in a regiment of cavalry commanded by a colonel who was a friend of the Prince of Condé. He had also seen the Duke d'Enghien, when a child, sometimes accompany his father to reviews and field days of the regiment; and he reminded the Prince of that period and these circumstances of his youth. The duke smiled at these reminiscences, and renewed them himself by other recollections of his infancy, which mingled with those of Noirot. He inquired, with a curiosity full of interest, about the career of this officer since that epoch; of the campaigns he had made; of the battles in which he had been engaged; of the promotion he had received; of his present rank, his expectations, and his partiality for the service. He seemed to find a lively pleasure in this conversation on the past

with a brave officer, who spoke to him with the accent and the heart of a man who would gladly indulge in pity, were it not for the severity of duty. A noise of footsteps, advancing slowly toward the chamber, interrupted this agreeable and last indulgence of captivity. It was the commandant of Vincennes, Harel, accompanied by the brigadier of the gendarmerie of the village, Aufort. This friend of Harel's had been permitted to remain in one of the commandant's rooms, after having ordered the Prince's supper, and from thence he had heard or seen all the events of the night. Harel, agitated and trembling at the mission he had to fulfill, had permitted Aufort to follow and assist him in his message to the prisoner. They saluted the Prince respectfully; but neither of them had the firmness to acquaint him with the truth. The dejected attitude and trembling voice of Harel alone revealed to the eye and to the heart of the Prince a fatal presentiment of the rigor of his judges. He thought they now came for him only to hear his sentence read. Harel desired him, on the part of the tribunal, to follow him, and he went before with a lantern in his hand, through the corridors, the passages, and the courts it was necessary to cross, to arrive at the building called the 'Devil's Tower.' The interior of this tower contained the only staircase and the only door descending to, and opening into, the lowest moat. The Prince appeared to hesitate two or three times on going into this suspicious tower, like a victim which smells the blood, and which resists and turns back its head on crossing the threshold of a slaughter-house. Harel and Aufort preceded the duke in silence down the steps of the narrow winding staircase, which descended to a postern through the massy walls of this tower. The Prince, with an instinctive horror of the place, and of the depth beneath the soil to which the steps were leading him, began to think they were not conducting him before the judges, but into the hands of murderers, or to the gloom of a prison. He trembled in all his limbs, and convulsively drew back his foot as he addressed his guides in front: 'Where are you conducting me?' he demanded, with a stifled voice. 'If it is to bury me alive in a dungeon, I would rather die this instant.' 'Sir,' replied Harel, turning round, 'follow me, and summon up all your courage.' The Prince partly comprehended him, and followed. They at length issued from the winding staircase, through a low postern which opened on the bottom of the moat, and continued walking for some time in the dark, along the foot of the lofty walls of the fortress, as far as the basement of the Queen's Pavilion. When they had turned the angle of this pavilion, which concealed another part of the moat behind its walls, the Prince suddenly found himself in front of the detachment of the troops drawn up to witness his death. The firing party selected for the execution was separated from the rest; and the barrels of their muskets, reflecting the dull light of some lanterns carried by a few of the attendants,

threw a sinister glare on the moat, the massy walls, and the newly-dug grave. The Prince stopped at a sign from his guides, within a few paces of the firing party. He saw his fate at a glance, but he neither trembled nor turned pale. A slight and chilling rain was falling from a gloomy sky, and a melancholy silence reigned throughout the moat. Nothing disturbed the horror of the scene but the whispering and shuffling feet of a few groups of officers and soldiers who had collected upon the parapets above, and on the draw bridge which led into the forest of Vincennes. Adjutant Pelle, who commanded the detachment, advanced, with his eyes lowered, toward the Prince. He held in his hand the sentence of the military commission, which he read in a low, dull voice, but perfectly intelligible. The Prince, listened without making an observation or losing his firmness. He seemed to have collected in an instant all his courage, and all the military heroism of his race, to show his enemies that he knew how to die. Two feelings alone seemed to occupy him during the moment of intense silence which followed the reading of his sentence; one was to invoke the aid of religion to soothe his last struggle, and the other to communicate his dying thoughts to her he was going to leave desolate on the earth. He accordingly asked if he could have the assistance of a priest, but there was none in the castle; and though a few minutes would suffice to call the curé of Vincennes, they were too much pressed for time, and too anxious to avail themselves of the night which was to cover every thing. The officers nearest to him made a sign that he must renounce this consolation; and one brutal fellow from the midst of a group called out in a tone of irony, 'Do you wish, then, to die like a Capuchin?' The Prince raised his head with an air of indignation, and turning toward the group of officers and gendarmes who had accompanied him to the ground, he asked, in a loud voice, if there was any one among them willing to do him one last service. Lieutenant Noiroi advanced from the group, and approached him, thus sufficiently evincing his intention. The Prince said a few words to him in a low voice, and Noiroi, turning toward the side occupied by the troops, said, 'Gendarmes, have any of you got a pair of scissors about you?' The gendarmes searched their cartridge-boxes, and a pair of scissors was passed from hand to hand to the Prince. He took off his cap, cut off one of the locks of his hair, drew a letter from his pocket, and a ring from his finger, then folding the hair, the letter, and the ring in a sheet of paper, he gave the little packet, his sole inheritance, to Lieutenant Noiroi, charging him, in the name of pity for his situation and his death, to send them to the young Princess Charlotte de Rohan, at Ettenheim. This love message being thus confided, he collected himself for a moment, with his hands joined, to offer up a last prayer, and in a low voice commended his soul to God. He then made five or six paces to place himself in front of the firing party, whose loaded muskets

he saw glimmering at a short distance. The light of a large lantern containing several candles, placed upon the little wall that stood over the open grave, gleamed full upon him, and lighted the aim of the soldiers. The firing party retired a few paces to a proper distance, the adjutant gave the word to fire, and the young Prince, as if struck by a thunderbolt, fell upon the earth, without a cry and without a struggle. At that moment the clock of the castle struck the hour of three. Hullin and his colleagues were waiting in the vestibule of Harel's quarters for their carriage to convey them back to Paris, and were talking with some bitterness of Savary's refusal to transmit their letter to his master, when an unexpected explosion, resounding from the moat of the forest gate, made them start and tremble, and taught them that judges should never reckon upon any thing but justice and their own conscience. This still small voice pursued them through their lives. The Duke d'Enghien was no more. His dog, which had followed him into the moat, yelled when he saw him fall, and threw himself on the body of his master. It was with difficulty the poor animal could be torn away from the spot, and given to one of the Prince's servants, who took him to the Princess Charlotte—the only messenger from that tomb where slept the hapless victim whom she never ceased to deplore."

THE CAPTAIN'S SELF-DEVOTION.*

SOME twenty years ago my father had a new ship launched from the stocks. A large company had assembled at our house to witness the ceremony of christening the vessel, and afterward to celebrate the marriage of the captain who was to take command of her. He had been for a long time in my father's service, had been uniformly successful in his voyages, and was just the man to take charge of a new enterprise on the western coast of Africa.

Captain Jan Evers, from the time when he first went to sea as cabin-boy, had lived but little at home, with the exception of the time which he subsequently passed with his parents, while he was attending his course at the Navigation School of Hamburg, in order to prepare for his examination as pilot. His parents owned a bit of ground in the village of Neumühlen, the long rows of houses of which stretch along the mouth of the Elbe, beyond Altona. After the death of the old people, the house stood for a long while uninhabited; until, in the year of which I now speak, the captain, who had returned from a voyage, concluded, at the desire of my father, not to go to sea again, until his new ship should be ready. This induced him to have the long-closed shutters of his house opened, in order to take up his own residence there; for he had never rented it.

You must be aware of the extraordinary cleanliness of the northern sea-ports, and must have seen how the sailors love to have their houses as neat as their ships; and how in Neumühlen,

where many captains and pilots have their little estates, the houses seem to shine with the incessant care bestowed upon them, in order to comprehend how vexed Jan Evers was when he found his long-deserted house to have suffered sadly from neglect. The little garden-plot before the door, which is never wanting, was full of weeds; the boughs of the fine linden had run wild all about, and shaded the chambers, which had thereby grown mouldy, so that the green paint on the walls had contracted ugly yellow stains. The whole aspect of the house made a melancholy impression, and even the Chinese mandarin which was still standing upon the walnut buffet, where Jan used to see it when a child, seemed to nod its head gloomily when Jan once more took possession of his paternal abode.

The captain, who was a fresh jolly fellow of some forty years old, was no longer the same man after he had passed a couple of weeks there. He grew moody, peevish, and barely civil; and my father often lamented the impatience with which he awaited the completion of the ship, in order to be off again.

One day Evers came to our house at an unusual hour, and desired to see my father, who at that time of day was not usually in his counting-room, but with his family. The captain was shown in, and after we children had been sent away, at his desire, he said:

"I have something to say to you which it is best your good lady should hear, too. I have just come from the dock-yard, where I have been looking at the ship. It will be two months before she will be off the stocks. Then it will be too late to go to sea, even if you should have her rigged upon the stocks. I can't get off till spring; and I can't hold out so long as that. If I only had my fellows of the *Fortune* here"—(this was the name of the vessel he had last commanded)—"if I only had them with me in Neumühlen, it would be all right: but I grow down in the mouth there, it is so quiet. I'd rather be on a sand-island, alone with the seals and the seamews, under the open heavens, than among all those nicknacks of my little house, which must be used, and which I can't use. And so, I thought I'd ask you—"

"If you couldn't be off?" interrupted my father. "Surely, Evers, you are not thinking of that in earnest, are you?"

"No, I am not thinking of that. I have agreed to take command of the new ship; and I am in the habit of keeping my word. But I thought I would ask—" here he stopped, twirled his hat about in his hand, turned to my mother, and continued—"what you think about it—whether I hadn't better get married?"

It seemed as though a great load was taken from his mind, when he had got out these words. He had his house, a pretty little property, and was a good-looking, noble fellow, and bid fair to make an excellent husband; and so my mother advised him earnestly to carry his design into execution; asking him whether he had yet found a girl whom he could wish to marry.

* Translated from a new volume of Tales by FANNY LEWALD.

"Will you give me Marie?" asked he.

Marie was the daughter of a woman who had attended me and my sisters, and who had long been dead. My parents had brought Marie up, and she served my mother as chambermaid; but was looked upon as one of the family, and was very dear to us all. She was about four-and-twenty years old, and might be considered a very pretty girl. My mother said, that she thought a marriage between Marie and the captain would be altogether proper, notwithstanding he was considerably the older; and Evers begged her to be his spokeswoman with Marie.

"Tell her," said he, "that I have liked her for many years; that always when I have returned from a voyage, I have been glad to look upon her again; that when I have been in foreign ports, and have seen other captains buying presents for their wives and children, I have often thought: Could you but do so, and make others happy—but for whom? I have grieved that I was unmarried; and at sea in stormy weather, I have fallen asleep imagining myself, some time or other, reposing with my wife and children. But as soon as I came into port, I have always been obliged to set sail again forthwith, and have forgotten all about getting married, as I had to be off so soon again, and must see to getting the cargo on board. But now I have time to think about it, and I like Marie very much? I will try to make her happy. You can assure her of that."

Marie was asked, and very gladly said Yes. The captain had his house set in order; the rooms were newly painted, the garden attended to, the linden pruned; while Marie arranged the stores of linen and plate left by her deceased parents-in-law, with the pleasurable feeling of ownership. And so came the day when the ship was to be launched, and the pair were to be united.

We all went to the dock; my parents conveyed the young pair in a carriage, and the guests followed. We went on board the ship, the young couple preceding, then my parents, and the guests. The vessel was christened by the name of "Young Couple." We all burst out into loud huzzas, swung our glasses and our hats, and hurried from the stern, where the ceremony took place, to the bows, to remain there during the launch. The steps were removed; the ways in which the keel was to run were slushed with soap and tallow; the sound of the ax was heard, knocking away the last blocks; the line was cast off; one blow of an ax, and amid the huzzas of the carpenters, sailors, and spectators, the noble vessel shot into the water. Suddenly a shriek was heard; the bow-line had parted, and the ship, freed from its check, shot across the river, with such momentum that it struck against the opposite shore, and stuck fast.

In itself this was no great matter; for it cost little trouble or expense to tow the vessel back again. But the merriment of the occasion was interrupted by the shriek, and disturbed by the superstitious belief that any accident happening at a launch is a bad sign for the vessel. A si-

lence fell upon the guests; Marie wept, and the captain looked anxious, for all sailors are more or less superstitious. However, after the wedding, we grew cheerful again; the young pair went on to Neumühlen, and the autumn and winter passed away quickly and happily. Sorrowfully they watched the approach of spring, for the ship was afloat, her cargo ready, and the anchor was to be weighed as soon as the Elbe was free from ice.

This took place toward the end of March. For the first time in his life, the captain left Hamburg with tears in his eyes, after having heartily commended to my mother the care of his wife, who was expecting her first child to be born during the course of the summer. If all went well, tidings of his arrival on the coast of Africa might be looked for about the time of her confinement; and he had promised to write as soon as possible, as not only his wife, but our establishment were anxious to receive letters from him.

But long after Marie had given birth to a boy, no tidings had come from her husband. Autumn came and was gone; winter came and went, and yet no intelligence reached us of the ship.

No other vessel had spoken her; she had put in at no other port; not a trace of her could be discovered; and after a year and a day we were forced to conclude that she had gone down with all on board. The grief of the young wife was very deep, though the hope still remained that the crew might have been saved, and that her husband would return. Thus passed years, until finally when all imaginable inquiries had been made in vain, Marie began to grow accustomed to the idea of his loss, and to look upon herself as a widow.

About this time she became acquainted with a man who carried on a small business in Neumühlen, and who wished to make her his wife. As Evers had been absent eight years, my parents advised her to consent, especially as they perceived that such was her own inclination. But before a new marriage could be contracted, Evers must be judicially pronounced to be dead. In the present case, after the usual preliminaries, there was no difficulty; and in the year 1828, Marie was married a second time; her son by the first marriage being then in his ninth year.

This marriage also proved to be a very happy one; and she had two children born in the first two years; both of whom survived.

One evening in the autumn of 1830, Marie was holding her youngest child in her arms, while her husband sat by her upon the sofa, enjoying his pipe. The elder boy, the son of Evers, was busy at another table, near which his little sister was playing. A fierce storm was howling without; the rain and hail rattled against the windows; the night was unusually dark; and as some draught was felt, even in the well-secured apartment, Marie told her eldest son to close the shutters. The lad went to the window, but quickly returned, saying that a man was standing there.

"Let him stand," replied the father, and the boy went back to the window to close the shutters, when he found that the man had gone. All was quiet in the room. The boy went back to his occupation; the mother laid her infant in the cradle, put the girl to bed, and had taken up her work-basket, when an old woman burst into the room half out of her wits with excitement, crying, "Madame! Madame! Jan Evers was out there!"

Marie, her husband, and the boy sprang up, and ran to the door. No one was to be seen. Marie trembled in every limb; the boy stood near her in utter bewilderment; the husband at last so far recovered himself as to be able to inquire into the facts of the case.

The old woman who had lived for some years in Neumühlen, and was well acquainted with all the inhabitants, was almost as much excited and confounded as her neighbors. Gazing hastily about her all the time, as though she expected every moment to see the apparition again, she said that she "was going by for to buy some stuff, and then she saw a man in a blue jacket, with a nor'wester on his head, a-staring in at your window, and then it came into my head to come and look in too; and when the stranger saw me he asked, 'Who lives in this house?' and then I told him Christian Veltlin did. Then the man went up to the window again and looked in again, and then he turned about and went away. And then I knew him by his size, and ran after him, and called out as loud as ever I could, 'Jan Evers! Jan Evers!' But he wouldn't turn his head round, but ran on as fast as he could, but I caught him at last at the stairs that lead from Neumühlen up to the *chaussée*. And then I took hold of him by the sleeve, and asked him, 'Jan Evers, Jan Evers, where have you come from?' And then he pushed me away, and growled, 'I don't know nothin' about your Jan Everses. I'm the bo's'n of the Greenlander over there!' and then he ran off and left me standing there. But 'twas him, and I ran over here to tell you all about it."

You may imagine the terror, the agony, and the despair in that little house. Veltlin, however, in order to soothe his wife, argued with her how improbable was the return of Evers, and how easily the old woman might have been deceived. Yet he was himself greatly troubled, and on the following morning, as early as possible, he and his wife came to my father to lay the matter before him, and to ask his advice.

My father advised them, first and foremost, to keep silent about the whole affair; but it was too late for that, for the old woman had told all Neumühlen what had happened. New inquiries were at once set on foot after the reputedly dead Jan Evers. But they were just as fruitless as the former ones had been; and after a while Marie and Veltlin began to grow composed, convinced that the old woman must have been deceived by some strange resemblance. Peace and joy returned to the little household, and the marriage was never disturbed up to the time of Marie's death, which took place last summer.

After that event a document was transmitted to me by the magistracy of the capital, where, it seems, Jan had passed his last years, under an assumed name. By this document, executed upon his death-bed, he constituted all the children of Marie Veltlin heirs to his little property; but with the express provision that the will should not be made public till after the death of Marie. Then it was known, for the first time, that the old woman was right. Jan Evers had most magnanimously sacrificed himself for his wife, and had lived and died alone and among strangers, although he was fully aware that a son had been born to him, who had lived to grow up.

THE EAGLE AND THE SWAN.

(From the German.)

THE SWAN.

MY tranquil life is passed the waves among,
Light ripples tracing as I glide along,
And the scarce ruffled tide, as in a glass,
Reflects my form unaltered as I pass!

THE EAGLE.

In the clefts of the rocks my wild dwelling I form,
I sail through the air on the wings of the storm,
'Mid dangers and combats I dart on my prey,
And trust the bold pinion that bears me away!

THE SWAN.

Won by the charm of Phœbus, in the wave
Of heavenly harmony I dare to lave,
Couched at his feet, I listen to the lays,
In Tempè's vale, that echo to his praise!

THE EAGLE.

I perch at the right hand of Jove on his throne,
And the thunderbolt launch when his signal is shown,
And my heavy wings droop, when in slumber I lie,
O'er the sceptre that sways the wide earth from on high!

THE SWAN.

Me charms the heaven's blue arch, serene and bland,
And odorous flowers attract me to the land
While, basking in the sun's departing beams,
I stretch my white wings o'er the purpled streams!

THE EAGLE.

I exult in the tempest, triumphant and bold,
When the oaks of the forest it rends from their hold,
I demand of the thunder—the spheres when it shakes—
If, like me, a wild joy in destruction it takes!

THE SWAN.

Oft in the glassy tide the stars I view,
And that blue heav'n the waves give back anew,
And dim regret recalls me to the home
In higher spheres, reluctant whence I roam!

THE EAGLE.

With joy, from the hour that my young life begun,
I have soared to the skies—I have gazed on the sun.
I can not stoop down to the dust of the earth—
Allied to the gods, I exult in my birth!

THE SWAN.

When a calm death succeeds to tranquil life,
Its links detaching without pain or strife,
And to my voice restores its primal power,
Its dying tones shall hail the solemn hour!

THE EAGLE.

The soul, like the phoenix, springs forth from the pyre,
All free and unvail'd, to the skies to aspire,
To hail the bright vision that bursts on its view,
And its youth at the dark torch of death to renew!

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

A NEW invasion of Cuba, somewhat more formidable, but less successful even, than the former, has absorbed public attention during the past month. Immediately after the return of Lopez from his first expedition, rumors were rife that he was making preparations for another attempt. These reports, however, attracted comparatively little attention, and no effective measures were taken to put a stop to proceedings which were so palpably in violation of our treaty engagements with Spain. The reported rising of the inhabitants of Cuba at Puerto Principe, which was noticed in our last Number, and which was grossly exaggerated in public prints throughout the country, had evidently been regarded by the Cubans in the United States as eminently favorable to the prosecution of their purposes. A party of about 480 men, led by Lopez himself, and commanded by subordinate officers, accordingly embarked on board the steamer Pampero, at New Orleans, and set out for Cuba. They intended to land in the central department of the island upon the southern coast, where the disaffection had been represented as most rife, and where they were, therefore, most sure of a favorable reception. But on touching at Key West for supplies, they were informed that a revolt had taken place in the Vuelta de Abajo, and Lopez accordingly resolved to land in that district. By some mistake, the nature of which has not been clearly explained, they missed their point of destination, and landed on the northern coast of the western department of the Island on the night of the 11th of August. The shore was deserted and they met no opposition.

General Lopez left Colonel Crittenden at this point with about 100 men in charge of the stores and unnecessary arms, and advanced with the remainder of his command to the town of Las Pozas: the inhabitants, however, fled as he approached, neither joining his standard nor furnishing him with provisions or encouragement of any sort. The day after landing, Col. Crittenden was attacked by the Spanish troops—two bodies of infantry and one company of horse. This force was too strong for them. After struggling as long as possible, they withdrew from the field, and finding that neither Lopez himself, who was only three miles off, nor any of the inhabitants came to their aid, they resolved to return to the United States. They procured small boats, and had just got to sea when they were followed and captured on the 15th by the Spanish steamer Habanero. They were taken to Havana, and, on the 17th, were shot. It was at first reported that they had no trial, but were shot immediately, and that their bodies were horribly mutilated and every possible insult offered to their remains by the Cuban populace. These statements were, however, afterward contradicted. It was stated that they were properly tried, and condemned, and that after their execution they were decently interred. Several of them, and Colonel Crittenden among the number, wrote letters to their friends at home, all of which agreed that they had been grossly deceived as to the state of public feeling in Cuba, and that, so far as could be perceived, not the slightest disposition prevailed among the inhabitants of the Island to overthrow the Spanish government.

General Lopez was attacked on the 13th by a large body of Spanish troops at Las Pozas; the action was severe, and the Spaniards were repulsed. The loss of Lopez was considerable, and among those who fell was Colonel Pragay, an officer who had served with

distinction in Hungary. He lost in all about fifty men, but retained possession of the place. He soon perceived that all his hopes of aid from the inhabitants were groundless, and that it would be impossible to maintain himself against the Spanish troops; and determined to conceal himself in the mountains. On their march thither they met several Spanish detachments with whom they had successive engagements, suffering severely in each, and inflicting losses more or less serious upon their opponents. Among the Spaniards who fell was General Enna, a distinguished officer, who was buried at Havana on the 21st, with military pomp. At Martitorená on the 24th, while the remaining body of the invaders were breakfasting, they were surprised by an overwhelming Spanish force, and completely scattered; and from that time forward they seem to have been zealously hunted by the inhabitants of all classes, and by every means. The official reports of the Spanish officers state that the peasants pursued them with dogs, that the negroes aided in their capture, and that every part of the population evinced the most active and devoted loyalty to the Spanish government. On the 28th, Lopez with only six followers, was endeavoring to conceal himself and escape to the sea coast, and on the 29th, he was captured in the Pinos de Rangel, by a guide named Jose Antonio Castañeda, with fifteen peasants. He was at once handed over to a military force under Colonel Ramon de Sago, who had him conveyed by a night march to Havana, where orders were immediately issued for his execution, which took place at 7 o'clock on the morning of September 1st. He perished by the *garrote vil*, an instrument in common use among the Spaniards. It consists of an iron chair, with a back, upon which, at a point even with the head of the person sitting in it, is the instrument of death. This consists of iron clasps made to fit the sides of the head, and a clasp to pass round the throat. From behind is a long iron bar attached to a screw, which put in motion by the executioner giving it a single turn, draws the throat and side pieces tight and at the same time sends an iron rod into the spinal marrow at the neck from behind, causing instantaneous death. This machine was placed upon a scaffold about ten feet high, in the middle of a large square, surrounded by troops. An eyewitness has given an account of the execution. He states that Lopez behaved like a brave man throughout—and walked, surrounded by a guard, to the steps of the scaffold, as coolly as if he were at the head of his troops. He was dressed in a long white gown, and a white cap; his wrists were tied in front and above his elbows behind, with the cords held by soldiers. He ascended the steps with two civilians, friends, but without a priest. He faced round and looked upon the soldiers, and the immense throng of people outside of the square, and then turned round and knelt in prayer for about one minute. He then rose and turned toward the front, and in a clear, manly voice, and in tones loud enough to be heard by the thousands present (for it was still as night), spoke as follows:—"Countrymen, I most solemnly, in this last awful moment of my life, ask your pardon for any injury I have caused you. It was not my wish to injure any one, my object was your freedom and happiness;" here he was interrupted by the commanding officer in front. He concluded, by saying, "My intention was good, and my hope is in God." He then bowed, and turned round and took his seat, apparently with

as much coolness as if he were taking a chair in a room with friends. He placed his head back, between the iron grasps, the negro hangman then adjusted the iron throat clasp and tied his feet to bolts on each side of the seat. During this preparation, Lopez was in conversation with his friends. The executioner, then took his place at the iron bar behind. Lopez kissed the cross handed to him by his friend; the negro then gave one turn of the wrench, and Lopez died instantly without the least struggle. The military at once returned to the city, the band playing a quick step; the thousands dispersed with little or no noise; and thus ended the second invasion of Cuba.

The intelligence of these proceedings, as it reached the United States, caused an intense excitement throughout the country. In the Southern States, and especially in New Orleans, where the expedition had been planned and prepared, the popular agitation was overwhelming. When the news of the execution of the fifty men under Colonel Crittenden reached New Orleans, with the report of the indignities shown to their dead bodies, a mob destroyed the office of a Spanish newspaper in that city, menaced and injured the shops of sundry Spanish inhabitants, and even sacked the house of the Spanish consul. Large meetings were held in all the principal cities of the United States, at which the conduct of the Spanish authorities was denounced, and active preparations were made for sending fresh reinforcements to the invaders. Subsequent accounts, however, and the interference of the Government, prevented the execution of these designs. The failure of Lopez cooled the ardor of that class of our population whose opinions of the morality and legality of any action, depend upon its success or failure; while the slightest reflection was sufficient to show the great mass of our people, that without a declaration of war against Spain by our Government, we had no right to invade her colonies. If a revolution had existed there, our people, as in the case of Texas, could have emigrated thither, and after becoming Cubans and abandoning all claims to American citizenship, have taken such part as they might see fit in the affairs of the island. But no such revolution existed. Lopez and those who acted with him were undoubtedly deceived as to the state of public sentiment in Cuba. No one can fail to regret the loss of so many noble spirits; but they put their lives upon the hazard of the die, and expected, in case of failure, the fate which they met. About 150 prisoners still remain in the hands of the colonial government; it is understood that their punishment will be commuted to imprisonment and transportation.

Political conventions have been held in several States during the past month, to nominate officers for the coming elections. In Massachusetts the Whigs assembled at Springfield on the 10th of September, above one thousand delegates being in attendance. Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP was nominated for Governor, receiving 811 out of 1033 votes, and George Grinnell, of Greenfield County, was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor. Edward Everett, George Ashmun, and Seth Sprague were chosen delegates from the State at large to the National Convention. A series of resolutions was adopted, declaring substantially, that the Constitution of the United States and the laws made in pursuance thereof, are the supreme law of the land, any thing in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding, and that no citizen or State has any right to resist their execution, except in such extreme cases as justify violent resistance to

the laws, on the principle of the natural and infeasible prerogative of self-defense against intolerable oppression;—that the preservation of the Union transcends in importance any and all other political questions;—that the Whigs of Massachusetts will faithfully perform every duty imposed upon them by the Constitution of the United States, and they call upon their brethren in every section of the State to respect and observe all its provisions;—that they “cordially support the national administration in all its just and patriotic measures; in its generous sympathy with oppressed nations struggling for liberty in every part of the world; in its able and vigorous management of our foreign affairs; in its unwavering purpose to maintain inviolate our public faith with all nations; and in its sworn resolve to vindicate the integrity of the Union against all assaults from whatever quarter;”—that they have undiminished confidence in the comprehensive statesmanship of Daniel Webster;—that they cordially approve the agreement entered into by the Whigs of New York;—that they disapprove very decidedly of the present administration of State affairs in Massachusetts, and that they will use every exertion to secure the election of the Whig candidates put in nomination. The Democratic party held their Convention on the 20th of August. A series of resolutions was adopted declaring that “the Democratic party is preëminently national, anti-sectional, and for the Union as a whole Union—that it has always sustained, and can only regain its supremacy in the Union, by adhering to its own men and measures: reposing on its fundamental principle of excluding all tests marked by sectional lines, South or North, East or West; and by leaving to the sound sense of the people of each State and Territory their domestic policy and institutions;”—that they recommend a National Democratic Convention to be held at Baltimore in May, 1852;—that they “deprecate as disunion in its worst form the attempts of any party or class of men to stigmatize and denounce one portion of the Union for its domestic institutions with which the Constitution does not interfere, and of the propriety of which each State is its own independent judge;”—that they approve the resolutions adopted in the National Democratic Convention of 1848;—and that they “go for a faithful execution of and acquiescence in all the Compromise measures settled by the last Congress.” Charles G. Greene, Henry H. Childs, and Isaac Davis were appointed delegates to the National Convention. George S. Boutwell was nominated for Governor, and Henry W. Cushman for Lieutenant-Governor.

In New York the Whig Convention met on the 11th at Syracuse. Only part of the State officers are to be chosen at the election this fall. George W. Patterson was nominated for Controller, James M. Cook for Treasurer, Samuel A. Foote for Judge of the Court of Appeals, James C. Forsyth for Secretary of State, Daniel Ullman Jr. for Attorney-General, Henry Fitzhugh for Canal Commissioner, and A. H. Wells for State Prison Inspector. Four very brief resolutions were adopted, declaring that the action of the two Whig State Committees at Albany, which was sketched in our last, was “the result of honorable and patriotic devotion to the Constitution, and for the best interests of the whole people, and that it is adopted and approved by this Convention;”—that to the entire completion of the Erie Canal and kindred public works the Whig party is fully pledged;—that those who supported the canal bill rendered a service to the State of such eminent value, that it has obtained for them the gratitude of

every friend of the true prosperity of the State; and that the candidates nominated for State offices deserve and will receive the united support of the whole Whig party.—The Democratic Convention met at the same place on the 10th. Two days were spent in effecting an organization. A series of resolutions was adopted reaffirming the views and principles set forth in the resolutions adopted by the State Convention at Syracuse last year. The following gentlemen were nominated as the Democratic candidates for the several state offices:—John C. Wright for Controller; Henry S. Randall for Secretary of State; Levi S. Chatfield for Attorney-General; Benjamin Welch Jr. for Treasurer; Horace Wheaton for Canal Commissioner; W. J. McAlpine for State Engineer; Gen. Storms for Inspector of State Prisons; and A. S. Johnson for Judge of the Court of Appeals.—In Maryland P. F. Thomas was nominated for Controller, James Murray for Commissioner of the Land Office, and T. R. Stewart for Lottery Commissioner, by the Democratic State Convention held on the 12th of September.

A very severe storm swept over the whole southern coast of the United States and the West India Islands on the 18th of August. The damage to vessels and other property was very great. In the island of Porto Rico a great number of plantations and an immense number of cattle were destroyed, and many persons lost their lives. In the middle of West Florida, Georgia, and Alabama the gale was terribly destructive. The tobacco crop is said to have suffered severely.

Advices from Texas give encouraging accounts of the cotton crop in that State. In both quality and quantity it will exceed that of ordinary years. A new military post has been established in the Clear Fork of the Brazos; and in the immediate vicinity, it is said, very large deposits of iron ore and of coal have been discovered. A very large trade in cattle has sprung up of late between Texas and New Orleans; the net proceeds of the trade this year are estimated at \$120,000. The Boundary Commission is progressing slowly. When last heard from it was at the copper mines. The survey had been temporarily suspended, owing to an error in running the Boundary, making it 60 miles above El Paso, instead of 16, as required by the treaty. About 130 persons are attached to the American Commission, while the Mexican Commission has only seven. From El Paso we learn that a conflict occurred early in June between a considerable body of Apache Indians and a party of twelve Americans, on their way to California. The affray took place near the copper mines. The Americans were defeated, with a loss of two men killed and two wounded. Writers in the Texas papers, who have passed over the route to California from San Antonio and El Paso, state that it is far preferable to the usual route by way of Independence, Missouri. It is said to be shorter, cheaper, and less dangerous.

Two more cases of the surrender of fugitive slaves have occurred in the State of New York during the month. A colored person, living at Poughkeepsie, and named John M. Boulding, was arrested there and brought to New York. Evidence was submitted to Mr. Nelson, a Commissioner under the law of 1850, which showed him to be the slave of Mr. Anderson, of South Carolina, whither he was immediately sent. The other case occurred at Buffalo, where a negro called Daniel was brought before Commissioner H. K. Smith. He was claimed under the tenth section of the act of 1850, a certified copy of the records of a court of Kentucky being produced, as required by

that section, to prove him the property of a Mr. Rust. The Commissioner decided that the evidence was sufficient, but a *habeas corpus* was granted by Judge Conklin of the U. S. District Court, and the case was argued before him. He decided that the tenth section of the law of 1850, could not apply to slaves who had escaped previous to the passage of the law; and as Daniel was alleged to have fled before that time, the evidence provided for by that section was insufficient. He was therefore discharged. This decision is one of a good deal of importance, as it essentially modifies the operation of the law.

An election was held in Mississippi, on the 1st and 2d of September, for delegates to a State Convention, to consider what action Mississippi ought to take in regard to the action of the last Congress on the question of slavery. The majority of *Union* delegates returned was very large; so decisive, indeed, was the result regarded as to the feeling of the State upon the subject, that Gen. Quitman, who was running against Senator Foote, as the secession candidate, immediately withdrew from the canvass.

The American Association for the Advancement of Education held, the last of August, a very interesting meeting at Cleveland, Ohio. Many of the most distinguished teachers and friends of Education from widely distant parts of the country were in attendance, and the discussions were of decided interest. The new system of collegiate education recently introduced in Brown University, and adopted in the new University at Cleveland (allowing students to select such studies as they may deem most important to prepare them for their several pursuits in life, and giving them certificates of their actual attainments, instead of the usual diplomas), was thoroughly canvassed, both by its friends and its opponents. The chief defenders of the new system were President Mahan of Cleveland, and Prof. Greene of Brown University. Many other important subjects were also discussed, and the proceedings of the Association generally were such as are adapted to exert a wide and beneficent influence upon the cause of education.

J. E. Caldwell, executor of the will of Elihu Creswell, of New Orleans, has addressed a letter to Gov. Hunt, of New York, asking him for suggestions as to the most desirable locality for fifty-one slaves, emancipated by Mr. Creswell, with directions that they should be removed to a free State. Gov. Hunt has published the letter of Mr. Caldwell, with an extract from the will, in order to elicit the desired information.

The United States Commissioner to the Western Indians, with his suite, recently arrived in Galena, Ill., from Mendota and St. Paul. The treaty with the Lower Sioux bands was signed on the 5th of August. These bands are to receive, when they have reached their destination, some \$225,000, to pay their debts and expenses of removal, and an annuity in money of about \$30,000, for fifty years. The lands treated for with the lower bands amount to some sixteen millions of acres. They lie along and west of the Mississippi, from the Iowa State line north to the Falls of St. Anthony, and above. The amount to be paid for this immense territory, when the treaties will have been fully carried out, will amount to the sum of nearly three millions.

From California we have news to the first of August. There is little intelligence of special interest. The excitement in regard to Lynch law executions had subsided, and it was believed that the courts or law would hereafter be left to the exercise of their functions. The reports from the mining districts

continue to be encouraging and the shipments of gold for August and September were likely to exceed those of any previous month. Numerous canals are to be constructed for the purpose of diverting the water of streams known to be rich in gold, and abundant preparations had been made for mining the quartz rock with heavy machinery. The belief is general that this is hereafter to be the main source of profitable mining. Agriculture is attracting increased attention. Indian hostilities have ceased on the southern and eastern borders, and broken out on the northern frontier. A military expedition, under command of Gen. J. M. Estell, is to accompany the Indian Commissioners, in their tour of negotiation, to Clear Lake, thence to the sources of the Sacramento. After which they will proceed to Klamath River. The hostile Indians on Rogue's River have been dispersed but not subdued. Navigation on the upper rivers is suspended on account of the low state of water. The two political parties were holding conventions in the various counties to nominate for the Legislature and for county offices. The four candidates for Congress have been busily engaged in canvassing. The project of dividing the State is still urged in some of the southern counties, which were once the seat of nearly all the Spanish establishments in this State, but which have lost all their political importance under the new *regime*.

REV. STEPHEN OLIN, D.D., President of the Wesleyan University, died at his residence in Middletown, Conn., on the 16th of August. His health had not been strong for many years, and an attack of epidemic dysentery proved too much for his enfeebled frame. Born in Vermont, on the 2d of March, 1797, he received his academical education at Middlebury College, where he graduated with the highest honor. In 1824, he entered upon the ministry of the Gospel, in South Carolina, and soon became eminent as a pulpit orator. In 1830, he was called to a professorship in Franklin College, Ga., and in 1832 to the Presidency of Randolph Macon College, Va. The years from 1837 to 1841, he passed in an extended career of travel through Europe and the East: and the fruit of his observations in the latter region, have appeared in his two excellent volumes of "Travels in Egypt, Arabia Petraea, and the Holy Land" (Harpur and Brothers). In 1842, he was chosen President of the Wesleyan University, and filled that office to the time of his death.

Dr. Olin's reputation as an author must depend upon his *Travels*, and upon his published Discourses, which, it is to be hoped, will be gathered together in permanent form. The *Travels* are marked by quick and sagacious observation, considerable power of graphic description, and sound judgment. Dr. Olin's account of Egypt is the best, on the whole, in the language. The Discourses are massive, full of thought, and yet glowing with fervor. In breadth and comprehensiveness they are perhaps equal to any thing that the American pulpit has produced. It was, indeed, as a pulpit orator that Dr. Olin shone pre-eminently. His power consisted, not in any single quality—in force of reasoning—or fire of imagination—or heat of declamation—but in all combined. His course of argument was always clear and strong, yet interfused throughout with passion—the two inseparably united in a torrent that overwhelmed all who listened to him. Dr. Olin's personal qualities were those of the highest style of man. His nature was imaginative—so full of genial kindness as to win all hearts. None could be in his company even for a few moments without feeling this fascination, and at the same time without imbibing a deep reverence for

the intellectual majesty of the man. He had, in a very remarkable degree, what Coleridge calls one of the highest characteristics of genius: "the power to carry forward the fresh feelings of childhood on through youth, and manhood, and age:" there was no decay of feeling, no sign of senility in failing of human interest or sympathy. With these qualities, it is not strange that he was sought for to fill high places in literary institutions, and that as President of a University, he was eminently useful and successful. He would have been equally distinguished, we are sure, in the world of letters, had not his work been hindered by lifelong disease. As it was, it is wonderful indeed that he accomplished so much.

The Hon. LEVI WOODBURY, of New Hampshire, died at Portsmouth, N. H., on the 4th of September, where he had suffered for a long while, under a painful disease. Mr. Woodbury was born at Frances-town, New Hampshire, about the year 1790, was graduated with a high reputation for scholarship at Dartmouth College in 1809, and was admitted to the bar in 1812. He practiced his profession with distinguished success, and rapidly rose to a high rank in it. When the Democratic party acquired the ascendancy in the State, in 1816, he was appointed Secretary of State; and at the commencement of the next year, a Judge of the Superior Court. In 1819 he removed to Portsmouth, the commercial capital of New Hampshire, where he resided the remainder of his life, with the exception of the intervals when his official duties called him to Washington. Mr. Woodbury was elected Governor of New Hampshire in 1822, and in 1825 a Senator of the United States. General Jackson appointed him Secretary of the Navy in 1831, and subsequently, on the rejection of Mr. Taney by the Senate, Secretary of the Treasury. He continued in the office till the close of Mr. Van Buren's presidency, when he resumed his seat in the Senate. During the administration of Mr. Polk, he was appointed one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, and had withdrawn from the more active scenes of political life.

JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER, the distinguished American novelist, died at his residence at Coopers-town, N. Y., on the 14th of September. He was born at Burlington, New Jersey, on the 15th of September, 1789. His father, a judge of some distinction, was a large landholder in Otsego County, and gave his name to one of its townships. Mr. Cooper received the rudiments of his education under a private tutor in Burlington, and entered Yale College in 1802. In 1805 he entered the navy of the United States as a midshipman, and remained in that service six years. No reader of his sea novels can fail to trace upon them the influence of this portion of his experience. In 1810 he left the navy, married, and settled in Westchester County, New York, whence he soon removed to Cooperstown and wrote his first novel, entitled *Precaution*. Although this work gave small promise of the brilliant literary career upon which he entered, he continued to write, and soon published that series of tales of early American life which have won for him such enviable distinction. In 1826 he sailed for Europe, and remained there several years, where he wrote several of his best sea novels. Since his return he has written several tales, using them chiefly as a medium of political opinions, and of course sacrificing much of the success and distinction which his previous works had acquired. Some of his strictures upon the faults of American character and social life, subjected him for some years to a very warm and bitter hostility. His health had been seriously impaired for the last few months.

Intelligence of his death will be received with profound regret throughout the world.

Rev. THOMAS H. GALLAUDET, LL.D., well known as the pioneer of deaf-mute instruction in this country, died at Hartford, Conn., on the 10th of September, at the age of 64. Dr. G. first became interested in the cause to which his after life was devoted in 1807, having succeeded in conveying instruction to a deaf and dumb daughter of Dr. Cogswell in Hartford; and through the efforts of that gentleman he was commissioned to visit Europe for the purpose of qualifying himself to become a teacher of the Deaf and Dumb in this country. Seven gentlemen of Hartford subscribed a sufficient amount of funds to defray his expenses, and on the 25th of May, 1815, Mr. Gallaudet sailed for Europe. Meanwhile, the friends of the project employed the interval of time in procuring an act of incorporation from the Legislature of Connecticut, which was accomplished in May, 1816. In May, 1819, the name of "the American Asylum at Hartford for the Education and Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb," was bestowed by the Legislature on the first Institution for the deaf-mutes established in the United States. After spending several months in the assiduous prosecution of his studies, under the Abbé Sicard and others, Mr. GALLAUDET returned to this country in August, 1816. He was accompanied by Mr. Laurent Clerc, a deaf and dumb Professor in the Institution of Paris, and well-known in Europe as a most intelligent pupil of the Abbé. Mr. Clerc is now living in a vigorous old age, and is still a teacher in the American Asylum at Hartford. The Asylum was opened on the 15th of April, 1817, and during the first week of its existence numbered seven pupils; it now averages 220 annually. Mr. Gallaudet became the Principal of the Institution at its commencement, and held the office until April, 1830, when he resigned, and has since officiated as Chaplain of the Retreat for the Insane at Hartford. His interest in the cause of deaf-mute education has always continued unabated, and his memory will be warmly cherished by that unfortunate class of our fellow beings as well as by a large circle of devoted friends.

Rev. SYLVESTER GRAHAM, the founder and untiring advocate of the Vegetarian System of dietetics, died at Northampton, Mass., on Thursday, Sept. 11. Dr. Graham was chiefly known for his strict adherence to the system which, for some time, bore his name. His writings on the subject were numerous and popular, and his labors, as a lecturer, were incessant. The most important of his works are, *Lectures on the Science of Human Life*, first published in Boston in 1839; and *Lectures to Young Men on Chastity*. The "Science of Human Life," is a work in two large volumes, containing a systematic and in some degree, a scientific exposition of the author's peculiar views, and has had a rapid sale. It passed through several editions in this country, and has lately been reprinted in England, where its sale is quite extensive. Dr. Graham was a native of Suffield, Ct., and at the time of his death was aged about 55. His character evinced energy and decision, and his influence on the public mind was rather beneficial than deleterious. Of his theories, each will form his own judgment; the projector, at least, was undoubtedly honest and sincere in sustaining them.

Prof. BEVERLY TUCKER, of William and Mary College, Virginia, died at Winchester on the 26th ult. Mr. Tucker was one of the Federal Judges of the Territory of Missouri before its admission as a State; and was subsequently State Judge in Vir-

ginia for a number of years, when he resigned, and accepted the chair of Professor of Law at William and Mary College. He was a member of the last Nashville Convention, and is known as the author of a work published fifteen years ago, entitled *The Partisan Leader*. Mr. Tucker's age was about 67.

CANADA.

The Canadian Parliament was prorogued by the Governor-General on the 30th of August. The Royal Speech represents the revenue as in a satisfactory state, and refers to the grants for improving the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and to the reduction of the emigrant tax. Six bills were reserved for the approval of the Queen, three of which relate to churches and rectories, two to the reduction of salaries, and one to the incorporation of the Fort Erie and Buffalo Suspension Bridge Company. The reciprocity question was left unsettled. The reductions in the civil list authorized by the Imperial Government have been carried out by the Legislature. The salaries of the Chief Justices and that of the Chancellor are to be reduced from \$4,800 to \$3,600 a year, upon the departure of the present incumbents from office. The question of seigniorial tenure was discussed at this session, and although no final action was taken upon it, a bill was introduced which will probably come up again. The subject is one of great interest to the people of Canada, and will not be allowed to drop. The law of promogeniture in the succession of real estate has been abolished in Upper Canada. This is the most democratic measure that has been passed during the present Parliament, and it can not fail to exert a highly beneficial influence on the future condition of the Province. A set of resolutions has been passed granting 50 acres of land each to certain companies of enrolled military pensioners from England, whom it is intended to station in different parts of the province. It is intended that they shall be ready to act as a local police, and also be employed on the public works.

SOUTH AMERICA.

The arrival of the steamer *Georgia*, on the 7th of September, put us in possession of later news from the Pacific coast of South America. In *Guayaquil* a military outbreak, excited, so far as appears, solely by personal resentments, has resulted in a complete change of the administration. The President, Gen. Neuva, left Querto on the 17th of July for the purpose of visiting his family at Guayaquil. On approaching that city he was met by a military cavalcade, ostensibly for the purpose of escorting him in; but he was immediately seized by them, and hurried off to sea in a vessel lying in the river; the destination of the vessel, and the fate of the captive were unknown. Gen. Urbina immediately entered upon the administration of affairs. In *Chili*, Don Manuel Montt has been elected President by an overwhelming majority. He was understood to be in favor of internal improvements and of a more effectual promotion of education. The Copiapo Railroad was to be opened in September. Congress was in session the last of July, but no important business engaged its attention. In 1850 the public revenue amounted to \$4,334,314, and the expenditures to \$3,610,837, including over three hundred thousand dollars remitted to England to pay interest on the loan contracted there. The whole English debt is now about seven millions of dollars. A very severe storm swept the harbor of Valparaiso in the early part of July. The damage to shipping, both Chilian and American, was very considerable. In *Bolivia*, the decree allowing foreign goods to be entered at a lower duty from vessels that had not touched at other ports, has

been revoked. In *Peru*, Congress was still in session. The legislative and executive branches of the government are represented as being on the best of terms with each other, so that affairs are conducted with a good degree of promptness and efficiency. A bill has been urged in Congress for the greater extension of the freedom of trade, and another to prohibit the circulation in that Republic of Bolivian money. Several bills of decided local importance engaged the attention of Congress. There has been during the past year a very large export from Chili, chiefly of wheat and flour, amounting to two hundred thousand dollars more than during the previous year. In *New Grenada*, it is said there are new disturbances. The government levied a forced loan, and further decreed that the friends of the government should be exempted from its payment. In several provinces the decree had the effect of converting nearly the whole population into a government party; but in Bogota and Carthagena it had the opposite effect. Arrangements were in progress for an extensive revolt, and it was said that it had commenced at Bogota, but with what result is not clear.

From *Mexico* later advices have been received,—to August 22d from the capital and the 29th from Vera Cruz. The hostility of the government to the fulfillment of its treaty stipulations concerning the Tehuantepec Canal continues unabated; and it is stated that two vessels sent from New Orleans to commence the work were seized by the Mexican authorities. The financial condition of the country continues to engross attention, but no one of the numerous projects offered for its relief seems likely to be adopted. The ministerial plan calling a convention of the Governors of the several Provinces, meets with very little favor. The appropriation of the Church property to the necessities of the Government has been warmly recommended by some of the public journals. The estates of the clergy and of various religious incorporations amount to \$50,000,000. This sum, which has been accumulating in unproductive hands for the last three centuries, it was maintained, would save the country from bankruptcy and ruin.

The Mexican Senate has passed an act recommending a general Confederation among the Spanish American republics. A plan for accomplishing this object is detailed, of which the most marked features are a general Congress, a uniform political system, a general act of navigation and commerce, an alliance offensive and defensive, and a tribunal for the settlement of differences. The project is a good one, but there seems to be little chance of its being carried out. In Durango, a popular commotion occurred on the 17th of August, in consequence of the high price of corn, but it was quelled without bloodshed, by an order from the government compelling the holders of the article to reduce its price. In Vera Cruz, on the 21st, a very large number of the inhabitants, including some of the National Guard, assembled to ask of the local government relief from recent and very oppressive taxes. Some of the soldiers were ordered out to oppose them, when the people retired to their houses and prepared for defense. A brisk action ensued in which several were killed, but quiet was restored by the announcement that the local government had yielded to the popular demands. President Arista's birthday was celebrated on the 25th of July. He has dissolved a club formed for the purpose of regulating the annual celebration of Mexican Independence, as some of its regulations did not meet his approbation. An abortive attempt at a pronunciamiento in favor of Santa Anna has been made at Guanajuato. The plot,

which probably had plunder for its chief object, was discovered before it had come to maturity, and the leaders were taken into custody. A revolution has broken out in Chiapas, aiming at the abolition of the internal Custom Houses. Col. Munoz, commanding the battalion of Guerrero in Tehuantepec, was ordered to proceed to Chiapas and aid the government party in the suppression of the rebellion. His men began to desert soon after the commencement of the march, and before he had advanced fifty miles from Tehuantepec he had not more than seventy men. The revolt is headed by Meldonio, one of the wealthiest and most influential men in the State.

A good deal of excitement has been produced in Mexico by the publication of the letters of Payno, to the President of the Committee of Mexican bondholders in London. It seems that the assertion of Payno that he was Chargé d'Affaires of the Mexican Legation in London, and was commissioned to adjust certain matters pending in Europe, was entirely destitute of foundation. On the publication of the letter containing these statements, and others equally untrue, a resolution was introduced into the Chamber of Deputies, inquiring by what authority Payno had received the appointment of chargé, and how much money was appropriated to his mission. The Minister replied that Payno had never received the commission from the Government, but that \$20,000 had been applied to defraying the expense of the voyage. In consequence of this information, a complaint was lodged against the former Minister of Finance, and of Foreign Relations. The affair was also taken up by the Senate, which has recommended Lacunza as Minister to England.

From *Montevideo* we have intelligence to the first of July. The aspect of affairs in Brazil and Buenos Ayres was by no means pacific. The Brazilian force under Admiral Grenfell, the Commander-in-chief, had penetrated the waters of the Uruguay, and were stationed at commanding points along the north bank of the river. The disaffection of the province of Entre Rios had been followed by that of Corrientes, warlike preparations were in train; and every thing threatened a general outbreak. The mediation of Great Britain had been accepted by Gen. Rosas. The slave-trade on the coast of Brazil was at a low ebb, a deep laid scheme for its revival having been defeated by the British squadron. Only 1000 slaves were landed during the first six months of 1851, while no less than 20,000 were landed in the same period of 1848.

From the island of *Hayti* our advices are to the middle of August. Every thing was then quiet. The Emperor had returned to Cape Haytien from his tour, having crossed the Dominican frontier without being molested, and it was reported that the difficulties between the Dominican and Haytian governments have been amicably settled.

An eruption of the long dormant volcanoes of the Pellée Mountain, in Martinique, took place on the night of August 5. It was accompanied with a noise similar to the approach of thunder, and with a strong vibration that was felt to a considerable distance. The town of St. Pierre, as well as all the surrounding country, was covered over with gray ashes. The population of Precheur were obliged to flee from their homes, and to take refuge in St. Pierre. There was no shock of an earthquake.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Parliament was prorogued on the 9th of August by the Queen in person, until the 4th of September. The speech of her Majesty contained nothing of special interest or importance.

No event in England has created more excitement, or engaged more attention, during the past month than the visit and performances of the yacht *America*, built in New York, and owned by John C. Stevens, Esq., who commands her. She arrived at Cowes early in July, and her commander immediately offered to sail her against any vessel of a similar construction in the world, for any wager up to \$50,000. Public attention was instantly attracted to her by the reports of pilots and others who had seen her, and she was visited by thousands and thousands of people from every part of England, but her challenge was not accepted. On the 18th there was a race of seventeen yachts, owned by gentlemen from every part of the kingdom, contending for the prize of the gold cup, which the Queen gives every year to the best yacht in the kingdom. The *America* was entered for the race, and won it so easily, as to excite the unbounded admiration and applause of the unsuccessful competitors. On the 25th there was another race, by the squadron; but the *America* was not entered. The wind was light, and the last vessel of the squadron had been under weigh sixty-five minutes when the *America* hoisted sail and followed. The race was round the Isle of Wight, and she came in only ten minutes behind the winner. Mr. Stephenson, the distinguished engineer, offered to sail his yacht, the *Titania*, for a small wager against the *America*. The offer was accepted, and the race came off on the 28th of Aug. The wind was fresh, and the course was forty miles out, and forty back. Earl Wilton was umpire. The *America* won the race by a long distance. The Queen, with Prince Albert and the royal family, visited the yacht on the 20th. The spirit of England is thoroughly roused by this unlooked-for defeat; but they are unbounded in their expressions of admiration for the vessel which has conquered them. Several new cutters are to be built immediately for the express purpose of contending with the *America*.

The Royal Commissioners of the Great Exhibition have resolved to close it on the 11th of October. A meeting of the Commissioners will be held on the 15th, for the purpose of taking leave of the exhibitors, and immediately after they will have permission to remove their goods. The number of visitors has fallen off considerably.

A great meeting was held in Dublin on the 19th of August, of Roman Catholics from all parts of the kingdom, to protest against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill just enacted. Immediately after the call was issued, a Protestant clergyman, named Tresham Gregg, issued a notice that he would be there to confront the Catholics, and summoned all true Protestants to his aid. This notice, and the general excitement which prevailed, led to anticipations of violence. An immense concourse of people was present. Admittance was refused to Mr. Gregg and his party, and the collision was thus avoided. A large number of Roman Catholic prelates were in attendance. The most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland, presided, and read a long address, urging Catholics every where to take measures to preserve their religion. Several speeches were made by distinguished Catholics, generally urging a political union of all Catholics, without reference to other political questions. An ostentatious disregard of the late law was shown in the constant use of the ecclesiastical titles prohibited by it.

The condition of laboring men in parts of England finds striking exemplification in an incident which occurred at a colliery in Bedminster. Several per-

sons had been killed by the breaking of the rope upon which the miners daily descended 240 feet to their work. It appeared upon the trial that the workmen knew that the rope was unsafe, but they had not dared to complain, lest they should lose their places—"poor men are tied down so tight now." One of the witnesses, a collier, after giving his testimony, said, "for the evidence I have given this day, I shall be out of work."

The Exhibition, and the official visit to Paris, have aroused writers in England to a sense of their own clumsiness and artistic inferiority to the French. In all departments of art, and especially in the graces and elegancies of life, the English feel themselves to be far behind their neighbors. The *Times* suggests, as one step toward remedying the evil, that Cleopatra's Needle should be brought to London, as the Luxor was to Paris, and erected as a monument to Sir Ralph Abercromby. It can be procured, and the cost of removal is estimated at £2500.

The English Government has granted new pensions of £200 a year to Mr. J. Silk Buckingham, who is well known in this country, and the same amount to Col. Torrens, the author of several works on political economy. Mrs. Jamieson, whose admirable books upon Shakspeare's female characters are universally known, has received a pension of £100.

Alderman Salomons, the Jewish representative of Greenwich, whose forcible exclusion from the House of Commons was noticed in our last, has been honored with a public dinner by his constituents. He declared his belief that public opinion would demand the rescinding of the obnoxious oath, but declared his purpose to commence a systematic canvass of the country for the purpose of hastening that event. He assures his constituents that, with their support, he "will not be got rid of" by the government.

The management of English railways is generally supposed to be so nearly perfect that accidents never occur. Though their police is, as a general thing, superior to that of the American railways, recent accounts chronicle a very large number of serious mishaps. On the Great Western road, a train, having broken down in a tunnel, was run into by another which was not warned of the danger. On the Lancashire Railway, near Liverpool, part of a bridge had been taken down for the purpose of being repaired. A luggage-train was suffered to come up in the night without any notification, and of course ran into the gap. Several minor accidents in various parts of the kingdom are chronicled, showing very culpable negligence on the part of the railway police.

The leading authors of England have petitioned the Master of the Rolls for leave to examine the records of the realm gratuitously. Their request has been granted. At a time when the historical records of the past enter so largely into the literary productions of the day, this is a boon of decided importance.

Mr. Jerdan, who was for many years the editor of the London Literary Gazette, is said to be engaged in preparing his *Reminiscences of Literary Men*, and his *Correspondence with them*, for the press. His long connection with the literary circles of England must have given him unusual facilities for making such a work valuable and interesting. Among the London announcements of new books in press we observe a novel, entitled "*Marian Withers*," by Geraldine E. Jewsbury, the author of *Zoe*, one of the most powerful novels of the day.

The London *Examiner* states that Haynau, the notorious Austrian General, has taken up his residence upon a large estate which he has just purchased in Hungary. It is said that he omits no opportunity of

making himself popular with the Magyars; that he pays assiduous court to the nobility, many of whom were sentenced by his courts-martial; that he joins the Hungarians in denouncing the Austrian attempt to monopolize the sale of tobacco, and says that throughout the Hungarian war, he was only the tool of the Austrian government. He declares that there is no country in Europe he likes so well as England, and speaks of the beating he received there with perfect complacency. It is difficult to believe all these statements, though the *Examiner* vouches for their accuracy.

FRANCE.

The French National Assembly met on the 9th for the last time of the session, and then adjourned until the 4th of November. A manifesto was at once issued by the Republican members, complaining that the sovereign power was in the hands of men opposed to all reforms, but predicting a certain victory as the fruit of union, perseverance, and devotedness on the part of the people. The document declares that the Constitution is the supreme law, and must be maintained inviolate; and that any attempt to re-elect Bonaparte, or to prolong existing powers, will not be a crisis, but a revolution; that resistance to all such attempts will be "legitimate as right, holy as justice, sacred as liberty;" and that the Republican members, under the flag of the Constitution, will not fail in any of the duties which the salvation of the Republic may impose upon them.

Preparations for the coming Presidential election are in active progress. The Orleanists seem to be settling down upon the Prince de Joinville as their candidate, and several of the most distinguished among them, recently paid a visit to the Duke of Nemours to ascertain the feelings of the family in regard to it. The conversation seems not to have been very satisfactory: the most that the Duke would say was, that they would not be responsible for the action of their friends. The Republicans have not yet fixed upon a candidate.

Public attention in France has been drawn to the trial at Lyons of a number of persons charged with conspiracy. It seems that in November last a club was discovered there, of which a person named Gent was a leading member. His plan is said to have been to give the southern provinces a thorough secret organization, so as to enable them to rise on a given signal, to secure the frontiers of Switzerland and Savoy as a means of assistance or retreat, and to take steps to inflame the whole country, and thus bring about a general republican movement. The trial had not been concluded at our last advices.

A singular accident occurred at the funeral ceremonies of Marshal Sebastiani, at the Invalides in Paris, on the 13th. The flame of a wax candle was brought in contact with the hangings of the catafalque, and the whole splendid drapery of the church was speedily in a blaze. Before the fire could be extinguished, nearly one half of the magnificent collection of trophies taken by the French armies were destroyed.

The grand fête given by the authorities of Paris to the Lord Mayor of London and the Commissioners of the great Exhibition, had a brilliant and successful termination. The mutual compliments of the visit were closed by a correspondence between M. Charles Dupin, the President of the French Commission, and Prince Albert. M. Dupin wrote to acknowledge the courtesies received by the Committee during their visit to the Exhibition, and to thank the Prince for the conspicuous part he had taken in it. The constant attendance of the Queen, and her success "in

conquering suffrages and good wishes among the representatives of all nations, in favor of a work which she still cherished as that of the father of her children," are gracefully noticed. M. Dupin, after remarking that Art, like Nature, loves to scatter her gifts among the children of great national families, and that they could thus honor, on different grounds, genius, taste, imagination, reason, in nations whose brilliant variety constitutes the riches and splendor of the human race," designates the real service which the Great Exhibition will render the world, by saying, that "each nation, without affecting its character, may add to its well-being, its riches, its power, by judiciously borrowing from the discoveries and improvements of other nations. Here," he says, "each people sees its products side by side with those of all others, and often sees them surpassed. Pride, which grows while favored by isolation, is here abased, and reason profits by the opportunity. Each nation, instead of dreaming of self-sufficiency and inborn superiority, vows to improve in the future. Thus we shall see new efforts attempted in every country, to ameliorate the productions of the human race." Prince Albert, in his reply, tendered his thanks to the President for his kind expressions, and to the Commissioners for their attention and care.

GERMANY AND SOUTHERN EUROPE.

The intelligence from Germany is neither interesting nor important. The Sovereigns of Austria and Prussia seem to be acting together for the entire suppression of every thing like constitutional rights and liberty in the German states. A proposition is about to be laid before the Diet by these two powers, declaring that "the so-called fundamental rights of the German people," proclaimed in the Constitutions of 1848 and 1849, are neither valid as a law of the Empire, nor binding on the several states, and they be therefore repealed, with all laws based upon them.—In the Italian dominions of Austria, the state of things is gloomy and ominous. Arrests of compromised persons are continually made in Milan and Verona. In the latter city, one of the new prisoners was a lady of rank, accused of forwarding a correspondence to Mazzini. A system of espionage has been adopted in the Venetian provinces of Austria, unparalleled for its inquisitorial and oppressive character, in the history of the most despotic states. Many persons belonging to the higher classes have been arrested in Verona, and nearly every night domiciliary visits are made by the police. The public mind throughout Austrian Italy is described as in a state of the most violent excitement, and insurrection is apprehended by government. Marshal Radezky published a proclamation to the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom on the 9th of July, and from his headquarters at Monga. The Lombardo-Venetian kingdom is declared to be in a state of siege; the communes are made responsible for all assassinations similar to that of Vandoni at Milan; and the inhabitants will be severely dealt with if they do not immediately surrender all such offenders to the military.

Two musical artists have been made victims to the paltry prosecution of the Austrian government. Mdlle. Anna Zerr, for having visited two of the Hungarian exiles resident in London, and for having consented to sing at a concert for the relief of the Hungarian refugees, has, on her return to Vienna, been deprived of her place of Imperial Chamber-singer, prohibited from appearing on the stage of the Imperial Theatre, where she was one of the most distinguished performers, and placed under the sur

veillance of the police. And Leopold Iansa, an eminent violinist, who has been for many years in the Imperial Chapel, was dismissed for a similar offense.

The Austrian authorities recently opened packages addressed to the United States consulate at Venice. Mr. Flagg, the American consul, remonstrated, and was told in reply, that the government claimed the right to examine all publications introduced into the Venetian States, no matter from what quarter or to what address. Several communications have passed upon the subject.

In *Switzerland* there have been heavy inundations which in the canton of Berne alone have caused losses to the amount of about £100,000. Active preparations are making for the coming election, in which it is supposed the radical party will resort to extreme measures, if necessary, for the accomplishment of their purposes.

Dr. PAULUS, a distinguished German scholar, died at Heidelberg, on the 10th of August, at the advanced age of 94 years. In 1784 he was appointed Professor of Oriental Languages at Jena, and in 1793 succeeded to the chair of theology. His profound learning, penetrating judgment, marked courage, and unwearied assiduity, obtained for his numerous writings a very wide circulation. He was exceedingly amiable in private life and was always employed in endeavors to promote the interest of piety, virtue, and humanity.

A terrible catastrophe took place at Moscow, on the 20th July. As the monks of the convent of Wladimir were setting out in procession to visit an image of the Virgin at a neighboring village, a wooden bridge thrown over the moat of the convent (formerly a fortress) gave way, and out of 200 of the monks, 158 were drowned; the water being 45 feet deep, and the sides of the moat perpendicular.

The Austrian authorities in Hungary are resorting to the most unheard-of cruelties in order to crush the spirit of the people. At a peasant's wedding lately, near Groswarduin, the *gendarmes* approached the bride and ordered her to take off the red, white, and green ribbons which she wore in her hair, as these colors were revolutionary. The reply was that it should be done after the ceremony. While the bride was kneeling at the altar the *gendarme* rushed forward and cut her tresses from her head. The peasants resented the indignity, and an affray ensued, in which three of the *gendarmes* and four of the peasantry, including the bridegroom, were killed.

We mentioned last month the release of Mr. Brace, the American traveler in Hungary, who had been arrested and thrown into prison by the Austrian authorities upon the most frivolous grounds. His release was procured by Mr. McCurdy, who threatened to demand his own passports, if it was not conceded. It seems that further proceedings of interest may be expected. Mr. M. promised that Mr. Brace should present himself for trial. The London *Spectator* remarks that "this trial will be watched with interest. It will take place in the sight of Europe and America, and also in the sight of Hungary. The oppressed subjects of Austria will see the right of personal freedom vindicated, in the person of a gentleman whose own government will do no more than insist on the strict fulfillment of the law, but will not be content with less. Austria will be obliged to submit to the law, and will be forced to that hateful submission at the dictation of a distant State. It will be brought to that submission, that dictation, before the eyes of Europe, even before its own subjects. It will be a very instructive trial."

It is stated upon what is believed to be good

authority, that the Turkish Government has definitively determined that Kossuth shall be set at liberty on the 1st of September. The Austrian Government has warmly and steadily protested against his release, but without effect. The government of the United States has sent a national vessel to receive him upon his liberation, and his arrival in the United States may be expected by the 1st of November. No man living would receive a warmer welcome.

THE EAST.

The English government has directed the seizure of another large *Indian* territory, part of the Nizam's dominions, to enforce the payment of a large sum of money with interest. It is thought that the Nizam can and will pay at the last moment; but if not, it is not probable that his sway over his own dominions will hereafter be more than nominal. At Gobindpore on the 14th of June, seventy prisoners were chained together in a hut for safe keeping. During the night, the hut took fire and all but five perished.

The news from *China* represents the insurrection in the southern provinces as one of magnitude and great political importance. It is said that one of the leaders has assumed to himself the title of sovereign, and that the insurgents, numbering a hundred thousand, menace the city of Canton. The Chinese journals take very different views of the character of this disturbance, some considering it as merely the work of a few desperadoes, seeking only pillage, and others attributing to it the highest political consequence. The emperor is said to be considerably alarmed, and has sent against them his choicest troops.

The London *Spectator* thinks it highly probable that the malcontents are masters of all the provinces south of the Yellow River, and have seized upon the great entrepot of Canton. This, it adds, would be a revolution; for Pekin, which derives its supplies of provisions by the great canal from those southern provinces, would be starved into submission; and the principal seat of foreign commerce would fall into the hands of a party more bigotedly hostile to intercourse with foreigners than even the Celestial Government. Nor is such a revolution either impossible or improbable. Our knowledge of Chinese history is dim and obscure; yet enough appears to show that the Mantchoo authority has never been so firmly established to the south as to the north of the Yellow River—that the purely Chinese element of society has always preponderated in the southern provinces. In *Siam*, too, changes of policy appear to be impending. The king who refused to treat with Sir James Brooke is dead; and a contested succession has been temporarily avoided by the simultaneous nomination of a king and a vice-king. The new king has always been remarkable for his disposition to cultivate the acquaintance and friendship of foreigners, and he is said to understand and even to write English. The institutions of the Chinese and Hindu-Chinese nations are thus shaken and sapped at the very time when the traders of Europe and America are making more vigorous and continuous efforts than at any former period to obtain a footing in them.

Twenty-three British seamen belonging to the ship *Larpernt*, were wrecked over a year ago upon the coast of the Chinese island of Formosa. They were immediately set upon by the savage inhabitants, and all but three butchered in cold blood. These three were taken into servitude, and after about eight months' captivity made their escape in a boat to an American brig which happened to be passing.

Editor's Table.

IN the extreme western portion of the North American continent, and of the North American National Confederacy, there are now to be found, growing side by side, two of the most singular phenomena of the age. We allude to the new social and political organization, constituting the State of California, and the new theocracy, as it is assumed to be, of the Mormon Commonwealth or Church—the one the most decidedly secular of all known modern enterprises, the other the only example of the rise of a new religion, and of a distinctly new religious people in the 19th century. Mormonism, it is true, has some decidedly secular elements. In this respect it easily assimilates itself to the gross spirit of worldly enterprise by which it is surrounded, and even finds itself at home in the midst of the most turbulent scenes. But this is far from accounting for its wonderful success. It is also true, on the other hand, that the present age has been marked by the division and subdivision of religious denominations. Yet still, none of these come up to that idea or pretension of Mormonism, which seems now to have presented itself in the world for the first time since the days of Mohammed. Although, therefore, acknowledging Christianity and the Old Scriptures, just as Mohammed did, it is distinctly a new religion. It claims a new revelation, and a new prophet. It has a new law, a new spiritual polity, and a new mission. Instead of being merely a new interpretation of an old theology, it professes to have renewed the long-suspended intercourse with Heaven and the supernatural. Instead of presenting a new dispensation growing out of an old ecclesiastical history, to which it assumes to impart a new life, it has actually created a past history of its own, which, though severed from the main current of our common traditional Christianity, connects it back, through passages never before suspected or explored, with the early Jewish revelation—or that original fountain from which the Gospel and Mohammedanism may be said to have derived, the one its reality and its purity, the other the materials for its fanatical perversions.

Whatever may be the truth in respect to the real origin and authorship of the book of Mormon, there can be no doubt of its wonderful adaptedness to the purposes to which it has been applied. We can not agree with those who would deny to the work either genius or talent. The Koran bears with it that prestige of antiquity which always insures some degree of respect. It is written in a dead, and what is now regarded a learned language. It has its Oriental imagery, together with frequent allusions to what most interests us in Oriental romance. Above all, it has had its centuries of scholiasts and commentators, extracting the aroma as well as the dust of its assumed divinity. In short, there is about it a show of learning and “venerable antiquity,” and yet, we do not hesitate to say it, Joe Smith, or whoever was its author, has made a book superior to that of the Arabian prophet; deeper in its philosophy, purer in its morality, and far more original. There are, doubtless, many faults both of style and language; but centuries hence may convert these into precious archaisms, and give to the bad Anglo-Saxon of the Mormon book all the interest which ages of scholiasts have imparted to what was once the irregular Arabic of the rude tribes of the desert.

It may startle some to be told, that Mormonism

has actually pressed itself more upon the attention of the world than Christianity had done at the same age. We carry back into the early days of the Gospel's progress the clear light and outline of its late history. We can hardly realize that even for a century, or more, after its first promulgation, it was an object of little interest to the world, and that when it first began to demand a passing paragraph from the historian, it was only as an “*execrabilis superstitio*,” creating a disturbance barely visible on the surface of society. Of course there is no intention, by any such remark, to make any comparison between the intrinsic merits of the two systems. A true believer in Jesus, and of “the truth as it is in Jesus,” will never suffer himself to be disturbed by any parallel, real or seeming, between Christ and Socrates, or Christ and Mohammed, or Confucius, or the founder of any new religion, or of any pretended social reform, either in ancient or modern times. He can have no nervous fear of confounding the immeasurable difference between any such pretension and “that name which is above every other name.” The strength and success of the counterfeit only adds lustre and assurance to the original. Neither does the great idea of a revelation suffer any detraction by being associated in thought with such attempts. The Koran only confirms the Gospel. It never would have been what it is without it. The false prophet never would have arisen had it not been for the true. All religious imposture and fanaticism may thus be regarded as involuntary witnesses to an absolute truth, of which they are but the frenzied caricatures. The grossest delusions only show, by their very extravagance, the indestructibility of the religious principle in the human soul, and how it clings and ever must cling to the idea of some Divine revelation, some lifting of the veil, as the etymology of the word imports, which hangs so densely over man and nature.

There is a more inexplicable phenomenon than Mormonism or any false religion. It is the disposition manifested in some parts of the philosophical, and even professedly religious world, to depreciate, if not directly to deny the supernatural—to put as far away as possible, or to receive as the last allowable explanation of any difficulty, the thought of any direct communication from Heaven to earth. It is on this principle some would even interpret, not only present phenomena, but also all that during countless ages have left their mark upon our globe. On this principle another class would unspiritualize as far as they could, even the acknowledged Scriptures. But why should it be so? Why this strange delight in believing in the omnipotence and unchangeableness of a blind and unrelenting nature? What comfort has it for the soul, or what enlargement even for the intellect? What happiness in the thought of being bound in such an adamant chain, even if we are compelled to admit its stern reality! It may be, peradventure, that philosophy here is in the right, but, if we may employ the paradox, her reverence for nature must certainly seem most unnatural. Nature, even our nature, longs for some Divine or supernatural communications. For this “the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together until now.” The wonder, then, is not that there have been in the world so many mythical accounts of Divine intercourse, but that there has been so little of the reality. Why does not God speak to us here? Why has

"He made darkness his pavilion round about him?" Why "cometh He not out" more frequently "from the hiding-place of his power?" Why has He ever been called—by Homer, and Hesiod, and Orpheus, as well as in the Bible—*The Dweller in the cloud*? Why does not our Father's voice oftener break the fearful stillness of nature, and give us that evidence of His existence, His government, and His providence, without which nature is but a gloomy prison-house, while life is but a smothered effort to escape from its terrible immutability, and breathe the freedom of a spiritual and supernatural atmosphere? Is it said that He is always speaking—that the Great Cause of causes is always exhibiting itself in its effects? But what comfort in this? It speaketh not to us—it manifests no knowledge of our present thought, of our present individual wants. The voice that is alike in all things, and comes alike to all things, we can not distinguish from nature herself. The true ground for marvel, then, is not that men are led astray by false prophets, but that such vast multitudes should be so utterly immersed in nature and worldliness, "caring for none of these things," and finding in such phenomena as Millerism and Mormonism, only occasion for insane merriment, instead of deep religious and philosophical inquiry.

The indestructibleness of the religious principle in the human soul! This is the great lesson read to us by such events. Even this nineteenth century with all its secularity, has not wholly drowned it. It breaks out in the midst of every form of worldliness. When untaught in respect to the true path, it follows the wildest imposture; and, as though in awful derision of the inability of the mere secular spirit ever to satisfy the deepest human wants, a Kingdom of the Saints settles itself in nearest contiguity to what would seem to be the exclusive territory of Mammon.

We can only call attention to this strange phenomenon without going into any discussion of the causes of its remarkable success. As we have said, it is the only case of a distinctly new religion since the days of Mohammed. Yet still it may be compared with other anomalous religious movements that have characterized the present century. Most of these have already had their growth and decline. Some that started with more enthusiasm than has ever been claimed for the Mormons, have, for years, been dying out, or only manifesting an outward and formal existence. On the other hand, too, a similar fate has attended most of the schemes of Socialists, and of those reformers who have relied solely on some doctrine of political economy, while ignoring, as far as they could, any recognition of a supernatural religionism. In distinction from both these, Mormonism has flourished because it has possessed the element of vitality which was respectively wanting to each. The religious sects to which we have alluded (and we mean of course such as may be justly characterized as unscriptural delusions) have been too unworldly for success. They have lacked the secular element. Schemes of mere social reform, on the other hand, have been dead from the beginning. They have been wanting in that vitality which alone can come from a real or pretended connection with a future life, and a supernatural world. Mormonism professes to wield both powers. Whatever may be thought of the first founders of the sect, the multitudes who from all parts of the United States, and from England, and even from the Continent, are now crowding to the Salt Lake and the modern Canaan, give evidence of a power of tremendous reality, however much it may be above the comprehension

of the shallow witling, or the mere secular politician, economist. The cause must have a universality in some way corresponding to the wide effect it is producing. But be it what it may, the lesson taught is most timely as well as important. It is, we repeat—and it will bear to be repeated—the *indestructibleness of the religious principle in the human soul*. If this have not the true nourishment, it will feed on falsehood; but nourishment and life of some kind it must have. The most secular age, instead of destroying, only causes it to burst out in some new and monstrous form. And even in this idea there is light and consolation for true faith. It derives new evidence from every spurious manifestation. The religious principle can not be wholly annihilated—

Merses profundo pulchrior evenit.

Let all worldly causes combine to drive it seemingly from the earth—let the edifice of supernatural belief be leveled with the ground, it would only be the signal for reconstruction. Take away the true, or quench it in the worldly spirit, and some form of false belief will start up in its place. *There will be faith in the earth*—there will be a sacred book—there will be a ritual, or system of worship, ever maintaining itself as a symbol of the inextinguishable trust in the reality of "things unseen and eternal." The naturalizing philosophy may endure, and even be strong as the antagonist of a revealed supernaturalism. But take away the latter, and the former falls with it. Its success is suicidal. Its triumph is its own utter defeat. All true interest in nature and science must expire, when every where the soul ceases to acknowledge any thing higher than either. Without a return to a true faith, spiritual delusions, on the one hand, or the grossest secularity and sensualism, on the other, will be the only alternative. And, if we must come to this, can any thinking mind have difficulty in deciding where we should look for the truest exhibition of human dignity—in Utah or California—in the Land of the Saints, or in the Land of Gold?

—
AND THERE WAS EVENING—and there was morning—one day. (Gen. i. 5.) Why has the inspired historian placed the night first? It must doubtless be because it actually came first in the order of our present creation. What was this first night but the long chaos of darkness that covered the face of the deep, and over which the Spirit brooded when the command came forth for the first morning to appear—when God said, *Let there be light* on that dark world, and immediately *light was there*? But still, night was first, and hence in all the traditions that have sprung from this account it has ever been an object of religious reverence. In the old mythologies Night is the mother of day; and hence the epithets that poetry has ever conferred upon her—Sacred Night, Divine Night, Holy Night, Most Venerable and Religious Night. But not only has she been regarded as the mythological *mother* of creation, but as ever the *nurse* of the purest emotion and the truest thoughts. On this account the Greek poets gave her that beautiful name *Euphrone*—indicating the season of good feeling—the hour of hope, of calm yet joyous contemplation. It is true, the inspired description of the heavenly state says, *There shall be no night there*. But in our present imperfect being, the idea of the highest earthly bliss would be marred by its absence from the picture. As yet we can not dispense with the shade. The

Sacred, high, eternal noon

is for beings of another order, and another life; and however much we may admire the pure sublimity of

his fine line of Doddridge, we feel that we must be endowed with new emotions before we could truly enjoy the never to be remitted splendor of such a state as it describes.

Although affected by particular circumstances, and expressed with great variety of imagery, there has been a wonderful harmony in the spiritual conceptions which the contemplation of night has ever called forth. We have, therefore, thought that it might interest our readers to present a few of the most striking night scenes from ancient and modern poets. The first from our port-folio, of course, is Homer's. The selection is from the close of the eighth book of the *Iliad*. Its introduction partakes of the warlike character of the poem, but softened into that holy calmness which the scene ever assumes, whatever may be the circumstances in which it is presented. We give Pope's splendid translation, although some might prefer the more accurate version of Cowper.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellow verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies.

But neither Pope nor Cowper can be said to have caught the spirit of the original as well as the old ballad version of Chapman.

As when about the silver moon, when air is free from
winde,
And stars shine cleare to whose sweet beams high prospects
and the brows
Of all steep hills and pinnacles thrust up themselves for
shows;
And even the lowly vallies joy to glitter in their sight—
When the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her
light,
And all the signs in heaven are seen that glad the shepherd
heart.

Apollonius Rhodius, in the *Argonautica*, presents a greater diversity of imagery. He has not in view, like Homer, the unity of a single scene, but calls up similar emotions by a dispersed variety of the most impressive pictures. We present a translation, which, if it have no other merit, may at least be said to be almost word for word—

Now Night had thrown her shadow o'er the earth.
Far out at sea the sailors stood and gazed,
On wheeling Arctos and Orion's stars.
The traveler longed to hear the warder's voice
Invite to rest; and even the mother's eyes
That drowsy hour pressed downward, as she watched
By her dead child—the watch-dog's voice was mute;
The city's thronging noise had died away,
And stillness reigned o'er all the shaded realm;
Save in Medea's restless soul—

Virgil closely imitates the Greek poet in the designed contrast, if not in his scenery. As we have not troubled them with the Greek, our fair readers, and others, we hope, will pardon us for putting on our page the Latin. Even those may appreciate its exceedingly liquid flow, who are compelled to resort to the translation for its meaning.

Nox erat, et placidum carpebat fessa soporem
Corpora per terras, sylvæque et sæva quierant
Æquora: cum medio volvuntur sidera lapsu:
Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres,
Quæque lacus late liquidos, quæque aspera dumis
Rura tenent, somno positæ sub nocte silenti,
Lenibant curas, et corda oblita laborum
At non infelix Dido—

Æneid. Lib iv.

'Twas dead of night when wearied bodies close
Their eyes in balmy sleep, and soft repose.
The winds no longer whisper through the woods.
Nor murmuring tides disturb the gentle floods.
The stars in silent order moved around, [ground.
And peace with downy wings was brooding on the
The flocks, and herds, and particolored fowl,
Which haunt the woods, or swim the seedy pool,
Stretched on the quiet earth securely lay,
Forgetting the past labors of the day.
All but unhappy Dido—

Dryden is very far from doing justice to Virgil in the translation of this passage, and yet, we must say, that the original, much as it has been praised, falls greatly short of the exquisite description by Apollonius. How much does that most impressive image in the sixth line of the Grecian poet exceed any effect produced by Virgil's *pictæ volucres*, or "particolored fowl," however ornate the language, and liquid the melody of his highly wrought lines.

But Byron—shall we risk the criticism—Byron, in our judgment, surpasses every example we have quoted, and even had we added, as we might have done, Shakspeare and Milton to the list.

'Twas midnight—On the mountains brown
The cold round moon shone deeply down
Blue rolled the waters, blue the sky
Spread like an ocean hung on high;
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So widely, spiritually bright.
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turned to earth without repining!
The sea on either shore lay there,
Calm, clear, and azure as the air;
And scarce the foam the pebbles shook,
That murmured meekly as the brook.
The winds were pillowed on the waves;
The banners drooped along their staves;
And that deep silence was unbroke,
Save where the watch his signal spoke;
Save where the steed neighed oft and shrill,
And echo answered from the hill.

Siege of Corinth.

Our concluding example is from the Scriptures. We challenge not for it a superiority simply on the ground of its inspiration. Every reader may judge for himself how immeasurably it excels any thing of the kind to be found in ancient or modern poetry. How full of *natural* sublimity, and, at the same time, how profoundly impressive the *moral* lesson of this night scene from Job!

In thoughts from visions of the night,
When deep sleep falleth upon men,
Fear came upon me, and trembling,
And made all my bones to shake.
Then a spirit passed before my face;
The hair of my flesh rose up.
It stood. An image was before mine eyes,
And yet I could not discern the form thereof.
There was silence—
And yet I heard a voice—saying—
Shall a mortal be more just than God?
Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?

WE hear often of popular fallacies. Books have been written on them. But there are also learned fallacies, and among these we know of no one more common than that which prevails respecting the word *education*. It is quite usual with lecturers and essayists to derive a profound philosophical meaning from the bare etymology of the term. It is from *educō*, they tell us, to *lead* or *draw out*. It means the *drawing out* or *developing* the faculties. It is the bringing out the unwrought man, like the polished

statue from the rough block of marble. All sorts of changes are rung upon the word. With some it is the *educing* of the individuality, with others, of the humanity. Others again talk much of *drawing out the ideas*, and that, too, without any previous exact instruction, or the furnishing of what might be styled the prepared material of thought—about as wise a course as to attempt to develop, or draw out the faculties of a nail-making machine, without ever thinking of putting any well-wrought iron into it. Now, all this is pedantic nonsense. The old Roman Roundheads, from whom the term is derived, never dreamed of any such transcendental conception. The word, in its primary sense, simply means *nursing, fostering, rearing*. Hence is it afterward applied to knowledge and discipline. It is educed from the simple conception of holding the child by the hand, and leading him forth when he first begins to walk. From the same primitive thought comes the word *pedagogue*, which simply means, *one who leads a boy*, and was first applied to the slave, or servant, who conducted the Athenian child to and from school. It would, however, be hardly worth our while to show the fallacy of this very common etymological deduction, were it not sometimes made the ground of very false ideas. The old view, although it have no great philosophy, will be found to be the true one. It is to hold a child up, and lead him forth by the hand, before you set him to walk alone by himself, under pretense of developing his *faculties*, either of thinking or of locomotion.

EVERY man has two parents, four grand-parents, eight great-grand-parents, sixteen great-great-grand-parents, &c., &c., &c. If we reckon 30 years to a generation, and carry on the above series to the time of the Norman conquest, it will be found that each one of us must have had at that period, no less than 32,000,000 of ancestors. Now, making all allowance for the crossing of genealogical lines, and consequently for the same person being in many of the intersections, still there will remain a number sufficient, at that period, to cover the whole Norman and Anglo-Saxon race. Whatever, therefore, was then noble, or pious, or princely, or even kingly, stands somewhere in the line of ancestry of the most ignoble and plebeian among us. Each man of the present day may be almost certain of having had, not only earls (and it may be bishops), but even crowned heads among his progenitors. And so also may we be almost assured that the highest families of that period have now lineal representatives in persons so low in the social scale, that all the sounding lines of heraldry would fail to fathom the depth of their obscurity. In less than a thousand years, the blood of Victoria inevitably mingles with that of some of the most ignoble of the earth. Carry the calculation further back, and we soon pass beyond any population that ever existed on our globe. A thousand years from the present time brings the number up to 1,024,000,000. Two or three centuries more carries it beyond a thousand billions, and long before we arrive at the period of our world's creation, it would have reached a number surpassing all powers of easy enumeration. It is a consequence, too, of the same view, that a thousand years hence, each man who has now an ordinary family of children, will probably have a representative some way of his blood in each one of 30,000,000 of persons; and that these will be of all conditions, high and low, rich and poor, unless, as may be the case, some system of social philosophy may long before that have swept all distinctions from our world.

Editor's Drawer.

THE "monitory season" of Nature has come. The faded garniture of the fields; the many-colored, gorgeous woods; the fitful winds, sighing for the flowers "whose fragrance late they bore;" the peculiar yellow-green of the sky at the horizon, in the twilight gloaming; all these proclaim that "summer is ended" and autumn is here. BRAINARD, a poet of true tenderness and feeling, once asked, "What is there saddening in the autumn leaf?" Perhaps it would be difficult to tell *what* it is, but that it is saddening, in the midst of its dying beauty, most persons have felt. One of our own poets, too early called away, wrote many years since, on the first day of October, the following sad and tender lines:

"SOLEMN, yet beautiful to view,
Month of my heart! thou dawnest here,
With sad and faded leaves to strew
The Summer's melancholy bier;
The moaning of thy winds I hear,
As the red sunset dies afar,
And bars of purple clouds appear,
Obscuring every western star.

"Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice,
It tells my soul of other days,
When but to live was to rejoice,
When earth was lovely to my gaze.
Oh, visions bright—oh, blessed hours,
Where are their living raptures now?
I ask my spirit's wearied powers,
I ask my pale and fevered brow.

"I look to Nature, and behold
My life's dim emblems rustling round,
In hues of crimson and of gold—
The year's dead honors on the ground.
And sighing with the winds, I feel,
While their low pinions murmur by,
How much their sweeping tones reveal
Of life and human destiny.
"When Spring's delightful moments shone,
They came in zephyrs from the West:
They bore the wood-lark's melting tone,
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast
Through Summer, fainting in the heat,
They lingered in the forest shade;
But changed and strengthened now, they beat
In storm, o'er mountain, glen, and glade.

"How like those transports of the heart,
When life is fresh and joy is new;
Soft as the halcyon's downy nest,
And transient all as they are true!
They stir the leaves in that bright wreath
Which HOPE about her forehead twines,
Till Grief's hot sighs around it breathe,
Then Pleasure's lip its smile resigns.

"Alas, for Time, and Death, and Care,
What gloom about our way they fling
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,
The burial-pageant of the Spring
The dreams that each successive year
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear,
And sleep in darkness, side by side!

CARLYLE, in his "Sartor Resartus," gives a condensed, but exceedingly forcible picture of the "net-purport and upshot of war," by taking thirty able-bodied men from a French and English village, and making them face each other on a pleasant morning, when they blow each other's souls out, and straightway become "shells of men." We were speaking of this the other evening with a friend, who was with our army in Mexico, and in the course of much chat,

* WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, for many years Editor of the Philadelphia Daily Gazette, and author of the "Ollapodiana" papers in the Knickerbocker Magazine.

ouching war and its accompaniments, he mentioned an anecdote of as brave a fellow as there was in his command, but who had an unfortunate and irresistible habit of occasional intoxication, whenever, by hook or by crook, he could procure a "horn" of brandy or whiskey. One evening, the day after an engagement, in which his coolness and determined bravery had won the admiration and warm commendation of his superior officers, he was brought before his commanding officer, who was on parade, in a state of beastly intoxication. Remembering his services of the day before, the officer was reluctant to punish him, at least without first trying to make him ashamed of his offense by exhortation and remonstrance. "Are you not ashamed of yourself?" he asked, "to be brought before me in this condition?—you that *can* be so good a soldier? There was not a braver man in the regiment yesterday than you; and now you go and spoil all the honor you acquired, by disobeying orders, and coming before me drunk. Take him away!—I'm ashamed of him!" "Here—hello—hold on!" said the soldier—"hold on a minute: you've rep-rep-ri-manded me some, and praised me a good deal: now look o' here, cap'n, do you expect to buy all the human virtues for seven dollars a month? It's too *cheap*, cap'n—too cheap!" He probably thought with LOWELL's Yankee, writing from Saltillo after his first engagement:

"I wish that I was furdur!
Ninepence a day for killin' folks
Comes kind o' low, for murder;
I worked out to slaughterin' some
For Deacon CEPHAS BILLIN'S,
And in the hardest times there was,
I allers fetch'd ten shillins!"

As we sat looking at a conjurer or necromancer performing his tricks the other evening, at which were some hundreds of other lookers-on, we fell to meditate upon the influence which any thing that is at all mysterious has upon the human mind. "To him," says Dr. CHATFIELD, "who has been sated, and perhaps disappointed by the actual and the intelligible, there is an indefinable charm in the unattainable and inscrutable." And it is so. Infants stretch out their hands for the moon; children delight in puzzles and riddles, even when they can not discover their solution; and "children of a larger growth" desire, oftentimes, no better employment than to follow their example. Look at the fanaticism engendered by Rev. EDWARD IRVING'S "Unknown Tongues; at which," says the authority we have quoted, "we need not wonder, when we remember the confession of the pious BAXTER, that in order to awaken an interest in his congregation, he made it a rule, in every sermon, to say something above their capacity." There are not wanting ministers nowadays who follow the Baxterian practice, with the difference only, that what they sometimes preach is as much above their *own* comprehension as that of their audience.

Is it not a "little curious" that HARRIET MARINEAU, an old maid, a "benign cerulean of the second sex," as Lord BYRON calls her class, who "never loved," or if she did, yet who, if published accounts are true, shrunk from the nuptial bonds, and left her affianced lord in the lurch at the last moment—is it not a little curious, we say, that such a woman should have written so exquisite a picture of true love as that which ensues? We once heard a distinguished American author remark, sitting by a "Dutchman's Fireside," that he kept for days

out of the literary lady-traveler's way when she was trying to meet him. "There she was," said he, "going about with that long India-rubber ear-trumpet of hers, taking in every thing that was offered to it, just like an elephant going round with his trunk, drawing in here an apple, there a piece of cake, now a handful of nuts, and next, perhaps, a chew of tobacco. I wasn't going to contribute to *her* trunk, nor to the lining any others, when she had got home and printed her notes!" If the authoress, however, had met this unwilling host, and had told this "tale of love," doubtless he would have listened in "mute admiration." But we are forgetting the passage: "There is no other such crisis in human life as the crisis of LOVE. The philosopher may experience uncontrollable agitation in verifying his principle of balancing systems of worlds, feeling perhaps as if he actually saw the creative hand in the act of sending the planets forth on their everlasting way; but he knows at such a moment no emotions so divine as those of the spirit becoming conscious that it is beloved; be it the peasant-girl in the meadow, or the daughter of the sage, or the artisan beside his loom, or the man of letters musing by his fire-side. The warrior about to strike the decisive blow for the liberties of a nation is not in a state of such lofty resolution as those who, by joining hearts, are laying their joint hands on the whole wide realm of futurity for their own. The statesman, in the moment of success, is not conscious of so holy and so intimate a thankfulness as they who are aware that their redemption has come in the presence of a new and sovereign affection. And these are many: they are in all corners of every land. The statesman is the leader of a nation; the warrior is the grace of an age; the philosopher is the birth of a thousand years; but the LOVER—where is he *not*? Wherever parents look round upon their children, there he *has* been: wherever children are at play together there he soon *will* be; wherever there are roofs under which men dwell, wherever there is an atmosphere vibrating with human voices, there is the lover, and there is his lofty worship going on—unspeakable, perchance, but revealed in the brightness of the eye, the majesty of the presence, and the high temper of the discourse. Men have been ungrateful and perverse; they have done what they could to counteract it, to debate this most heavenly influence of their life; but the laws of their MAKER are too strong, the benignity of their FATHER is too patient and fervent, for their opposition to withstand; and true love continues, and *will* continue, to send up its homage amidst the meditations of every eventide, and the busy hum of noon, and the song of the morning stars."

SOME lively French writer, whose name has quite escaped us, once wrote a vivid sketch, entitled, "*L'Homme Rouge*," or "The Red Man." There was an under-plot of sentiment in the story, we well remember, but the great feature of the romance was, that whenever there was a fire to happen in any part of Paris, whether by accident or design, there suddenly appeared "*L'Homme Rouge*;" sometimes in the midst of a party of revelers at a masked-ball; sometimes surprising nuns at their devotions, and not unfrequently where crime was hatching, or unnatural orgies making night hideous. But he was a good, benevolent deity, and always came to warn against or to suppress conflagration. Such, it would appear, and without fable, hereafter, will be the man who can command the great "Fire-Annihilator," which is making such a sensation, and proving so unerringly effective in England. A man, bearing

one of these easily-carried machines, enters his blazing domicile, all a-glow with a bright flame, which is curling its forked tongues around every thing which resists its progress, and touching a spring, a cloud of smoke-like vapor issues forth, before which the flame flickers, grows pale, and at once fades entirely out, and the conflagration is stopped. It has been tested in so many instances, that its success is now considered wholly infallible. A company for the sale of the "Annihilator" has been formed in this country, the "central bureau" of which is in New York, the president being Hon. ELISHA WHITTLESEY, of the American Congress. The age of rail-roads, magnetic telegraphs, and fire-extinguishers, will signalize this era as one of the most remarkable in the world's history.

SENECA complains that the ancients had compelled him to borrow from them what they would have taken from him, had he been lucky enough to have preceded them! "Every one of my writings," says Goethe, in the same candid spirit, "has been furnished to me by a thousand different persons, a thousand different things: the learned and the ignorant, the wise and the foolish, infancy and old age have come in turn, generally without having the least suspicion of it, to bring me the offering of their thoughts, their faculties, their experience. Often have they sowed the harvest I have reaped. My works are an aggregation of human beings, taken from the whole of nature." It is in the power of any writer, says a commentator upon this passage, to be original, by deserting nature, and seeking the quaint and the fantastical. "When I was a young man," says Goldsmith, "being anxious to distinguish myself, I was perpetually starting new propositions; but I soon gave this over, for I found that generally what was new was false."

DEAN SWIFT's remark at the close of a charity-sermon, from the text "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the LORD," is well known—"If you like the security, down with your dust!" But the two following eccentricities of speech, which are attributed to him, we never saw before: "My brethren," said he, on one occasion, "there are three sorts of pride—pride of birth, of riches, and of talents. I shall not now speak of the latter, none of you being addicted or liable to that abominable vice!" "I fear," said he, on another occasion, to his flock, "I fear, when I explained to you, in my last charity-sermon, that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have misunderstood me to say *specie*, which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will prove, I hope, by your present contributions, that you are no longer laboring under the same mistake!" A surer way of securing a good collection was recently adopted by a benevolent lecture-giver in a sister city. The audience were admitted *free*; but when the lecture was closed, no one was permitted to pass out until he or she had disbursed twenty-five cents!

SOME fourteen years ago there appeared in one of the English magazines an amusing article, showing up the aristocratic stupidity of the large and costly English annuals, which were indebted almost exclusively to the nobility for their contents. Until then, we had not been made aware that the Duke of WELLINGTON was a poet. But it seems that we were mistaken; the "noble Duke" is a master of the military sonnet, a specimen of which is subjoined. Its "terse composition," the "boldness of its character," its "lac mic simplicity," and martial "de-

termination," were very highly commended by the editor:

HALT! Shoulder arms! Recover! As you were!
Right wheel! Eyes left! Attention! Stand at ease!
O Britain! oh, my country! words like these
Have made thy name a terror and a fear
To all the nations. Witness Ebro's bank
Assays, Toulouse, Nivelle, and Waterloo,
Where the grim despot muttered, "*Sauve qui peut!*"
And NEY fled darkling. Silence in the ranks!
Inspired by these, amidst the iron crash
Of armies in the centre of his troop,
The soldier stands—immovable, not rash
Until the forces of the foemen droop;
Then knock the Frenchmen to eternal smash,
Pounding them into mummy. Shoulder, hoop!

Thus the "Conquerer of NAPOLEON" conquers the stubborn rhyme!

"I SUPPOSE," writes a contemplative and elegant modern English author, now unnamed, but who can not long remain *stat nominis umbra*, "that it has happened to most men who observe their thoughts at all, to notice how some expression returns again and again in the course of their meditations, or, indeed, of their business, forming, as it were, a refrain to all they think or do, for any given hour. Sometimes, too, this refrain has no particular concern with the thought or business of the day, but seems as if it belonged to some under-current of thought and feeling. This at least is what I experienced to-day myself, being haunted by a bit of old Spanish poetry, which obtruded itself, sometimes inopportunely, sometimes not so, in the midst of all my work or play. The words were these:

'How quickly passes pleasure away
How, after being granted;
It gives pain:
How, in our opinion,
Any past time
Was better,'

(than that we passed in pleasure). It was not that I agreed with the sentiment, except as applied to vicious pleasure; being rather of SYDNEY SMITH's mind, that the remembrance of past pleasure is present pleasure; but I suppose the words chimed in with reflections on the past which formed the under-current of my thoughts, as I went through the wood of beeches which bounded my walk to day. . . . In a moment I went back, not to the pleasures, but to the ambitious hopes and projects of youth. And when a man does reflect upon the ambitions which are as characteristic of that period of life as reckless courage or elastic step, and finds that at each stage of his journey since, some hope has dropped off as too burdensome or too romantic, till at last it is enough for him to carry only himself at all upright in this troublesome world—what thoughts come back upon him! How he meditates upon his own errors and short-comings, and sees that he has had not only the hardness, oiliness, and imperturbability of the world to contend with; but that he himself has generally been his worst antagonist. In this mood I might have thrown myself upon the mound under a great beech-tree that was near, the king of the woods, and uttered many lamentations; but instead of doing any thing of the kind, I walked sedately by it; for, as we go on in life, we find we can not afford excitement, and we learn to be parsimonious in our emotions."

ONE of the Boston newspapers, in allusion to the great Railroad Festival which is about taking place, as the last sheets of our Magazine are passing through the press, observes: "The Canadian Judiciary Courts

have adjourned for the whole of the next week, in order to give an opportunity to our Canadian friends to be present at the great Railroad Jubilee, to be celebrated in our city. They are expected to arrive in great numbers on Tuesday of next week. That day will be devoted to an examination of our city. On Wednesday there will be a formal reception; and the City Government will accompany their English guests to the Bunker Hill Monument and other places of interest." Now we can not dissociate that word 'interest,' from the same word which forms the nucleus of an anecdote, which we will venture to relate, in illustration of the kind of 'interest' which a loyal English subject might be supposed to feel in paying a visit to Bunker Hill. At Bladensburg battle-field, there is a very non-committal guide who shows visitors over the ground, enlightening those who are ignorant as to the character of the ground, where the different forces lay, how they advanced, and the like. The guide, however, is a 'prudent man,' for his situation depends upon being 'all things to all men' who may chance to be obliged to avail themselves of his services. If he is showing an English party over the ground, he fancies that he knows it, and therefore 'governs himself accordingly'; if an American party, he throws his 'balance of power' in the other scale. But he was sadly puzzled *once*. He could get no 'cue' from the gentleman and his friend, who had secured his services, as to whether they were English or Americans—the conversation was so vague and so limited. "Why was it," said one of these visitors, "that the Americans *fled* on this occasion?" "Fled!" he exclaimed, as if with impromptu dignity—"fled!" "Yes," said his interrogator, "why did the Americans retreat on that occasion?—why did they run away?" "Retreat!—run away!—guess not! Yes; well—perhaps they did. Yes; I believe they did. The reason was, that somehow or 'nother they *didn't seem to take no interest!*"

Most readers have heard the story of the connoisseur in the fine arts who said one day to a friend, "I wish you would come down and see a picture I bought last week. I'd like to have you give me your *candid* opinion of it. A friend of mine had the impudence to say this morning that it was not an original! I should like to hear *another* man say that it was not an original! But you come and see it, and tell me honestly what you think of its authenticity." It strikes us that a man would not be apt to give a *very* "candid" opinion under those circumstances. This freedom of opinion is not unlike the liberty of action said to have been granted by Col. M'LANE to the troops under his command, before going into winter-quarters at Valley Forge. They were suffering for provisions and clothing, and Congress had been repeatedly petitioned for that relief which it was not in their power to bestow. Under this state of things, Colonel M'LANE paraded his band of suffering soldiers, and thus addressed them: "Fellow-soldiers, you have served your country faithfully and truly. We've fought hard fights together against our common enemy. You are in a bad way for comfortable clothes, it is true, and it grieves my very heart to see you tracking your feet in blood on the frozen ground. But Congress can not help it, nor can General WASHINGTON or I. But if any of you wish to return home, you can go. Let such of you as would like to go home step out four paces in front—but the first man that steps out, if I don't shoot him my name is not M'LANE." It is perhaps needless to add, that not a solitary "volunteer homeward" was to be found.

Editor's Easy Chair.

AFTER our more severe Editorial work is done—the scissors laid in our drawer, and the Monthly Record made as full as our pages will bear, of history, we have a way of throwing ourselves back into an old red-backed EASY CHAIR, that has long been an ornament of our dingy office, and indulging in an easy, and careless overlook of the gossiping papers of the day, and in such chit-chat with chance visitors, as keeps us informed of the drift of the town-talk, while it relieves greatly the monotony of our office hours.

We have before now sailed over seas with some rollicking, red-faced captain, who, after a good day's run with his yards well braced to the wind, would, as evening began to fall, and the breezes to lull, rig out his studding-sail booms, and set new bits of canvas to catch every puff of the dying zephyrs. In like manner, we, having made our course good, out of mere whim, add to our sail, and mean to catch up in these few additional pages, those lighter whiffs from the great world of opinion, which come floating to us, as we sit here in our EASY CHAIR.

Nor are we altogether bent on choosing mere gossip; but, rather, we shall be on the watch for such topics or incidents as give a handle to the conversation of the town; and instead of treating them in any such philosophic fashion, as most writing men think it necessary to do, we shall try and set them down with all that gloss, and that happy lack of sequence, which makes every-day talk so much better than every-day writing.

There are hundreds of monthly occurrences which go into the journals as mere skeletons of facts; and yet, if a body had but the art of embalming by language, that fleshy covering which the every-day talk is sure to wrap about them, they would prove (these facts, we mean) the cheerfullest companions in the world.

And this is just the thing that we shall try to do. If the Cubans, down in Havanna, shoot some fifty men, we shall not be content with entering it upon our record: we shall not take up what we consider (as the Daily Journals consider they do) some impregnable position, and thunder away at some one else who has an equally impregnable position of precisely the opposite character; but we shall try and get hold of the actual situation of this new provision for the town maw, in that great feeding-place of the town, viz.—Public Talk. We shall say who are the most voracious feeders, and may possibly comment, in an amiable humor, upon the different modes of consumption.

The French have a most happy way of commuting the dull coinage of every-day facts into the most mailable matter in the world: and as we sit in our EASY CHAIR, and catch up, as we sometimes do, a leaf of a Parisian journal, we find ourselves unconsciously creeping into the heart of some street-story, which, in any English journal, would have been the merest item of Police!

Take, for instance, a single one—entered on all the commercial sheets after this fashion: "We understand that a suicide was committed under deplorable circumstances, not long since, in the Rue St. George. It appears that a French gentleman, owing to pecuniary embarrassments, had long been melancholy, and last evening killed himself with the fumes of charcoal. It is reported that he had been twice married, and (*horribile dictu*) that he exhumed his first wife, previous to committing the fatal deed. He leaves a very respectable property."

Now look at our EASY CHAIR survey of such an unfortunate matter:

"Monsieur B——, a widower of great respectability, was married to his second wife several years previous to the Revolution of 1848. The embarrassments which this event occasioned to several of the most considerable of his debtors, involved him in pecuniary difficulties of a serious character

"Being of a sensitive nature, and unable to meet at that period his more immediate engagements, he became the victim of an intense mortification, which no efforts of his friends could relieve, and which gradually settled into entire mental alienation.

"He had still ample fortune, and lived in the enjoyment of his usual luxuries. His attentions to his new wife (who is represented as exceedingly beautiful) were, of course, less decided and punctilious than before, but there were observed no indications of any special hostility.

"Things wore on in this way for a year or more, when it was observed that Monsieur B—— absented himself at a certain time of the day for many hours, from home, without allowing his wife to suspect his whereabouts. His manœuvres to prevent pursuit, and avoid observation, were most adroit, and utterly forbade detection.

"Meantime the guardians of the cemetery of *Père le Chaise* had observed at a certain hour of the day a well-dressed individual make his appearance at the gates, and disappear upon the heights, within the inclosure of a little Gothic tomb, erected to the memory of Madame B——.

"The guardians having ascertained that the visitor was the husband of the deceased lady, with true Parisian politeness, avoided any special observation.

"It was ascertained afterward, however, that he employed these stolen hours in laboring upon the tomb—a pocket-knife, his only implement, and a single crazy hope—(which will appear in the sequel)—his only aim. Having, after four or five months of daily toil, finished his work, he waited only the absence of his wife to carry into execution his plan. For this he had not long to wait; she had promised a visit to the country; and upon the very day following her departure, Monsieur B—— hurried to his old rendezvous at *Père le Chaise*, and with the same knife with which he had worked his way into the stone sarcophagus in which the body of his first wife reposed, he severed the head from the trunk, transported it under cover of his cloak to his home; placed it before him upon the table; kindled a brazier of charcoal; wrote a last word to his living partner, and then, with his pipe in his mouth, and in face of the ghastly head from the tomb—he died upon his chair!"

There is in this story, insufferable as it may seem to delicate-minded readers, strong illustration of the French love of the horrible—of French passion—and of that French spirit of Dramatism, which would turn even the vulgarity of suicide into the heroism of a Tragedy.

Reading on, as we do, in our EASY CHAIR way, our eye falls upon another bit of French romance of a different style: it will probably never come to the eyes of half of our readers in its Paris shape, so we employ a lazy interval of our weightier duties to render it into old-fashioned English:

Every body knows that the rage for gaming in Paris, specially in private circles, has been for the last eight or ten years—excessive. And if any weak-minded American has "dined out" there, within that time, he has very likely been mulcted in a very pretty sum (after coffee was removed) at *écarté*.

But, this is not to our story, which, in translating, we shall take the liberty of vamping into the easiest possible shape—for ourselves.

Monsieur X—— was some descendant (grandson, for aught we know) of a certain Marshal of the Empire of France, and inherited from him (if report spake true) a handsome fortune of some five hundred thousand francs; or, in American coinage, one hundred thousand dollars. This is quite enough to live on pleasantly in Paris, or, for that matter, any where else.

Of course, Monsieur X—— was a mark for such mammas as had marriageable daughters; and as the French mothers always manage these affairs themselves, and are, beside, very thoroughly schooled in the ways of the world, Monsieur X—— stood a very poor chance of escape. In fact, he did not escape, but was married one fine morning to a very pretty mademoiselle, who had the credit of possessing rare virtues, and whom our hero (Monsieur X——), for a wonder, did really and truly love.

We mention this as even a greater rarity on the other side of the water, than on this; and every body of ordinary observation knows that it is rare enough with us.

They lived happily through the honey-moon, and much to the surprise of his friends, for a year or two afterward. But at length it was observed that he wore very long faces, and dined frequently by himself at the *Café de Paris*, and did not even smile at the broadest of Grassot's comic acting. As he was known to be a young man of very correct habits, the inference was (not always a just one, by the way) that the wife was in fault.

The truth was, that with a disposition naturally amiable and yielding, she had been seduced by those married friends who knew of her husband's resources, into an intense love of cards. As a natural consequence she became ever eager for play, morose in her habit, and petulant of manner.

The husband bore this all very quietly for a while, revolving in his own mind what could be done, and paying his wife's drafts upon him without a murmur. Days and weeks passed by, and the change wore grievously upon his spirits.

At length, he chose his course, and pursued it—after this manner.

He entered with apparent gayety into his wife's amusements, and introduced her, through the interposition of a friend, into one of the most famous gambling salons of Paris. As usual, she took her seat at the table where the stakes were largest. Her antagonist at the play was a stout old gentleman who wore a careless manner, but who after the first round or two played with remarkable success. When madame's losses had amounted to a considerable sum, he proposed "double or quits." Madame accepted and—lost.

The gentleman proposed the same game: madame accepted and lost!

The gentleman proposed the same trial a third and fourth time; and madame, supposing him to be an eccentric old gentleman, who was willing to furnish her with this opportunity of winning again the money, accepted each time his proposal, and uniformly—lost.

Still the play went on, until madame's losses had amounted to the extraordinary sum of four hundred thousand francs, when the old gentleman pleaded an engagement, and retired.

Madame X——, in an agony of trepidation gained her home, and throwing herself at her husband's feet, confessed and regretted the folly which had ruined them.

The husband was naturally astounded: "But,"

said he, controlling his emotion, "the losses must be met. There will remain some seventy thousand francs of my estate, and with that we can live comfortably in the country. For myself, I do not at all regret this: but, my dear (for his old affection lingered), I fear that you may sink under the privations you must encounter."

His goodness overcame her; she avowed not only her willingness but her great joy in becoming the companion of his exile.

It was in an old town of Brittany (we believe, for the paper is not at hand) that they lived quietly and cosily together, in a mossy old chateau. Their table was frugally served, and their servants were of the neighboring peasantry: in place of the old joyous rides in the Bois de Boulogne, they now took strolls together under the wood that shaded the chateau. Thus, for ten years they lived, growing into each other's affections, and rejoicing in the loss which had won them to a real enjoyment of life, and of each other's love.

"It was indeed a happy loss," said she.

"It was none at all," said the husband, and with a caress he handed her the certificates for some five hundred thousand francs, in the most available of French funds!

"Your antagonist," said he, "was a sure winner, but his services were purchased by your husband, and now that he has won you to his love, and to a sense of your own dignity, he makes over to you this recovered fortune."

And the French chronicler goes on to paint a pretty scene as a hint for those dramatists who choose to put the affair on the stage. And he further says that the story is well authenticated, as he might prove by giving the parties' names; but upon consideration, he favors us only with an X.

If the story is a lie, all we can say is, that EUGENE GUINOT must take the blame of it: and judging from his experience, we think the blame will sit lightly on him.

WE have wandered so far from the town, that we had half forgotten that there was any town at all. But, after all, there lies but a step nowadays between Paris and New York—a step over sea, and a step over a very narrow bridge of morals. True, we have not yet imported the salon gambling, except in a quiet club-way, where surely vagrant bachelors, it would seem, have as good right to stultify themselves, as they have in most other situations in life. It is to be doubted, however, if gaming does not presently come into the round of amusements. Old methods do not last long in our growing society: and as evidence, we may note the abandonment, the present year, of the fancy balls, which, for four or five seasons back, have made the very Elysium of a summer's festivities.

What matter has been made of it under the new dispensation of undisguised ball costume, the papers have not much informed us: indeed it is richly observable, that when the fashions of the day withdraw from *outré* action, and shed those enormities of feature which excite the stare of the vulgar—just so soon the public press respects their modesty, and gives them the award of silence. As a consequence (for the *sequitur* may not appear, in the illogical order of our after-dinner arrangement) little has been said this year of the "dress balls" of Saratoga and Newport: and the catalogues of watering-place Deities have been transferred from the flash-papers, to the roll-books of the marriageable men. A few sharp days of early September (not far from the date of our writing) will have driven our city people away from

those shores, where the eastern fogs come sailing in laden with agues, and dropped them down here and there, along those sheltered hill-sides of inland repute, which bask in a summer morning, and which, by and by, will smoke with the kindling glory of an Indian summer.

As yet few have found their way to the town itself: and those few find the streets full of bustle, of strangers, of dust, and of Cuba. It strikes a man oddly, who has been taking his siesta the summer through, under the shadow of country-grown trees, and in the hearing of birds, until he has grown into a sort of assimilation with country habit and country talk, to rebound upon a sudden, from the hard, frosted hill-sides into the very centre of this great furnace of business—and to find it all sweltering and panting with its labor, just as it did six months gone by, and just as it will do in six months to come! Your country idler, with the conceit of the city on him, somehow conceives the idea, that without him there will be less noise, and less commotion: and yet he may go and come, and take his thousands, and bring his thousands, and shout at his loudest, and the great city, quite careless of it all, still sends up from her pebbled veins, and her sweeping quays, the same unceasing roar.

WE have forewarned our reader, or should have done it, that we shall shift our topic in these our after-dinner musings, as easy as the turning of a leaf. Our eyes have just now fallen upon a passage in Mr. Greeley's last letter from Europe, in which he speaks of the appearance of the English women, and commends, with a little more than his usual ardor of expression, their perfection of figure. He attributes this, and very justly, to the English lady's habit of out-of-door exercise. We had thought that this fact was known: that it was known years ago, and that our fair country-women would catch a hint from it, that would throw color into their cheeks and fullness into their forms. And yet, sadly enough, our ladies still coop themselves in their heated rooms, until their faces are like lilies, and their figures—like lily stems!

We have alluded to the matter now, not for the sake of pointing a satire surely, but for the sake of asking those one or two hundred thousand ladies, who every month light our pages with their looks, if they do indeed prize a little unnatural pearliness of hue, and delicacy of complexion, beyond that ruddy flush of health (the very tempter of a kiss!) and that full development of figure, which all the poets, from Homer down, have made one of the chiefest beauties of a woman?

If not, let them make of themselves horsewomen: or, bating that, let them make acquaintance with the sunrise: let them pick flowers with the dew upon them: let them study music of nature's own orchestra. Vulgarly is not essential to health: and a lithe, elastic figure does not grow in hot-houses.

For ourselves, we incline heartily to the belief that if American women have a wish to add to the respect, the admiration, the love, and (if need be) the fear of the men, they will find an easier road toward that gain, in a little vigorous out-of-door exercise and a uniform attention to the great essentials of health, than in any new-fangled costumes, or loudly applauded "Rights."

We have grown unconsciously heated with the topic, and this added to the 90° by Fahrenheit, which is steaming at our elbow, must cut short the first installment of gossip from our red-backed easy-chair.

NEW YORK, September, 1851

Literary Notices.

The Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, on *The American Mind*, by Rev. WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, is superior to the average run of anniversary discourses. Chaste, vigorous, and eloquent in expression, eminently genial and catholic in spirit, pervaded equally with a genuine love of learning, and a glowing patriotism, it abounds in wise and generous counsels, adapted to the present times, and displays frequent touches of pathos and wit. The tribute to the memory of Buckminster, at the close of the oration, is an admirable specimen of classical eulogy.

The Farmer's Every-Day Book, by Rev. JOHN L. BLAKE (published by Derby, Miller, and Co., Auburn), is a unique collection of varieties by a veteran manufacturer of books, whose educational works have had an extensive influence on the youth of our country, and whose ripened experience is devoted to productions of practical utility for the adult mind. A mass of information is accumulated in this volume, which must be welcome to the cultivator of the soil, in his choice intervals of leisure, on a winter's evening or a rainy day. It is arranged under appropriate heads, expressed in lucid and attractive language, and combined with excellent moral suggestions. The author has derived his materials from every available source. He has shown a sound judgment in their selection. Nothing is admitted which has not a real claim on the attention of the reader, while there are few topics of interest to the farmer which are not discussed with more or less detail. The articles from Mr. Blake's own pen are distinguished for their liveliness and good sense. His book is equally adapted to the modest farm-houses of New England, and the log-cabins of the Western Prairie.

Harper and Brothers have published a sumptuous edition of *The Nile Boat; or, Glimpses of the Land of Egypt*, by W. H. BARTLETT—another agreeable volume on the manners and customs of the Orientals, with numerous sketches of their scenery. Mr. Bartlett's course was similar to that of which we have such a charming memorial in the "Nile Notes," by a Howadji; and it is interesting to compare the descriptions of two travelers, who look at the same objects from such entirely different points of view. Mr. Bartlett's first point is Alexandria, from which he departs for Cairo, whence he passes up the Nile, visits Thebes, Esneh, and Edfou, ascends the cataraacts, and explores the weird ruins of Philae. The style of this volume is quiet and unpretending. It is illustrated with a profusion of engravings, from drawings made on the spot by the author, many of them with the camera lucida. They exhibit the principal monuments of the Pharonic period, as at Thebes, the later Ptolemaic style, as at Edfou and Philae, with some of the most beautiful specimens of the Arabian, at Cairo, besides many others of an interesting and instructive character. The volume is an admirable specimen of typography, and deserves a place in every library.

Of the swarm of *Annals* for 1852, we have received *The Iris*, edited by JOHN S. HART, LL.D., and *The Dew-Drop*, a smaller volume, both published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co. *The Iris* is issued, with its usual splendor of embellishment and typography, with one especial feature for the present year, which can not fail to enhance its interest and value. This is a collection of drawings of some of the most remarkable objects connected with the Indian traditions on this continent, made by Capt. Eastman,

of the United States Topographical Corps, who was stationed for nine years on our northwestern frontier, among the Indian tribes in the vicinity of Fort Snelling. The traditions themselves have been wrought up into poems and tales by the wife of Capt. Eastman, depicting the vicissitudes of Indian life, and the passions of Indian character. A great part of the letter-press of the volume consists of these sketches, which, for the most part, are executed with a firm and graceful hand. Besides these there are several pieces which are gems of literary excellence. "The Cenotaph," by E. W. Ellsworth, in memory of Capt. Nathan Hale, who died nobly in the service of the Revolution, is a quaint ballad, displaying a strange union of pathos and Yankee humor. Edith May, Mrs. Mary E. Hewitt, and Alice Carey each contribute characteristic poetical pieces.

The Dew-Drop is exquisitely embellished, and contains selections from the writings of several of the best American authors. Among them we find the names of Longfellow, Boker, Tuckerman, Stoddard, Edith May, Miss Lynch, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Child, and other popular celebrities.

Uncle Frank's Willow-Lane Stories is a budget of pleasant narratives for children, from the pen of FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH, whose contributions to juvenile literature are always distinguished for their cordial and lifesome sympathy with the young heart. These stories are taken from country life, and are full of juvenile adventure and incident. The volume is illustrated with neat wood-cuts. (Published by Charles Scribner).

Drayton (published by Harper and Brothers), is a new American novel, presenting several fine examples of character-painting, with a plot of more than common interest. The hero, who passes from the shoemaker's bench to a high place in the legal profession, is not a bad specimen of American go-ahead-iveness, softened down by numerous redeeming traits. We think the anonymous author has displayed a degree of ability in this volume which promises a future career of decided brilliancy.

The Epoch of Creation, by ELEAZAR LORD (published by Charles Scribner). An elaborate volume, devoted to the defense of Divine Revelation against the encroachments of modern science, with especial reference to the alleged results of geological research. The leading idea of the work is expressed in the following paragraph of the Introduction, of which, though by another hand, the whole treatise is an expansion and illustration. "The work of creation was necessarily a supernatural work; and hence all reasoning from the general laws of nature, which in their operation were subsequent to the work of creation, is as irrelevant in explanation of the Mosaic account, as the argument drawn from universal experience in disparagement of the miracles recorded in Holy Writ." Mr. Lord, accordingly, in explaining the teachings of Scripture on the work of creation, defends the literal sense of the Mosaic history. He maintains that the six days of the creation are to be understood in their most obvious acceptation, and that the attempt to reconcile them with the theory of a more ancient date of the material universe, is absurd in point of philosophy, and fatal to the interests of revealed truth. In the course of his argument, the author takes occasion to present several searching criticisms of Hitchcock, Miller, Pye Smith, and other eminent geologists, who have regarded the question in a different point of view. His work will

be read with interest, at the present day, when so much attention has been drawn to the religious and scientific issues in controversy. Mr. Lord presents an earnest and able defense of the theological view, in opposition to what may be considered as the prevailing opinion of the scientific world. He writes with clearness and force. He is master of considerable logical skill. Without the vivacity of style, or the brilliancy of rhetoric which distinguishes the productions of many of his opponents, he aims mainly at the lucid expression of the arguments in the case, which he sustains with shrewdness and ability. No one can mistake his evident zeal for the interests of revelation; or accuse him of the slightest taste for scientific novelties.

The Theory of Human Progression (published by B. B. Mussey and Co., Boston). The purpose of this book, which we should suppose was written by a Scotch Presbyterian, is to show the natural probability of a reign of justice on the earth. It is written in a hard, dry, ultra-logical style, tinged with the spirit of Scotch and German metaphysics, and deducing the most stringent conclusions in regard to social justice from the language of the Bible. The author is an original thinker. He has little respect to custom or precedent. With great acuteness and discrimination, he points out the unavoidable inferences from the premises, which he assumes, and which, in most cases, he derives from the doctrines of Scripture. We rarely find such radical views of society, combined with such orthodox principles of theology. If the volume had been written with greater simplicity and liveliness of style, its effect would have been immeasurably enhanced.

Forest Life and Forest Trees, by JOHN S. SPRINGER (published by Harper and Brothers). This is a genuine American work, redolent of the pine forests of Maine, and filled with fresh and glowing descriptions of the life of a New-England backwoodsman. The writer was reared in the midst of the scenes which he portrays with such distinct outlines and such natural coloring, and has spent several of what he regards as the most pleasant years of his life in the toils and adventures of a "down east" lumberman. Hence he moves among the "strange, eventful" incidents of his story, like one who is perfectly at home, jotting down his exciting narrations without the slightest effort or pretension, and introducing his readers by the simplest transitions to the very heart of the remote wilderness. His work is divided into three parts, namely, *The Trees of America*, *The Pine Tree*, or *Forest Life*, and *River Life*. The first part is a valuable compilation selected from the most authentic materials on the dendrology of New-England, accompanied with judicious original comments. In the remaining portions of the book, we have a variety of reminiscences of a residence among the wild mountains, forests, lakes, and rivers of Maine, adventures of lumbermen in the pursuit of their perilous calling, fresh pictures of the sublime scenery with which they are surrounded, and a fund of amusing anecdotes. Several instructive details are given in regard to the lumber trade. The volume is illustrated with numerous wood engravings, which will give a distinct idea of many of the localities and scenes described by the author. Although making no claims to literary excellence, in the technical sense of the term, we are sure this book will become a universal favorite with the "reading millions" of America, from Canada to California.

Service Afloat and Ashore, during the Mexican War, by Lieut. RAPHAEL SEMMES (published by Wm. H. Moore and Co., Cincinnati), has already asserted a

successful claim on the public favor, a large edition having been exhausted, and a second being on the eve of appearance. It is a work of standard merit, and does honor to the growing literature of the West. More substantial in its character than one would anticipate from its finical, book-making title, it presents a well-digested summary of the political history of Mexico, of her relations with the United States, and the various complications that led to the war of 1846. The author was personally engaged in the siege of Vera Cruz, of which terrible operation he gives a vivid description, drawn up both with military precision, and with appropriate poetical coloring. He afterward joined the army of Gen. Scott at Jalapa, was present at the battle of Churubusco as aid to Gen. Worth, and accompanied the victorious troops to the Mexican Capital. With an excellent opportunity for observation, and no small experience of military affairs, he has subjected the movements of the American army to a critical scrutiny, and presents his conclusions with soldier-like frankness and decision, though evidently aiming at impartiality. His remarks on the course of Gen. Scott are often severe, though he pays a warm tribute to the many admirable qualities of that eminent commander; but his deepest enthusiasm is called forth by the chivalrous and romantic character of Gen. Worth. Whatever opinion may be formed of the correctness of his comments on delicate military questions, it must be admitted that they are put forth in fairness and good faith, and if not to be regarded as conclusive, they afford a valuable aid in deciding the judgment of the impartial reader. The style of Lieut. Semmes is usually chaste and vigorous. In the mere narrative of historical events it sometimes flags, calling for the application of the whip and spur; but in the description of scenes of stirring interest, of battles, and marches, and shipwrecks, it kindles up with the occasion, and becomes glowing and vehement, often presenting passages of wild and startling beauty. We congratulate the noble-spirited author on the signal success of his work, and hope that we shall again hear of his name in the field of literature, as well as in the service of his country.

The Lady and the Priest, is the title of a striking English novel, reprinted by Harper and Brothers, founded on the romantic history of the Fair Rosamond, Henry the Second, and Queen Eleanor. The wily priest, Thomas a Becket plays an important part in the plot, presenting an expressive contrast by his ambition and cunning to the innocent, confiding, and deeply injured Rosamond. As a specimen of the English historical novel, this work will compare favorably with the best recent productions of the London press. The development of the story is skillfully managed, and grows more and more interesting with each step of its progress.

Vagamundo; or, The Attaché in Spain, by JOHN ESAIAS WARREN. (Published by Charles Scribner.) The title of this work is descriptive of its character. It is a good-humored record of a touch-and-go, genteel-vagabondish residence of several months in "old romantic Spain," where the position of the author gave him access to much "good society," and his tastes led him into a variety of odd, rollicking adventures, which he relates with an easy audacity, that becomes quite fascinating before you arrive at the close of the volume. The strength of the author lies in his cordial, careless, jovial freedom. He shows such a quintessence of frankness, such a gay, contagious good-fellowship, as to disarm our habitual sternness as critics. His book contains little wisdom, and less wit, but for a dashing, effervescing

sparkling effusion of anecdote and adventure; commend us to its hilarious pages. There are trifles here and there, indeed, at which the over-fastidious may take offense, as in duty bound; but readers who are not frightened with a little exuberance of youthful frolic will find it a tempting volume.

A neat reprint of HUGH MILLER'S *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland*, has been issued by Wm. H. Moore and Co., Cincinnati. It consists of a collection of interesting Scotch traditions, historical episodes, and personal anecdotes, presented in the garrulous, descriptive style, which has made the author popular among numerous classes of readers. Miller is a staunch, thorough-going Scotchman; in his opinion, there is no country like Scotland (and we too love Scotland); and no man in Scotland like himself (to which we demur); and this perennial self-complacency diffuses a kindly warmth over his writings, even when we find little to attract us in the dryness of his subjects.

A. Hart, Philadelphia, has published an edition of Miss BENDER'S *Memoirs of Mary Queen of Scots*, which portrays the history of the ill-fated queen in true and vivid colors. The work contains a variety of interesting anecdotes of the court of Henry II.

Ticknor, Reed, and Fields have published an additional volume of WILLIAM MOTHERWELL'S *Poems*, from the Glasgow edition. They include songs, fragments of verse, and other pieces not contained in the former volumes. They are distinguished for the characteristic simplicity, unction, and pathos of their gifted author.

A new edition of the *Memoirs of the Buckminsters*, father and son, by ELIZA BUCKMINSTER LEE, is issued by the same house—a volume of rare interest and beauty. Its pictures of rural life in New England are drawn with exquisite grace, as well as perfect fidelity, forming an appropriate embellishment to the affecting history of the subjects of the memoir.

Plymouth and the Pilgrims, by JOSEPH BANVARD (published by Gould and Lincoln, Boston), is a popular compend of the events in the colonial history of Plymouth, illustrated with numerous engravings. It is intended to form the first of a series, devoted to the history of the United States, and consisting of at least twelve volumes. The narrative in this volume is derived from authentic sources, but exhibits no remarkable skill in its construction.

A new treatise on the *Elements of Geology*, by SAMUEL ST. JOHN, has been issued by George P. Putnam, adapted to the use of students in the higher seminaries of learning. It has evidently been prepared with great care and excellent judgment. Omitting the controverted and more abstruse points of theoretical geology, it aims at presenting a clear statement of the facts, which may be regarded as established in the present state of the science, and this is accomplished, we think, with the best success.

Sketches of European Capitals, by WILLIAM WARE. (Published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co., Boston). Rome, Florence, Naples, and London, are the capitals to which this admirable volume is devoted. Although passing over beaten ground, Mr. Ware has treated his subjects with freshness and originality. He copies no one; consults his own excellent taste in preference to any authorities; gives his impressions as they are made from his own point of view; and describes them with equal simplicity and boldness. His language is usually felicitous and choice. He is a keen dissector of character, and has presented us with some highly-finished specimens of his skill in this kind. His remarks on the present condition of Italian society are discriminating and forcible.

Coming from a genuine lover of freedom, they are entitled to great weight. The obstacles to the establishment of Italian independence, arising from internal jealousies, and the want of national unity are exhibited in a strong light. Mr. Ware was not favorably affected by the manifestations of English character, which he witnessed on English soil. On this point he expresses himself without the least reserve, in a vein of acute and biting criticism. Various other topics are handled in this volume, and all of them with freedom and manliness. Differing from the author in many of his artistic judgments, we like the prevailing tone of his work—its honesty, its unaffectedness, its vigor, its humane spirit—to say nothing of its language, which, as we have already hinted, is a model of classical and elegant English.

Harper and Brothers have republished the first volume of LAMARTINE'S *History of the Restoration*, from which we have given several extracts among our selections. It is decidedly the most important work of its prolific author since the "History of the Girondists." Bold in conception, abounding in lofty speculations, colored with a rich glow of moral emotion, it displays in the highest degree of perfection, the singular power of brilliant word-painting, and the felicitous artifices of rhetoric of which Lamartine is such a consummate master.

Rule and Misrule of the English in America, by the author of "Sam Slick the Clock Maker" (published by Harper and Brothers). In the present work, Judge Haliburton leaves the field of humor and satire for grave political discussion. It is written in the interests of monarchical government, taking the United States as a warning against the evils of democracy. With this view, the writer traces the introduction of the popular principle into this continent, the means of its early establishment, and the provisions for its support and continuance. He endeavors to show that the success of republicanism in the United States has been owing no less to a wonderful combination of accidental causes, than to the ability, energy, and practical skill of the American people. Hence he argues that this form of government is not applicable to England or France, and still less to other European countries. Some of his speculations have the merit of ingenuity; they will awaken interest, as showing the effect of our institutions on an outside observer; but they can not be regarded as models of political acuteness or sagacity.

Phillips, Sampson, and Co. have published the first number of a new *Life of Napoleon*, by BEN. PERLEY POORE, in which the author controverts the opinions of Scott and other Tory writers on the subject. It shows a good deal of research, and is written in an animated style.

TUCKERMAN'S *Characteristics of Literature* is briefly noticed in the *London Athenæum*, as a "series of suggestive papers," whose "criticisms are for the most part sound and moderate, but exhibiting no great extent of reading, nor any profound and subtle appreciation of literary beauty. Sometimes they remind us of Channing—of whose style Mr. Tuckerman is evidently an admirer; but they lack his clearness of thought and brilliancy of color, his intensity of conviction, and continual reference to fixed canons and principles." The *Athenæum* is systematically cold to American writers; nor does it do justice to Mr. Tuckerman in its criticism; yet it is right in tracing the influence of Channing both in his style and turn of thought. No one who was conversant with that "old man eloquent" in the latter years of his life could escape all tincture of the love of moral beauty which

was the master principle of his nature. His contagious influence is seen in the harmonic proportions, the clearness of expression, the equilibrium of thought, and, we may add, the sensitive timidity of opinion which mark the writings of his unconscious disciple almost as decidedly as they did his own.—DR. UNGEWITTER's *Europe, Past, and Present*, is spoken of in the same journal in terms of lukewarm approval.

THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION, so far as the English courts of law is concerned, stands thus.—The Court of Exchequer is at variance with the Court of Queen's Bench :—and the case on which the next decision will be made, is that of *Murray v. Bohn* with respect to the copyright of certain works of Washington Irving. Mr. Routledge, against whom Mr. Murray had brought the law to bear, has surrendered, and admitted that he has injured the plaintiff to the extent of two thousand pounds. Mr. Bohn, however, stands out; and the point which he has now to prove in an English court of law is, priority of publication of Mr. Irving's works in America. Plaintiff and defendant have each, we are informed, sent a special commissioner over to America on the subject.

THE death of MR. GIBBON, one of the most munificent patrons of modern British art, is announced. In the *genre* school he has the credit of having called into existence some of the best efforts of many young artists of celebrity, by whom his liberality and protection will be gratefully remembered. To that and landscape pictures he principally confined himself as a collector, having little sympathy, so far as collection is a test, with the historical school of painting.

AT Clifton, on Friday the 1st of August, died the patriarch of English authoresses—we might add of English authors—MISS HARRIET LEE, at the age of ninety-five. To most of the generation now busied with fiction, drama, and poetry, this announcement will be a surprise: so long protracted was Miss Lee's life, and so many years have elapsed since her last appearance in the world of imaginative creation took place. To readers of our time, Miss Lee is best known as having in her "*German's Tale*" of the "*Canterbury Tales*" (a miscellany of little romances by herself and her sister), furnished Lord Byron with the plot of his play of "*Werner*." More old-fashioned novel readers, who are given to weary at the philanthropy, philosophy, and preaching which threaten to turn our thousand and one tales into something more like "*Evening Services*" than "*Arabian Nights*," will find in her vigor and clearness of invention a merit which of itself deserves to keep the name of the novelist alive. Miss Lee's further title to mortuary honors is a play, or plays, acted with small success—and which has, or have, gone the way of Hannah More's triumphant "*Percy*," and Madame d'Arblay's withdrawn tragedy. Harriet Lee survived her sister Sophia twenty-seven years: Sophia having died at Clifton, in 1824.—In London on the 4th died LADY LOUISA STUART—aged nearly ninety-four—the youngest daughter of the Minister, Earl of Bute, and the grand-daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montague—the lady to whom we owe the charming "*Introductory Anecdotes*," prefixed to the late Lord Wharncliffe's edition of Lady Mary's Works. Lady Louisa remembered to have seen her grandmother, Lady Mary—when at old Wortley's death that celebrated woman returned to London after her long and still unexplained exile from England. Lady Louisa herself was a charming letter-writer; and her corre-

spondence with Sir Walter Scott will, it is said, fully sustain the Wortley reputation for wit, and beauty of style, while it will exhibit a poet in a very different character from that in which another poet figures in his celebrated correspondence with her grandmother, Lady Mary. Some of Scott's letters to Lady Louisa are included in Mr. Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter*.

A PERT English traveler, of a class which has shared too largely in the hospitalities of facile Americans, gives an amusing caricature of a NEW YORK LITERARY SOIRÉE, to which he had by some chance gained admittance :—"I went to stay at a Mr. S.'s country house, about six miles out town, and was there introduced to his father, who has one of the best collections of pictures in New York. They were kind enough to take me to a literary réunion given by one Miss —, an American authoress of some note, who always opens her house on that evening, and to point out to me many of the notabilities in the New York world of letters. Many of them were real 'lions,' and not a few only wore the skin. The latter classes made themselves undesignedly very amusing, and were mostly little men, who had published and circulated a novel or two largely among their friends, which in their own opinions entitled them to turn down their shirt collars, allow their hair and beards to grow at random, and to assume the appearance of men in whom mind had become so predominant over body, as to render the latter quite a minor consideration. They did not open their lips all the evening, but were to be seen in pensive attitudes with their arms leaning on chimney pieces, and looking pleasantly at vacancy, or seated on solitary ottomans, contemplating the company with a sort of cynical stare. They wished, in fact, to be considered as living in an atmosphere of dreams, and nobody offered to disturb them. Mr. N. P. Willis, to whom I was introduced, afforded a very pleasant contrast to these little lions, and laughed and talked on many subjects like an ordinary being. Miss —, too, has nothing of the pedant, and very little of the professed 'blue' about her, and wound up the amusements of the evening by gracefully leading off in a polka. During the evening a 'hush' was circulated all round the room, and on inquiry I found that a Herr something, very like Puddewitz, 'was going to play his thoughts,' and forthwith a foreign gentleman with as much hair as one face could conveniently carry, sat down at the piano. From the nature of the music, I should say that Puddewitz's thoughts were of a remarkably mild and sentimental nature, and not at all in keeping with his ferocious aspect. After the polka the little lions began to rouse themselves and dispel the mental web which their thoughts had been working round them for the last two or three hours, and we all gradually dispersed."

A CURIOUS instance of LITERARY STRATEGY is presented in the London edition of *Vagamundo, or The Attaché in Spain*, the sprightly work of our countryman, Mr. WARREN, which we have noticed above. It seems that he had made an arrangement with a London publisher to bring out an edition at the same time with its appearance in this country. Every thing from the manuscript that could betray its American origin is eliminated, and it is thus issued apparently as a native born English production, "dyed in the wool." A start is obtained on the American publisher, and the work is put into the market two or three months before its publication in New York. Our first impressions of it as a lively gossiping book were received from the English copy some

time since, which surprised us as a remarkable specimen of the free and easy style, for English growth.

OF ANDREWS' LATIN LEXICON, the *London Athenæum* speaks as follows: "It can not now be said that there is any lack of good Latin and Greek Lexicons among us. Whatever our classical deficiencies may be, they must not hereafter be attributed to the want of such a *sine qua non*. Within the last twenty—even ten—years most valuable additions have been made to our lexicographical stores. Entick, Ainsworth, Schrevelius, and a host of other worthies who long reigned over us, have at length been banished to make room for their betters. Even Donnegan—after a brief but successful career—has met with an inglorious fall.

"Besides our own dictionaries, we have those of our transatlantic brethren. Some few years ago they sent us over a large Latin Dictionary by Leverett; and now another of still higher pretensions (Freund's Latin-English Lexicon—edited by Dr. Andrews) has found its way here. . . . Whatever time, attention, and care can do toward making the work complete and correct, seems to have been done, and we all know how much the excellence of a dictionary depends upon these points,—especially when they are accompanied by competent scholarship, as we have every reason to believe they are in the present case. The result is, what might be expected, a rich repository of philological information, clearly expressed and well arranged. . . .

"In conclusion, we are glad to have an opportunity of introducing so excellent a work to the notice of our classical and philological readers. It has all that true German *Gründlichkeit* about it which is so highly appreciated by English scholars. Rarely, if ever, has so vast an amount of philological information been comprised in a single volume of the size. The knowledge it conveys of the early and later Latin is not to be gathered from ordinary Latin Dictionaries. With regard to the manner in which it is got up, we can speak most favorably. Never have we seen a better specimen of American typography. Every page bears the impress of industry and care. The type is clear, neat, and judiciously varied. A pretty close inspection has not enabled us to discover any errors worth mentioning."

A contributor to the *London Times* has collected a mass of curious statistics in regard to the rise and progress of RAIL-ROAD LITERATURE in England. His essay in that journal has recently been issued in a separate pamphlet. Among other interesting statements, we find the following facts, which are singularly illustrative of English habits:

"The gradual rise of the Railway book-trade is a singular feature of our marvellous Railway era. In the first instance, when the scope and capabilities of the Rail had yet to be ascertained, the privilege of selling books, newspapers, &c., at the several stations, was freely granted to any who might think proper to claim it. Vendors came and went when and how they chose, their trade was of the humblest, and their profits were as varying as their punctuality. When it became evident that the vendors of books and papers were deriving large sums of money from their business, the directors of the several companies resolved to make a charge for permission to carry it on; and tenders were duly advertised for, regard being had to the amount offered, and by no means to the mode in which it was proposed to prosecute the work. In some cases £200, and in others as much as £600 per annum have been deemed a fair rental

for the book-stall at a London terminus. At one of the most important stations in the metropolis, a book seller, who at one time professed himself unable to contribute £60 by way of rent to a benefit society established for the servants of the company, offered two years afterward £600 when the privilege was put up to public auction. The extent to which literary trash has been sold at these railway book-shops, may be conceived, when it is stated that a large profit has still remained for the bookseller after paying the very large rent-charge to the company.

"A movement has, however, been made on the North-Western Railway to put an end to this unwholesome condition of things. The stalls have been taken by a spirited bookseller and news-agent, determined to supply none but works of sterling literature; and the leading publishers have responded to this movement by the reproduction of some of their most valuable copyrights in shilling and half-crown volumes. The little reprint of Lord Mahon's 'Narrative of the Insurrection of 1845,' appears to have been the first step to improvement. It caught our eye, as it had already fortunately arrested the attention at more than one railway station of Mr. Macaulay, the historian. The sight of it suggested to that brilliant writer the idea and title of a 'Traveller's Library,' and at his instigation—for which we here tender him our thanks—Messrs. Longman commenced the cheap and popular series known by this name, and adorned by Mr. Macaulay's own charming productions.

"As we progressed north, a wholesome change, we rejoice to say, became visible in railway book-stalls. We had trudged in vain after the schoolmaster elsewhere, but we caught him by the button at Euston-square; and it is with the object of inducing him to be less partial in his walks that we now venture thus publicly to appeal to him. At the North-Western terminus we diligently searched for that which required but little looking after in other places, but we poked in vain for the trash. If it had ever been there, the broom had been before us and swept it clean away. We asked for something 'highly colored.' The bookseller politely presented us with Kugler's 'Handbook of Painting.' We shook our head and demanded a volume more intimately concerned with life and the world. We were offered 'Kosmos.' 'Something less universal,' said we, 'benefits the London traveler.' We were answered by 'Prescott's Mexico,' 'Modern Travel,' and 'Murray's Handbook of France.' We could not get rubbish, whatever price we might offer to pay for it. There was no 'Eugene Sues' for love or money—no cheap translations of any kind—no bribes to ignorance or unholy temptations to folly. 'You'll soon be in the *Gazette*,' we said commiseratingly to the bookseller. The bookseller smiled. 'You never sell those things,' we added mildly. 'Constantly; we can sell nothing else.' 'What! have you nothing for the million?' 'Certainly; here is 'Logic for the Million,' price 6s.; will you buy it? 'Thank you, but surely books of a more chatty character——' 'Chatty—oh, yes!' 'Coleridge's Table Talk' is a standard dish here, and never wants purchasers.

"Every new work of interest as it appeared was furnished to the stalls, from Macaulay's 'England' down to Murray's 'Colonial Library,' and purchasers were not slow to come for all. Upon many good books, as well of recent as of more remote publication, there has been an actual run. 'Macaulay' sold rapidly, 'Layard' not less so. 'Stokers and Pokers,' a sketch of the London and North-Western Railway, published in Murray's 'Colonial Library,' sold to the

extent of upwards of 2000 copies. Borrow's 'Bible' and 'Gypsies in Spain,' are always in demand, and St. John's 'Highland Sports' keep pace with them. Graver books have equally steady sale. Coleridge's works are popular on the rail. 'Friends in Council,' 'Companions of my Solitude,' and similar small books grasping great subjects, and written with high philosophical aim, are continually purchased. Poetry is no drug at the prosaic terminus if the price of the article be moderate. Moore's 'Songs and Ballads,' published at 5s. each; Tennyson's works, and especially 'In Memoriam,' have gone off eagerly; the same remark applies to the Lays of Macaulay and to the Scotch Ballads of Aytoun.

"The style of books sold depends more upon the salesman than on the locality; but there are exceptions to the rule. At Bangor, all books in the Welsh language must have a strong Dissenting and Radical savor. English books at the same station must be High Church and Conservative. School-boys always insist upon having Ainsworth's novels and any thing terrible. Children's books are disdained, and left for their sisters. 'Jack Sheppard' is tabooed at the North-Western, and great is the wrath of the boys accordingly. Stations have their idiosyncracies. Yorkshire is not partial to poetry. It is very difficult to sell a valuable book at any of the stands between Derby, Leeds, and Manchester. Religious books hardly find a purchaser in Liverpool, while at Manchester, at the other end of the line, they are in high demand."

A writer in one of the London literary journals presents a severe criticism of the "BATEMAN CHILDREN," who are now performing at St. James' Theatre, under the auspices of our widely-known compatriot, Mr. Barnum. A part of his strictures is as follows, of which there is much more of the same kind:

"Mr. Barnum, the American monster-monger, has opened this theatre with an exhibition which it is disagreeable to witness and impossible to treat as a matter of art. Two American children, Ellen and Kate Bateman, stated to be six and eight years of age, are here produced in the respective characters of *Richard the Third* and *Richmond* in the fifth act of Colley Cibber's tragedy. Ellen, who performs the crooked-backed tyrant, carefully made up to look like Edmund Kean, has evidently been drilled by some one well acquainted with the style of that great actor, and elaborately wrought into a miniature resemblance of him. Not only the manner, but the voice has been tutored—tone and emphasis have been imparted, as well as gesture and deportment. To us, who recollect every phase of the style of the departed tragedian, this exact copy was something painful and revolting. Similar pains had been taken with the elder girl Kate—who, armed *cap-à-pie*, strutted and fretted as Richmond. The delivery of the children has been enormously exaggerated in their determination to produce effect. They are strained far beyond their natural powers—and the result is, an impression of caricature and burlesque."

The Dublin literary circles have recently lost the Rev. Dr. SAMUEL O'SULLIVAN—a political writer of much force and activity and one of the leading contributors to the *Dublin University Magazine*. "His style was close and consecutive—and of late years was marked by a vein of reflectiveness not often found among Irish writers. He was abler in attack than in defense—like most polemic authors. The most valuable of his writings are, a series of labo-

rate biographical essays on modern Irish statesmen; which apart from their literary talent have the merit of originality of matter. For his papers on Lord Chancellor Clare and Mr. Saurin he was furnished with special facts; and his Chaplaincy to the Phoenix Park Military School gave him access to several persons high in office, whose acquaintance he preserved. He was an entertaining and instructive companion—fertile in curious original anecdote. His pen exercised much influence on the Irish Conservative press for several years: but with the merits or demerits of political controversialists we meddle not. We hear that it was Dr. O'Sullivan's intention to reprint, with additional matter, his excellent essays on Flood and Grattan: the best pictures left us of these Irish statesmen."

The Hakluyt Society have added to their very interesting publications, Richard Hakluyt's translation of the account of DE SOTO's *Discovery and Conquest of Florida*, with an additional account curiously corroborative of all its substantial details discovered and translated by the editor, Mr. Rye, of the British Museum. The expedition was not without valuable results of an accidental kind, though in its main objects it failed so lamentably; and the narrative now given is extremely vivid and striking.

Another volume curiously illustrative of the past, has been published with the uninviting title of *Consuetudines Kancie*. This is, in other words, a history of the Gavelkind, and other remarkable customs of the County of Kent. The author is a skilled antiquary, and gives many sound reasons for his belief that in not a few of those peculiar customs may be directly traced the famous and venerable laws of Edward the Confessor.

Doctor LATHAM has added to those researches and speculations as to races which have lately been found to explain so much of the peculiarities of national habits, customs, and laws, a sketch of the *Ethnology of the British Colonies and Dependencies*.

DR. LINGARD's valuable library has been bequeathed by the late learned historian to St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw.

THE *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* has been seized and confiscated by the police at Leipzig, for having published, under the head of Great Britain, a notice, with translated extracts, of the two letters written by Mr. Gladstone to the Earl of Aberdeen on the treatment of the Neapolitan state prisoners.

THE death of the famous naturalist, DR. LORENZ OKEN, whose theory of the Cranial Homologies effected a revolution in philosophical anatomy, and led the way to the admirable researches of Owen, has recently been announced. The name of Oken is most commonly associated by English readers with his "Physio-philosophy," a translation of which work, by Mr. Tulk, was published by the Ray Society. It abounds in admirable generalizations, unfortunately immersed in much that is false and fantastic, and clothed in the cloudiest phraseology of German transcendental metaphysics. Oken's researches and speculations (for he was as practical as he was dreamy) extended over all departments of natural history. Of the value he set upon facts, and the industry with which he collected them, a lasting monument exists in the volumes of the "Isis," a vast library of abstracts of the science of his time, founded and con-

ducted by him as a periodical. Few men have had greater influence on European science than Oken. Until forced to quit Germany on account of his political opinions, he held a Professorship at Jena. Later he was Professor of Natural History at the University of Zurich, in which city he died about the last of August, at the advanced age of seventy-three years.

From Halle, we hear of the death, a short time since, of a voluminous German writer, JOHN GODFREY GRUBER, founder and principal editor of the "Universal Encyclopædia of Sciences and Arts"—a work which was at first carried on by him conjointly with Herr Ersch. Herr Gruber was also a large contributor to the *Litteratur Zeitung* and the *Conversations-Lexicon*. His separate works include: "The Destiny of Man," "The Dictionary of Esthetics and Archæology," "Researches into the Greek and Roman Mythology," "The Life of Wieland," and "The Dictionary of German Synonymes." These are but a few of his many writings.

M. DUPATY, one of the forty French academicians, died a few days ago. He was one of the most obscure of that learned corps. His literary reputation, such as it was, was based almost exclusively on vaudevilles and on the libretti of comic operas. He was held in esteem in the days of Napoleon; but then literary distinction was very easily earned. The most notable event in the last twenty years of his life was being chosen (to his own great astonishment) an academician in preference to Victor Hugo, then at the height of his fame.

THE 16th, 17th, and 18th volumes of the complete works of FREDERICK THE GREAT have just been published at Berlin. They are entirely occupied with his correspondence. There are 4000 letters written by him—two-thirds are in French, the other third, chiefly on military operations, are in German, and were addressed to his generals. The whole letters belong to the state archives. The edition of the great Frederick's works, now in course of publication, was undertaken by order of the present King of Prussia, and at his expense.

THE indefatigable Eugene Sue, notwithstanding his daily labors as one of the 750 law-givers of the Republic are, or ought to be, rather heavy, has found time to write another romance, of which the publication has been recently commenced in one of the daily Paris journals. It is called "Fernand Duplessis; or, the Memoirs of a Husband;" and is, it appears, to be an exposure of what in France it is the fashion to call the miseries and iniquities of married life. Written in great haste, it will (judging from the opening chapters) be slovenly in style and negligent in language; but, *en revanche*, it will (as it seems) be of great dramatic interest, and will throw new light on Parisian society—that strange and striking assemblage of intrigue and passion, of vanity and folly, of elegance and refinement, of chivalry and corruption, of much that is good, and of more that is bad.

DON HANNIBAL DE GASPARIS, the Neapolitan astronomer, who has, in the course of the last few years, discovered no less than five new planets, has, by a royal decree of the 4th, been named Professor of Astronomy at the University of Naples.

IN HANS ANDERSEN's charming *Memoirs* we find a graphic sketch of an interview with Reboul, the

baker poet of Nismes, celebrated in "Lamartine's Journey to the East."—"I found him at the house, stepped into the bakehouse, and addressed myself to a man in shirt sleeves who was putting bread into the oven; it was Reboul himself! A noble countenance which expressed a manly character greeted me. When I mentioned my name, he was courteous enough to say he was acquainted with it through the 'Révue de Paris,' and begged me to visit him in the afternoon, when he should be able to entertain me better. When I came again I found him in a little room which might be called almost elegant, adorned with pictures, casts, and books, not alone French literature, but translations of the Greek classics. A picture on the wall represented his most celebrated poem, 'The Dying Child,' from Marmier's *Chansons du Nord*. He knew I had treated the same subject, and I told him this was written in my school days. If in the morning I had found him the industrious baker, he was now the poet completely; he spoke with animation of the literature of his country, and expressed a wish to see the North, the scenery and intellectual life of which seemed to interest him. With great respect I took leave of a man whom the muses have not meanly endowed, and who yet has good sense enough, spite of all the homage paid him, to remain steadfast to his honest business, and prefer being the most remarkable baker in Nismes to losing himself in Paris, after a short triumph, among hundreds of other poets.

THE WRITINGS OF SHAKSPEARE would appear, from the following fact, to be read with as much avidity and delight in Sweden as in England and this country. A translation of his plays by Hagberg, Professor of Greek in the University of Lund, is now in course of publication. Of this, 12 volumes have appeared; and although the first edition consisted of no less than 2000 copies, the whole have been sold off, and a second edition is in preparation. Professor Hagberg's translation is most favorably spoken of by those who are qualified to judge of its merits.

A new theological work by Jonathan Edwards, printed from his own manuscript, is announced as soon to be issued. The fame of our illustrious American theologian attaches great interest, in the religious world, to this new production from his pen.

THE Poem entitled "The Ship of Death," which floated into our Editor's Drawer from an unknown source, was written by Thomas H. Chivers, M.D., author of a volume entitled "Eonchs of Rubies," and other poetical works.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES the celebrated Irish vocalist arrived in this country a few days since. Her first concert will be given while the sheets of our present Number are passing through the press. She is pronounced in her own sphere to be as unequaled as Jenny Lind in hers; brilliancy is the peculiar characteristic of the latter, pathos of the former. Those who have heard her abroad, predict for her a success not inferior to that achieved by her Swedish compeer. The fact of Ireland being her native land will of itself insure her a favorable hearing in America.

WE are reminded that the English work entitled "How to make Home Unhealthy," which was ascribed to Harriet Martineau, in a former Number of this Magazine, was written by Henry Morley, Esq.

A Leaf from Punch.



"LOR! WHAT A MOST ABOMINABLE GLASS—I DECLARE IT MAKES ONE LOOK A PERFECT FRIGHT."

"THERE'S A BITE! PULL HIM UP, CHARLEY. I'VE GOT THE LANDING NET."

MUCH TOO CONSIDERATE.



Robinson.—"THERE, BROWN, MY BOY, THAT'S AS FINE A GLASS OF WINE AS YOU CAN GET ANYWHERE.

Mrs. Brown.—"A-HEM! AUGUSTUS, MY DE-AR. YOU ARE SURELY NEVER GOING TO TAKE PORT WINE. YOU KNOW IT NEVER AGREES WITH YOU, MY LOVE!"

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Angelina (the Wife of his Busson).—"WELL, EDWIN, IF YOU CAN'T MAKE THE 'THINGS,' AS YOU CALL THEM, MEET, YOU NEED NOT SWEAR SO. IT'S REALLY QUITE DREADFUL!"



Uncle.—"So, you've BEEN TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE—HAVE YOU, GUS?"

Gus.—"YES, UNCLE."

Uncle.—"WELL, NOW, I'LL GIVE YOU SIXPENCE IF YOU WILL TELL ME WHAT YOU ADMIRERD MOST IN THAT TEMPLE OF INDUSTRY!"

Gus (unhesitatingly).—"VEAL AND 'AM PIES, AND THE GINGER BEER. GIVE US THE SIXPENCE!"

Fashions for October.



FIG. 1.—WALKING AND RIDING DRESS.

OCTOBER, the beautiful month, standing like a mediator between summer and winter, is the season for exercise in the open air; especially for that healthful recreation, riding on horseback. It is the season, too, of the Indian Summer, when the pleasures of carriage riding and promenading are greater than at any other time of the year. For the ladies it should be an *out-of-door* month; and for them we herald the decrees of fashion, touching their appearance in the open air.

WALKING DRESS.—The figure on the left represents a very pretty costume for promenade. Bonnet, drawn *tulle* with low crown. The poke is made on a skeleton of wire covered with yellow silk, and

having four pieces across. Under the wires are fastened small bows of gauze ribbon so as to form three well-rounded rows. A similar row of bows trims the edge of the poke inside, and the ribbons composing it are continued along flat. A gathered ribbon is laid all round and fastens with bows. The crown is of *tulle*, slightly puffed, and ornamented with five ribbon *ruches*, supported by five wires covered with silk, which slope toward each other, and meet near the curtain. The curtain is *tulle*, trimmed with a plaited ribbon, from which proceed bows astride on the edge. The shawl is of silk or other light fabric. On the body there are five cross-bands of silk, goffered and cut at the edges. The top one reaches

from one shoulder-seam to the other and is $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, the other four gradually diminish down to the waist, where the last one is but little more than an inch. The trimmings goffered in small flutes are fixed under a narrow galloon; another galloon is placed a little higher, leaving an interval of about half an inch between them. A similar trimming runs round the waist and forms the lappets. The skirt has seven rows of goffered trimmings gathered like those on the body. The top one is an inch and a quarter deep, and all increase gradually down to the lowest, which is $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches. The sleeves are open under the arm from the elbow downward, and are held together by two goffered cross bands. The under-sleeves are lace, and form a large puff, which is fastened in a worked wristband.

RIDING DRESS.—The figure on the right represents a riding dress. Felt hat with a terry velvet ribbon as binding for the edges, bows of the same, and a frosted feather. Body of white quilting, high and tight. The skirts hold to the body without seam at the waist. They are very round and full, owing to the cut of the side and the gores. They should come well over the hips, but not sit too tight. The middle of the body is open and leaves visible a rich lace shirt-frill very deep and full, and falling back on itself, owing to its fullness. The lace collar forms a ruff with two rows. The top and bottom of the body are hooked inside, but seem to be held by three gold double buttons; these twin buttons are attached together by a small gold chain. Those at bottom have a longer chain than the others. The sleeves are straight with a cuff turned up and standing out from the sleeve. Shirt of plain poplin, trimmed in front with velvet ribbons nearly half an inch wide, and continued all round the bottom.



FIG. 2.—CARRIAGE COSTUME.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.—Dress of *glacé* silk; body half high, and open in front; waist long and slightly pointed; the body a tight fit and trimmed with a rich fancy trimming. The short skirt is very full, rounded at the corners *a la robes*, and trimmed to correspond with the corsage. The gathers at the waist are confined by narrow rows of *guimpe*. The skirt is long and very full, with a row of silk trimming laid on the hem at the bottom. Bonnet of *paille de riz*; brim very open. Feathers are placed low at the right side.

Lined with fulled *tulle*, ornamented with pink satin. A shawl of white cachmere, with very deep fringe.

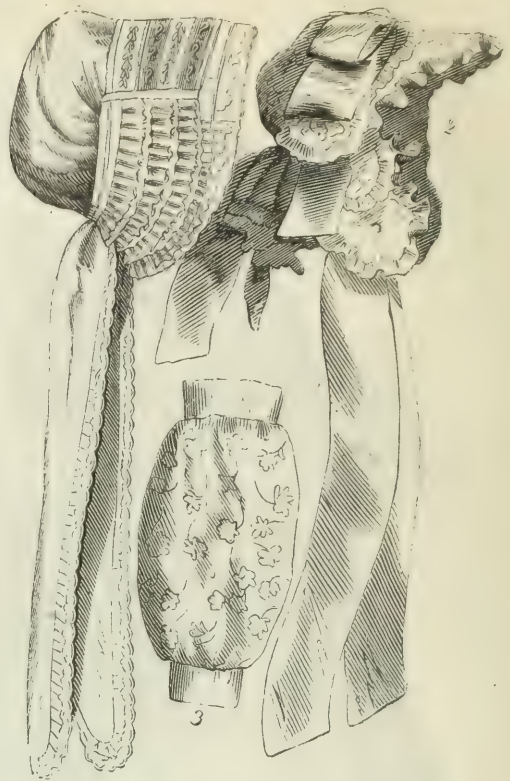


FIG. 3.—CAPS AND UNDERSLEEVE

CAPS.—The cap is almost universally worn as a part of morning costume. Nos. 1 and 2 represent two of the latest styles, adapted for the cool mornings of autumn. Those of a *negligé* form are generally composed of muslin, embroidered *au plumetis*, or cambric, entirely covered with the richest kind of English embroidery, which sometimes resembles a splendid *gaspure*. When the lappets are not formed of the same material, we see them of pink taffetas, attached to the cap, with a bunch of *coques*, composed of the same colored ribbon very full, and put on so as to replace the full bands of hair.

UNDERSLEEVES, so elegant with open dress sleeves, are worn by all. The style as well as material has many varieties. No. 3 is a very neat style, made either of embroidered muslin, or lace.

PELISSES are becoming very fashionable, made of plain Italian silk, and trimmed with a fancy ribbon three fingers in width, and bordered on either side with two narrow ones, appearing as if woven in the dress. We may cite, as a most elegant costume in this style, a redingote of pearl-gray, encircled with a ribbon of a pearl-gray ground, over which is quadrillé dark-blue velvet, having the narrow rows on either side. The front of the pelisse is closed with eight or ten rows of the same kind of ribbon, each end being turned back so as to form a point, from which depends a small blue and gray mixed tassel. The corsage is formed with broad facings, encircled to match the lower part of the sleeves.

JEWELRY.—The *châtelaine* is now replaced, in a measure, by waistcoat chains, attached at both ends, the middle forming a festoon. *Brooches* are very rich; the finest are cameos set round with brilliants. *Ear-rings* are composed of large stones mounted in plain rings, without pendants. *Bracelets* are of enamel, sparkling stones, and gold. The waistcoat button is now a very elegant piece of jewelry.

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

IV. THE SIEGE OF MANTUA.

EARLY in July, 1796, the eyes of all Europe were turned to Mantua. Around its walls those decisive battles were to be fought which were to establish the fate of Italy. This bulwark of Lombardy was considered almost impregnable. It was situated upon an island, formed by lakes and by the expansion of the river Mincio. It was approached only by five long and narrow causeways, which were guarded by frowning batteries. To take the place by assault was impossible. Its reduction could only be accomplished by the slow, tedious, and enormously expensive progress of a siege.

Napoleon, in his rapid advances, had not allowed his troops to encumber themselves with tents of any kind. After marching all day, drenched with rain, they threw themselves down at night upon the wet ground, with no protection whatever from the pitiless storm which beat upon them. "Tents are always unhealthy," said Napoleon at St. Helena. "It is much better for the soldier to bivouac in the open air, for then

he can build a fire and sleep with warm feet. Tents are necessary only for the general officers who are obliged to read and consult their maps." All the nations of Europe, following the example which Napoleon thus established, have now abandoned entirely the use of tents. The sick, the wounded, the exhausted, to the number of fifteen thousand, filled the hospitals. Death, from such exposures, and from the bullet and sword of the enemy, had made fearful ravages among his troops. Though Napoleon had received occasional reinforcements from France, his losses had kept pace with his supplies, and he had now an army of but thirty thousand men with which to retain the vast extent of country he had overrun, to keep down the aristocratic party, ever upon the eve of an outbreak, and to encounter the formidable legions which Austria was marshaling for his destruction. Immediately upon his return from the south of Italy, he was compelled to turn his eyes from the siege of Mantua, which he was pressing with all possible energy, to the black and threatening cloud gathering in the North. An army of sixty thousand veteran soldiers under General Wurmser, an officer of high renown, was accumulating its energies in the wild fastnesses of the northern Alps, to sweep down upon the



THE ENCAMPMENT.

French through the gorges of the Tyrol, like a whirlwind.

About sixty miles north of Mantua, at the northern extremity of Lake Garda, embosomed among the Tyrolean hills, lies the walled town of Trent. Here Wurmser had assembled sixty thousand men, most abundantly provided with all the munitions of war, to march down to Mantua, and co-operate with the twenty thousand within its walls in the annihilation of the audacious foe. The fate of Napoleon was now considered as sealed. The republicans in Italy were in deep dismay. "How is it possible," said they, "that Napoleon, with thirty thousand men, can resist the combined onset of eighty thousand veteran soldiers?" The aristocratic party were in great exultation, and were making preparations to fall upon the French the moment they should see the troops of Napoleon experiencing the slightest reverse. Rome, Venice, Naples began to incite revolt, and secretly to assist the Austrians. The Pope, in direct violation of his plighted faith, refused any further fulfillment of the conditions of the armistice, and sent Cardinal Mattei to negotiate with the enemy. This sudden development of treachery, which Napoleon aptly designated as a "Revelation," impressed the young conqueror deeply with a sense of his hazardous situation.

Between Mantua and Trent there lies, extended among the mountains, the beautiful Lake of Garda. This sheet of water, almost fathomless, and clear as crystal, is about thirty miles in length, and from four to twelve in breadth. Wurmser was about fifteen miles north of the head of this lake at Trent; Napoleon was at Mantua, fifteen miles south of its foot. The Austrian general, eighty years of age, a brave and generous soldier, as he contemplated his mighty host, complacently rubbed his hands, exclaiming, "We shall soon have the boy now." He was very fearful, however, that Napoleon, conscious of the utter impossibility of resisting such numbers, might, by a precipitate flight, escape. To prevent this, he disposed his army at Trent in three divisions of twenty thousand each. One division, under General Quasdanovich, was directed to march down the western bank of the lake, to cut off the retreat of the French by the way of Milan. General Wurmser, with another division of twenty thousand, marched down the eastern shore of the lake, to relieve Mantua. General Melas, with another division, followed down the valley of the Adige, which ran parallel with the shores of the lake, and was separated from it by a mountain ridge, but about two miles in width. A march of a little more than a day would reunite those vast forces, thus for the moment separated. Having prevented the escape of their anticipated victims, they could fall upon the French in a resistless attack. The sleepless vigilance and the eagle eye of Napoleon, instantly detected the advantage thus presented to him. It was in the evening of the 31st of July, that he first received the intimation from his scouts of the movements of the enemy. In-

stantly he formed his plan of operations, and in an hour the whole camp was in commotion. He gave orders for the immediate abandonment of the siege of Mantua, and for the whole army to arrange itself in marching order. It was an enormous sacrifice. He had been prosecuting the works of the siege with great vigor for two months. He had collected there, at vast labor and expense, a magnificent battering train and immense stores of ammunition. The city was on the very point of surrender. By abandoning his works all would be lost, the city would be revictualled, and it would be necessary to commence the whole arduous enterprise of the siege anew. The promptness with which Napoleon decided to make the sacrifice, and the unflinching relentlessness with which the decision was executed, indicated the energetic action of a genius of no ordinary mould.

The sun had now gone down, and gloomy night brooded over the agitated camp. But not an eye was closed. Under cover of the darkness every one was on the alert. The platforms and gun carriages were thrown upon the campfires. Tons of powder were cast into the lake. The cannon were spiked and the shot and shells buried in the trenches. Before midnight the whole army was in motion. Rapidly they directed their steps to the western shore of Lake Garda, to fall like an avalanche upon the division of Quasdanovich, who dreamed not of their danger. When the morning sun arose over the marshes of Mantua, the whole embattled host, whose warlike array had reflected back the beams of the setting sun, had disappeared. The besieged, who were half famished, and who were upon the eve of surrender, as they gazed, from the steeples of the city, upon the scene of solitude, desolation, and abandonment, could hardly credit their eyes. At ten o'clock in the morning, Quasdanovich was marching quietly along, not dreaming that any foe was within thirty miles of him, when suddenly the whole French army burst like a whirlwind upon his astonished troops. Had the Austrians stood their ground they must have been entirely destroyed. But after a short and most sanguinary conflict they broke in wild confusion, and fled. Large numbers were slain, and many prisoners were left in the hands of the French. The discomfited Austrians retreated to find refuge among the fastnesses of the Tyrol, from whence they had emerged. Napoleon had not one moment to lose in pursuit. The two divisions which were marching down the eastern side of the lake, heard across the water the deep booming of the guns, like the roar of continuous thunder, but they were entirely unable to render any assistance to their friends. They could not even imagine from whence the foe had come, whom Quasdanovich had encountered. That Napoleon would abandon all his accumulated stores and costly works at Mantua, was to them inconceivable. They hastened along with the utmost speed to reunite their forces, still forty thousand strong, at the foot of the lake. Napoleon also turned upon

his track, and urged his troops almost to the full run. The salvation of his army depended upon the rapidity of his march, enabling him to attack the separated divisions of the enemy before they should reunite at the foot of the mountain range which separated them. "Soldiers?" he exclaimed, in hurried accents, "it is with your legs alone that victory can now be secured. Fear nothing. In three days the Austrian army shall be destroyed. Rely only on me. You know whether or not I am in the habit of keeping my word."

Regardless of hunger, sleeplessness, and fatigue, unincumbered by baggage or provisions, with a celerity, which to the astonished Austrians seemed miraculous, he pressed on, with his exhausted, bleeding troops, all the afternoon and deep into the darkness of the ensuing night. He allowed his men at midnight to throw themselves upon the ground an hour for sleep, but he did not indulge himself in one moment of repose. Early in the morning of the 3d of August, Melas, who but a few hours before had heard the thunder of Napoleon's guns, over the mountains and upon the opposite shore of the lake, was astonished to see the solid columns of the whole French army marching majestically upon him. Five thousand of Wurmser's division had succeeded in joining him, and he consequently had twenty-five thousand fresh troops drawn up in battle array. Wurmser himself was at but a few hours' distance, and was hastening with all possible speed to his aid, with fifteen thousand additional men. Napoleon had but twenty-two thousand with whom to meet the forty thousand whom his foes would thus combine. Exhausted as his troops were with the Herculean toil they had already endured, not one moment could be allowed for rest. It was at Lonato, in a few glowing words he announced to his men their peril, the necessity for their utmost efforts, and his perfect confidence in their success. They now regarded their young leader as invincible, and wherever he led they were prompt to follow. With delirious energy, they rushed upon the foe. The pride of the Austrians was roused and they fought with desperation. The battle was long and bloody. Napoleon, as cool and unperturbed as if making the movements in a game of chess, watched the ebb and the flow of the conflict. His eagle eye instantly detected the point of weakness and exposure. The Austrians were routed and in wild disorder took to flight over the plains, leaving the ground covered with the dead, and five thousand prisoners and twenty pieces of cannon in the hands of the victors. Junot, with a regiment of cavalry, dashed at full gallop into the midst of the fugitives rushing over the plain, and the wretched victims of war were sabred by thousands and trampled under iron hoofs.

The battle raged until the sun disappeared behind the mountains of the Tyrol, and another night, dark and gloomy, came on. The groans of the wounded and of the dying, and the fearful shrieks of dismembered and mangled horses,

struggling in their agony, filled the night air for leagues around. The French soldiers, utterly exhausted, threw themselves upon the gory ground by the side of the mutilated dead, the victor and the bloody corpse of the foe reposing side by side, and forgot the horrid butchery in leaden sleep. But Napoleon slept not. He knew that before the dawn of another morning, a still more formidable host would be arrayed against him, and that the victory of to-day might be followed by a dreadful defeat upon the morrow. The vanquished army were falling back to be supported by the division of Wurmser, coming to their rescue. All night long Napoleon was on horseback, galloping from post to post, making arrangements for the desperate battle to which he knew that the morning sun must guide him.

Four or five miles from Lonato, lies the small walled town of Castiglione. Here Wurmser met the retreating troops of Melas, and rallied them for a decisive conflict. With thirty thousand Austrians, drawn up in line of battle, he awaited the approach of his indefatigable foe. Long before the morning dawned, the French army was again in motion. Napoleon, urging his horse to the very utmost of his speed, rode in every direction to accelerate the movements of his troops. The peril was too imminent to allow him to intrust any one else with the execution of his all-important orders. Five horses successively sank dead beneath him from utter exhaustion. Napoleon was every where, observing all things, directing all things, animating all things. The whole army was inspired with the indomitable energy and ardor of their young leader. Soon the two hostile hosts were facing each other, in the dim and misty haze of the early dawn, ere the sun had arisen to look down upon the awful scene of man's depravity about to ensue.

A sanguinary and decisive conflict, renowned in history as the battle of Castiglione, inflicted the final blow upon the Austrians. They were routed with terrible slaughter. The French pursued them, with merciless massacre, through the whole day, in their headlong flight, and rested not until the darkness of night shut out the panting, bleeding fugitives from their view. Less than one week had elapsed since that proud army, sixty thousand strong, had marched from the walls of Trent, with gleaming banners and triumphant music, flushed with anticipated victory. In six days it had lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners forty thousand men, ten thousand more than the whole army which Napoleon had at his command. But twenty thousand tattered, exhausted, war-worn fugitives effected their escape. In the extreme of mortification and dejection they returned to Trent, to bear themselves the tidings of their swift and utter discomfiture. Napoleon, in these conflicts, lost but seven thousand men. These amazing victories were to be attributed entirely to the genius of the conqueror. Such achievements history had never before recorded. The victorious soldiers called it, "*The six days' campaign.*" Their admiration of their

invincible chief now passed all bounds. The veterans who had honored Napoleon with the title of *corporal*, after "the terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi," now enthusiastically promoted him to the rank of *sergeant*, as his reward for the signal victories of this campaign.

The aristocratic governments which, upon the marching of Wurmser from Trent, had perfidiously violated their faith, and turned against Napoleon, supposing that he was ruined, were now terror-stricken, anticipating the most appalling vengeance. But the conqueror treated them with the greatest clemency, simply informing them that he was fully acquainted with their conduct, and that he should hereafter regard them with a watchful eye. He, however, summoned Cardinal Mattei, the legate of the perjured Pope, to his head-quarters. The cardinal, conscious that not a word could be uttered in extenuation of his guilt, attempted no defense. The old man, high in authority and venerable in years, bowed with the humility of a child before the young victor, and exclaimed "*peccavi! peccavi!*"—*I have sinned! I have sinned!* This apparent contrition disarmed Napoleon, and in jocular and contemptuous indignation he sentenced him to do penance for three months, by fasting and prayer, in a convent.

During these turmoils, the inhabitants of Lombardy remained faithful in their adherence to the French interests. In a delicate and noble letter which he addressed to them, he said, "When the French army retreated, and the partisans of Austria considered that the cause of liberty was crushed, you, though you knew not that this retreat was merely a stratagem, still proved constant in your attachment to France and your love of freedom. You have thus deserved the esteem of the French nation. Your people daily become more worthy of liberty, and will shortly appear with glory on the theatre of the world. Accept the assurance of my satisfaction, and of the sincere wishes of the French people to see you free and happy."

In the midst of the tumultuous scenes of these days of incessant battle, when the broken divisions of the enemy were in bewilderment, wandering in every direction, attempting to escape from the terrible energy with which they were pursued, Napoleon, by mere accident, came very near being taken a prisoner. He escaped by that intuitive tact and promptness of decision which never deserted him. In conducting the operations of the pursuit, he had entered a small village, upon the full gallop, accompanied only by his staff and guards. A division of four thousand of the Austrian army, separated from the main body, had been wandering all night among the mountains. They came suddenly and unexpectedly upon this little band of a thousand men, and immediately sent an officer with a flag of truce, demanding their surrender. Napoleon, with wonderful presence of mind, commanded his numerous staff immediately to mount on horseback, and gathering his guard around him, ordered the flag of truce to be brought into his

presence. The officer was introduced, as is customary, blindfolded. When the bandage was removed, to his utter amazement he found himself before the commander-in-chief of the French army, surrounded by his whole brilliant staff. "What means this insult?" exclaimed Napoleon in tones of affected indignation. "Have you the insolence to bring a summons of surrender to the French commander-in-chief, in the middle of his army! Say to those who sent you, that unless in five minutes they lay down their arms, every man shall be put to death." The bewildered officer stammered out an apology. "Go!" Napoleon sternly rejoined, "unless you immediately surrender at discretion, I will, for this insult, cause every man of you to be shot. The Austrians, deceived by this air of confidence, and disheartened by fatigue and disaster, threw down their arms. They soon had the mortification of learning that they had capitulated to one-fourth of their own number, and that they had missed making prisoner the conqueror, before whose blows the very throne of their empire was trembling.

It was during this campaign that one night Napoleon, in disguise, was going the rounds of the sentinels, to ascertain if, in their peculiar peril, proper vigilance was exercised. A soldier, stationed at the junction of two roads, had received orders not to let any one pass either of those routes. When Napoleon made his appearance, the soldier, unconscious of his rank, presented his bayonet and ordered him back. "I am a general officer," said Napoleon, "going the rounds to ascertain if all is safe." "I care not," the soldier replied, "my commands are to let no one go by; and if you were the Little Corporal himself you should not pass." The general was consequently under the necessity of retracing his steps. The next day he made inquiries respecting the character of the soldier, and hearing a good report of him, he summoned him to his presence, and extolling his fidelity, raised him to the rank of an officer.

Napoleon and his victorious army again returned to Mantua. The besieged, during his absence, had emerged from the walls and destroyed all his works. They had also drawn all his heavy battering train, consisting of one hundred and forty pieces, into the city, obtained large supplies of provisions, over sixty thousand shot and shells, and had received a reinforcement of fifteen thousand men. There was no suitable siege equipage which Napoleon could command, and he was liable at any moment to be again summoned to encounter the formidable legions which the Austrian empire could again raise to crowd down upon him. He therefore simply invested the place by blockade. After the terrible struggle through which they had just passed, the troops, on both sides, indulged themselves in repose for three weeks. The Austrian government, with inflexible resolution, still refused to make peace with France. It had virtually inserted upon its banners, "*Gallia delenda est*"—"The French Republic shall be destroyed." Napoleon



THE LITTLE CORPORAL AND THE SENTINEL.

had now cut up two of their most formidable armies, each of them nearly three times as numerous as his own.

The pride and the energy of the whole empire were aroused in organizing a third army to crush republicanism. In the course of three weeks Wurmser found himself again in command of fifty-five thousand men at Trent. There were twenty thousand troops in Mantua, giving him a force of seventy-five thousand combatants. Napoleon had received reinforcements only sufficient to repair his losses, and was again in the field with but thirty thousand men. He was surrounded by more than double that number of foes.

Early in September the Austrian army was again in motion, passing down from the Tyrol for the relief of Mantua. Wurmser left Davidovich at Roveredo, a very strong position, about ten miles south of Trent, with twenty-five thousand men to prevent the incursions of the French into the Tyrol. With thirty thousand men he then passed over to the valley of the Brenta, to follow down its narrow defile, and convey relief to the besieged fortress. There were twenty thousand Austrians in Mantua. These, co-operating with the thirty thousand under Wurmser, would make an effective force of fifty thousand men to attack Napoleon in front and rear.

Napoleon contemplated with lively satisfaction this renewed division of the Austrian force. He quietly collected all his resources, and prepared for a deadly spring upon the doomed division left behind. As soon as Wurmser had arrived at Bassano, following down the valley of the Brenta, about sixty miles from Roveredo, where it was impossible for him to render any assistance to the victims upon whom Napoleon was about to pounce, the whole French army was

put in motion. They rushed, at double quick step, up the parallel valley of the Adige, delaying hardly one moment either for food or repose. Early on the morning of the 4th of September, just as the first gray of dawn appeared in the east, he burst like a tempest upon the astounded foe. The battle was short, bloody, decisive. The Austrians were routed with dreadful slaughter. As they fled in consternation, a rabble-rout, the French cavalry rushed in among them, with dripping sabres, and for leagues the ground was covered with the bodies of the slain. Seven thousand prisoners and twenty pieces of cannon graced the triumph of the victor. The discomfited remains of this unfortunate corps retired far back into the gorges of the mountains. Such was the battle of Roveredo, which Napoleon ever regarded as one of his most brilliant victories. Next morning Napoleon, in triumph, entered Trent. He immediately issued one of his glowing proclamations to the inhabitants of the Tyrol, assuring them that he was fighting, not for conquest, but for peace; that he was not the enemy of the *people* of the Tyrol; that the Emperor of Austria, incited and aided by British gold, was waging relentless warfare against the French Republic; and that, if the inhabitants of the Tyrol would not take up arms against him, they should be protected in their persons, their property, and in all their political rights. He invited the people, in the emergence, to arrange for themselves the internal government of the country, and intrusted them with the administration of their own laws.

Before the darkness of the ensuing night had passed away Napoleon was again at the head of his troops, and the whole French army was rushing down the defiles of the Brenta, to surprise Wurmser in his straggling march. The Aus

trian general had thirty thousand men. Napoleon could take with him but twenty thousand. He, however, was intent upon gaining a corresponding advantage in falling upon the enemy by surprise. The march of sixty miles was accomplished with a rapidity such as no army had ever attempted before. On the evening of the 6th, Wurmser heard with consternation that the corps of Davidovich was annihilated. He was awoke from his slumbers before the dawn of the next morning by the thunders of Napoleon's cannon in his rear. The brave old veteran, bewildered by tactics so strange and unheard of, accumulated his army as rapidly as possible in battle array at Bassano. Napoleon allowed him but a few moments for preparation. The troops on both sides now began to feel that Napoleon was invincible. The French were elated by constant victory. The Austrians were disheartened by uniform and uninterrupted defeat. The battle at Bassano was but a renewal of the sanguinary scene at Roveredo. The sun went down as the horrid carnage continued, and darkness veiled the awful spectacle from human eyes. Horses and men, the mangled, the dying, the dead, in indiscriminate confusion were piled upon each other. The groans of the wounded swelled upon the night air; while in the distance the deep booming of the cannon of the pursuers and the pursued echoed along the mountains. There was no time to attend to the claims of humanity. The dead were left unburied, and not a combatant could be spared from the ranks to give a cup of water to the wounded and the dying. Destruction, not salvation was the business of the hour.

Wurmser, with but sixteen thousand men remaining to him of the proud array of fifty-five thousand with which, but a few days before, he had marched from Trent, retreated to find shelter

within the walls of Mantua. Napoleon pursued him with the most terrible energy, from every eminence plunging cannon-balls into his retreating ranks. When Wurmser arrived at Mantua the garrison sallied out to aid him. Unitedly they fell upon Napoleon. The battle of St. George was fought, desperate and most bloody. The Austrians, routed at every point, were driven within the walls. Napoleon resumed the siege. Wurmser, with the bleeding fragment of his army, was held a close prisoner. Thus terminated this campaign of *ten days*. In this short time Napoleon had destroyed a third Austrian army, more than twice as numerous as his own. The field was swept clean of his enemies. Not a man was left to oppose him. Victories so amazing excited astonishment throughout all Europe. Such results had never before been recorded in the annals of ancient or modern warfare.

While engaged in the rapid march from Roveredo, a discontented soldier, emerging from the ranks, addressed Napoleon, pointing to his tattered garments, and said, "We soldiers, notwithstanding all our victories, are clothed in rags." Napoleon, anxious to arrest the progress of discontent among his troops, with that peculiar tact which he had ever at command, looked kindly upon him and said, "You forget, my brave friend, that with a new coat, your honorable scars would no longer be visible." This well timed compliment was received with shouts of applause from the ranks. The anecdote spread like lightning among the troops, and endeared Napoleon still more to every soldier in the army.

The night before the battle of Bassano, in the eagerness of the march, Napoleon had advanced far beyond the main column of the army. He had received no food during the day, and had enjoyed no sleep for several nights. A poor



THE SOLITARY BIVOUAC

soldier had a crust of bread in his knapsack. He broke it in two, and gave his exhausted and half famished general one half. After this frugal supper, the commander-in-chief of the French army wrapt himself in his cloak, and threw himself unprotected upon the ground, by the side of the soldier, for an hour's slumber. After ten years had passed away, and Napoleon, then Emperor of France, was making a triumphal tour through Belgium, this same soldier stepped out from the ranks of a regiment, which the emperor was reviewing, and said, "Sire! on the eve of the battle of Bassano, I shared with you my crust of bread, when you were hungry. I now ask from you bread for my father, who is worn down with age and poverty." Napoleon immediately settled a pension upon the old man, and promoted the soldier to a lieutenantancy.

After the battle of Bassano, in the impetuosity of the pursuit, Napoleon, spurring his horse to his utmost speed, accompanied but by a few followers, entered a small village quite in advance of the main body of his army. Suddenly Wurmser, with a strong division of the Austrians, debouched upon the plain. A peasant woman informed him that but a moment before Napoleon had passed her cottage. Wurmser, overjoyed at the prospect of obtaining a prize which would remunerate him for all his losses, instantly dispatched parties of cavalry in every direction for his capture. So sure was he of success, that he strictly enjoined it upon them to bring him in alive. The fleetness of Napoleon's horse saved him.

In the midst of these terrible conflicts, when the army needed every possible stimulus to exertion, Napoleon exposed himself like a common soldier, at every point where danger appeared most imminent. On one of these occasions a pioneer, perceiving the imminent peril in which the commander-in-chief had placed himself, abruptly and authoritively exclaimed to him, "Stand aside." Napoleon fixed his keen glance upon him, when the veteran with a strong arm thrust him away, saying, "If thou art killed who is to rescue us from this jeopardy?" and placed his own body before him. Napoleon appreciated the sterling value of the action, and uttered no reproof. After the battle he ordered the pioneer to be sent to his presence. Placing his hand kindly upon his shoulder he said, "My friend! your noble boldness claims my esteem. Your bravery demands a recompense. From this hour an epaulet instead of a hatchet shall grace your shoulder." He was immediately raised to the rank of an officer.

The generals in the army were overawed by the genius and the magnanimity of their young commander. They fully appreciated his vast superiority, and approached him with restraint and reverence. The common soldiers, however, loved him as a father, and went to him freely, with the familiarity of children. In one of those terrific battles, when the result had been long in suspense, just as the searching glance of Napoleon had detected a fault in the movements of

the enemy, of which he was upon the point of taking the most prompt advantage, a private soldier, covered with the dust and the smoke of the battle, sprung from the ranks and exclaimed, "General! send a squadron *there*, and the victory is ours." "You rogue!" rejoined Napoleon, "where did you get my secret?" In a few moments the Austrians were flying in dismay before the impetuous charges of the French cavalry. Immediately after the battle Napoleon sent for the soldier who had displayed such military genius. He was found dead upon the field. A bullet had pierced his brain. Had he lived he would but have added another star to that brilliant galaxy, with which the throne of Napoleon was embellished.

"Perhaps in that neglected spot is laid,
A heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands which the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

The night after the battle of Bassano, the moon rose cloudless and brilliant over the sanguinary scene. Napoleon, who seldom exhibited any hilarity or even exhilaration of spirits in the hour of victory, rode, as was his custom, over the plain, covered with the bodies of the dying and the dead, and, silent and thoughtful, seemed lost in painful reverie. It was midnight. The confusion and the uproar of the battle had passed away, and the deep silence of the calm starlight night was only disturbed by the moans of the wounded and the dying. Suddenly a dog sprung from beneath the cloak of his dead master, and rushed to Napoleon, as if frantically imploring his aid, and then rushed back again to the mangled corpse, licking the blood from the face and the hands, and howling most piteously. Napoleon was deeply moved by the affecting scene, and involuntarily stopped his horse to contemplate it. In relating the event, many years afterward, he remarked, "I know not how it was, but no incident upon any field of battle ever produced so deep an impression upon my feelings. This man, thought I, must have had among his comrades friends; and yet here he lies forsaken by all except his faithful dog. What a strange being is man! How mysterious are his impressions! I had, without emotion, ordered battles which had decided the fate of armies. I had, with tearless eyes, beheld the execution of those orders, in which thousands of my countrymen were slain. And yet here my sympathies were most deeply and resistlessly moved by the mournful howling of a dog. Certainly in that moment I should have been unable to refuse any request to a suppliant enemy."

Austria was still unsubdued. With a perseverance worthy of all admiration, had it been exercised in a better cause, the Austrian government still refused to make peace with republican France. The energies of the empire were aroused anew to raise a fourth army. England, contending against France wherever her navy or her troops could penetrate, was the soul of this warfare. She animated the cabinet of Vienna, and aided the Austrian armies with her strong



THE DEAD SOLDIER AND HIS DOG.

co-operation and her gold. The *people* of England, republican in their tendencies, and hating the utter despotism of the old monarchy of France, were clamorous for peace. But the royal family and the aristocracy in general, were extremely unwilling to come to any amicable terms with a nation which had been guilty of the crime of renouncing monarchy.

All the resources of the Austrian government were now devoted to recruiting and equipping a new army. With the wrecks of Wurmser's troops, with detachments from the Rhine, and fresh levies from the bold peasants of the Tyrol, in less than a month an army of nearly one hundred thousand men was assembled. The enthusiasm throughout Austria, in raising and animating these recruits, was so great that the city of Vienna alone contributed four battalions. The empress, with her own hand, embroidered their colors and presented them to the troops. All the noble ladies of the realm devoted their smiles and their aid to inspire the enterprise. About seventy-five thousand men were rendezvoused in the gorges of the northern Tyrol, ready to press down upon Napoleon from the north, while the determined garrison of twenty-five thousand men, under the brave Wurmser, cooped up in Mantua, were ready to emerge at a moment's warning. Thus in about three weeks another army of one hundred thousand men was ready to fall upon Napoleon. His situation now seemed absolutely desperate. The reinforcements he had received from France had been barely sufficient to repair the losses sustained by disease and the sword. He had but thirty thousand men. His funds were all exhausted. His troops, notwithstanding they were in the midst of the most brilliant blaze of victories, had been compelled to strain every nerve of exertion. They were also suffer-

ing the severest privations, and began loudly to murmur. "Why," they exclaimed, "do we not receive succor from France? We can not alone contend against all Europe. We have already destroyed three armies, and now a fourth, still more numerous, is rising against us. Is there to be no end to these interminable battles?" Napoleon was fully sensible of the peril of his position, and while he allowed his troops a few weeks of repose, his energies were strained to their very utmost tension in preparing for the all but desperate encounter now before him. The friends and the enemies of Napoleon alike regarded his case as nearly hopeless. The Austrians had by this time learned that it was not safe to divide their forces in the presence of so vigilant a foe. Marching down upon his exhausted band with seventy-five thousand men to attack him in front, and with twenty-five thousand veteran troops, under the brave Wurmser, to sally from the ramparts of Mantua and assail him in the rear, it seemed to all reasonable calculation that the doom of the French army was sealed. Napoleon in the presence of his army assumed an air of most perfect confidence, but he was fearfully apprehensive that, by the power of overwhelming numbers, his army would be destroyed. The appeal which, under the circumstances, he wrote to the Directory for reinforcements, is sublime in its dignity and its eloquence. "All of our superior officers, all of our best generals, are either dead or wounded. The army of Italy, reduced to a handful of men, is exhausted. The heroes of Millesimo, of Lodi, of Castiglione, of Bassano, have died for their country, or are in the hospitals. Nothing is left to the army but its glory and its courage. We are abandoned at the extremity of Italy. The brave men who are left me have no prospect but

inevitable death amidst changes so continual and with forces so inferior. Perhaps the hour of the brave Augereau, of the intrepid Massena is about to strike. This consideration renders me cautious. I dare not brave death when it would so certainly be the ruin of those who have so long been the object of my solicitude. The army has done its duty. I do mine. My conscience is at ease, but my soul is lacerated. I never have received a fourth part of the succors which the minister of war has announced in his dispatches. My health is so broken that I can with difficulty sit upon horseback. The enemy can now count our diminished ranks. Nothing is left me but courage. But that alone is not sufficient for the post which I occupy. Troops, or Italy is lost."

Napoleon addressed his soldiers in a very different strain, endeavoring to animate their courage by concealing from them his anxieties. "We have but one more effort to make," said he, "and Italy is our own. True, the enemy is more numerous than we; but half his troops are recruits, who can never stand before the veterans of France. When Alvinzi is beaten Mantua must fall, and our labors are at an end. Not only Italy, but a general peace is to be gained by the capture of Mantua."

During the three weeks in which the Austrians were recruiting their army and the French were reposing around the walls of Mantua, Napoleon made the most Herculean exertions to strengthen his position in Italy, and to disarm those states which were manifesting hostility against him. During this period his labors as a statesman and a diplomatist were even more severe than his toils as a general. He allowed himself no stated time for food or repose, but day and night devoted himself incessantly to his work. Horse after horse sunk beneath him, in the impetuous speed with which he passed from place to place. He dictated innumerable communications to the Directory, respecting treaties of peace with Rome, Naples, Venice, Genoa. He despised the feeble Directory, with its shallow views, conscious that unless wiser counsels than they proposed should prevail, the republic would be ruined. "So long," said he, "as your general shall not be the centre of all influence in Italy, every thing will go wrong. It would be easy to accuse me of ambition, but I am satiated with honor and worn down with care. Peace with Naples is indispensable. You must conciliate Venice and Genoa. The influence of Rome is incalculable. You did wrong to break with that power. We must secure friends for the Italian army, both among kings and people. The general in Italy must be the fountain-head of negotiation as well as of military operations." These were bold assumptions for a young man of twenty-five. But Napoleon was conscious of his power. He now listened to the earnest entreaties of the people of the duchy of Modena and of the papal states of Bologna and Ferrara, and, in consequence of treachery on the part of the Duke of Modena and the Pope, emancipated those states and constituted them into a united and indepen-

dent Republic. As the whole territory included under this new government extended south of the Po, Napoleon named it the *Cispadane Republic*, that is the *This side of the Po Republic*. It contained about a million and a half of inhabitants, compactly gathered in one of the most rich, and fertile, and beautiful regions of the globe. The joy and the enthusiasm of the people, thus blessed with a free government, surpassed all bounds. Wherever Napoleon appeared he was greeted with every demonstration of affection. He assembled at Modena a convention, composed of lawyers, landed proprietors, and merchants to organize the government. All leaned upon the mind of Napoleon, and he guided their counsels with the most consummate wisdom. Napoleon's abhorrence of the anarchy which had disgraced the Jacobin reign in France, and his reverence for law were made very prominent on this occasion. "Never forget," said he in an address to the Assembly, "that laws are mere nullities without the necessary force to sustain them. Attend to your military organization, which you have the means of placing upon a respectable footing. You will then be more fortunate than the people of France. You will attain liberty without passing through the ordeal of revolution."

The Italians were an effeminate people and quite unable to cope in arms with the French or the Austrians. Yet the new republic manifested its zeal and attachment for its youthful founder so strongly, that a detachment of Austrians having made a sally from Mantua, they immediately sprang to arms, took it prisoner, and conducted it in triumph to Napoleon. When the Austrians saw that Napoleon was endeavoring to make soldiers of the Italians, they ridiculed the idea, saying that they had tried the experiment in vain, and that it was not possible for an Italian to make a good soldier. "Notwithstanding this," said Napoleon, "I raised many thousands of Italians, who fought with a bravery equal to that of the French, and who did not desert me even in my adversity. What was the cause? I abolished flogging. Instead of the lash I introduced the stimulus of honor. Whatever debases a man can not be serviceable. What honor can a man possibly have who is flogged before his comrades. When a soldier has been debased by stripes he cares little for his own reputation or for the honor of his country. After an action I assembled the officers and soldiers and inquired who had proved themselves heroes. Such of them as were able to read and write I promoted. Those who were not I ordered to study five hours a day, until they had learned a sufficiency, and then promoted them. Thus I substituted honor and emulation for terror and the lash."

He bound the Duke of Parma and the Duke of Tuscany to him by ties of friendship. He cheered the inhabitants of Lombardy with the hope, that as soon as extricated from his present embarrassments, he would do something for the promotion of their independence. Thus with the skill of a veteran diplomatist he raised around

him friendly governments, and availed himself of all the resources of politics to make amends for the inefficiency of the Directory. Never was a man placed in a situation where more delicacy of tact was necessary. The Republican party in all the Italian states were clamorous for the support of Napoleon, and waited but his permission to raise the standard of revolt. Had the slightest encouragement been given the whole peninsula would have plunged into the horrors of civil war; and the awful scenes which had been enacted in Paris would have been re-enacted in every city in Italy. The aristocratic party would have been roused to perfect desperation, and the situation of Napoleon would have been still more precarious. It required consummate genius as a statesman, and moral courage of the highest order, to wield such opposing influences. But the greatness of Napoleon shone forth even more brilliantly in the cabinet than in the field. The course which he had pursued had made him extremely popular with the Italians. They regarded him as their countryman. They were proud of his fame. He was driving from their territory the haughty Austrians whom they hated. He was the enemy of despots, the friend of the people. Their own beautiful language was his mother tongue. He was familiar with their manners and customs, and they felt flattered by his high appreciation of their literature and arts.

Napoleon, in the midst of these stormy scenes, also dispatched an armament from Leghorn, to wrest his native island of Corsica from the dominion of the English. Scott, in allusion to the fact that Napoleon never manifested any special attachment for the obscure island of his birth, beautifully says, "He was like the young lion, who, while he is scattering the herds and destroying the hunters, thinks little of the forest cave in which he first saw the light." But at St. Helena Napoleon said, and few will read his remarks without emotion, "What recollections of childhood crowd upon my memory, when my thoughts are no longer occupied with political subjects, or with the insults of my jailer upon this rock. I am carried back to my first impressions of the life of man. It seems to me always in these moments of calm, that I should have been the happiest man in the world, with an income of twenty-five hundred dollars a year, living as the father of a family, with my wife and son, in our old house at Ajaccio. You, Montholon, remember its beautiful situation. You have often despoiled it of its finest bunches of grapes, when you ran off with Pauline to satisfy your childish appetite. Happy hours! The natal soil has infinite charms. Memory embellishes it with all its attractions, even to the very odor of the ground, which one can so realize to the senses, as to be able with the eyes shut, to tell the spot first trodden by the foot of childhood. I still remember with emotion the most minute details of a journey in which I accompanied Paoli. More than five hundred of us, young persons of the first families in the island, formed his guard of honor. I felt proud of

walking by his side, and he appeared to take pleasure in pointing out to me, with paternal affection, the passes of our mountains which had been witnesses of the heroic struggle of our countrymen for independence. The impression made upon me still vibrates in my heart. Come, place your hand," said he to Montholon, "upon my bosom! See how it beats!" "And it was true," Montholon remarks, "his heart did beat with such rapidity as would have excited my astonishment, had I not been acquainted with his organization, and with the kind of electric commotion which his thoughts communicated to his whole being." "It is like the sound of a church bell," continued Napoleon. "There is none upon this rock. I am no longer accustomed to hear it. But the tones of a bell never fall upon my ear without awakening within me the emotions of childhood. The Angelus bell transported me back to pensive yet pleasant memories, when in the midst of earnest thoughts and burdened with the weight of an imperial crown, I heard its first sounds under the shady woods of St. Cloud. And often have I been supposed to have been revolving the plan of a campaign or digesting an imperial law, when my thoughts were wholly absorbed in dwelling upon the first impressions of my youth. Religion is in fact the dominion of the soul. It is the hope of life, the anchor of safety, the deliverance from evil. What a service has Christianity rendered to humanity! What a power would it still have, did its ministers comprehend their mission."

Early in November the Austrians commenced their march. The cold winds of winter were sweeping through the defiles of the Tyrol, and the summits of the mountains were white with snow. But it was impossible to postpone operations; for unless Wurmser were immediately relieved Mantua must fall, and with it would fall all hopes of Austrian dominion in Italy. The hardy old soldier had killed all his horses, and salted them down for provisions; but even that coarse fare was nearly exhausted, and he had succeeded in sending word to Alvinzi that he could not possibly hold out more than six weeks longer. Napoleon, the moment he heard that the Austrians were on the move, hastened to the head-quarters of the army at Verona. He had stationed General Vaubois, with twelve thousand men, a few miles north of Trent, in a narrow defile among the mountains to watch the Austrians, and to arrest their first advances. Vaubois and his division, overwhelmed by numbers, retreated, and thus vastly magnified the peril of the army. The moment Napoleon received the disastrous intelligence, he hastened, with such troops as he could collect, like the sweep of the wind, to rally the retreating forces and check the progress of the enemy. And here he singularly displayed that thorough knowledge of human nature which enabled him so effectually to control and to inspire his army. Deeming it necessary, in his present peril, that every man should be a hero, and that every regiment

should be nerved by the determination to conquer or to die, he resolved to make a severe example of those whose panic had proved so nearly fatal to the army. Like a whirlwind, surrounded by his staff, he swept into the camp, and ordered immediately the troops to be collected in a circle around him. He sat upon his horse, and every eye was fixed upon the pale and wan, and wasted features of their young and adored general. With a stern and saddened voice he exclaimed, "Soldiers! I am displeased with you. You have evinced neither discipline nor valor. You have allowed yourselves to be driven from positions where a handful of resolute men might have arrested an army. You are no longer French soldiers! Chief of the staff, cause it to be written on their standards, *They are no longer of the army of Italy.*"

The influence of these words upon those impassioned men, proud of their renown and proud of their leader, was almost inconceivable. The terrible rebuke fell upon them like a thunderbolt. Tears trickled down the cheeks of these battered veterans. Many of them actually groaned aloud in their anguish. The laws of discipline could not restrain the grief which burst from their ranks. They broke their array, crowded around the general, exclaiming, "we have been misrepresented; the enemy were three to our one; try us once more; place us in the post of danger, and see if we do not belong to the army of Italy!" Napoleon relented, and spoke kindly to them, promising to afford them an early opportunity to retrieve their reputation. In the next battle he placed them in the van. Contending against fearful odds they accomplished all that mortal valor could accomplish, rolling back upon the Austrians the tide of victory. Such was the discipline of Napoleon. He needed no blood-stained lash to scar the naked backs of his men. He ruled over mind. His empire was in the soul. "My soldiers," said he "are my children." The effect of this rebuke was incalculable. There was not an officer or a soldier in the army who was not moved by it. It came exactly at the right moment, when it was necessary that every man in the army should be inspired with absolute desperation of valor.

Alvinzi sent a peasant across the country to carry dispatches to Wurmser in the beleaguered city. The information of approaching relief was written upon very thin paper, in a minute hand, and inclosed in a ball of wax, not much larger than a pea. The spy was intercepted. He was seen to swallow the ball. The stomach was compelled to surrender its trust, and Napoleon became acquainted with Alvinzi's plan of operation. He left ten thousand men around the walls of Mantua, to continue the blockade, and assembled the rest of his army, consisting only of fifteen thousand, in the vicinity of Verona. The whole valley of the Adige was now swarming with the Austrian battalions. At night the wide horizon seemed illuminated with the blaze of their camp fires. The Austrians, conscious

of their vast superiority in numbers, were hastening to envelop the French. Already forty thousand men were circling around the little band of fifteen thousand who were rallied under the eagles of France. The Austrians, wary in consequence of their past defeats, moved with the utmost caution, taking possession of the most commanding positions. Napoleon, with sleepless vigilance, watched for some exposed point, but in vain. The soldiers understood the true posture of affairs, and began to feel disheartened, for their situation was apparently desperate. The peril of the army was so great, that even the sick and the wounded in the hospitals at Milan, Pavia, and Lodi, voluntarily left their beds and hastened, emaciated with suffering, and many of them with their wounds still bleeding, to resume their station in the ranks. The soldiers were deeply moved by this affecting spectacle, so indicative of their fearful peril and of the devotion of their comrades to the interests of the army. Napoleon resolved to give battle immediately, before the Austrians should accumulate in still greater numbers.

A dark, cold winter's storm was deluging the ground with rain, as Napoleon roused his troops from the drenched sods upon which they were slumbering. The morning had not yet dawned through the surcharged clouds, and the freezing wind, like a tornado, swept the bleak hills. It was an awful hour in which to go forth to encounter mutilation and death. The enterprise was desperate. Fifteen thousand Frenchmen, with frenzied violence, were to hurl themselves upon the serried ranks of forty thousand foes. The horrid carnage soon began. The roar of the battle, the shout of onset, and the shriek of the dying, mingled in midnight gloom, with the appalling rush and wail of the tempest. The ground was so saturated with rain that it was almost impossible for the French to drag their cannon through the miry ruts. As the darkness of night passed and the dismal light of a stormy day was spread around them, the rain changed to snow, and the struggling French were smothered and blinded by the storm of sleet whirled furiously into their faces. Through the livelong day this terrific battle of man and of the elements raged unabated. When night came the exhausted soldiers, drenched with rain and benumbed with cold, threw themselves upon the blood-stained snow, in the midst of the dying and of the dead. Neither party claimed the victory, and neither acknowledged defeat. No pen can describe, nor can imagination conceive, the horrors of the dark and wailing night of storm and sleet which ensued. Through the long hours the groans of the wounded, scattered over many miles swept by the battle, blended in mournful unison with the wailings of the tempest. Two thousand of Napoleon's little band were left dead upon the field, and a still larger number of Austrian corpses were covered with the winding-sheet of snow. Many a blood-stained drift indicated the long and agonizing struggle of the wounded ere the motionlessness of death

consummated the dreadful tragedy. It is hard to die even in the curtained chambers of our ceiled houses, with sympathizing friends administering every possible alleviation. Cold must have been those pillows of snow, and unspeakably dreadful the solitude of those death scenes, on the bleak hill sides and in the muddy ravines, where thousands of the young, the hopeful, the sanguine, in horrid mutilation, struggled through the long hours of the tempestuous night in the agonies of dissolution. Many of these young men were from the first families in Austria and in France, and had been accustomed to every indulgence. Far from mother, sister, brother, drenched with rain, covered with the drifting snow, alone—all alone with the midnight darkness and the storm—they writhed and moaned through lingering hours of agony.

The Austrian forces still were accumulating, and the next day Napoleon retired within the walls of Verona. It was the first time he had seemed to retreat before his foes. His star began to wane. The soldiers were silent and dejected. An ignominious retreat after all their victories, or a still more ignominious surrender to the Austrians appeared their only alternative. Night again came. The storm had passed away. The moon rose clear and cold over the frozen hills. Suddenly the order was proclaimed, in the early darkness, for the whole army, in silence and celerity, to be upon the march. Grief sat upon every countenance. The western gates of the city, looking toward France were thrown open. The rumbling of the artillery wheels, and the sullen tramp of the dejected soldiers fell heavily upon the night air. Not a word was spoken. Rapidly the army emerged from the gates, crossed the river, and pressed along the road toward France, leaving their foes slumbering behind them, unconscious of their flight. The depression of the soldiers thus compelled at last, as they supposed, to retreat, was extreme. Suddenly, and to the perplexity of all, Napoleon wheeled his columns into another road, which followed down the valley of the Adige. No one could imagine whither he was leading them. He hastened along the banks of the river, in most rapid march, about fourteen miles, and, just at midnight, recrossed the stream, and came upon the rear of the Austrian army. Here the soldiers found a vast morass, many miles in extent, traversed by several narrow causeways. In these immense marshes superiority in number was of little avail, as the heads of the column only could meet. The plan of Napoleon instantly flashed upon the minds of the intelligent French soldiers. They appreciated at once the advantage he had thus skillfully secured for them. Shouts of joy ran through the ranks. Their previous dejection was succeeded by corresponding elation.

It was midnight. Far and wide along the horizon blazed the fires of the Austrian camps, while the French were in perfect darkness. Napoleon, emaciated with care and toil, and silent in intensity of thought, as calm and unperturbed as

the clear, cold, serene winter's night, stood upon an eminence observing the position, and estimating the strength of his foes. He had but thirteen thousand troops. Forty thousand Austrians, crowding the hill sides with their vast array, were manœuvring to envelop and to crush him. But now indescribable enthusiasm animated the French army. They no longer doubted of success. Every man felt confident that the *Little Corporal* was leading them again to a glorious victory.

In the centre of these wide spreading morasses was the village of Arcola, approached only by narrow dykes and protected by a stream, crossed by a small wooden bridge. A strong division of the Austrian army was stationed here. It was of the first importance that this position should be taken from the enemy. Before the break of day the solid columns of Napoleon were moving along the narrow passages, and the fierce strife commenced. The soldiers, with loud shouts, rushed upon the bridge. In an instant the whole head of the column was swept away by a volcanic burst of fire. Napoleon sprung from his horse, seized a standard, and shouted, "Conquerors of Lodi, follow your general!" He rushed at the head of the column, leading his impetuous troops through a perfect hurricane of balls and bullets, till he arrived at the centre of the bridge. Here the tempest of fire was so dreadful that all were thrown into confusion. Clouds of smoke enveloped the bridge in almost midnight darkness. The soldiers recoiled, and trampling over the dead and dying, in wild disorder retreated. The tall grenadiers seized the fragile and wasted form of Napoleon in their arms as if he had been a child, and regardless of their own danger, dragged him from the mouth of this terrible battery. But in the tumult they were forced over the dyke, and Napoleon was plunged into the morass and was left almost smothered in the mire. The Austrians were already between Napoleon and his column, when the anxious soldiers perceived, in the midst of the darkness and the tumult, that their beloved chief was missing. The wild cry arose, "Forward to save your general." Every heart thrilled at this cry. The whole column instantly turned, and regardless of death, inspired by love for their general, rushed impetuously, irresistibly upon the bridge. Napoleon was extricated and Arcola was taken.

As soon as the morning dawned, Alvinzi perceived that Verona was evacuated, and in astonishment he heard the thunder of Napoleon's guns reverberating over the marshes which surrounded Arcola. He feared the genius of his adversary, and his whole army was immediately in motion. All day long the battle raged on those narrow causeways, the heads of the columns rushing against each other with indescribable fury, and the dead and the dying filling the morass. The terrible rebuke which had been inflicted upon the division of Vaubois still rung in the ears of the French troops, and every officer and every man resolved to prove that *he* belonged to



THE MARSHES OF ARCOLA.

he army of Italy. Said Augereau, as he rushed into the mouth of a perfect volcano of flame and fire, "Napoleon may break my sword over my dead body, but he shall never cashier *me* in the presence of my troops." Napoleon was every where, exposed to every danger, now struggling through the dead and the dying on foot, heading the impetuous charge; now galloping over the dykes, with the balls from the Austrian batteries plowing the ground around him. Wherever his voice was heard, and his eye fell, tenfold enthusiasm inspired his men. Lannes, though severely wounded, had hastened from the hospital at Milan, to aid the army in this terrible emergence. He received three wounds in endeavoring to protect Napoleon, and never left his side till the battle was closed. Muiron, another of those gallant spirits, bound to Napoleon by those mysterious ties of affection which this strange man inspired, seeing a bomb shell about to explode, threw himself between it and Napoleon, saving the life of his beloved general by the sacrifice of his own. The darkness of night separated the combatants for a few hours, but before the dawn of the morning the murderous assault was renewed, and continued with unabated violence through the whole ensuing day. The French veterans charged with the bayonet, and hurled the Austrians with prodigious slaughter into the marsh. Another night came and went. The gray light of another cold winter's morning appeared faintly in the east, when the soldiers sprang again from their freezing, marshy beds, and in the dense clouds of vapor and of smoke which had settled down over the morass, with the fury of blood-hounds rushed again to the assault. In the midst of this terrible conflict a cannon-ball fearfully mangled the horse upon which Napoleon was riding.

The powerful animal, frantic with pain and terror, became perfectly unmanageable. Seizing the bit in his teeth, he rushed through the storm of bullets directly into the midst of the Austrian ranks. He then, in the agonies of death, plunged into the morass and expired. Napoleon was left struggling in the swamp up to his neck in the mire. Being perfectly helpless, he was expecting every moment either to sink and disappear in that inglorious grave, or that some Austrian dragoon would sabre his head from his body or with a bullet pierce his brain. Enveloped in clouds of smoke, in the midst of the dismay and the uproar of the terrific scene, he chanced to evade observation, until his own troops, regardless of every peril, forced their way to his rescue. Napoleon escaped with but a few slight wounds. Through the long day, the tide of war continued to ebb and to flow upon these narrow dykes. Napoleon now carefully counted the number of prisoners taken and estimated the amount of the slain. Computing thus that the enemy did not outnumber him by more than a third, he resolved to march out into the open plain for a decisive conflict. He relied upon the enthusiasm and the confidence of his own troops and the dejection with which he knew that the Austrians were oppressed. In these impassable morasses it was impossible to operate with the cavalry. Three days of this terrible conflict had now passed. In the horrible carnage of these days Napoleon had lost 8000 men, and he estimated that the Austrians could not have lost less, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, than 20,000. Both armies were utterly exhausted, and those hours of dejection and lassitude had ensued in which every one wished that the battle was at an end.

It was midnight. Napoleon, sleepless and fasting, seemed insensible to exhaustion either of body or of mind. He galloped along the dykes from post to post, with his whole soul engrossed with preparations for the renewal of the conflict. Now he checked his horse to speak in tones of consolation to a wounded soldier, and again by a few words of kind encouragement animated an exhausted sentinel. At two o'clock in the morning the whole army, with the ranks sadly thinned, was again roused and ranged in battle array. It was a cold, damp morning, and the weary and half-famished soldiers shivered in their lines. A dense, oppressive fog covered the flooded marsh and added to the gloom of the night. Napoleon ordered fifty of the guards to struggle with their horses through the swamp, and conceal themselves in the rear of the enemy. With incredible difficulty most of them succeeded in accomplishing this object. Each dragoon had a trumpet. Napoleon commenced a furious attack along the whole Austrian front. When the fire was the hottest, at an appointed signal, the mounted guards sounded with their trumpets loudly the charge, and with perfect desperation plunged into the ranks of the enemy. The Austrians, in the darkness and confusion of the night, supposing that Murat,* with his whole body of cavalry, was thundering down upon their rear, in dismay broke and fled. With demoniacal energy the French troops pursued the victory, and before that day's sun went down, the proud army of Alvinzi, now utterly routed, and having lost nearly thirty thousand men, marking its path with a trail of blood, was retreating into the mountains of Austria. Napoleon, with streaming banners and exultant music, marched triumphantly back into Verona, by the eastern gates, directly opposite those from which, three days before, he had emerged. He was received by the inhabitants with the utmost enthusiasm and astonishment. Even the enemies of Napoleon so greatly admired the heroism and the genius of this wonderful achievement, that they added their applause to that of his friends. This was the fourth Austrian army which Napoleon had overthrown in less than eight months, and each of them more than twice as numerous as his own. In Napoleon's dispatches to the Directory, as usual, silent concerning himself, and magnanimously attributing the victory to the heroism of the troops, he says, "Never was a field of battle more valiantly disputed than the conflict at Arcola. I have scarcely any generals left. Their bravery and their patriotic enthusiasm are without example."

In the midst of all these cares he found time to write a letter of sympathy to the widow of the brave Muiron. "You," he writes, "have lost a

husband who was dear to you; and I am bereft of a friend to whom I have been long and sincerely attached. But our country has suffered more than us both, in being deprived of an officer so pre-eminently distinguished for his talents and his dauntless bravery. If it lies within the scope of my ability to yield assistance to yourself, or your infant, I beseech you to reckon upon my utmost exertions." It is affecting to record that in a few weeks the woe-stricken widow gave birth to a lifeless babe, and she and her little one sank into an untimely grave together. The woes of war extend far and wide beyond the blood-stained field of battle. Twenty thousand men perished around the marshes of Arcola. And after the thunders of the strife had ceased, and the groans of the dying were hushed in death, in twenty thousand distant homes, far away on the plains of France, or in the peaceful glens of Austria, the agony of that field of blood was renewed, as the tidings reached them, and a wail burst forth from crushed and lacerated hearts, which might almost have drowned the roar of that deadly strife.

How Napoleon could have found time in the midst of such terrific scenes for the delicate attentions of friendship, it is difficult to conceive. Yet to a stranger he wrote, announcing the death of a nephew, in the following affecting terms: "He fell with glory and in the face of the enemy, without suffering a moment of pain. Where is the man who would not envy such a death? Who would not gladly accept the choice of thus escaping from the vicissitudes of an unsatisfying world. Who has not often regretted that he has not been thus withdrawn from the calumny, the envy, and all the odious passions which seem the almost exclusive directors of the conduct of mankind." It was in this pensive strain that Napoleon wrote, when a young man of twenty-six, and in the midst of a series of the most brilliant victories which mortal man had ever achieved.

The moment the Austrians broke and fled, while the thunders of the pursuing cannonade were reverberating over the plains, Napoleon seized a pen and wrote to his faithful Josephine, with that impetuous energy, in which "sentences were crowded into words, and words into letters." The courier was dispatched, at the top of his speed, with the following lines, which Josephine with no little difficulty deciphered. She deemed them worth the study. "My adored Josephine! at length I live again. Death is no longer before me, and glory and honor are still in my breast. The enemy is beaten. Soon Mantua will be ours. Then thy husband will fold thee in his arms, and give thee a thousand proofs of his ardent affection. I am a little fatigued. I have received letters from Eugene and Hortense. I am delighted with the children. Adieu, my adorable Josephine. Think of me often. Should your heart grow old toward me, you will be indeed cruel and unjust. But I am sure that you will always continue my faithful friend as I shall ever continue your fond lover. Death alone can break

* Joachim Murat, subsequently married Caroline, the youngest sister of Napoleon, and became Marshal of France, and finally King of Sicily. After the fall of Napoleon he lost his throne, and was shot, by command of the King of Naples. "Murat," said Napoleon, "was one of the most brilliant men I ever saw upon a field of battle. It was really a magnificent spectacle to see him heading the cavalry in a charge."

the union which love, sentiment, and sympathy have formed. Let me have news of your health. A thousand and a thousand kisses."

A vein of superstition pervaded the mind of this extraordinary man. He felt that he was the child of destiny—that he was led by an arm more powerful than his own, and that an unseen guide was conducting him along his perilous and bewildering pathway. He regarded life as of little value, and contemplated death without any dread. "I am," said he, "the creature of circumstances. I do but go where events point out the way. I do not give myself any uneasiness about death. When a man's time is come, he must go." "Are you a Predestinarian?" inquired O'Meara. "As much so," Napoleon replied, "as the Turks are. I have been always so. When destiny wills, it must be obeyed. I will relate an example. At the siege of Toulon I observed an officer very careful of himself, instead of exhibiting an example of courage to animate his men. 'Mr. Officer,' said I, 'come out and observe the effect of your shot. You know not whether your guns are well pointed or not.' Very reluctantly he came outside of the parapet, to the place where I was standing. Wishing to expose as little of his body as possible, he stooped down, and partially sheltered himself behind the parapet, and looked under my arm. Just then a shot came close to me, and low down, which knocked him to pieces. Now, if this man had stood upright, he would have been safe as the ball would have passed between us without hurting either." Maria Louisa, upon her marriage with Napoleon, was greatly surprised to find that no sentinels slept at the door of his chamber; that the doors even were not locked; and that there were no guns or pistols in the room where they slept. "Why," said she, "you do not take half so many precautions as my father does." "I am too much of a fatalist," he replied, "to take any precautions against assassination." O'Meara, at St. Helena, at one time urged him to take some medicine. He declined, and calmly raising his eyes to heaven, said, "That which is written is written. Our days are numbered." Strange and inconsistent as it may seem, there is a form which the doctrine of Predestination assumes in the human mind, which arouses one to an intensity of exertion which nothing else could inspire. Napoleon felt that he was destined to the most exalted achievements. Therefore he consecrated himself through days of toil and nights of sleeplessness to the most Herculean exertions that he might work out his destiny. This sentiment which inspired Napoleon as a philosopher, animated Calvin as a Christian. Instead of cutting the sinews of exertion, as many persons would suppose it must, it did but strain those sinews to their utmost tension.

Napoleon had obtained, at the time of his marriage, an exquisite miniature of Josephine. This, in his romantic attachment, he had suspended by a ribbon about his neck, and the cheek of Josephine ever rested upon the pulsations of his heart. Though living in the midst of the most exciting

tumults earth has ever witnessed, his pensive and reflective mind was solitary and alone. The miniature of Josephine was his companion, and often during the march, and in the midnight bivouac, he gazed upon it most fondly. "By what art is it," he once passionately wrote, "that you, my sweet love, have been able to captivate all my faculties, and to concentrate in yourself my moral existence? It is a magic influence which will terminate only with my life. My adorable wife! I know not what fate awaits me, but if it keep me much longer from you, it will be insupportable. There was a time when I was proud of my courage. When contemplating the various evils to which we are exposed, I could fix my eyes steadfastly upon every conceivable calamity, without alarm or dread. But now the idea that Josephine may be ill, and, above all, the cruel thought that she may love me less, withers my soul, and leaves me not even the courage of despair. Formerly I said to myself, Man can not hurt him who can die without regret. But now to die without being loved by Josephine is torment. My incomparable companion! thou whom fate has destined to make, along with me, the painful journey of life, the day on which I shall cease to possess thy heart will be to me the day of utter desolation." On one occasion the glass covering the miniature was found to be broken. Napoleon considered the accident a fearful omen of calamity to the beloved original. He was so oppressed with this presentiment, that a courier was immediately dispatched to bring him tidings from Josephine.

It is not surprising that Napoleon should thus have won, in the heart of Josephine the most enthusiastic love. "He is," said she, "the most fascinating of men." Said the Duchess of Abrantes, "It is impossible to describe the charm of Napoleon's countenance when he smiled. His soul was upon his lips and in his eyes." "I never," said the Emperor Alexander, "loved any man as I did that man." Says the Duke of Vicenza, "I have known nearly all the crowned heads of the present day—all our illustrious contemporaries. I have lived with several of those great historical characters on a footing quite distinct from my diplomatic duties. I have had every opportunity of comparing and judging. But it is impossible to institute any comparison between Napoleon and any other man. They who say otherwise did not know him." Says Duroc, "Napoleon is endowed with a variety of faculties, any one of which would suffice to distinguish a man from the multitude. He is the greatest captain of the age. He is a statesman who directs the whole business of the country, and superintends every branch of the service. He is a sovereign whose ministers are merely his clerks. And yet this Colossus of gigantic proportions can descend to the most trivial details of private life. He can regulate the expenditure of his household as he regulates the finances of the empire."

Notwithstanding Napoleon had now destroyed four Austrian armies, the imperial court was still

unsubdued, and still pertinaciously refused to make peace with republican France. Herculean efforts were immediately made to organize a fifth army to march again upon Napoleon. These exciting scenes kept all Italy in a state of extreme fermentation. Every day the separation between the aristocratic and the republican party became more marked and rancorous. Austria and England exerted all their arts of diplomacy to rouse the aristocratic governments of Rome, Venice, and Naples to assail Napoleon in the rear, and thus to crush that spirit of republican liberty so rapidly spreading through Italy, and which threatened the speedy overthrow of all their thrones. Napoleon, in self-defense, was compelled to call to his aid the sympathies of the republican party, and to encourage their ardent aspirations for free government.

And here again the candid mind is compelled to pause, and almost to yield its assent to that doctrine of destiny which had obtained so strong a hold upon the mind of Napoleon. How could it be expected that those monarchs, with their thrones, their wealth, their pride, their power, their education, their habits, should have submissively relinquished their exalted inheritance, and have made an unconditional surrender to triumphant democracy. Kings, nobles, priests, and all the millions whose rank and property were suspended upon the perpetuity of those old monarchies, could, by no possibility have been led to such a measure. Unquestionably many were convinced that the interests of humanity demanded the support of the established governments. They had witnessed the accomplishments of democracy in France—a frenzied mob sacking the palace, dragging the royal family, through every conceivable insult, to dungeons and a bloody death, burning the chateaus of the nobles, bruising with gory clubs upon the pavements, the most venerable in rank and the most austere in virtue, dancing in brutal orgies around the dissevered heads of the most illustrious and lovely ladies of the realm, and dragging their dismembered limbs in derision through the streets. Priests crowded the churches, praying to God to save them from the horrors of democracy. Matrons and maidens trembled in their chambers as they wrought with their own hands the banners of royalty, and with moistened eyes and palpitating hearts they presented them to their defenders.

On the other hand, how could republican France tamely succumb to her proud and aristocratic enemies. "Kings," said a princess of the house of Austria, "should no more regard the murmurs of the people than does the moon the barking of dogs." How could the triumphant millions of France, who had just overthrown this intolerable despotism, and whose hearts were glowing with aspirations for liberty and equal rights, yield without a struggle all they had attained at such an enormous expense of blood and misery. They turned their eyes hopefully to the United States, where our own Washington and their own La Fayette had fought, side by side,

and had established liberty gloriously; and they could not again voluntarily place their necks beneath the yoke of kingly domination. Despotism engenders ignorance and cruelty; and despotism did but reap the awful harvest of blood and woe, of which, during countless ages of oppression, it had been scattering broadcast the seed.

The enfranchised people could not allow the allied monarchs of Europe to rear again, upon the soil of republican France, and in the midst of thirty millions of freemen, an execrated and banished dynasty. This was not a warfare of republican angels against aristocratic fiends, or of refined, benevolent, intellectual loyalists against rancorous, reckless, vulgar Jacobins. It was a warfare of frail and erring man against his fellow—many, both monarchists and republicans, perhaps animated by motives as corrupt as can influence the human heart. But it can not be doubted that there were others on each side, who were influenced by considerations as pure as can glow in the bosom of humanity. Napoleon recognized and respected these verities. While he had no scruples respecting his own duty to defend his country from the assaults of the allied kings, he candidly respected his opponents. Candidly he said, "Had I been surrounded by the influences which have surrounded these gentlemen, I should doubtless have been fighting beneath their banners." There is probably not a reader of these pages, who, had he been an English or an Austrian noble, would not have fought those battles of the monarchy, upon which his fortune, his power, and his rank were suspended. And there probably is not a noble upon the banks of the Danube or the Thames, who, had he been a young lawyer, merchant, or artisan, with all his prospects in life depending upon his own merit and exertions, would not have strained every nerve to hew down these bulwarks of exclusive privilege, which the pride and oppression of ages had reared. Such is man; and such his melancholy lot. We would not detract from the wickedness of these wars, deluging Europe with blood and woe. But God alone can award the guilt. We would not conceal that all our sympathies are with the republicans struggling for their unquestionable rights. But we may also refrain from casting unmerited obloquy upon those, who were likewise struggling for every thing dear to them in life.

The Directory, trembling in view of the vast renown Napoleon was acquiring, and not at all relishing the idea of having the direction of affairs thus unceremoniously taken from their hands, sent Gen. Clarke, as an envoy, to Napoleon's head-quarters, to conduct negotiations with the Austrians. Napoleon received him with great external courtesy, but that there might be no embarrassing misunderstanding between them, informed him in so many words, "If you come here to obey me, I shall always see you with pleasure; if not, the sooner you return to those who sent you the better." The proud envoy yielded at once to the master-mind, and so completely was he brought under the influence

of its strange fascination, that he became a most enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon, and wrote to the Directory, "It is indispensable that the General-in-chief should conduct all the diplomatic operations in Italy."

While Alvinzi had been preparing his overwhelming host to crush Napoleon, the Pope also, in secret alliance, had been collecting his resources to attack the common foe. It was an act of treachery. Napoleon called Mattei from his fastings and penance in the convent, and commissioned him to go and say to the Pope: "Rome desires war. It shall have war. But first I owe it to humanity to make a final effort to recall the Pope to reason. My army is strong. I have but to will it and the temporal power of the Pope is destroyed. Still France permits me to listen to words of peace. War, so cruel for all, has terrible results for the vanquished. I am anxious to close this struggle by peace. War has for me now neither danger nor glory." The Pope, however, believing that Austria would still crush Napoleon, met these menaces with defiance. Napoleon, conscious that he could not then march upon Rome, devoted all his energies to prepare for the onset of the Austrians, while he kept a vigilant eye upon his enemies in the south. Some he overawed. Others, by a change of government, he transformed into fast friends. Four weeks passed rapidly away, and another vast Austrian army was crowding down from the north with gigantic steps to relieve Mantua, now in the last stage of starvation. Wurmser had succeeded in sending a spy through the French lines, conveying the message to Alvinzi, that unless relieved he could not possibly hold out many days longer.

Josephine had now come, at Napoleon's request, to reside at the head-quarters of the army, that she might be near her husband. Napoleon had received her with the most tender affection, and his exhausted frame was re-invigorated by her soothing cares. He had no tendencies to gallantry, which provoked Madame de Staël once to remark to him, "It is reported that you are not very partial to the ladies." "I am very fond of my wife, Madame," was his laconic reply. Napoleon had not a high appreciation of the female character in general, and yet he highly valued the humanizing and refining influence of polished female society. "The English," said he, "appear to prefer the bottle to the society of their ladies; as is exemplified by dismissing the ladies from the table, and remaining for hours to drink and intoxicate themselves. Were I in England I should certainly leave the table with the ladies. You do not treat them with sufficient regard. If your object is to converse instead of to drink, why not allow them to be present. Surely conversation is never so lively or so witty as when ladies take a part in it. Were I an Englishwoman I should feel very discontented at being turned out by the men, to wait for two or three hours while they were guzzling their wine. In France society is nothing unless ladies are present. They are the life of conversation." At one time Josephine was defending her sex from

some remarks which he had made respecting their frivolity and insincerity. "Ah! my dear Josephine," he replied, "they are all nothing compared with you."

Notwithstanding the boundless wealth at Napoleon's disposal, when Josephine arrived at the head-quarters of the army, he lived in a very simple and frugal manner. Though many of his generals were rolling in voluptuousness, he indulged himself in no ostentation in dress or equipage. The only relaxation he sought was to spend an occasional hour in the society of Josephine. In the midst of the movements of these formidable armies, and just before a decisive battle, it was necessary that she should take her departure to a place of greater safety. As she was bidding her husband adieu, a cart passed by, loaded with the mutilated forms of the wounded. The awful spectacle, and the consciousness of the terrible peril of her husband moved her tender feelings. She threw herself upon his neck and wept most bitterly. Napoleon fondly encircled her in his arms, and said, "Wurmser shall pay dearly for those tears which he causes thee to shed." Napoleon's appearance at this time was deplorable in the extreme. His cheeks were pallid and wan. He was as thin as a skeleton. His bright and burning eye alone indicated that the fire of his soul was unextinguished. The glowing energies of his mind sustained his emaciated and exhausted body. The soldiers took pleasure in contrasting his mighty genius and his world-wide renown, with his effeminate stature and his wasted and enfeebled frame.

In allusion to the wonderful tranquillity of mind which Napoleon retained in the midst of all harassments, disasters, and perils, he remarked, "Nature seems to have calculated that I should endure great reverses. She has given me a mind of marble. Thunder can not ruffle it. The shaft merely glides along."

Early in January Alvinzi descended toward Mantua, from the mountains of Austria. It was the fifth army which the Imperial Court had sent for the destruction of the Republicans. The Tyrol was in the hands of the French. Napoleon, to prevent the peasants from rising in guerrilla bands, issued a decree that every Tyrolese taken in arms should be shot as a brigand. Alvinzi replied, that for every peasant shot he would hang a French prisoner of war. Napoleon rejoined, that for every French prisoner thus slain he would gibbet an Austrian officer, commencing with Alvinzi's own nephew, who was in his hands. A little reflection taught both generals that it was not best to add to the inevitable horrors of war by the execution of these sanguinary threats. With the utmost vigilance Napoleon, with his army gathered around him in the vicinity of Mantua, was watching the movements of his formidable enemy, uncertain respecting his line of march, or upon what points the terrible onset was to fall.

The 12th of January, 1797, was a dark, stormy winter's day. The sleet, swept by the gale over the bleak mountains, covered the earth with an

icy mantle. The swollen streams, clogged with ice, roared through the ravines. As the sun went down a clear belt of cloudless sky appeared brilliant in the west. The storm passed away. The cold north wind blew furiously, and the stars with unwonted lustre, adorned the wintry night. As the twilight was fading a courier galloped into the camp with the intelligence that the Austrians had made their appearance in vast numbers upon the plains of Rivoli, and that they were attacking with great fury the advanced post of the French stationed there. At the same time another courier arrived informing him that a powerful division of the Austrian army was moving in another direction to carry relief to Mantua. It was a fearful dilemma. Should Napoleon wait for the junction of these two armies to assail him in front, while the garrison in Mantua, emerging from the walls should attack him in the rear, his situation would be hopeless. Should he march to attack one army, he must leave the road open for the other to enter Mantua with reinforcements and relief. But Napoleon lost not one moment in deliberation. Instinctively he decided upon the only course to be pursued. "The French," said the Austrians, "do not march; they fly." With a rapidity of movement which seems almost miraculous, before two o'clock in the morning, Napoleon, with thirty thousand men, stood upon the snow-clad heights overlooking the encampment of his sleeping foes. It was a sublime and an appalling spectacle which burst upon his view. For miles and miles the watch-fires of the mighty host filled the extended plain. The night was clear, cold, and beautiful. Gloomy firs and pines frowned along the sides of the mountains, silvered by the rays of an unclouded moon. The keen eye of Napoleon instantly detected that there were fifty thousand men, in five divisions of ten thousand each, whom he, with thirty thousand was to encounter upon that plain. He also correctly judged, from the position of the divisions, that the artillery had not arrived, and resolved upon an immediate attack. At four o'clock in the morning, the Austrians were roused from their slumbers by the rush of Napoleon's battalions and by the thunders of his artillery. The day of Rivoli! It was a long, long day of blood and woe. The tide of victory ebbed and flowed. Again and again Napoleon seemed ruined. Night came, and the genius of Napoleon had again triumphed. The whole plain was covered with the dead and the dying. The Austrians, in wild terror, were flying before the impetuous charges of the French cavalry; while from every eminence cannon-balls were plunged into the dense ranks of the fugitives. The genius of this stern warrior never appeared more terrible than in the unsparing energy with which he rained down his blows upon a defeated army. Napoleon had three horses shot under him during the day. "The Austrians," said he, "manœuvred admirably, and failed only because they are incapable of calculating the value of minutes."

An event occurred in the very hottest of the battle which singularly illustrates Napoleon's

wonderful presence of mind. The Austrians had completely enveloped him, cutting off his retreat, and attacking him in front, flanks, and rear; the destruction of the army seemed inevitable. Napoleon, to gain time, instantly sent a flag of truce to Alvinzi, proposing a suspension of arms for half an hour, to attend to some propositions to be made in consequence of dispatches just received from Paris. The Austrian general fell into the snare. The roar of battle ceased, and the blood-stained combatants rested upon their guns. Junot repaired to the Austrian headquarters, and kept Alvinzi busy for half an hour in discussing the terms of accommodation. In the mean time Napoleon had re-arranged his army to repel these numerous attacks. As was to be expected, no terms could be agreed upon, and immediately the murderous onset was renewed.

The scene displayed at the close of this battle was awful in the extreme. The fugitive army, horse, foot, cannon, baggage-wagons, and ammunition-carts struggled along in inextricable confusion through the narrow passes, while a plunging fire from the French batteries produced frightful havoc in the crowd. The occasional explosion of an ammunition-wagon under this terrific fire, opened in the dense mass a gap like the crater of a volcano, scattering far and wide over the field the mangled limbs of the dead. The battle of Rivoli Napoleon ever regarded as one of the most dreadful battles he ever fought, and one of the most signal victories he ever won.

Leaving a few troops to pursue and harass the fugitives, Napoleon, that very night, with the mass of his army, turned to arrest the Austrian division of twenty thousand men under Provera, hastening to the reinforcement of Mantua. He had already marched all of one night, and fought all of the ensuing day. He allowed his utterly exhausted troops a few hours for sleep, but closed not his own eyes. He still considered the peril of his army so great as to demand the utmost vigilance. So intense was his solicitude, that he passed the hours of the night, while the rest were sleeping, in walking about the outposts. At one of them he found a sentinel, utterly worn down by fatigue, asleep at the root of a tree. Without awaking him, Napoleon took his gun and performed a sentinel's duty in his place for half an hour. At last the poor man, starting from his slumbers, overwhelmed with consternation, perceived the countenance and the occupation of his general. He knew that death was the penalty for such a crime, and he fell speechless upon his knees. "My brave friend," said Napoleon kindly, "here is your musket. You have marched long and fought hard, and your sleep is excusable. But a moment's inattention at the present time might ruin the army. I happened to be awake, and have held your post for you. You will be more careful another time." It is not surprising that such deeds as these, continually repeated at the camp-fires of the soldiers, should have inspired them with the most enthusiastic admiration of their commander-in-chief.



THE EXHAUSTED SENTINEL.

The hour of midnight had hardly passed before the whole army was again in motion. The dawn of the morning found them pressing on with all possible speed, hoping to arrive at Mantua before the Austrian force should have effected an entrance into the beleaguered city. All the day long they hurried on their way, and just as the sun was setting, they heard the roar of the conflict around the ramparts of Mantua. Provera was attacking the French in their intrenchments upon one side. The brave old Wurmser was marching from the city to attack them upon the other. An hour might have settled the unequal conflict. Suddenly Napoleon, like a thunderbolt, plunged into the midst of the foe. Provera's band was scattered like chaff before the whirlwind. Wurmser and his half-starved men were driven back to their fortress and their prison. Thus terminated this signal campaign of *three days*, during which the Austrians lost twenty-five thousand prisoners, twenty-five standards, sixty pieces of cannon, and six thousand men in killed and wounded. The Austrian army was again destroyed, and the French remained in undisputed possession of Italy. Such achievements filled the world with astonishment. Military men of all lands have regarded these brilliant operations of Napoleon as the most extraordinary which history has recorded.

Wurmser's situation was now hopeless, and no resource was left him but to capitulate. One half of his once numerous garrison were in the hospital. The horses which had been killed and salted down were all consumed. Famine was now staring the garrison in the face. Wurmser sent an aid-de-camp to the tent of Serrurier to propose terms of capitulation. Napoleon was sitting in a corner of the tent unobserved, wrapped in his cloak. The aid, with the artifice usual on

such occasions, expatiated on the powerful means of resistance Wurmser still enjoyed, and the large stores of provisions still in the magazines. Napoleon, without making himself known, listened to the conversation, taking no part in it. At last he approached the table, silently took the paper containing Wurmser's propositions, and, to the astonishment of the aid, wrote upon the margin his answer to all the terms suggested. "There," said he, "are the conditions which I grant to your marshal. If he had provisions but for a fortnight and could talk of surrender, he would not deserve an honorable capitulation. As he sends you, he must be reduced to extremity. I respect his age, his valor, his misfortunes. Carry to him the terms which I grant. Whether he leaves the place to-morrow, in a month, or in six months he shall have neither better nor worse conditions. He may stay as long as his sense of honor demands."

The aid now perceived that he was in the presence of Napoleon. Glancing his eye over the terms of capitulation, he was surprised at the liberality of the victor, and seeing that dissimulation was of no further avail, he confessed that Wurmser had provisions but for three days. The brave old marshal was deeply moved with gratitude in acknowledging the generosity with which he was treated by his young adversary. Wurmser was entirely in his power, and must have surrendered at discretion. Yet Napoleon, to spare the feelings of his foe, allowed him to march out of the place with all his staff, and to retire unmolested to Austria. He even granted him two hundred horse and five hundred men, to be chosen by himself, and six pieces of cannon, to render his departure less humiliating. Wurmser most gratefully accepted this magnanimous offer, and to prove his gratitude informed Napo-

leon of a plan laid in the Papal States for poisoning him, and this undoubtedly saved his life. The remainder of the garrison, twenty thousand strong, surrendered their arms, and were retained as prisoners of war. Fifteen standards, a bridge equipage, and above five hundred pieces of artillery fell into the hands of the victor.

On the following morning the Austrian army, emaciated, humiliated, and dejected, defiled from the gates of Mantua to throw down their arms at the feet of the triumphant Republicans. But on this occasion also, Napoleon displayed that magnanimity and delicacy of mind, which accorded so well with the heroism of his character and the grandeur of his achievements. Few young men, twenty-six years of age, at the termination of so terrific a campaign, would have deprived themselves of the pleasure of seeing the veteran Austrian marshal and his proud array pass vanquished before him. But on the morning of that day Napoleon mounted his horse, and heading a division of his army, disappeared from the ground, and marched for the Papal States. He left Serrurier to receive the sword of Wurmser. He would not add to the mortification of the vanquished general, by being present in the hour of his humiliation. Delicacy so rare and so noble attracted the attention of all Europe. This magnanimous and dignified conduct extorted reluctant admiration even from the bitterest enemies of the young Republican general.

The Directory, unable to appreciate such nobility of spirit, were dissatisfied with the liberal terms which had been granted Wurmser. Napoleon treated their remonstrances with scorn, and simply replied, "I have granted the Austrian general such terms as, in my judgment, were due to a brave and honorable enemy, and to the dignity of the French Republic."

The Austrians were now driven out of Italy. Napoleon commenced the campaign with thirty thousand men. He received, during the progress of these destructive battles, twenty thousand recruits. Thus, in ten months, Napoleon, with fifty-five thousand men, had conquered five armies, under veteran generals, and composed of more than two hundred thousand highly disciplined Austrian troops. He had taken one hundred thousand prisoners, and killed and wounded thirty-five thousand men. These were great victories, and "a great victory," said the Duke of Wellington, "is the most awful thing in the world excepting a great defeat."

Napoleon now prepared to march boldly upon Vienna itself, and to compel the emperor, in his own palace, to make peace with insulted France. Such an idea he had not conceived at the commencement of the campaign; circumstances, however, or as Napoleon would say, *his destiny* led him on. But first it was necessary to turn aside to humble the Pope, who had been threatening Napoleon's rear with an army of 40,000 men, but who was now in utter consternation in view of the hopeless defeat of the Austrians. Napoleon issued the following proclamation:

'The French army is about to enter the Pope's

territories. It will protect religion and the people. The French soldier carries in one hand the bayonet, as the guarantee of victory; in the other the olive branch, a symbol of peace, and a pledge of protection. Woe to those who shall provoke the vengeance of this army. To the inhabitants of every town and village peace, protection, and security are offered." All the spiritual machinery of the Papal Church had been put into requisition to rouse the people to frenzy. The tocsin had been tolled in every village, forty hours' prayers offered, indulgences promised, and even miracles employed to inspire the populace with delirious energy. Napoleon took with him but four thousand five hundred French soldiers, aided by four thousand Italian recruits. He first encountered the enemy, seven thousand strong, under Cardinal Busca, intrenched upon the banks of the Senio. It was in the evening twilight of a pleasant spring day, when the French approached the river. The ecclesiastic, but little accustomed to the weapons of secular warfare, sent a flag of truce, who very pompously presented himself before Napoleon, and declared, in the name of the cardinal-in-chief, that if the French continued to advance he should certainly fire upon them. The terrible menace was reported through the French lines, and was received with perfect peals of merriment. Napoleon replied that he should be extremely sorry to expose himself to the cardinal's fire, and that therefore, as the army was very much fatigued, with the cardinal's leave it would take up its quarters for the night. In the darkness a division of the French army was sent across the stream, by a ford, to cut off the retreat of the Papal troops, and in the morning the bloody conflict of an hour left nearly every man dead upon the field, or a prisoner in the hands of Napoleon. Pressing rapidly on, the French arrived the same day at Faenza. The gates were shut, the ramparts manned with cannon, and the multitude, in fanatical enthusiasm, exasperated the French soldiers with every species of insulting defiance. The gates were instantly battered down, and the French rushed into the city. They loudly clamored for permission to pillage. "The case," said they, "is the same as that of Pavia." "No!" replied Napoleon, "at Pavia the people, after having taken an oath of obedience, revolted, and attempted to murder our soldiers who were their guests. These people are deceived, and must be subdued by kindness." All the prisoners taken here, and in the battle of the Senio, were assembled in a large garden of one of the convents of Faenza. Napoleon had been represented to them as a monster of atheism, cruelty, and crime. They were in a perfect paroxysm of terror, not doubting that they were gathered there to be shot. Upon the approach of Napoleon they fell upon their knees, with loud cries for mercy. He addressed them in Italian, and in those tones of kindness which seemed to have a magic power over the human heart. "I am the friend," said he, "of all the people of Italy. I come among you for your good. You are all free. Return

to the bosom of your families, and tell them that the French are the friends of religion and of order, and of all the poor and the oppressed." From the garden he went to the refectory of the convent, where the captured officers were assembled. Familiarly he conversed with them a long time, as with friends and equals. He explained to them his motives and his wishes; spoke of the liberty of Italy, of the abuses of the pontifical government, of its gross violation of the spirit of the gospel, and of the blood which must be vainly expended in the attempt to resist such a victorious and well-disciplined army as he had at his disposal. He gave them all permission to return to their homes, and simply requested them, as the price of his clemency, to make known to the community the sentiments with which he was animated. These men now became as enthusiastic in their admiration of Napoleon as they had previously been exasperated against him. They dispersed through the cities and villages of Italy, never weary in eulogizing the magnanimity of their conqueror. He soon met another army of the Romans at Ancona. He cautiously surrounded them, and took them all prisoners without hurting a man, and then, by a few of his convincing words, sent them through the country as missionaries proclaiming his clemency, and the benevolence of the commander-in-chief of the Republican army. Ancona was so situated as to be one of the most important ports of the Adriatic. Its harbor, however, was in such a neglected condition, that not even a frigate could enter. He immediately decided what ought to be done to fortify the place and to improve the port. The great works which he consequently afterward executed at Ancona, will remain a perpetual memorial of his foresight and genius. The largest three-decker can now ride in its harbor with perfect safety.

At Loretto there was an image of the Virgin, which the Church represented as of celestial origin, and which, to the great edification of the populace, seemed miraculously to shed tears in view of the perils of the Papacy. Napoleon sent for the sacred image, exposed the deception by which, through the instrumentality of a string of glass beads, tears appeared to flow, and imprisoned the priests for deluding the people with trickery which tended to bring all religion into contempt.

The Papal States were full of the exiled French priests. The Directory enjoined it upon Napoleon to drive them out of the country. These unhappy men were in a state of despair. Long inured to Jacobin fury they supposed that death was now their inevitable doom. One of the fraternity, weary of years of exile and frantic in view of his supposed impending fate, presented himself to Napoleon, announced himself as an emigrant priest, and implored that his doom of death might be immediately executed. The bewildered man thought it the delirium of a dream when Napoleon, addressing him in terms of courtesy and of heartfelt sympathy, assured him that he and all his friends should be protected

from harm. He issued a proclamation enjoining it upon the army to regard these unfortunate men as countrymen and as brothers, and to treat them with all possible kindness. The versatile troops instantly imbibed the humane spirit of their beloved chief. This led to a number of very affecting scenes. Many of the soldiers recognized their former pastors, and these unhappy exiles, long accustomed to scorn and insult, wept with gratitude in being again addressed in terms of respect and affection. Napoleon was censured for this clemency. "How is it possible," he wrote to the Directory, "not to pity these unhappy men? They weep on seeing us." The French emigrant priests were quite a burden upon the convents in Italy, where they had taken refuge, and the Italian priests were quite ready, upon the arrival of the French army, to drive them away, on the pretext that by harboring the emigrants they should draw down upon themselves the vengeance of the Republican army. Napoleon issued a decree commanding the convents to receive them, and to furnish them with every thing necessary for their support and comfort. In that most singular vein of latent humor which pervaded his nature, he enjoined that the French priests should make remuneration for this hospitality in prayers and masses, at the regular market price. He found the Jews in Ancona suffering under the most intolerable oppression, and immediately relieved them from all their disabilities.

The court of Naples, hoping to intimidate Napoleon from advancing upon the holy city, and not venturing openly to draw the sword against him, sent a minister to his camp, to act in the capacity of a spy. This envoy, Prince Pignatelli, assuming an air of great mystery and confidential kindness, showed Napoleon a letter from the Queen of Naples, proposing to send an army of thirty thousand men to protect the Pontiff. "I thank you," said Napoleon, "for this proof of your confidence, and will repay you in the same way." Opening the portfolio of papers relating to Naples, he exhibited to him a copy of a dispatch, in which the contemplated movement was not only anticipated, but provision made, in case it should be attempted, for marching an army of twenty-five thousand men to take possession of the capital, and compel the royal family to seek refuge in Sicily. An extraordinary courier was dispatched in the night to inform the Queen of the manner in which the insinuation had been received. Nothing more was heard of the Neapolitan interference.

Napoleon was now within three days' march of Rome. Consternation reigned in the Vatican. Embassadors were hastily sent to Napoleon's headquarters at Tolentino, to implore the clemency of the conqueror. The horses were already harnessed to the state carriages, and Pope Pius the Sixth was just descending the stairs for flight, when a messenger arrived from Napoleon informing the Pope that he need apprehend no personal violence, that Napoleon was contending only for peace. The Directory, exasperated by

the unrelenting hostility and the treachery of the Pope, enjoined it upon Napoleon to enter into no negotiations with him, but immediately to deprive him of all temporal power. Napoleon, however, understood fanatical human nature too well to attempt such a revolution. Disregarding the wishes of the government at home, he treated the Pope with that gentlemanly deference and respect which was due to his exalted rank, as a temporal and a spiritual prince. The treaty of Tolentino was soon concluded. Its simple terms were peace with France, the acknowledgment of the Cispadane Republic, and a renewed promise that the stipulations of the preceding armistice should be faithfully performed. Even the Pope could not refrain from expressions of gratitude in view of the moderation of his victor. Napoleon insisted for a long time upon the suppression of the inquisition. But out of complaisance to the Pope, who most earnestly entreated that it might not be suppressed, assuring Napoleon that it no longer was what it had been, but that it was now rather a tribunal of police than of religious opinion, Napoleon desisted from pressing the article. All this was achieved in nine days. Napoleon now returned to Mantua, and prepared for his bold march upon Vienna.

Notwithstanding the singular moderation displayed by Napoleon in these victories, the most atrocious libels respecting his conduct were circulated by his foes throughout Europe. To exasperate the Catholics he was reported to have seized the venerable Pope by his gray hairs, and thus to have dragged him about the room. One day Napoleon was reading one of these virulent libels, describing him as a perfect monster of licentiousness, blood-thirstiness, and crime. At times he shrugged his shoulders, and again laughed heartily, but did not betray the least sign of anger. To one who expressed surprise at this, he said, "It is the truth only which gives offense. Every body knows that I was not by nature inclined to debauchery, and moreover the multiplicity of my affairs allowed me no time for such vices. Still persons will be found who will believe these things. But how can that be helped? If it should enter any one's head to put in print that I had grown hairy and walked on four paws, there are people who would believe it, and who would say that God had punished me as he did Nebuchadnezzar. And what could I do? There is no remedy in such cases."

THE STORY OF REYNARD THE FOX.*

ABOUT the feast of Whitsuntide, when the woods were in their lustyhood and gallantry, when every tree was clothed in the green and white livery of glorious leaves and sweet-smelling blossoms, when the earth was covered with her fairest mantle of flowers, and the sweet birds entertained the groves with the delight of their harmonious songs, the Lion, the Royal King of Beasts, made solemn proclamation that all

quadrupeds whatsoever should attend his court, and celebrate this great festival.

Now when the King had assembled all his subjects together, there was no one absent save Reynard the Fox, against whom many grievous accusations were laid. First came Isegrim the Wolf, with all his family and kindred, who, standing before the King, complained loudly how that Reynard had ill-treated his wife and children. Then there came a little hound named Curtsie, who accused the fox of having stolen his pudding in the extreme cold winter-time, when he was nigh dying of starvation. But scarcely had the hound finished his tale, when, with a fiery countenance, in sprang Tibert the Cat, and accused Curtsie of having stolen this pudding from himself, and declared that Reynard had righteously taken it away.

Then rose the Panther: "Do you imagine, Tibert," quoth he, "that Reynard ought not to be complained of? The whole world knows that he is a murderer, a vagabond, and a thief."

Then quoth Grimbard the Badger, Reynard's nephew: "It is a common proverb, *Malice never spake well*: what can you say against my kinsman the fox? All these complaints seem to me to be either absurd or false. Mine uncle is a gentleman, and can not endure falsehood. I affirm that he liveth as a recluse; he chastiseth his body, and weareth a shirt of hair-cloth. It is above a year since he hath eaten any flesh; he hath forsaken his castle Malepardus, and abandoned all his wealth; he lives only upon alms and good men's charities, doing infinite penance for his sins; so that he has become pale and lean with praying and fasting."

While Grimbard was still speaking, there came down the hill Chanticleer the Cock, and with him two hens, who brought with them on a bier their dead sister Copple, who had just been murdered by Reynard. Chanticleer smote piteously his feathers, and, kneeling before the King, spake in this manner:

"Most merciful and my great Lord the King, vouchsafe, I beseech you, to hear our complaint,

every dialect spoken by the Teutonic race. "Among the people," says Carlyle, "it was long a house-book, and universal best-companion; it has been lectured on in universities, quoted in imperial council-halls; it lay on the toilets of princesses, and was thumbed to pieces on the work-bench of the artisan; we hear of grave men ranking it next to the Bible. . . . It comes before us with a character such as can belong only to a very few; that of being a true world's book, which through centuries was every where at home, and the spirit of which diffused itself through all languages and all minds." The translation which we present is from the old Low-German version, which, by superseding all previous ones, has come to be considered the recognized form of the tale. Goethe has expanded it into a long poem, for which Kaulbach designed some forty illustrations, forming the finest series of pictures ever produced for the illustration of a single book. Hermann Plouquet of Stuttgart, has contributed to the Great Exhibition in London a display of animals stuffed in the most comic attitudes. A portion of these are in illustration of Reynard the Fox, the designs of Kaulbach serving as models. The illustrations which we furnish are taken from daguerreotype pictures of these animals, and afford a striking example of the expression which the animal face and figure are capable of conveying.

* The Story of Reynard the Fox, in prose and in rhyme, has for centuries been the favorite popular tale in Europe. We can not go back to the time when it was not told in



REYNARD AT HOME (PAGE 742)

and redress the injuries which Reynard the Fox has done to me and my children. Not longer ago than last April, when the weather was fair, and I was in the height of my pride and glory, because of my eight valiant sons and seven fair daughters, who were strong and fat, and who walked in safety in a yard well-fenced round, wherein also were several large dogs for their protection, Reynard, that false and dissembling traitor, came to me in the likeness of a hermit, and brought me a letter to read, sealed with your Majesty's seal, in which I found written, that your Highness had made peace throughout all your realm, and that no manner of beast or fowl should do injury one to another; affirming unto me, that, for his own part, he was become a monk, vowing to perform a daily penance for his sins; showing unto me his beads, his books,

and the hair shirt next to his skin; saying, in humble wise, unto me, 'Sir Chanticleer, never henceforth be afraid of me, for I have vowed never more to eat flesh. I am now waxed old, and would only remember my soul; therefore I take my leave, for I have yet my noon and my evensong to say.' Which spake, he departed, saying his *Credo* as he went, and laid him down under a hawthorn. At this I was exceeding glad, that I took no heed, but went and clucked my children together, and walked without the wall, which I shall ever rue; for false Reynard, lying under a bush, came creeping betwixt us and the gate, and suddenly surprised one of my children, which he trussed up and bore away, to my great sorrow; for, having tasted the sweetness of our flesh, neither hunter nor hound can protect or keep him from us. Night and day h

waits upon us, with that greediness, that of fifteen of my children, he hath left me but four unslaughtered; and yesterday, Copple, my daughter, which here lieth dead on this bier, was, after her murder, rescued from him. This is my complaint, and this I leave to your Highness's mercy to take pity on me, and the loss of my fair children."

Then spake the King; "Sir Grimbard, hear you this of your uncle the recluse? he hath fasted and prayed well: believe me, if I live a year, he shall dearly abide it. As for you, Chanticleer, your complaint is heard, and shall be cured; to your daughter that is dead we will give the rites of burial, and with solemn dirges bring her to the earth, with worship."

After this the King sent for his lords and wisest counselors, to consult how this foul mur-

der of Reynard's might be punished. And in the end, it was concluded that Reynard should be sent for, and without all excuse, he should be commanded to appear before the King, to answer whatever trespasses should be objected against him; and that this message should be delivered by Bruin the Bear.

To all this the King gave consent, and calling the bear before him, he said, "Sir Bruin, it is our pleasure that you deliver this message, yet in the delivery thereof have great regard to yourself; for Reynard is full of policy, and knoweth how to dissemble, flatter, and betray; he hath a world of snares to entangle you withal, and without great exercise of judgment, will make a scorn and mock of the best wisdom breathing."

"My Lord," answered Sir Bruin, "let me alone with Reynard; I am not such a truant in





SIR TIBERT DELIVERING THE KING'S MESSAGE. (PAGE 746.)

discretion to become a mock to his knavery;" and thus, full of jollity, the bear departed.

The next morning Bruin set out in quest of the fox; and after passing through a dark forest and over a high mountain, he came to Maleparlus, Reynard's chiefest and most ancient castle. Reynard was at home, and pretended to be ill with eating too much honey. When the bear heard this, he was extremely desirous of knowing where such excellent food could be obtained; and Reynard promised to take him to a garden where he should find more honey-combs than ten bears could eat at a meal. But the treacherous rascal took him to a carpenter's yard, where lay the trunk of a huge oak-tree, half-riven asunder, with two great wedges in it, so that the cleft stood a great way open. "Behold now, dear uncle," said the fox, "within this tree is so much honey that it is unmeasurable."

The bear, in great haste, thrust his nose at fore-paws into the tree; and immediately Reynard pulled out the two great wedges, and caught Bruin in so sharp a trap, that the poor beast howled with pain. This noise quickly brought out the carpenter, who, perceiving how matters stood, alarmed the whole village, who came and belabored the bear's sides with sticks and hoes and pitchforks, until, mad with rage, he tore his bleeding face and paws from the tree, and rushed blindly into a river that ran close by, knocking into the water with him many of the villagers, and among them, Dame Julock, the parson's wife, for whose sake every one bestirred himself; and so poor Bruin got safe away. After some delay, the bear returned to the court, where, in dismal accents, he recounted the sad trick that Reynard had played him.

Then said the King, "Now, by my crown, I

will take such revenge as shall make that traitor tremble;" and sending for his counselors, they decided that Reynard should be again summoned to court, and that Tibert the Cat should be the bearer of the message. "It is your wisdom, Sir Tibert, I employ," said the great King, "and not your strength: many prevail with art, when violence returns with lost labor."

So Tibert made ready, and set out with the King's letter to Malepardus, where he found the fox standing before his castle-gates; to whom Tibert said, "Health to my fair cousin Reynard; the King, by me, summons you to the court, in which if you fail, there is nothing more assured unto you than a cruel and a sudden death."

The fox answered, "Welcome, dear cousin Tibert; I obey your command, and wish my Lord the King infinite days of happiness; only let me entreat

you to rest with me to-night, and take such cheer as my simple house affordeth, and to-morrow, as early as you will, we will go toward the court, for I have no kinsman I trust so dearly as yourself."

Tibert replied, "You speak like a noble gentleman; and methinks it is best now to go forward, for the moon shines as bright as day."

"Nay, dear cousin," said the fox, "let us take the day before us, so may we encounter with our friends; the night is full of danger."

"Well," said the cat, "if it be your pleasure, I am content; what shall we eat?"

Reynard said, "Truly my store is small; the best I have is a honey-comb, pleasant and sweet; what think you of it?"

To which Tibert replieth, "It is meat I little respect, and seldom eat; I had rather have one mouse than all the honey in Europe."





REYNARD ON HIS PILGRIMAGE TO ROME. (PAGE 751.)

"A mouse!" said Reynard; "why, my dear cousin, here dwelleth a priest hard by, who hath a barn by his house so full of mice, that I think half the wagons in the parish are not able to bear them."

"Oh, dear Reynard," quoth the cat, "do but lead me thither, and make me your servant forever."

"Why," said the fox, "love you mice so exceedingly?"

"Beyond expression," quoth the cat.

Then away they went with all speed to the priest's barn, which was well walled about with a mud wall, where, but the night before, the fox had broken in and stolen an exceeding fat hen, at which the priest was so angry, that he had set a snare before the hole to catch him at his next coming, which the false fox knew of; and therefore said to the cat, "Sir Tibert, creep in at this hole, and believe it, you shall not tarry a minute's space but you shall have more mice than you are able to devour; hark, you may hear how they peep. When you have eaten your fill, come again, and I will stay and await for you here at this hole, that to-morrow we may go together to the court;

but, good cousin, stay not too long, for I know my wife will hourly expect us."

Then Tibert sprang quickly in at the hole, but was presently caught fast by the neck in the snare, which as soon as the cat felt, he quickly leaped back again; and the snare running close together, he was half-strangled, so that he began to struggle and cry out and exclaim most piteously.

Then the priest, hearing the outcry, alarmed all his servants, crying out, "The Fox is taken!" and away they all ran to where poor Tibert was caught in the snare, and, without finding out their mistake, they beat him most unmercifully, and cruelly wounded one of his eyes. The cat, mad with pain, suddenly gnawed the cord, and seizing the priest by the legs, bit him and tore him in such a way that he fell down in a swoon, and then, as every one ran to help his master, Tibert leaped out of the hole, and limped as fast as his wounded legs would carry him to the court where the King was infinitely angry at the treatment he had received.

Then Grimbard the Badger, Reynard's nephew, fearing it was likely to go hard with his uncle, offered to go to Malepardus and take the King's

message to his most subtle kinsman; to which his Majesty graciously consented. So Grimbard set forth; and when he came to Malepardus, he found Reynard with Dame Ermelin his wife, sporting with their children. When Grimbard had delivered the King's letter, Reynard found that it would be better for him to show himself at court at once; so bidding an affectionate farewell to his dear wife and children, he immediately set out with the badger to go with him before the King. On his way, Reynard, remembering the heavy crimes he had committed, and fearing that his end was at hand, desired of the holy Grimbard, who had always led a hermit's life, that he would hear him confess, and set him a penance for his sins. Grimbard bade him proceed. And the fox confessed how shamefully he had ill-used the bear, and the cat, and the

wolf, and Chanticleer's children, and many other ill-doings during his life; and when he had finished, he knelt before Grimbard, and said, "Thus have I told you my wickedness; now order my penance, as shall seem fit in your discretion."

Grimbard was both learned and wise; and therefore brake a rod from a tree, and said, "Uncle, you shall three times strike your body with this rod, and then lay it down upon the ground, and spring three times over it without bowing your legs or stumbling; then shall you take it up and kiss it gently, in sign of meekness and obedience to your penance; which done, you are absolved of your sins committed up to this day, for I pronounce unto you clear remission."

At this the fox was exceeding glad; and immediately he performed the penance to Grimbard's satisfaction. But as they went journeying



on, it happened that they passed by the poultry-yard of a convent; and as one young cock strayed far from the rest, Reynard leaped at him, and caught him by the feathers, but the cock escaped.

"Villain that you are," said Grimbard, "will you, for a silly pullet, fall again into your sins?"

To which Reynard answered, "Pardon me, dear nephew, I had forgotten myself; but I will ask forgiveness, and mine eye shall no more wander."

However, Grimbard noted that he turned many times to look at the poultry. But soon afterward they arrived at the court.

As soon as it was bruited in the court that Reynard the Fox and Grimbard his kinsman were arrived there, every one, from the highest to the lowest, prepared himself to complain of the fox; at which Reynard's heart quaked, but his countenance kept the old look, and he went as proudly as ever he was wont with his nephew through the high street, and came as gallantly into the court as if he had been the King's son, and as clear from trespass as the most innocent whosoever; and when he came before the chair of state in which the King sat, he said, "Heaven give your Majesty glory and renown above all the princes of the earth."

But the King cut him short at these words, and said, "Peace, traitorous Reynard; think you I can be caught with the music of your words? no, it hath too oft deceived me; the peace which I commanded and swore unto, that have you broken."

Then Bellin the Ram, and Oleway his wife, and Bruin the Bear, and Tibert the Cat, and Isegrim the Wolf, and Kyward the Hare, and Bruel the Goose, and Baldwin the Ass, and Bortle the Bull, and Hamel the Ox, and Chanticleer the Cock, and Partlett the Hen, and many others, came forward; and all these with one entire noise cried out against the fox, and so moved the King with their complaints, that the fox was taken and arrested.

Upon this arrest a parliament was called; and notwithstanding that he answered every objection severally, and with great art, Reynard was condemned, and judgment was given that he should be hanged till his body was dead; at which sentence the fox cast down his head, for all his jollity was lost, and no flattery nor no words now prevailed.

Then Isegrim on the one side and Bruin on the other led the poor fox to the gallows, Tibert running before with the halter. And when they were come to the place of execution, the King and the Queen, and all the rest of the nobility, took their places to see the fox die.

When all things were prepared, the fox said, "Now my heart is heavy, for death stands in all his horror before me, and I can not escape. My dread Lord the King, and you my sovereign Lady the Queen, and you my lords that stand to behold me die, I beseech you grant me this charitable boon, that I may unlock my heart before you, and clear my soul of her burdens, so that hereafter no man may be blamed for me; which done, my death will be easy."

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Every creature now took compassion on the fox, and said his request was small, beseeching the King to grant it, which was done; and then the fox thus spake, "Help me, Heaven, for I see no man here whom I have not offended; yet was this evil no natural inclination in me, for in my youth I was accounted as virtuous as any breathing. This know, I have played with the lambs all the day long, and taken delight in their pretty bleating; yet at last in my play I bit one, and the taste of its blood was so sweet unto me, that I approved the flesh, and both were so good, that since I could never forbear it. This liquorish humor drew me into the woods among the goats, where hearing the bleating of the little kids, I slew one of them, and afterward two more, which slaughter made me so hardy, that then I fell to murder hens, geese, and other poultry. And thus my crimes increased by custom, and fury so possessed me, that all was fish which came to my net. After this, in the winter season, I met with Isegrim, where, as he lay hid under a hollow tree, he unfolded unto me how he was my uncle, and laid the pedigree down so plain, that from that day forth we became fellows and companions; which knot of friendship I may ever curse, for then began the flood of our thefts and slaughters. He stole the great things, I the small; he murdered nobles, I the mean subjects; and in all our actions his share was still ever the greatest: when he got a ram or a calf, his fury would hardly afford me the horns to pick on; nay, when he had an ox or a cow, after himself, his wife, and his seven children were served, nothing remained to me but the bare bones to pick. This I speak not in that I wanted (for it is well known I have more plate, jewels, and coin than twenty carts are able to carry), but only to show his ingratitude."

When the King heard him speak of this infinite treasure and riches, his heart grew inflamed with a desire thereof; and he said, "Reynard, where is that treasure you speak of?"

The fox answered: "My Lord, I shall willingly tell you, for it is true the wealth was stolen; and had it not been stolen in that manner which it was, it had cost your Highness your life (which Heaven, I beseech, keep ever in protection)."

When the Queen heard that dangerous speech, she started, and said: "What dangers are these you speak of, Reynard? I do command you, upon your soul's health, to unfold these doubtful speeches, and to keep nothing concealed which concerns the life of my dread Lord."

Then the fox in these words unfolded to the King and Queen this most foul treason: "Know, then, my dread sovereign Lord the King, that my father, by a strange accident, digging in the ground, found out King Ermerick's great treasure—a mass of jewels infinite and innumerable; of which being possessed, he grew so proud and haughty, that he held in scorn all the beasts of the wilderness, which before had been his kinsmen and companions. At last he caused Tibert the Cat to go into the vast forest of Arden to

Bruin the Bear, and to tender to him his homage and fealty; and to say that if it would please him to be king, he should come into Flanders, where he would show him means how to set the crown upon his head. Bruin was glad of this embassy (for he was exceeding ambitious, and had long thirsted for sovereignty), and thereupon came into Flanders, where my father received him nobly. Then presently he sent for the wise Grimbard, my nephew, and for Isegrim the Wolf, and for Tibert the Cat; then these five coming between Gaunt and the village called Elfe, they held a solemn council for the space of a whole night, in which, by the assistance of the evil one, and the strong confidence of my father's riches, it was there concluded that your Majesty should be forthwith murdered; which to effect, they took a solemn oath in this manner: the bear, my father, the badger, and the cat, laying their hands on Isegrim's crown, swore, first to make Bruin their king, and to place him in the chair of estate at Acon, and to set the imperial diadem on his head; and if by any of your Majesty's blood and alliance they should be gainsaid, that then my father with his treasure should hire those which should utterly chase and root them out of the forest. Now after this determination held and finished, it happened that my nephew Grimbard being on a time high flown with wine, he discovered this dread plot to Dame Slopecade, his wife, commanding her upon her life to keep secret the same; but she, forgetful of her charge, disclosed it in confession to my wife, as they went a pilgrimage over an heath, with like conjuration of secrecy. But she, woman-like, contained it no longer than till she met with me, and gave me a full knowledge of all that had passed, yet so as by all means that I must keep it secret too, for she had sworn by the Three Kings of Cologne never to disclose it: and withal she gave me such assurance by certain tokens, that I right well found all was true which she had spoken; insomuch that the very affright thereof made my hair stand upright, and my heart become like lead, cold and heavy in my bosom.

"But to proceed from this sorrow, I began to meditate how I might undo my father's false and wicked conspiracies, who sought to bring a base traitor and a slave into the throne imperial; for I well perceived, as long as he held the treasure, there was a possibility of deposing your Majesty. And this troubled my thought exceedingly, so that I labored how I might find out where my father's treasure was hid; and to that end I watched and attended night and day in the woods, in the bushes, and in the open fields; nay in all places wheresoever my father laid his eyes, there was I ever watching and attending. Now it happened on a time, as I was laid down flat on the ground, I saw my father come running out of a hole, and as soon as he was come out, he gazed round about him, to see if any discovered him; then seeing the coast clear, he stopped the hole with sand, and made it so even, smooth, and plain, that no curious eye could discern a differ-

ence betwixt it and the other earth; and where the print of his foot remained, that with his tail he stroked over, and with his mouth so smoothed, that no man might perceive it: and indeed that and many other subtleties I learned of him there at that instant. When he had thus finished, away he went toward the village about his private affairs. Then I went presently toward the hole, and notwithstanding all his subtlety, I quickly found it; then I entered the cave, where I found that innumerable quantity of treasure, which can not be expressed; which found, I took Ermelin my wife to help me; and we ceased not, day nor night, with infinite great toil and labor, to carry and convey away this treasure to another place, much more convenient for us, where we laid it safe from the search of any creature.

"Thus by my art only was the treason of Bruin defeated, for which I now suffer. From hence sprang all my misfortune, as thus: these foul traitors, Bruin and Isegrim, being of the King's privatest council, and sitting in high and great authority, tread upon me, poor Reynard, and work my disgrace; notwithstanding, for your Majesty's sake, I have lost my natural father. O my dread Lord, what is he, or who can tender you a better affection, thus to lose himself to save you?"

Then the King and Queen, having great hope to get this inestimable treasure from Reynard, took him from the gibbet; and the King, taking a straw from the ground, pardoned the fox of all his trespasses which either he or his father had ever committed. If the fox now began to smile, it was no wonder; the sweetness of life required it: yet he fell down before the King and Queen, and humbly thanked them for mercy, protesting that for that favor he would make them the richest princes in the world.

Then the King began to inquire where all these treasures were hid, and Reynard told that he had hid them in a wood called Hustreloe, near a river named Crekinpit. But when the King said that he had never heard of such a place, Reynard called forth Kyward the Hare from among the rest of the beasts, and commanded him to come before the King, charging him, upon his faith and allegiance which he bore to the King and Queen, to answer truly to such questions as he should ask him.

The hare answered, "I will speak truth in all things, though I were sure to die for the same."

Then the fox said, "Know you not where Crekinpit floweth?"

"Yes," said the hare, "I have known it any time these dozen years; it runneth in a wood called Hustreloe, upon a vast and wide wilderness."

"Well," said the fox, "you have spoken sufficiently; go to your place again;" so away went the hare.

Then said the fox, "My sovereign Lord the King, what say you now to my relation; am I worthy your belief or no?"

The King said, "Yes, Reynard, and I beseech

thee excuse my jealousies ; it was my ignorance which did the evil ; therefore forthwith make preparation that we may go to this pit where the treasure lieth."

But the fox answered that he could not go with his Majesty without dishonor ; for that at present he was under excommunication, and that it was necessary that he should go to Rome to be absolved, and that from thence he intended to travel in the Holy Land. "The course you propose is good," said the King ; "go on and prosper in your intent."

Then the King mounted on a rock, and addressing his subjects, told them how that, for divers reasons best known to himself, he had freely given pardon to Reynard, who had cast his wickedness behind him, and would no more be guilty of wrong-doing ; and furthermore, he commanded them all to reverence and honor not only Reynard, but also his wife and children. At this, Isegrim the Wolf and Bruin the Bear inveighed against the fox in such an unseemly way, that his Majesty caused them both to be arrested for high treason. Now when the fox saw this, he begged of the Queen that he might have so much of the bear's skin as would make him a large scrip for his journey ; and also the skin of the wolf's feet for a pair of shoes, because of the stony ways he would have to pass over. To this the Queen consented, and Reynard saw his orders executed.

The next morning Reynard caused his new shoes to be well oiled, and made them fit his feet as tightly as they had fitted the wolf's. And the King commanded Bellin the Ram to say mass before the fox ; and when he had sung mass and used many ceremonies over the fox, he hung about Reynard's neck his rosary of beads, and gave him into his hands a palmer's staff.

Then the King took leave of him, and commanded all that were about him, except the bear and the wolf, to attend Reynard some part of his journey. Oh ! he that had seen how gallant and personable Reynard was, and how well his staff and his mail became him, as also how fit his shoes were for his feet, it could not have chosen but have stirred in him very much laughter. But when they had got onward on their way, the fox entreated all the beasts to return and pray for him, and only begged of Bellin the Ram and Kyward the Hare that they would accompany him as far as Malepardus.

Thus marched these three together ; and when Reynard was come to the gates of his own house, he said to Bellin, "Cousin, I will entreat you to stay here without a little, while I and Kyward go in." Bellin was well content ; and so the fox and the hare went into Malepardus, where they found Dame Ermelin lying on the ground with her younglings about her, who had sorrowed exceedingly for the loss and danger of her husband ; but when she saw his return, her joy was ten times doubled. But beholding his mail, his staff, and his shoes, she grew into great admiration, and said, "Dear husband, how have you fared?" so he told all that had passed with him at the

King's court, as well his danger as his release, and that now he was to go a pilgrimage. As for Kyward, he said the King had bestowed him upon them, to do with him what they pleased, affirming that Kyward was the first that had complained of him, for which, questionless, he vowed to be sharply revenged.

When Kyward heard these words, he was much appalled, and would fain have fled away, but he could not, for the fox had got between him and the gate ; who presently seized the hare by the neck, at which the hare cried unto Bellin for help, but could not be heard, for the fox in a trice had torn out his throat ; which done, he, his wife, and young ones feasted therewith merrily, eating the flesh, and drinking to the King's health.

All this while stood Bellin the Ram at the gate, and grew exceedingly angry both against the fox and the hare, that they made him wait so long ; and therefore called out aloud for Reynard to come away, which when Reynard heard, he went forth, and said softly to the ram, "Good Bellin, be not offended, for Kyward is in earnest conference with his dearest aunt, and entreated me to say unto you, that if you would please to walk before he would speedily overtake you, for he is light of foot and speedier than you : nor will his aunt part with him thus suddenly, for she and her children are much perplexed at my departure.

"Ay, but," quoth Bellin, "methought I heard Kyward cry for help."

"How! cry for help! can you imagine he shall receive hurt in my house? far be such a thought from you ; but I will tell you the reason. As soon as we were come into my house, and that Ermelin my wife understood of my pilgrimage, presently she fell down in a swoon, which, when Kyward saw, he cried aloud, 'O Bellin, come, help my aunt, she dies, she dies!'"

Then said the ram : "In sadness, I mistook the cry, and thought the hare had been in danger."

"It was your too much care of him," said the fox. "But, letting this discourse pass, you remember, Bellin, that yesterday the King and his council commanded me that, before I departed from the land, I should send unto him two letters, which I have made ready, and will entreat you, my dearest cousin, to bear them to his Majesty."

The ram answered : "I would willingly do you the service if there be nothing but honorable matter contained in your letters ; but I am unprovided of any thing to carry them in."

The fox said : "That is provided for you already, for you shall have my mail, which you may conveniently hang about your neck ; I know they will be thankfully received of his Majesty, for they contain matter of great importance."

Then Bellin promised to carry them. So the fox returned into his house, and took the mail, and put therein the head of Kyward, and brought it to the ram, and gave him a great charge not to look therein till it was presented to the King, as he did expect the King's favor ; and that he

might further endear himself with his Majesty, he bade the ram take upon him the inditing of the letters, "which will be so pleasing to the King, that questionless he will pour upon you many favors."

This said, Bellin took leave of the fox and went toward the court, in which journey he made such speed, that he came thither before noon, where he found the King in his palace sitting among the nobility.

The king wondered when he saw the ram come in with the mail, which was made of the bear's skin, and said: "Whence comest thou, Bellin, and where is the fox, that you have that mail about you?"

Bellin answered: "My dread Lord, I attended the noble fox to his house, where, after some repose, he desired me to bear certain letters to your Majesty of infinite great importance, to which I easily consented. Wherefore he delivered me the letters inclosed in this mail, which letters I myself indited, and I doubt not but they are such as will give your highness both contentment and satisfaction." Presently the King commanded the letters to be delivered to Bocart, his secretary, who was an excellent linguist and understood all languages, that he might read them publicly; so that he and Tibert the Cat took the mail from Bellin's neck, and opening the same instead of letters they drew out the head of Kyward the Hare, at which being amazed, they said: "Wo and alas, what letters call you these? Believe it, my dread Lord, here is nothing but the head of poor murdered Kyward."

Which the King seeing, he said, "Alas, how unfortunate was I to believe the traitorous fox!" And with that, being oppressed with anger, grief, and shame, he held down his head for a good space, and so did the Queen also. But in the end, shaking his curled locks, he groaned out such a dreadful noise, that all the beasts of the forest did tremble to hear it.

Then the King, full of wrath, commanded the bear and the wolf to be released from prison, and gave to them and to their heirs forever Bellin and all his generation.

Thus was peace made between the King and these nobles, and Bellin the Ram was forthwith slain by them; and all these privileges doth the wolf hold to this hour, nor could ever any reconciliation be made between the wolf's and the ram's kindred. When this peace was thus finished, the King, for joy thereof, proclaimed a feast to be held for twelve days after, which was done with all solemnity.

To this feast came all manner of wild beasts, for it was known through the whole kingdom, nor was there wanting any pleasure that could be imagined. Also to this feast resorted abundance of feathered fowl, and all other creatures that held peace with his Majesty, and no one missing but the fox only.

Now after this feast had thus continued in all pomp the space of eight days, about high noon came Laprell the Rabbit before the King and Queen, as they sat at dinner, and with a heavy

and lamentable voice said, "My gracious and great Lord, have pity upon my misery and attend to my complaint, which is of great violence which Reynard the Fox would yesterday have committed against me. As I passed by the castle of Malepardus, supposing to go peaceably toward my nest, I saw the fox, standing without his gates, attired like a pilgrim and telling his beads so devoutly, that I saluted him; but he, returning no answer, stretched forth his right foot, and with his pilgrim's staff gave me such a blow on the neck between the head and shoulders, that I imagined my head had been stricken from my body; but yet so much memory was left me that I leaped from his claws, though most grievously hurt and wounded. At this he was wrathful extremely, because I escaped; only of one of my ears he utterly deprived me, which I beseech your Majesty in your royal nature to pity, and that this bloody murderer may not live thus to afflict your poor subjects."

The royal King was much moved with anger when he heard this complaint, so that his eyes darted out fire among the beams of majesty; his countenance was dreadful and cruel to look on, and the whole court trembled to behold him. In the end he said, "By my crown, I will so revenge these outrages committed against my dignity, that goodness shall adore me, and the wicked shall die with the remembrance; his falsehood and flattery shall no more get belief in me. Is this his journey to Rome and to the Holy Land? are these the fruits of his mail, his staff, and other ornaments becoming a devout pilgrim? Well, he shall find the reward of his treason. I will besiege Malepardus instantly, and destroy Reynard and his generation from the earth forever."

When Grimbard heard this, he grew exceedingly sorry, and stealing from the rest, he made all haste to Malepardus, and told to his uncle all that had happened. Reynard received him with great courtesy, and the next morning accompanied him back to court, confessing on his way many heinous sins, and obtaining absolution from the badger. The King received him with a severe and stately countenance, and immediately asked him touching the complaint of Laprell the Rabbit.

To which Reynard made answer, "Indeed, sire, what Laprell received he most richly deserved. I gave him a cake when he was hungry; and when my little son Rossel wanted to share a bit, the rabbit struck him on the mouth and made his teeth bleed; whereupon my eldest son Reynardine forthwith leaped upon him, and would have slain him had I not gone to the rescue." Then the rabbit, fearing Reynard, stole away out of court.

"But," quoth the King, "I must charge you with another foul treason. When I had pardoned all your great transgressions, and you had promised me to go a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; when I had furnished you with mail, scrip, and all things fitting that holy order; then, in the greatest despite, you sent me back in the mail, by Bellin the Ram, the head of Kyward the

Hare; a thing so notoriously to my disgrace and dishonor, that no treason can be fouler."

Then spake Reynard to the King, and said, "Alas, my sovereign Lord, what is that you have said? Is good Kyward the Hare dead? Oh, where is then Bellin the Ram, or what did he bring to your Majesty at his return? For it is certain I delivered him three rich and inestimable jewels, I would not for the wealth of India they should be detained from you; the chief of them I determined for you my Lord the King, and the other two for my sovereign Lady the Queen."

"But," said the King, "I received nothing but the head of poor murdered Kyward, for which I executed the ram, he having confessed the deed to be done by his advice and counsel."

"Is this true?" said the fox; "then woe is me that ever I was born, for there are lost the goodliest jewels that ever were in the possession of any prince living; would I had died when you were thus defrauded, for I know it will be the death of my wife, nor will she ever henceforth esteem me."

Then Reynard told the King and Queen of the great value of these inestimable jewels. One was a gold ring, another a comb polished like unto fine silver, and the third was a glass mirror; and so great were the virtues of this rare glass that Reynard shed tears to think of the loss of it. When the fox had told all this, he thus concluded, "If any one can charge me with crime and prove it by witness, here I stand to endure the uttermost the law can inflict upon me; but if malice only slander me without witness, I crave the combat, according to the law and instance of the court."

Then said the King, "Reynard, you say well, nor know I any thing more of Kyward's death than the bringing of his head unto me by Bellin the Ram; therefore of it I here acquit you."

"My dear Lord," said the fox, "I humbly thank you; yet is his death grievous unto me."

But Isegrim the Wolf was not content with this conclusion, and defied the fox to mortal combat. This challenge the fox accepted; and the next day was appointed for the meeting.

When all the ceremonies were done, and none but the combatants were in the lists, the wolf went toward the fox with infinite rage and fury, thinking to take him in his fore-feet; but the fox leaped nimbly from him, and the wolf pursued him, so that there began a tedious chase between them, on which their friends gazed. The wolf taking larger strides than the fox, often overtook him, and lifted up his feet to strike him; but the fox avoided the blow, and smote him on the face with his tail, so that the wolf was stricken almost blind, and was forced to rest while he cleared his eyes; which advantage when Reynard saw, he scratched up the dust with his feet, and threw it in the eyes of the wolf. This grieved him worse than the former, so that he durst follow him no longer, for the dust and sand sticking in his eyes smarted so sore, that of force he must rub and wash it away; which Reynard seeing, with all

the fury he had he ran upon him, and with his teeth gave him three sore wounds on his head.

Then the wolf being enraged, said, "I will make an end of this combat, for I know my very weight is able to crush him to pieces; and I lose much of my reputation to suffer him thus long to contend against me." And this said, he struck the fox again so sore a blow on the head with his foot, that he fell down to the ground; and ere he could recover himself and arise, the wolf caught him in his feet and threw him under him, lying upon him in such wise, as if he would have pressed him to death.

Then the fox bethought himself how he might best get free: and thrusting his hand down, he caught the wolf fast by the belly, and he wrung him so extremely hard thereby, that he made him shriek and howl out with the anguish, and in the end the wolf fell over and over in a swoon; then presently Reynard leaped upon him, and drew him about the lists and dragged him by the legs, and struck, wounded, and bit him in many places, so that the whole field might take notice thereof.

Then a great shout was raised, the trumpets were sounded, and every one cried, "Honor to the fox for this glorious conquest." Reynard thanked them all kindly, and received their congratulations with great joy and gladness. And, the marshals going before, they went all to the King, guarding the fox on every side, all the trumpets, pipes, and minstrelsy sounding before him.

When Reynard came before the King he fell on his knees, but the King bade him stand up, and said to him, "Reynard, you may well rejoice, for you have won much honor this day; therefore here I discharge you, and set you free to go whither your own will leads you." So the court broke up, and every beast returned to his own home.

With Reynard, all his friends and kinsfolk, to the number of forty, took their leave also of the King, and went away with the fox, who was no little glad that he had sped so well, and stood so far in the King's favor; for now he had power enough to advance whom he pleased, and pull down any that envied his fortune.

After some travel the fox and his friends came to his borough or castle of Malepardus, where they all, in noble and courteous manner, took leave of each other, and Reynard did to every one of them great reverence, and thanked them for the love and honor he had received from them, protesting evermore to remain their faithful servant, and to send them in all things wherein his life or goods might be available unto them; and so they shook hands and departed.

Then the fox went to Dame Ermelin his wife, who welcomed him with great tenderness; and to her and her children he related at large all the wonders which had befallen him at court, and missed no tittle or circumstance therein. Then grew they proud that his fortune was so excellent; and the fox spent his days from thenceforth, with his wife and children, in great joy and content.

A STORY OF AN ORGAN.

"IT is haunted with an evil thing, believe me, sir. Never till the plowshare has passed over the place will men dwell there in peace."

The gray-headed speaker turned away, and left me alone to gaze on the mansion he had thus banned. I had heard the same when I was a child; the nurse had been chidden for talking of it in my presence, and my own questions on the subject had always been evaded. Strange that now, after thirty years' sojourning in a far-off land, I should come back to hear the same mystery alluded to, the same destiny foretold! The impressions were more than half effaced; but now, like the colors of a picture brought to light after long obscurity, they returned vividly to my mind. I gazed on the mansion; it was the only thing in the village of my birth that I found greatly changed; but in looking at this once stately Tudor hall I was reminded painfully how long I had been absent. When I last saw it, the sunshine had glowed upon the gables and mullions of a goodly mansion; the clear starlight now only showed a moss-grown ruin. The balustrades and urns were cracked and thrown down; there were no peacocks on the sloping lawn, and its once trim grass was overgrown with nettles and coltsfoot. The quaint-patterned beds of the garden, too, had lost the shapes of diamonds and stars, and, no longer glittering with flowers, were scarcely to be distinguished from the walks save by more luxuriant crops of weeds. The roof of the private chapel had recently fallen in, and little remained of the building but an exquisitely-sculptured window, amidst the tracery of which the wall-flower and the ivy had long taken the place of the herald's blazon. The shadow of all this ruined beauty was on my spirit; so being just in the humor for a ghostly legend, I determined, on my return, to ask my friend L., with whom I was spending a few days, for an explanation of the mystery. Thus much was readily told. Briarhurst had been suffered to fall into decay ever since old Sir Lambert's death; another branch of the family had become the possessors; and as no tenant staid there, the present owner intended very shortly to have it pulled down.

"Well, but what is the difficulty of living there?" said I. "It is quite possible, with the aid of a yearly run up to town in the season, and plenty of books, to exist even in that 'lonesome lodge' without hanging one's self. Do any lords spiritual interfere with one's repose?"

"Ring for Edward and Hetty, my dear," said L. to his wife. Then, turning to me, "Please don't allude to that subject before the children, or we shall have them both afraid to stir after dark."

My curiosity was balked again; so, after a more constrained evening than we had yet passed, I wished the family good night. My friend followed me out of the room.

"Look at that picture for five minutes, while I fetch something," said he, pointing to a portrait, evidently just rescued from damp and destruction that leant against the wall.

I obeyed. It represented a lady in a white morning dress of the fashion of a century ago. She was young and beautiful, with bright hair, and blue eyes of infinite depth and lustre. In her bosom she wore a curiously-shaped ruby brooch; a bracelet, set with the same stones, was clasped round the white arm that supported her head; and on her knee was an open book. Inscribed on its page was the name "Cicely Clayton," and the initials "L. E." She was apparently seated in some church or chapel, for over her head was a grotesque Gothic corbel, and the polished oak of a sombre-looking organ was visible in the back-ground. My eyes had wandered from the mild face, and I was pondering on the significance of the Cain and Abel on the carving, when L. returned.

"I see you are bent on hearing the legend. Professionally connected as I am with the Evrards and their affairs, it is not my place to encourage such tales; but you are nobody; and," he added, smiling, "I rather want to know your opinion of my style: I may turn author one of these days." So saying, he handed me a few sheets of exceedingly legal-looking paper, and, wishing me pleasant dreams, left me to the perusal of the following story.

From the time of the fourth Henry to the beginning of the present century, Briarhurst was in the possession of the Evrard family. The last baronet was a Sir Lambert Evrard; at the time I speak of, a gallant, hearty gentleman, who, after a youth spent amidst the brilliance and gayety of the court, the acquaintance of Walpole, and the worshiper of Lady Montague had, in the evening of his days, settled down at his country seat, a quiet country gentleman. He was not rich, for his father's extravagance had mortgaged and wasted every thing available. Worldly wisdom, undoubtedly, would have had Sir Lambert marry an heiress, but, most perversely, he chose the Daphne of his early love sonnets—a lady whose sweet voice and sparkling eyes had captivated him on his Italian travels. His wife had no fortune, so he could not afford to keep up a town house, and, soon after the birth of his first son, came to reside permanently at Briarhurst. They had two sons, whom the father, before they were three years old, had respectively destined for the bar and the army, and his time was principally occupied in their education. It was natural, in the then state of his affairs, that he should look forward to his sons distinguishing themselves, as the only means of restoring the family to its former position. Circumstances, however, pointed out another way by which the desired wealth might be more easily secured. On the death of a distant relative, Sir Lambert became the guardian of an orphan heiress; he earnestly hoped his eldest son would marry her, and thus fulfill the wish of his life. Contrary to the custom of the heroes and heroines of romance, who always wantonly thwart the desires of their parents and guardians in affairs of matrimony, young Lambert Evrard and his beautiful cousin, Cicely Clayton, glided imper-

ceptibly from childhood's pretty playing at man and wife to the more serious kind of love-making, and by the time they had reached respectively the ages of twenty and seventeen, their union was fixed on.

The young man was of a strangely meditative turn of mind; he was very studious, too, and had imbued his ladye love with a taste for the sombre musings and sage books he loved himself. There is one spot in the old garden—a knot of lindens shading a broken figure of Niobe—where I have often fancied those two lovers might have sat. It seems just the place for such an earnest, thoughtful love as theirs was, to hold communion in. Lambert inherited from his mother a rare skill in music; and he and Cicely would spend hours at the organ in the chapel, his fingers seeming unconsciously to wander over the keys, and his spirit apparently floating heavenward in the tide of glorious anthem and solemn symphony his art awakened. He was a painter, too; and many an hour would she sit before him as he sketched her lovely face, sometimes in the simple dress she wore at her books or work, at other times as the garlanded Pastorella, or the green-robed Laura of their favorite poets. His brother Maurice was seldom their companion in these pursuits. In disposition, and even in person, he was the very opposite of Lambert. When a child, his temper had been morose and reserved; and, as he grew up, all the unamiable points of his character became more conspicuous. In fact, he was galled perpetually by the manifest superiority of his brother, by his success in all he undertook, by his popularity with the tenantry, by Cicely's preference for him. He had great command of temper, however, and contrived to prevent any outbreaks of passion before his father or Cicely; but when alone with Lambert he would vent his ill-humor in sarcasms and taunts that would have bred innumerable quarrels, had the temper of the elder brother been a whit less equable than it was. But no human being is less prone to seek offense or contention than a gentle scholar whose poet-mind is just awakened by the spirit of love; and such was Lambert Evrard.

It was settled that the wedding should take place on Cicely's eighteenth birthday; and preparations had long been making for the ceremony and its attendant festival, when the destined bridegroom was suddenly taken ill. His physician never assigned a name to his complaint, and its origin appeared unaccountable. He was in danger for weeks; and on his being sufficiently recovered was immediately ordered abroad for change of air. The marriage was, of course, deferred till his health was re-established. Maurice, whose attention to his sick brother had been as exemplary as it was unexpected, accompanied him to the Continent. They had not been abroad three months before letters brought tidings of his brother's rapid convalescence. The soft Italian air was doing wonders for his enfeebled constitution; he was comparatively well, and they pur-

posed to prolong their absence, and convert the quest of health into a tour of pleasure. We may be sure that with the announcement of their intention came many a line of kind regret and wistful longing (lines destined to be read alone and often), many a leaf plucked from the haunts of song, and many a plaintive verse inscribed to Cicely. There were tears, perhaps, when the news of lengthened separation came; but the lady consoled herself with the reflection that it would prevent Lambert leaving her after their marriage, and give them both many happy hours of converse in the sunny days to come. All the hopes and promises of future happiness, however, were fated to be disappointed. The next letter that arrived brought news of a fearful calamity. Lambert Evrard was dead! The particulars of the accident were thus given in a letter written by a friend of Maurice's, for he himself was too much afflicted by the event to give any detailed account. It appeared that the brothers had set out with the intention of ascending one of the loftiest peaks in the Tyrol, and had started overnight, that they might reach the summit in time to see the glories of an Alpine sunrise. The guide left them for a moment to see whether a stream was fordable, when Lambert, attempting, against his brother's advice, to pass a ledge of rock unassisted by the mountaineer's pole, fell into a chasm between the glaciers.

The body was never found. It was said that for days Maurice remained in the neighborhood, offering immense rewards to any peasant who would even commence a search for the remains; but the men knew too well the hopelessness and peril of the task to attempt it. Finding this unavailing, he left the place. His return was delayed by severe illness; but at length, in one gray autumn twilight, a traveling-carriage dashed up the shadowy avenue of Briarhurst, and Maurice was received in his father's hall—a mourner amid mourners. He was much altered. The demure severity of his old manner was changed to at least an appearance of candor and trustfulness. Grief for his brother *seemed* to have bettered his whole nature, to have opened his heart to the influences of kindness and gentleness—to have made him, in short, more lovable. Such appeared the best interpretation of the change that was wrought in him, and which showed itself conspicuously in his conduct to the afflicted ones around him. Kindly and thoughtfully did he console the anguish of his parents, and with innumerable offices of delicate care and thoughtful consideration did he show his respect and sympathy for Cicely's affliction. By no intrusive efforts at comforting, but silently and gently did he seek to wean his cousin from the remembrance of her bereavement. By sparing her feelings in every possible way, by avoiding the mention of Lambert's name, save in a manner calculated to awaken those tender memories which are the softeners of grief, he strove to divert Cicely's mind from dwelling too constantly on her dead betrothed; and thus, without ap-

pearing to drive away the impression, he gradually supplied her with other objects and pursuits; and though at first her walks were always to the scenes he had loved, and her mornings spent over the books he had read, their beauties were soon explored with other interests than those which arose merely from the pleasures of remembrance. The chapel which had been wont to recall Lambert most painfully to her mind was now unentered.

The dell of lindens, through the bright leaves of which the sunbeams had so often poured upon his open book, was now unfrequented. With none of the ardor of first love, but with a regard originating in their mutual sharing of the same grief, and nurtured by gratitude for his constant sympathy, Cicely accepted Maurice for her lover; then, in obedience to the earnest wish of those whom she had always revered as parents, consented to be his wife. It had ever been the fervent hope of Sir Lambert that he might live to see the wealth of his family restored before he died. The plan for the accomplishment of this wish of a life had been once fatally disappointed. It was natural, then, that he should rejoice in this new prospect of its realization. Lady Evrard also was desirous that the stain the baronet had brought on the family escutcheon by his marriage with her should be blotted out. Sir Lambert was a kind husband in the main, but his wife's penetration could not help perceiving that he often inwardly sighed for the society of his aristocratic neighbors, when his inability to return their hospitality made him refuse their invitations. She had another inducement. Her mother's eye had observed with pleasure what seemed to her the beneficial influence of adversity upon her wayward son's character, and she hoped the gentleness of his cousin would complete his reformation. All seemed to favor the alliance. The day was fixed; and Cicely Clayton, in a strange mood of alternating doubt and hope, arrayed herself for her bridal. The hour had come. The wedding party were assembled in the chapel. Few had been invited, for it had been the express wish of the bride that the rite should be celebrated as privately as possible. Two bridesmaids, daughters of a neighboring gentleman, Lord R., a friend of the late Lambert, and the family lawyer were the only bidden guests. They approached the communion rails. The ruby-tinged sunbeams streamed through the graceful trefoil on the white-robed Cicely and on the trembling Maurice. There was need of something to lend a glow to his haggard face, for he was ghastly pale. No artist's tint was half so radiant as the rising blush upon her cheek. The minister had commenced the service: the address had been read; the irrevocable "I will" had been uttered in a stifled whisper by the bridegroom, had been murmured in accents of gentlest music by the bride, when, as Maurice received the ring from the priest, a strange unearthly sound rang through the chapel—a strange interruption stayed every hand, hushed every

voice. From the organ (untouched since Lambert in his happy youth awoke its melody) burst forth a wailing, plaintive sound, more like a restless spirit's cry, than any mortal note—so loud, so long, so wild, that it seemed to rack the senses that it held in horrible uncertainty till it was done. Such a strain that nameless minstrel might have used to kindle prophet-fire in Elisha. Then it stopped. But only for an instant; and a dirge, sad as the contrite's weeping, clear as the accents of forgiveness, came from that wondrous organ. Such a strain the shepherd-harper might have woke who calmed the demon rage in Saul.

But the second solemn threne was more terrible than the first crashing peal, for it called up an awful memory and a dark suspicion. It was the very same air that Lambert had composed and played the night before he left. With a cry as of recognition the mother stood expectant. With clasped hands and broken voice the father prayed. Cicely and Maurice thought only of that strain as they had heard it first. The bride remembered how on that sad night Lambert had sought to smile away her tears, and called them dearest tributes to his music.

It seemed like listening to his voice to hear again that unforgotten melody; she listened then unfearing, in very delight of spirit; but when the dirge was done, the influence that had upheld her in such ecstasy gave way too, and she fell fainting on the steps. The bridegroom remembered the purpose that was in his heart that night, and which had made the music jarring discord. In his ears the sound was but the voice of retribution, and, in an agony of passion, he hurried down the aisle to see who woke a strain so dreadful to him. But no human hand had touched the keys.

Maurice was taken to bed in a state of delirium, and expired the next morning. Those who watched beside him remembered long, that through the live-long night he raved of nothing but a deep abyss that he was falling down, and that he prayed them to stretch a hand and help him, for that down there rotted a ghastly corpse, whose stare was death to him.

The vault in Briarhurst church was next opened to receive the remains of Lady Evrard.

Cicely survived for some years, the good genius of the village poor, a ministering angel to the sorrowing and the helpless; then, full of that glorious confidence which faith engenders, entered into her rest.

Sir Lambert lived to a great age; but happily he had sunk into perfect childishness before Cicely was taken from him. It was a sad sight to watch that desolate old man as he would sometimes wander about the neglected shrubbery, or sometimes stand pondering before the pictures of his sons and of their betrothed bride, apparently quite forgetful of the features of Lambert and Maurice, but often asking anxiously why the beautiful lady that was once so kind to him sat always silent now.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THO^s. MORE.*LIBELLUS A MARGARETA MORE,
QUINDECIM ANNOS NATA, CHELSEIÆ INCEPTVS.

"Nulla dies sine linea."

September.

SEEING y^e woodman fell a noble tree, which, as it went to the ground, did uptear several small plants by y^e roots, methoughte such woulde be the fall of dear father, herein more sad than that of the abbot of Sion and the Charterhouse monks, inasmuch as, being celibate, they involve noe others in their ruin. Brave, holie martyrs! how cheerfully they went to their death. I'm glad to have seene how pious men may turn'e'en an ignominious sentence into a kind of euthanasia. Dear father bade me note how they bore themselves as bridegrooms going to their marriage, and converted what mighte have beene a shock to my surcharged spiritts, into a lesson of deep and high comfort.

One thing hath grieved me sorelie. He mistooke somewhat I sayd at parting for an implication of my wish that he shoulde yield up his conscience. Oh, no, dearest father, that be far from me! It seems to have cut him to the heart, for he hath writ that "none of the terrible things that may befall him touch him soe nearlie as that his dearly beloved child, whose opinion he soe much values, shoulde desire him to overrule his conscience." That be far from me, father! I have writ to explain the matter, but his reproach, undeserved though it be, hath troubled my heart.

November.

Parliament will meet to-morrow. 'Tis expected father and y^e good bishop of Rochester will be attainted for misprison of treason by y^e slavish members thereof, and though not given hithertoe unto much heede of omens and bodelements while our hearts were light and our courage high, yet now y^e coming evil seemeth foreshadowed unto alle by I know not how many melancholick presages, sent, for aught we know, in mercy. Now that the days are dark and short, and the nights stormy, we shun to linger much after dusk in lone chambers and passages, and what was sayd of the enemies of Israel may be nigh sayd of us, "that a falling leaf shall chase them." I'm sure "a going in the tops of the mulberry-trees" on a blustering evening, is enow to draw us alle, men, mothers, and maids, together in an heap. . . . We goe about y^e house in twos and threes, and care not much to leave the fireside. Last Sunday we had closed about y^e the hearth, and little Bill was a reading by the fire-light how Herodias' daughter danced off the head of St. John the Baptist, when down comes an emptie swallow's nest tumbling adown the chimnie, bringing with it enow of soot, smoke, and rubbish to half smother us alle; but the dust was nothing to the dismay thereby occasioned, and I noted one or two of our bravest turn as pale as death. Then, the rats have skirmished

and galloped behind the wainscoat more like a troop of horse than a herd of such smaller deer, to y^e infinite annoyance of mother, who coulde not be more firmly persuaded they were about to leave a falling house, if, like the sacred priests in the temple of Jerusalem, she had heard a voyce utter, "Let us depart hence." The round upper half of the cob-loaf rolled off the table this morning, and Rupert, as he picked it up, gave a kind of shudder, and muttered somewhat about a head rolling from the scaffold. Worse than this was o' Tuesday night. . . . 'Twas bedtime, and yet none were liking to goe, when, o' suddain, we hearde a screech that made every body's heart thrill, followed by one or two hollow groans. Will snatches up the lamp and runs forth, I close following, and alle the others at our heels, and after looking into sundrie deserted cupboards and corners, we descend the broad stone steps of the cellars, half-way down which Will, stumbling over something he sees not, takes a flying leap to clear himself down to the bottom, luckily without extinguishing the lamp. We find Gillian on the steps in a swoon; on bringing her to, she exclayms about a ghost without a head, wrapped in a winding-sheet, that confronted her and then sank to the ground as she entered the vaults. We cast a fearfule look about, and descry a tall white sack of flour, recently overturned by the rats, which clears up the mystery, and procures Gillian a little jeering, but we alle return to the hall with fluttered spiritts. Another time I, going up to the nursery in the dark, on hearing baby cry, am passed on the stairs by I know not what breathing heavilie. I reach forthe my arm, but pass cleare through the spirituall nature, whatever it is, yet distinctlie feel my cheek and neck fanned by its breath. I turn very faint, and get nurse to goe with me when I return, bearing a light, yet think it as well to say naught to distress the rest.

But worst of alle was last night. . . . After I had been in bed awhile, I minded me that deare Will had not returned me father's letter. I awoke him and asked if he had brought it upstairs; he sleepily replied he had not, soe I hastily arose, threw on a cloke, took a light, and entered the gallery, when, half way along it, between me and the pale moonshine, I was scared to behold a slender figure alle in white, with naked feet and arms extended. I stooed agaze, speechlesse, and to my terror made out the features of Bess. . . . her eyes open, but vacant; then saw John Dancey softly stealing after her, and signing to me with his finger on his lips. She passed without noting me, on to father's door, there knelt as if in prayer, making a low sort of wail, while Dancey, with tears running down his cheeks, whispered, "'Tis the third time of her thus sleep-walking. . . . the token of how troubled a mind!"

We disturbed her not, dreading that a suddain waking might bring on madness; soe, after making moan awhile, she kisses the senseless door, rises up, moves toward her own chamber, followed by Dancey and me, wrings her hands

* Concluded from the October Number.

a little, then lies down, and graduallie falls into what seems a dreamless sleep, we watching her in silence till she's quiet, and then squeezing each other's hands ere we part.

. . . . Will was wide awake when I got back; he said, "Why, Meg, how long you have beene! could you not lighte on the letter?" When I tolde him what had hindered me by the way, he turned his face to the wall and wept.

Midnight.

The wild wind is abroad, and, methinketh, *nothing else*. Sure, how it rages through our empty courts! In such a season, men, beasts, and fowls cower beneath y^e shelter of their rocking walls, yet almost fear to trust them. Lord, I know that thou canst give the tempest double force, but do not, I beseech thee! Oh! have mercy on the frail dwelling and the ship at sea.

Dear little Bill hath ta'en a feverish attack. I watch beside him while his nurse sleeps. Earlie in the night his mind wandered, and he told me of a pretty ring-streaked poney noe bigger than a bee, that had golden housings and barley-sugar eyes; then dozed, but ever and anon kept starting up, crying "Mammy, dear!" and softlie murmured "Oh" when he saw I was by. At length I gave him my forefinger to hold, which kept him ware of my presence without speaking, but presentlie he stares hard toward y^e foot of the bed, and says fearfullie, "Mother, why hangs yon hatchet in the air, with its sharp edge turned toward us?" I rise, move the lamp, and say, "Do you see it now?" He sayth, "No, not now," and closes his eyes. After a good space, during the which I hoped he slept, he says in quite an altered tone, most like unto soft, sweet music, "There's a pretty little cherub there now, alle head and noe body, with two little wings aneath his chin; but, for alle he's soe pretty, he is just like dear Gaffer, and seems to know me and he'll have a body agayn, too, I believe, by and by Mother, mother, tell Hobbinol there's such a gentle lamb in heaven!" And soe, slept.

He's gone, my pretty! slipt through my fingers like a bird! upfled to his own native skies, and yet whenas I think on him, I can not choose but weepe Such a guileless little lamb! My Billy-bird! his mother's owne heart. They are alle wondrous kind to me. . . .

How strange that a little child shoulde be permitted to suffer soe much payn, when of such is the kingdom of heaven! But 'tis onlie transient, whereas a mother makes it permanent, by thinking it over and over agayn. One lesson it taughte us betimes, that a naturall death is not, necessarilie, the most easie. We must alle die. . . . As poor Patterson was used to say, "The greatest king that ever was made, must bed at last with shovel and spade," . . . and I'd sooner have my Billy's baby deathbed than King Harry's, or Nan Boleyn's either, however manie years they may yet carry matters with a high hand. Oh,

you ministers of evill, whoever you be, visible or invisible, you shall not build a wall between my God and me I've something within me, grows stronger and stronger, as times grow more and more evill; some woulde call it resolution, but methinketh 'tis faith.

Meantime, father's foes alack that anie can shew 'emselves such! are aiming by fayr seemings of friendlie conference, to draw from him admissions they can come at after noe other fashion. The new Solicitor General hath gone to y^e Tower to deprive him of y^e few books I have taken him from time to time. . . . Ah, Master Rich, you must deprive him of his brains afore you can rob him of their contents! and, while having 'em packt up, he falls into easie dialogue with him, as thus "Why now, sure, Mr. More, were there an act of parliament made that all y^e realm shoulde take me for king, you woulde take me for such with the rest."

"Aye, that would I, sir," returns father.

"Forsooth, then," pursues Rich, "we'll suppose another act that shoulde make me the Pope. Would you not take me for Pope?"

"Or suppose another case, Mr. Rich," returns father, "that another act shoulde pass, that God shoulde not be God, would you say well and good?"

"No, truly," returns the other hastily, "for no parliament coulde make such act lawful."

"True, as you say," repeats father, "they coulde not" soe eluded the net of the fowler; but how miserable and unhandsome a device to lay wait for him thus, to catch him in his talk.

. . . . I stole forthe, ere 'twas lighte, this damp, chill morning, to pray beside the little grave, but found dear Daisy there before me. How Christians love one another!

Will's loss is as heavie as mine, yet he bears with me tenderlie. Yesternighte, he sayth to me half reproachfullie, "Am not I better unto thee than ten sons?"

March, 1534.

Spring comes, that brings rejuvenescence to y^e land, and joy to the heart, but it brings none to us, for where hope dieth, joy dieth. But patience, soul; God's yet in the aumry!

May 7. Father arraigned.

July 1. By reason of Will's minding to be present at y^e triall, which, for the concourse of spectators, demanded his earlie attendance, he committed the care of me, with Bess, to Dancey, who got us places to see father on his way from the Tower to Westminster Hall. We coulde not come at him for the press, but clambered on a bench to gaze our very hearts away after him as he went by, sallow, thin, gray-haired, yet in mien not a whit cast down. Wrapt in a coarse woollen gown, and leaning on a staff, which unwonted support when Bess markt, she hid her eyes on my shoulder and wept sore, but soon lookt up agayn, though her eyes were soe blinded, I think

she coulde not see him. His face was calm, but grave, as he came up, but just as he passed he caughte the eye of some one in the crowd, and smiled in his old, frank way; then glanced up toward the windows with the bright look he hath soe oft cast to me at my casement, but saw us not. I coulde not help crying "Father," but he heard me not; perchance 'twas soe best. . . . I woulde not have had his face cloud at y^e sighte of poor Bessy's tears.

. . . Will tells me the indictment was y^e longest ever hearde; on four counts. First, his opinion on the king's marriage. Second, his writing sundrie letters to the Bishop of Rochester, counselling him to hold out. Third, refusing to acknowledge his grace's supremacy. Fourth, his positive deniall of it, and thereby willing to deprive the king of his dignity and title.

When the reading of this was over, the Lord Chancellor sayth, "You see how grievouslie you have offended the king his grace, but and yet he is soe mercifulle, as that if ye will lay aside your obstinacie, and change your opinion, we hope ye may yet obtayn pardon."

Father makes answer . . . and at sounde of his deare voyce alle men hold their breaths . . . "Most noble Lords, I have great cause to thank your honors for this your courtesie . . . but I pray Almighty God I may continue in the mind I'm in, through his grace, until death."

They coulde not make good their accusation agaynst him. 'Twas onlie on the last count he could be made out a traitor, and proof of 't had they none; how coulde they have? He shoulde have beene acquitted out of hand, steade of which, his bitter enemy, my Lord Chancellor, called on him for his defense. Will sayth there was a general murmur or sigh ran through y^e court. Father, however, answered the bidding by beginning to express his hope that the effect of long imprisonment mighte not have beene such upon his mind and body, as to impair his power of rightlie meeting alle y^e charges agaynst him . . . when, turning faint with long standing, he staggered and loosed hold of his staff, whereon he was accorded a seat. 'Twas but a moment's weakness of the body, and he then proceeded frankly to avow his having always opposed the king's marriage to his grace himself, which he was soe far from thinking high treason, that he shoulde rather have deemed it treachery to have witholden his opinion from his sovereign king when solicited by him for his counsell. His letters to y^e good Bishop he proved to have beene harmlesse. Touching his declining to give his opinion, when askt, concerning the supremacy, he alleged there coulde be noe transgression in holding his peace thereon, God only being cognizant of our thoughts.

"Nay," interposeth the Attorney Generall, "your silence was the token of a malicious mind."

"I had always understood," answers father, "that silence stooode for consent. Qui tacet, consentire videtur;" which made sundrie smile. On

the last charge, he protested he had never spoken word against y^e law unto anie man.

The jury are about to acquit him, when up starts the Solicitor Generall, offers himself as witness for the crown, is sworn, and gives evidence of his dialogue with father in the Tower, falselie adding, like a liar as he is, that on his saying "No parliament coulde make a law that God shoulde not be God," father had rejoined, "No more coulde they make the king supreme head of the Church."

I marvell the ground opened not at his feet. Father brisklie made answer, "If I were a man, my lords, who regarded not an oath, ye know well I needed not stand now at this bar. And if the oath which you, Mr. Rich, have just taken, be true, then I pray I may never see God in the face. In good truth, Mr. Rich, I am more sorry for your perjurie than my perill. You and I once dwelt long together in one parish; your manner of life and conversation from your youth up were familiar to me, and it paineth me to tell ye were ever held very light of your tongue, a great dicer and gamester, and not of anie commendable fame either there or in the Temple, the inn to which ye have belonged. Is it credible, therefore, to your lordships, that the secrets of my conscience touching the oath, which I never woulde reveal, after the statute once made, either to the king's grace himself, nor to anie of you, my honorable lords, I should have thus lightly blurted out in private parley with Mr. Rich?"

In short, the villain made not goode his poynt; ne'erthelesse, the issue of this black day was aforehand fixed; my Lord Audley was primed with a virulent and venomous speech; the jury retired, and presentlie returned with a verdict of Guilty; for they knew what the king's grace would have 'em doe in that case.

Up starts my Lord Audley—commences pronouncing judgment, when—

"My lord," says father, "in my time, the custom in these cases was ever to ask the prisoner before sentence, whether he could give anie reason why judgment shoulde not proceed agaynst him."

My lord, in some confusion, puts the question.

And then came y^e frightfulle sentence.

Yes, yes, my soul, I know; there were saints of old sawn asunder. Men of whom the world was not worthy.

. . . . Then he spake unto 'em his mind, how that after lifelong studdy, he could never find that a layman mighte be head of the church. And bade his judges and accusers farewell; hoping that like as St. Paul was present and consenting unto St. Stephen's death, and yet both were now holy saints in heaven, soe he and they might speedilie meet there, joint heirs of e'er-lasting salvation.

Meantime, poor Bess and Cecilie, spent with grief and long waiting, were foret to be carried home by Heron, or ever father returned to his prison. Was't less feeling, or more strength of body, enabled me to bide at the Tower wharf

with Dancey? God knoweth. They brought him back by water; my poor sisters must have passed him. . . . The first thing I saw was the ax, *turned with its edge toward him*—my first note of his sentence. I forct my way through the crowd . . . some one laid a cold hand on mine arm; 'twas poor Patteson, soe changed I scarce knew him, with a rosary of gooseberries he kept running through his fingers. He sayth, Bide your time, mistress Meg; when he comes past, I'll make a passage for ye . . . Oh, brother, brother! what ailed thee to refuse the oath? *I've taken it!*" In another moment, "Now, mistress, now!" and flinging his arms right and left, made a breach through which I darted, fearlesse of bills and halberds, and did fling mine arms about father's neck. He cries, "My Meg!" and hugs me to him as though our very souls shoulde grow together. He sayth, "Bless thee, bless thee! Enough, enough, my child; what mean ye, to weep and break mine heart? Remember, though I die innocent, 'tis not without the will of God, who coulde send 's angels to rescue me if 'twere best; therefore possess your soul in patience. Kiss them alle for me, thus and thus" . . . soe gave me back into Dancey's arms, the guards about him alle weeping; but I coulde not thus lose sight of him forever; soe, after a minute's pause, did make a second rush, brake away from Dancey, clave to father agayn, and agayn they had pitie on me, and made pause while I hung upon his neck. This time there were large drops standing on his dear brow; and the big tears were swelling into his eyes. He whispered, "Meg, for Christ's sake don't unman me; thou'lt not deny my last request?" I sayd, "Oh! no;" and at once loosened mine arms. "God's blessing be with you," he sayth with a last kiss. I could not help crying, "My father! my father!" "The chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" he vehementlie whispers, pointing upward with soe passionate a regard, that I look up, almost expecting a beatific vision; and when I turn about agayn, he's gone, and I have noe more sense nor life till I find myself agayn in mine own chamber, my sisters chafing my hands.

Alle's over now . . . they've done theire worst, and yet I live. There were women coulde stand aneath y^e cross. The Maccabees' mother— . . . yes, my soul, yes; I know—Naught but unpardoned sin. . . . The chariot of Israel.

Dr. Clement hath beene with us. Sayth he went up as blythe as a bridegroom to be clothed upon with immortality.

Rupert stooode it alle out. Perfect love casteth out feare. Soe did his.

. . . . My most precious treasure is this deare pillet, writ with a coal; the last thing he sett his hand to, wherein he sayth, "I never liked your manner toward me better than when you kissed me last."

They have let us bury his poor mangled trunk;

but, as sure as there's a sun in heaven, I'll have his head!—before another sun hath risen, too. If wise men won't speed me, I'll e'en content me with a fool.

I doe think men, for y^e most part, be cowards in theire hearts . . . moral cowards. Here and there, we find one like father, and like Socrates, and like . . . this and that one, I mind not theire names just now; but in y^e main, methinketh they lack the moral courage of women. Maybe, I'm unjust to 'em just now, being crost.

. . . . I lay down, but my heart was waking. Soon after the first cock crew, I hearde a pebble cast agaynst my lattice, knew y^e signall, rose, dressed, stole softlie down and let myself out. I knew the touch of y^e poor fool's fingers; his teeth were chattering, 'twixt cold and fear, yet he laught aneath his breath as he caught my arm and dragged me after him, whispering, "Fool and fayr lady will cheat 'em yet." At the stairs lay a wherry with a couple of boatmen, and one of 'em stepping up to me, cries, "Alas for ruth, mistress Meg, what is 't ye do? Art mad to go on this errand?" I sayd, "I shall be mad if I go not, and succeed too—put me in, and push off."

We went down the river quietlie enow—at length reach London Bridge stairs. Patteson, starting up, says, "Bide ye all as ye are," and springs aland and runneth up to the bridge. Anon, returns, and sayth, "Now, mistress, alle's readie . . . readier than ye wist . . . come up quickly, for the coast's clear." Hobson (for 'twas he) helps me forth, saying, "God speed ye, mistress. . . . Gin I dared, I woulde goe with ye." . . . Thought I, there be others in that case.

Nor lookt I up, till aneath the bridge-gate, when casting upward a fearsome look, I beheld y^e dark outline of the ghastly yet precious relic; and, falling into a tremour, did wring my hands and exclaym, "Alas, alas, that head hath lain full manie a time in my lap, woulde God, woulde God it lay there now!" When, o' suddain, I saw the pole tremble and sway toward me; and stretching forth my apron, I did in an extasy of gladness, pity, and horror, catch its burthen as it fell. Patteson, shuddering, yet grinning, cries under his breath, "Managed I not well, mistress! Let's speed away with our 'theft, for fools and their treasures are soon parted; but I think not they'll follow hard after us, neither, for there are well-wishers to us on the bridge. I'll put ye into the boat, and then say, God speed ye, lady, with your burthen."

Rizpah, daughter of Aiah, did watch her dead from the beginning of harvest until the latter rain, and suffered neither the birds of the air to light on them by day, nor the wild beasts of the field by night. And it was told the king, but he intermeddled not with her.

Argia stole Polynices' body by night and buried it, for the which, she with her life did willingly pay forfeit. Antigone, for aiding in the pious

theft, was adjudged to be buried alive. Artemisia did make herself her loved one's shrine, by drinking his ashes. Such is the love of woman; many waters can not quench it, neither can the floods drown it. I've hearde Bonvisi tell of a poor Italian girl, whose brothers did slay her lover; and in spite of them, she got his heart, and buried it in a pot of basil, which she watered day and night with her tears, just as I do my coffer. Will has promised it shall be buried with me; layd upon my heart; and since then, I've beene easier.

He thinks he shall write father's life, when he gets more composed, and we are settled in a new home. We are to be cleared out o' this in alle haste; the king grutches at our lingering over father's footsteps, and gazing on the dear familiar scenes associate with his image; and yet, when the news of the bloody deed was taken to him, as he sate playing at tables with Queen Anne, he started up and scowled at her, saying, "Thou art the cause of this man's death!" Father might well say, during our last precious meeting in the Tower, "'Tis I, Meg, not the king, that love women. They bely him; he onlie loves himself." Adding, with his own sweet smile, "Your Gaffer used to say that women were a bag of snakes, and that the man who put his hand therein woulde be lucky if he founde one eel among them alle; but 'twas onlie in sport, Meg, and he owned that I had enough eels to my share to make a goodly pie, and called my house the eel-pie house to the day of his death. 'Twas our Lord Jesus raised up women and shewed kinnesse unto 'em, and they've kept theire level, in the main, ever since."

I wish Will may sett down everie thing of father's saying he can remember; how precious will his book then be to us! But I fear me, these matters adhere not to a man's memory . . . he'll be telling of his doings as Speaker and Chancellor, and his saying this and that in Parliament. Those are the matters men like to write and to read; he won't write it after my fashion.

I had a misgiving of Will's wrath, that night, 'specialle if I failed; but he called me his brave Judith. Indeed I was a woman bearing a head, but one that had oft lain on my shoulder.

My thoughts beginne to have connexion now; but till last night, I slept not. 'Twas scarce sunsett. Mercy had been praying beside me, and I lay outside my bed, inclining rather to stupor than sleep. O' suddain, I have an impression that some one is leaning over me, though I hear 'em not nor feel theire breath. I start up, cry "Mercy!" but she's not there nor anie one else. I turn on my side and become heavie to sleep; but or ere I drop quite off, agayn I'm sensible or apprehensive of some living consciousness between my closed eyelids and the setting sunlight; agayn start up and stare about, but there's nothing. Then I feel like . . . like Eli, maybe, when the child Samuel came to him twice; and tears well into mine eyes, and I close em agayn, and say in mine heart, "If he's at

hand, oh, let me see him next time . . . the third time's lucky." But 'steade of this, I fall into quiet, balmy, dreamlesse sleep. Since then, I've had an abiding, assuring sense of help, of a hand upholding me, and smoothing and glibbing the way before me.

We must yield to y^e powers that be. At this present, we are weak, but they are strong; they are honourable, but we are despised. They have made us a spectacle unto the world, and, I think, Europe will ring with it; but at this present hour, they will have us forth of our home, though we have as yet no certayn dwelling-place, and must flee as scared pigeons from their dove-cot. No matter, our men are willing to labour, and our women to endure; being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it. Onlie I marvell how anie honest man, coming after us, will be able to eat a mouthful of bread with a relish within these walls. And, methinketh, a dishonest man will have sundrie frights from the Lares and Lemures. There 'ill be dearth o' black beans in y^e market.

Flow on, bright shining Thames. A good brave man hath walked aforetime on your margent, himself as bright, and usefull, and delight-some as be you, sweet river. And like you, he never murmured; like you, he upbore the weary, and gave drink to the thirsty, and reflected heaven in his face. I'll not swell your full current with any more fruitless tears. There's a river whose streams make glad the city of our God. He now rests beside it. Good Christian folks, as they hereafter pass this spot, upborne on thy gentle tide, will, maybe, point this way, and say—"There dwelt Sir Thomas More;" but whether they doe or not, *vox populi* is a very inconsiderable matter, for the majority are evil, and "*the people* sayd, Let him be crucified!" Who would live on theire breath? They hailed St. Paul as Jupiter, and then stoned him and cast him out of the city, supposing him to be dead. Theire favourite of to-day may, for what they care, goe hang himself to-morrow in his surcingle. Thus it must be while the world lasts; and the very racks and scrues wherewith they aim to overcome the nobler spirit, onlie test and reveal its power of exaltation above the heaviest gloom of circumstance.

Interfecistis, interfecistis hominem omnium Anglorum optimum.

THE FLYING ARTIST.

KARL HERWITZ is a German. He is about fifty years of age, and one of the most original of characters. Since I have known him, I have passed whole nights in listening to his adventures, which are in general as instructive as they are amusing. Married at a very early age, he left the military career for that of inventions. He had a most marvelous talent for conceiving novel machines, often of practical utility; but his soul was set upon perfecting a flying machine. To this he had devoted nearly his whole life. He made models, he tried experiments, he brought to bear all his prodigious knowledge of mathe-

matics on the subject of traveling in air, with an enthusiasm, a childish earnestness, which is not uncharacteristic of genius. He studied every natural law which was likely to advance him toward the consummation of all his hopes and desires, namely, the ability to fly. At one time his little garden was turned into an aviary. He filled it with birds of various kinds, to study the mechanism of their powers of flight. There was the eagle and the dove, the vulture and the sparrow, all of which were made subservient to his darling object. He has often explained all this to me. "The Golden Eagle," he once said, "can cleave the air at the rate of forty miles an hour. Now, if I can succeed in imitating the mechanism by which he travels in space, exactly and efficiently, of course, my machine will move in the air at the same pace." What could I say? No argument, no warning availed. Still he went on, hoping and working, and buying expensive tools and materials. He completed aerial ships one after another; and although none of them answered, he was never discouraged.

At one time, however, he thought he had succeeded. His contrivance was a curious affair, shot out of a bomb; but it was about as buoyant as a shot, fell, and failed, disheartening every body but the persevering projector. Still he did not wholly neglect useful productions, and several times made improvements in mechanism, and sold them for very good prices. But the money went as fast as it came. His winged Pegasus was a merciless Ogre, which swallowed up all the money the old German earned.

Last Christmas-eve, in Paris, five of us were collected, after dinner, round a roaring fire, half wood, half charcoal. For some time the conversation was general enough. We spoke of England and of an English Christmas. The magic spell of the fireside was felt, and the word "home" hung on the trembling lip of all; for we were in a foreign land; we were all English, save one. There was a lawyer, the most unlawyer-like man I ever knew, a noble-hearted fellow, whom to know is to like; there was a poet, of an eccentric order of merit, whose love of invective, bitter satire, and intense propensity to hate—whose fantastic and Germanic cast of philosophy will ever prevent his succeeding among rational beings; then there was an artist, a young man well known in the world, not half so much as he deserves, if kindness of soul could ever make a man famous; there was Citizen Karl Herwitz, as he loved to be called; lastly myself. I had been speaking of some far-off land, relating some personal adventure; and, with commendable modesty, feeling that I had held possession of the chair quite long enough, paused for a reply.

"Tell us your adventures at the court of Konningen," said the poet, standing up to see that his hair hung tastefully around his shoulders, addressing at the same time Karl, and mentioning the name of one of the smaller German states. "I have heard it before, but it will be new to the rest, and I promise them a rich treat."

"Ah!" sighed the German, with a huge puff

at his long pipe; that *was* an adventure—or, rather, a whole string of adventures. I have told it several times; but, if you like, I will tell it again."

All warmly called on the German to keep his promise. After freshly loading his pipe, and taking a drain at his glass, he drew his arm-chair closer to the fire, settled his feet on the *chenets*, and began his narrative in a quaint and strange English, which I shall not seek to copy:

I had spent all my money. I had sold all my property. There remained nothing but a little furniture in my house, which was in a quiet retired quarter of the town; but then I had completed a machine, and sent it for the approval of the Minister of the Interior, who promised to purchase it for the government. I now looked forward with delight to a long career of success, and saw the completion of my flying machine in prospect. On this I depended, and still depend, for fame, reputation, and fortune.

I had then a good wife and four children; she is dead now.—The German paused, puffed away vigorously at his pipe, and tried to hide his emotion from our view by enveloping himself in smoke.—

I was naturally impatient for some result,—he continued, when his face became once more visible.—I used to go every day to the Minister, and wait in the ante-chamber, with other suitors, for my turn. Weeks passed, and then months, and yet it never came. But we must all eat, and six mouths are not fed for nothing. We had no resources, save our clothes and our furniture. My clothes were needed to go out with, so the furniture went first. One article was sold, and the produce applied by my careful wife to the wants of the family. We had come to that point when food is the only thing which must be looked on as a necessity. We lived hardly, indeed. Bread, and a little soup, was all we ever attempted to indulge in.

Six months passed without any change for the better. I went to the Minister's every day; sometimes I saw him, and sometimes I did not. He was always very polite, bowed to me affably, said my machine was under consideration, should be reported on immediately, and passed on his way. It was the dead of winter. Every article of furniture was now gone, my wife and children having not gone out for two months for want of clothes. We huddled together, for warmth, on two straw mattresses, in the corner of an empty room, without table, without chairs, without fire. Catherine had nothing to wear but an old cotton gown and one under-garment. We had not eaten food for a day and a night, when I rose in the morning to go to the Minister's. I felt savage, irate, furious. I thought of my starving and perishing family, of the long delay which had taken place in the consideration of my machine. I compared the luxurious ease of the Minister with my own position, and was inclined to do some desperate act. I think I could have turned conspirator, and have overthrown the government. I was already half a misanthrope.

When I entered the Minister's ante-chamber,

I placed myself, as usual, near the stove. I kept away from the well-dressed mob as much as possible. They were solicitors, it is true, and humble enough, some of them; but then they had good coats on, smart uniforms, polite boots, and came, perhaps, in carriages. I came on foot, clad in a long frock reaching almost to my heels, patched in several places; with trowsers so darned about the calves as to be almost falling to pieces; with boots which were absolutely only worn for look, for they had no soles to them. My hat, too, was a dreadful-looking thing. This day, being faint with hunger, and pinched by the cold, the heat of the room overcame me, and I grew dizzy. I am sure I knew nothing of what passed around. I saw my wife and children, through a misty haze, starving with hunger and cold. A basket full of logs of wood lay beside my knee. Reckless, wild, not caring who saw me, I took a thick log, huddled it under my frock, and went away. I passed the porter's lodge unseen; I was in the open air; I was proud, I was happy. *I had stolen a log of wood*; but my children would have fire for one day.

When I got home I went to bed. I was feverish and ill; wild shapes floated round me; I saw the officers of justice after me; I beheld a furious mob chasing me along interminable fields; and on every hedge, and every tree, and every house, and every post, I read, in large letters, the word 'thief.' It was evening when I awoke. I looked around for some minutes without moving or speaking; a delicious fragrance seemed to fill the air, a fire blazed on the hearth, and round it huddled my wife and children, sitting on logs of wood. I rubbed my eyes. The presence of these logs of wood seemed to convince me that I still dreamed. But there was an odor of mutton-broth, which was too real to be mistaken.

"Catherine," said I, "why, you seem to have some food.

All came rushing to my bedside, mother and children. They scarcely spoke; but one brought a basin of broth, another a hunch of bread, another a plate of meat and potatoes, which had been kept hot before the fire. I was too faint and sick to talk. I took my broth slowly. Never did food prove a greater blessing. Life, reason, courage, hope, all seemed to return, as mouthful by mouthful I swallowed the nourishing liquid. It spread warmth and comfort through every fibre of my frame. When I had taken this, I ate the meat, and vegetables, and bread without fear. While I did so, my wife, sending the children back to the fire-place, told me, in a whisper, how she had procured such unexpected subsistence. It seems that scarcely had I got home, and, after flinging my log on the ground, rushed to bed, when a knock came to the door. Catherine went to answer it. A man of middle age entered. He gave a hurried glance around, seemed to shudder at its emptiness, looked at the next room through the open door, saw that it was as bare as the other, turned his eyes away from the crouching form of my half-dressed wife, and spoke:

"Have you any children?"

"Four," said Catherine, tremblingly; but, still, answering at once, so peremptory was the tone of the stranger.

"How long have you been in this state?"

"Six months."

"Your husband is Karl Herwitz, the mechanist?"

"He is, sir."

"Well, madam, please to tell him that I recognized him as he came out of the Minister's of the Interior, and, noticing what he clutched with such wild energy, followed him here. Tell him, I am not rich, but I can pay my debts; I owe him the sum contained in this purse. I am happy to pay it."

"And did he owe it you?" said I, anxiously.

No, replied Karl; he had never seen me or heard of me before. Generous Englishman I shall never forget him. I found out afterward that he was a commercial traveler, with a large family and a moderate income. On what he left we lived a month, by exercising strict economy. I did not go to the minister's for several days. I feared some one might have seen me, and I was bowed by shame. But, at last, I mustered courage, and presented myself at the audience. I was, as usual, totally unnoticed, and I resumed my wretched dangling in the antechamber, as usual. The result was always the same. Generally I caught a glimpse of the minister; but, when I did, it was eternally the same words. Meanwhile time swept rapidly by, and soon my misery was as great as ever. My children, who, during the past month, had recovered a little their health and looks, looked pale and wan again. I was more shabby, more dirty, more haggard and starved-looking than ever. Once again I went out, after our all being without food for some twenty-four hours. I knew not what to do. I walked along the street, turning over every possible expedient in my mind.

Suddenly I saw, on the opposite side of the way, a lieutenant belonging to the regiment I had quitted. He had been my intimate friend, but so shabby was I, that I sought to avoid him. He saw me, however, and, to my surprise, hurried across and shook me heartily by the hand. I could scarce restrain tears; so sure was I, in my present state, to be cut by even old friends. But, in my worst troubles, something has always turned up to make me love and cherish the human heart.

"My poor Karl," said he, "the world uses you badly."

"Very," said I: and in a few words I told my story.

"My dear Karl!" he exclaimed, when I had concluded, "I was going to ask you to dine with me on what I have left. I am come up to claim a year's arrears of pay, and I have been sent back with a free passage and promises. But I have a little silver; and, as I said, meant to ask you to devour it. But after what you have told me, will you share my purse with me for your wife and children's sake?" And he pulled out

a purse containing about the value of five shillings English, forced me to take half, shook me heartily by the hand, and hurried away to escape my thanks.

Home I rushed with mad eagerness, a loaf in one hand, the rest of the money in the other. My poor wife once more could give food to her little ones. On the morning of the third day after I had obtained this little help, I lay in bed, ruminating. I was turning over in my mind every possible expedient by which to raise enough money to go on with, a brief time, until my machine was really decided on by the government. Suddenly I sat up in my bed and addressed my wife.

"How much money have you got left, Catherine?"

She had threepence of your money.

"Can you manage with the loaf of bread then, and three-halfpence for to-day?"

"I have often managed on less," said she.

"Then give me three-halfpence to take out with me."

"But what are you going to do? We may have nothing to-morrow, and then the three-halfpence will be missed."

"Give!" said I, rather sternly, reflecting as I was on my scheme; "be assured, it is for our good."

My poor wife gave me the money with a very ill-grace, but without another word; and, rising, I went out. When in the street, I directed my footsteps toward the outskirts. They were soon reached. I halted before a tavern frequented wholly by workmen, and going into the public room, called for a *choppe* of beer. I had purposely chosen my position. Before me was a handsome, neatly-dressed young workman, who, like all his companions, was smoking and drinking beer. Quietly, without saying a word, I drew out a small note-book and a drawing-pencil. I was then considered a very good artist; but had only used my pencil to sketch models. But I now sketched the human face with care and anxiety. Presently, as my pencil was laid down, a man sitting next to me peeped over my shoulder.

"Why!" he cried, "that's Alexis to the life."

"How so?" said the man I had been sketching, holding out his hand, into which I put my note-book.

"Good!" cried he, while a smile of satisfaction covered his face. "Will you sell this? I should like to keep it."

"I will sell it if you like," replied I, as quietly as I could, though my heart was nigh bursting with excitement.

"How much?"

I knew my man, and asked but six sous, three-pence, which the workman gladly paid, while five others followed his example at the same price. I went home a proud and happy man with my thirty-six pence of copper. Would you believe it? that was the commencement of a long and prosperous career, which lasted until the Revolution of 1848 threw me back again. Six months after, I received a thousand florins for a portrait

in oil of the Grand Duchess of B——; and about the end of the same year I drove up to the hotel of the Minister of the Interior in a splendid carriage, a gentleman by my side; it was the English commercial traveler.

We had a letter of audience, and were admitted at once. The Minister rose, and after a very warm greeting, requested us to be seated. We took chairs.

"My dear Herwitz," said the Minister, a little, bowing, smirking man, "what can I do for you? Glad to see you doing so well. The Grand Duchess says wonders of you. I will have the committee on your machine."

"I beg your pardon," said I, "but I have come to request your written order for its removal. I have sold it to the English house represented by this gentleman."

"Its removal!" cried the astonished Minister; "but it is impossible. So excellent an invention should not pass into the hands of foreigners."

"So I thought," replied I, coldly, "when for nine months I waited daily in your antechamber, with my family starving at home. But it is now sold. My word is my bond."

The Minister bit his lip, but made no reply. He took up a sheet of paper, and wrote the order for removal. I took it, bowed stiffly, and came away.—

We all heartily thanked the old German for his narrative. Since the Revolution, and the consequent impossibility of selling his machines in Germany, he has come to Paris, and taken to portrait-painting once more. His perseverance and endurance are untiring. His wife died long since, and he is like a mother to his four girls—all of whom are most industrious and devoted. He still believes in his flying machine; but, for the sake of his parental love, his hard-working head and fingers—for the sake of his goodness of soul, his eccentricities, he must be forgiven for this invincible credulity.

None can fail to admire the original dreamer, when he is also a practical worker; while few will be willing to patronize the mere visionary, who is always thinking and never doing.

SEALS AND WHALES.

EXCEPT, perhaps, to naturalists, the Seal will be known to many readers only through the medium of Sir Walter Scott's "*Antiquary*." "What is that yonder?" says Hector M'Intyre to his uncle, Jonathan Oldbuck. "One of the herd of Proteus," replied the Antiquary—"a *Phoca*, or Seal, lying asleep on the beach." Upon which M'Intyre, with the eagerness of a young sportsman, exclaiming, "I shall have him! I shall have him!" snatched the walking-stick out of the hand of the astonished Antiquary, at some risk of throwing him down, and set off at full speed to get between the animal and the sea, to which element, having caught the alarm, she was rapidly retreating. . . . The Seal finding her retreat intercepted by the light-footed soldier, confronted him manfully, and having sustained a heavy blow without injury, she knit

ted her brows, as is the fashion of the animal, and making use at once of her fore-paws and her unwieldy strength, wrenched the weapon out of the assailant's hand, overturned him on the sands, and scuttled away into the sea without doing him any further injury." We shall not dwell on the mortification of the gallant captain, or the gibes of his uncle, as these will readily occur to the readers of Scott's magic pages. Turning, then, from the romancer, we shall trace the records of the *Phoca* through the denser chapters of the scientific compiler, and the Arctic voyagers.

The literature of the Seal, which is very limited, would lead us to suppose that, like the owl of *terra firma*, it maintains—to quote from one authority—an "ancient, solitary reign, threading an unfurrowed track along the dark waters of the Atlantic, and skimming in peace and security along the margins of ice-bound shores, where all is dumb." But how stands the actual fact? In the year 1850, no fewer than one hundred thousand Seals were captured by British vessels, and in the present year a greater number will probably be slain. What will be the commercial value of those animals? Reckoning the whole to be even young seals, and estimating one ton of oil to be produce of one hundred seals, the oil will yield, in round numbers, thirty-five thousand pounds, and the skins, calculated at three shillings each, would bring fifteen thousand pounds—in all, fifty thousand pounds. So that we have an interesting branch of commerce represented in our literature as all but extinct, while in reality it is flourishing in a high degree, adding extensively to national wealth, and giving employment to a large portion of the seafaring community.

Whale-fishery in the Arctics has been in a declining state for a number of years; a result which, so far as mere purposes of illumination are concerned, might have been of minor consequence, seeing that the substitution of gas for oil-lamps has rendered us comparatively independent of oil as a lighting agent; but, concurrently with the introduction of gas, there has been an increased demand for oil for lubricating machinery, and for other manufacturing purposes; hence fish-oil has maintained its price remarkably well, notwithstanding an opposition that at first seemed fatal to it. Greenland was, at the beginning of the whale-fishing, the resort of the whale, and thither its pursuers went, and captured it in large numbers; but in process of time, the animal finding the peace of its ancient home ruthlessly invaded, retreated to the more northern latitude of Davis Straits. The distance, although greater, being still practicable, the chase was still continued, and the slaughter went on as before. Again, the leviathan, as if conscious that its track was followed, beat another retreat, which has turned out more successful than the first. Each spring witnessed the departure of Arctic fleets from every port of note in Britain, and the regions of the North were instinct with life, in search of the monster of the deep. Cap-

tains would stand, telescope in hand, in the "crow's nest," perched on the summit of the main-mast, and peer through the instrument till eye became dim and hand was frozen—boats' crews would be dispatched, and pull for weary miles in the sea, or drag their skiffs for still more weary miles on the surface of the ice—men on deck would gaze wistfully across the main, and mutter charms, or invoke omens; but all in vain. The ice would close in like iron mountains around them, and the time would come that they must bend their sails homeward. Then stray fish would be seen far off, or very shy fish would dart off in their immediate vicinity, and the disappointed mariners would return for the season, either with *clean* vessels, or at best with small cargoes of oil. Some accounted for the change by asserting that the whale had been hunted from Davis Straits just as it had been pursued from Greenland, and that it had betaken itself to still higher and now inaccessible latitudes;—some held that the animal had diminished in numbers, and as gestation takes place only once in two years, there was some ground for this conjecture;—while a third section, who were principally composed of superannuated Blowhards, and who harpooned only by the fireside, held pertinaciously to the notion that the failure arose from the inefficiency of modern fishermen. But, arise from what cause it might, whales were either not brought home at all, or else they were brought home in woefully diminished numbers. Owners became discouraged, and captains sank in despair; harpoons and flinching gear were flung aside, and whalers were dispatched to the Baltic for timber, or wherever else a freight could be procured, and others departed to strange ports, and returned no more; for they were sold. The whaling fleet became, therefore, small by degrees. Yet two ports struggled on against the receding tide; Hull in England, and Peterhead in Scotland, always hoped against hope, and persevered amid every disadvantage. They still sent vessels out; if not to catch whales, to be contented with seals. Peterhead reaped the reward of perseverance. We observe from a recent return, that out of the hundred thousand Seals captured in 1850, sixty-three thousand four hundred and twenty-six fell to the share of ten Peterhead vessels.

There was something romantic about whale-fishing. When the captain, with his assisted eye, descried the far-off parabolic *spout* of his victim, the cry of "*Fall! fall!*" would resound from stem to stern, and from hold to cross-trees. Down went the boats, sharp and graceful as regatta skiffs, and yet as strong and compact as herring yawls; the steerer took his oar, for rudders are too slow for this kind of navigation; the line-coiler, stood by his ropes; while last, and most important of all, the harpooner descended with his glittering instruments. Muffled oars dip in the waters, and the skiff nears the sleeping leviathan. A single awkward splash would rouse him; but all is silent as death, and the harpooner, poising himself, takes his deadly aim,

and buries his javelin in the huge carcase. Smarting with pain, the enormous black mass lurches, and then with lightning speed darts underneath the wave; the boiling surge raised by its descent lifts the boat like a feather; the line attached to the harpoon disappears fathom after fathom, hissing around the rolling-pin, with a force and velocity that, but for copious libations, would cause ignition; a long and still extending streak of gore marks the route of the wounded animal; the rope at last goes less rapidly off, and as its rapidity decreases, they pull up to the victim, and insert more instruments, and then after a few deadly slaps with his tail, the monarch of the ocean yields up the contest.

What has the Russian, the Dutch or the Hanseatic man, or the Esquimaux, been doing all this time? They have been following the pastime of Captain Hector M'Intyre, and endeavoring to slay the *Phoca*. Most of the Britons pursuing whales, and the foreigners and natives peddling with seals; just as if Captain Gordon Cumming had been hunting a lion, while some other sportsmen would stand by shooting sparrows or mice. No glory in capturing a seal, and as little pay. Thirty large seals are needed to make up one ton of oil, while an average whale would produce twenty tons of the oleaginous fluid. The whale-fishers despised such small game, and regarded mere seal-fishers with contempt;—we say mere seal-fishers, because if seals did come in the way, they were shot or knocked down by the whale-fisher; but his main vocation consisted in waging war with the colossal member of the finny tribe. And apart from the larger quantity of oil yielded by the one animal, the bone of the whale was singularly valuable. Twenty tons of oil would indicate one ton of bone, and that was worth some two hundred and fifty pounds sterling. The seal, too, had its extrinsic value, for its skin was worth *seven-pence*—dust in the balance compared with the bone of its huge contemporary. Whales, then, undoubtedly were the superior subjects for capture; but as whales could not be had, and seals became plentiful, the whalers lowered their plumes, and raised their arms against their amphibious prey.

Old seals had wont to be pursued, but although their capture was more profitable than young ones, still the old seals are so excessively shy that they can only be shot in detail, and hence a preference is given to the destruction of the young. The seal propagates twice a year—the first pups of the season lie upon the ice early in the spring, and being unable to run to the water and swim off, they fall ready prey to the spoiler. A smart blow with a club stuns them, and a wound does the rest. Their numbers are very large. During the present season of 1851, a flock of them extending to about fifteen miles was discovered, not far from the Scottish coast; a dozen animals at least occupying every hundred square yards. Of course, with such opportunities, a ship is readily filled, and bearing

homeward with her valuable cargo, there is still time to undertake a second and more northern voyage, in search of whales or larger seals.

The Dutch have been in the habit of prosecuting the trade with small vessels, but the British although occasionally using tiny craft, prefer employing large and stout vessels, as with such they can penetrate into fissures of the ice, instead of timidly sailing by the margin; and their success in this respect is gradually inducing their foreign competitors to follow their example.

The size of ships generally preferred for seal or whale fishing, is three hundred and fifty tons burden, or upward, although this year some vessels have gone out so small as eighty tons. A ship of the larger size carries sixty-five men, of the latter dimensions, twenty. The average outfit of a large vessel costs about one thousand four hundred pounds, and the original cost of such varies from two thousand to ten thousand pounds, according to age and quality of vessel, and also whether a used ship has been purchased, or one expressly built for the trade. The loss when a vessel is unsuccessful, is greater than in any other maritime speculation, there being no return whatever to stand against outlay; but, on the other hand, if fortunate, no other kind of shipping adventure yields so large profits. One vessel this year brought home a cargo of the gross value of six thousand pounds, leaving (it being her first fishing voyage) a net profit to her owners of three thousand pounds. The vessels sailing from the small northern port of Peterhead have, as before stated, been remarkably successful. The following is a statement of the produce of the ten vessels which sailed from thence in 1850:

1,144 tons of oil.

63,426 seal-skins.

14 tons of whalebone.

The aggregate commercial value of the whole would amount to about fifty thousand pounds. Seal-skins have lately risen in value—the former rate of seven-pence having been augmented to three shillings; and they are used principally for the purpose of being manufactured into patent-leather. Each skin is split into two or three layers, and each layer is turned to separate account. No other leather possesses the same closeness of texture, smoothness of surface, and elasticity. From being employed as rough waistcoats for seamen, and hairy coverings for trunks, it is now in its *stratified* state applied to the most delicate artistic purposes.

The Seal belongs to the four-limbed mammiferous animals. It is half quadruped, half fish. The head and general physiognomy, especially when seen in the water, resemble those of a dog. The limbs, which in the sea act as excellent paddles, are indifferent instruments of locomotion on land—the forepaws are almost the only motive powers, the posterior portion of the body having to be dragged over the ground. The young are very obedient to the parent seals, and are obedient to, and recognize the voices of their dams amid the loudest tumult. They are decidedly

gregarious in their habits, and hunt and herd together in common; and, in those cases, when surprised by an enemy, they have great facilities in expressing, both by tone and gesture, the approach of a dreaded enemy. There are four different species of the animal; the one to which we have been referring is called the *Phoca Greenlandica*, and is about six feet in length, and has the peculiar property of often changing the color of its skin as it approaches maturity. The seal visiting the British shores (*Phoca Vitulina*) is seldom more than four or five feet in length.

We have now given our contribution to the literature of the Seal, and submit, that it has the merit of being up to what Mr. Carlyle calls 'he "present hour."

MAURICE TIERNAY,
THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.*
CHAPTER XLIII.
A FOREST RIDE.

WHILE I was dressing, a note was handed to me from the curé, apologizing for his departure without seeing me, and begging, as a great favor, that I would not leave the Chateau till his return. He said that the count's spirits had benefited greatly by our agreeable converse, and that he requested me to be his guest for some time to come. The postscript added a suggestion, that I should write down some of the particulars of my visit to Ettenheim, but particularly of my conversation alluding to the meditated assassination of Bonaparte.

There were many points in the arrangement which I did not like. To begin, I had no fancy whatever for the condition of a dependent, and such my poverty would at once stamp me. Secondly, I was averse to this frequent intercourse with men of the Royalist party, whose restless character and unceasing schemes were opposed to all the principles of those I had served under; and finally, I was growing impatient under the listless vacuity of a life that gave no occupation, nor opened any view for the future. I sat down to breakfast in a mood very little in unison with the material enjoyments around me. The meal was all that could tempt appetite; and the view from the open window displayed a beautiful flower-garden, imperceptibly fading away into a maze of ornamental planting, which was backed again by a deep forest, the well-known wood of Belleville. Still I ate on sullenly, scarce noticing any of the objects around me. I will see the count, and take leave of him, thought I, suddenly; I can not be his guest without sacrificing feeling in a dozen ways.

"At what hour does monsieur rise?" asked I, of the obsequious valet who waited behind my chair.

"Usually at three or four in the afternoon, sir; but to-day he has desired me to make his excuses to you. There will be a consultation of doctors here; and the likelihood is, that he may not leave his chamber."

"Will you convey my respectful compliments, then, to him, and my regrets that I had not seen him before leaving the Chateau?"

"The count charged me, sir, to entreat your remaining here till he had seen you. He said you had done him infinite service already, and indeed it is long since he has passed a night in such tranquillity."

There are few slight circumstances which impress a stranger more favorably, than any semblance of devotion on the part of a servant to his master. The friendship of those above one in life is easier to acquire than the attachment of those beneath. Love is a plant whose tendrils strive ever upward. I could not help feeling struck at the man's manner, as he spoke these few words; and insensibly my mind reverted to the master who had inspired such sentiments.

"My master gave orders, sir," continued he, "that we should do every thing possible to contribute to your wishes; that the carriage, or, if you prefer them, saddle-horses, should be ready at any hour you ordered. The wood has a variety of beautiful excursions; there is a lake, too, about two leagues away; and the ruins of Monterraye are also worth seeing."

"If I had not engagements in Paris," muttered I, while I affected to mumble over the conclusion of the sentence to myself.

"Monsieur has seldom done a greater kindness than this will be," added he, respectfully; "but if monsieur's business could be deferred for a day or two without inconvenience—"

"Perhaps that might be managed," said I, starting up, and walking to the window, when, for the first time, the glorious prospect revealed itself before me. How delicious, after all, would be a few hours of such a retreat!—a morning loitered away in that beautiful garden; and then, a long ramble through the dark wood till sunset. Oh, if Laura were but here; if she could be my companion along those leafy alleys! If not *with*, I can at least think *of* her, thought I; seek out spots she would love to linger in, and points of view she would enjoy with all a painter's zest. And this poor count, with all his riches, could not derive in a whole lifetime the enjoyment that a few brief hours would yield to us! So is it almost ever in this world; to one man the appliances, to another the faculties for enjoyment.

"I am so glad monsieur has consented," said the valet, joyously.

"Did I say so? I don't know that I said any thing."

"The count will be so gratified," added he; and hurried away to convey the tidings.

Well, be it so. Heaven knows my business in Paris will scarcely suffer by my absence; my chief occupation there being to cheat away the hours till meal-time. It is an occupation I can easily resume a few days hence. I took a book, and strolled out into the garden; but I could not read. There is a gush of pleasure felt at times from the most familiar objects, which the

* Continued from the October Number.

most complicated machinery of enjoyment often fails to equal; and now the odor of moss-roses and geraniums, the rich perfume of orange flowers, the splash of fountains and the hum of the summer insects, steeped my mind in delight; and I lay there in a dream of bliss that was like enchantment. I suppose I must have fallen asleep; for my thoughts took every form of wildness and incoherency. Ireland; the campaign; the Bay of Genoa; the rugged height of Kuffstein, all passed before my mind, peopled with images foreign to all their incidents. It was late in the afternoon that I aroused myself, and remembered where I was, the shadows of the dark forest were stretching over the plain; and I determined on a ride beneath their mellow shade. As if in anticipation of my wishes, the horses were already saddled, and a groom stood awaiting my orders. Oh, what a glorious thing it is to be rich! thought I, as I mounted; from what an eminence does the wealthy man view life. No petty cares nor calculations mar the conceptions of his fancy. His will, like his imagination, wanders free and unfettered. And so thinking, I dashed spurs into my horse, and plunged into the dense wood. Perhaps I was better mounted than the groom, or perhaps the man was scarcely accustomed to such impetuosity. Whatever the reason, I was soon out of sight of him. The trackless grass of the alley, and its noiseless turf, made pursuit difficult in a spot where the paths crossed and re-crossed in a hundred different directions; and so I rode on for miles and miles without seeing more of my follower.

Forest riding is particularly seductive; you are insensibly led on to see where this alley will open, or how that path will terminate. Some of the spirit of discovery seems to seal its attractions to the wild and devious track, untrodden as it looks; and you feel all the charm of adventure as you advance. The silence, too, is most striking; the noiseless footfalls of the horse, and the unbroken stillness, add indescribable charm to the scene, and the least imaginative can not fail to weave fancies and fictions as he goes.

Near as it was to a great city, not a single rider crossed my path; not even a peasant did I meet. A stray bundle of fagots, bound and ready to be carried away, showed that the ax of the woodman had been heard within the solitude; but not another trace told that human footstep had ever pressed the sward.

Although still a couple of hours from sunset, the shade of the wood was dense enough to make the path appear uncertain, and I was obliged to ride more cautiously than before. I had thought that by steadily pursuing one straight track, I should at last gain the open country, and easily find some road that would reconduct me to the Chateau; but now I saw no signs of this. "The alley" was, to all appearance, exactly as I found it—miles before. A long aisle of beech-trees stretched away in front and behind me; a short, grassy turf was

beneath my feet; and not an object to tell me how far I had come, or whither I was tending. If now and then another road crossed the path, it was in all respects like this one. This was puzzling; and to add to my difficulty, I suddenly remembered that I had never thought of learning the name of the Chateau, and well knew that to ask for it as the residence of the Count de Maurepas would be a perfect absurdity. There was something so ludicrous in the situation, that I could not refrain from laughing at first; but a moment's re-consideration made me regard the incident more gravely. In what a position should I stand, if unable to discover the Chateau. The curé might have left Paris before I could reach it; all clew to the count might thus be lost; and although these were but improbable circumstances, they came now very forcibly before me, and gave me serious uneasiness.

I have been so often in false positions in life, so frequently implicated where no real blame could attach to me, that I shall not be in the least surprised if I be arrested as a horse-stealer! The night now began to fall rapidly, so that I was obliged to proceed at a slow pace; and at length, as the wood seemed to thicken, I was forced to get off, and walk beside my horse. I have often found myself in situations of real peril, with far less anxiety than I now felt; my position seemed at the time inexplicable and absurd. I suppose, thought I, that no man was ever lost in the wood of Belleville; he must find his way out of it sooner or later; and then, there can be no great difficulty in returning to Paris. This was about the extent of the comfort I could afford myself; for, once back in the capital, I could not speculate on a single step further.

I was at last so weary with the slow and cautious progression I was condemned to, that I half determined to picket my horse to a tree, and lie down to sleep till daylight. While I sought out a convenient spot for my bivouac, a bright twinkling light, like a small star, caught my eye. Twice it appeared, and vanished again so that I was well assured of its being real, and no phantom of my now over-excited brain. It appeared to proceed from the very densest part of the wood, and whither, so far as I could see, no path conducted. As I listened to catch any sounds, I again caught sight of the faint star, which now seemed at a short distance from the road where I stood. Fastening my horse to a branch, I advanced directly through the brushwood for about a hundred yards, when I came to a small open space, in which stood one of those modest cottages, of rough timber, wherein, at certain seasons, the game-keepers take refuge. A low, square, log hut, with a single door, and an unglazed window, comprised the whole edifice, being one of the humblest, even of its humble kind, I had ever seen. Stealing cautiously to the window, I peeped in. On a stone, in the middle of the earthen floor, a small iron lamp stood, which threw a faint and fickle light around.

There was no furniture of any kind; nothing that bespoke the place as inhabited; and it was only as I continued to gaze that I detected the figure of a man, who seemed to be sleeping on a heap of dried leaves, in one corner of the hovel. I own that, with all my anxiety to find a guide, I began to feel some scruples about obtruding on the sleeper's privacy. He was evidently no "Garde de chasse," who are a well-to-do sort of folk, being usually retired sous-officiers of the army. He might be a poacher, a robber, or perhaps a dash of both together—a trade I had often heard of as being resorted to by the most reckless and abandoned of the population of Paris, when their crimes and their haunts became too well known in the capital.

I peered eagerly through the chamber, to see if he were armed; but not a weapon of any kind was to be seen. I next sought to discover if he were quite alone; and although one side of the hovel was hidden from my view, I was well assured that he had no comrade. Come, said I to myself, man to man, if it should come to a struggle, is fair enough; and the chances are I shall be able to defend myself.

His sleep was sound and heavy, like that after fatigue; so that I thought it would be easy for me to enter the hovel, and secure his arms, if he had such, before he should awake. I may seem to my reader, all this time, to have been inspired with an undue amount of caution and prudence, considering how evenly we were matched; but I would remind him, that it was a period when the most dreadful crimes were of daily occurrence. Not a night went over without some terrible assassination; and a number of escaped galley slaves were known to be at large in the suburbs and outskirts of the capital. These men, under the slightest provocation, never hesitated at murder; for their lives were already forfeited, and they scrupled at nothing which offered a chance of escape. To add to the terror their atrocities excited, there was a rumor current at the time, that the Government itself made use of these wretches for its own secret acts of vengeance; and many implicitly believed that the dark assassinations of the "Temple" had no other agency. I do not mean to say that these fears were well founded, or that I myself partook of them; but such were the reports commonly circulated, and the impunity of crime certainly favored the impression. I know not if this will serve as an apology for the circumspection of my proceeding, as, cautiously, pushing the door, inch by inch, I at length threw it wide open. Not the slightest sound escaped as I did so; and yet, certainly before my hand quitted the latch, the sleeper had sprung to his knees; and with his dark eyes glaring wildly at me, crouched like a beast about to rush upon an enemy.

His attitude and his whole appearance at that moment are yet before me. Long black hair fell in heavy masses at either side of his head; his face was pale, haggard, and hunger-stricken; a deep, drooping mustache descended from below

his chin, and almost touched his collar-bones which were starting from beneath the skin; a ragged cloak, that covered him as he lay, had fallen off, and showed that a worn shirt and a pair of coarse linen trowsers were all his clothing. Such a picture of privation and misery I never looked upon before nor since!

"Qui va là?" cried he, sternly, and with the voice of one not unused to command; and although the summons showed his soldier training, his condition of wretchedness suggested deep misgivings.

"Qui va là?" shouted he again, louder and more determinedly.

"A friend—perhaps a comrade," said I, boldly.

"Advance, comrade, and give the countersign," replied he, rapidly, and like one repeating a phrase of routine; and then, as if suddenly remembering himself, he added with a low sigh, "There is none!" His arms dropped heavily as he spoke, and he fell back against the wall with his head drooping on his chest.

There was something so unutterably forlorn in his looks, as he sat thus, that all apprehension of personal danger from him left me at the moment, and advancing frankly, I told him how I had lost my way in the wood, and by mere accident chanced to descry his light as I wandered along in the gloom.

I do not know if he understood me at first, for he gazed half vacantly at my face while I was speaking, and often stealthily peered round to see if others were coming; so that I had to repeat more than once that I was perfectly alone. That the poor fellow was insane seemed but too probable; the restless activity of his wild eye, the suspicious watchfulness of his glances, all looked like madness, and I thought that he had probably made his escape from some military hospital, and concealed himself within the recesses of the forest. But even these signs of overwrought excitement began to subside soon; and as though the momentary effort at vigilance had been too much for his strength, he now drew his cloak about him, and lay down once more.

I handed him my brandy flask, which still contained a little, and he touched it to his lips with a slight nod of recognition. Invigorated by the stimulant, he supped again and again, but always cautiously, and with prudent reserve.

"You have been a soldier," said I, taking my seat at his side.

"I *am* a soldier," said he, with a strong emphasis on the verb.

"I, too, have served," said I; "although, probably, neither as long nor as creditably as you have."

He looked at me fixedly for a second or two and then dropped his eyes without a reply.

"You were probably with the Army of the Meuse?" said I, hazarding the guess, from remembering how many of that army had been invalided by the terrible attacks of ague contracted in North Holland.

"I served on the Rhine," said he, briefly, "but I made the campaign of Jemappes, too." 1

served the king also—King Louis,” cried he, sternly. “Is that avowal candid enough; or do you want more?”

Another Royalist, thought I, with a sigh. Whichever way I turn they meet me—the very ground seems to give them up.

“And could *you* find no better trade than that of a Mouchard?” asked he, sneeringly.

“I am not a Mouchard—I never was one. I am a soldier like yourself; and, mayhap, if all were to be told, scarcely a more fortunate one.”

“Dismissed the service—and for what?” asked he, bluntly.

“If not broke, at least not employed;” said I, bitterly.

“A Royalist?”

“Not the least of one, but suspected.”

“Just so. Your letters—your private papers ransacked, and brought in evidence against you. Your conversations with your intimates noted down and attested—every word you dropped in a moment of disappointment or anger; every chance phrase you uttered when provoked, all quoted; wasn’t that it?”

As he spoke this, with a rapid and almost impetuous utterance, I for the first time, noticed that both the expressions and the accent implied breeding and education. Not all his vehemence could hide the evidences of former cultivation.

“How comes it,” asked I, eagerly, “that such a man as you are, is to be found thus? You certainly did not always serve in the ranks?”

“I had my grade,” was his short, dry reply.

“You were a quarter-master; perhaps a sous-lieutenant?” said I, hoping by the flattery of the surmise to lead him to talk further.

“I was the colonel of a dragoon regiment,” said he, sternly; “and that neither the least brave nor the least distinguished in the French army.”

Ah! thought I, my good fellow, you have shot your bolt too high this time; and in a careless, easy way, I asked, “What might have been the number of the corps?”

“How can it concern you?” said he, with a savage vehemence. “You say that you are not a spy. To what end these questions? As it is, you have made this hovel, which has been my shelter for some weeks back, no longer of any service to me. I will not be tracked. I will not suffer espionage, by heaven!” cried he, as he dashed his clenched fist against the ground beside him. His eyes, as he spoke, glared with all the wildness of insanity, and great drops of sweat hung upon his damp forehead.

“Is it too much,” continued he, with all the vehemence of passion, “is it too much that I was master here? Are these walls too luxurious? Is there the sign of foreign gold in this tasteful furniture and the splendor of these hangings? Or is this”—and he stretched out his lean and naked arms as he spoke—“is this the garb?—is this the garb of a man who can draw at will on the coffers of Royalty? Ay!” cried he, with a wild laugh, “if this is the price

of my treachery, the treason might well be pardoned.”

I did all I could to assuage the violence of his manner. I talked to him calmly and soberly of myself and of him, repeating over and over the assurance that I had neither the will nor the way to injure him. “You may be poor,” said I, “and yet scarcely poorer than I am—friendless, and have as many to care for you as I have. Believe me, comrade, save in the matter of a few years the less on one side, and some services the more on the other, there is little to choose between us.”

These few words, wrung from me in sorrowful sincerity, seemed to do more than all I had said previously, and he moved the lamp a little to one side that he might have a better view of me as I sat; and thus we remained for several minutes staring steadfastly at each other without a word spoken on either side. It was in vain that I sought in that face, livid and shrunk by famine—in that straggling matted hair, and that figure enveloped in rags, for any traces of former condition. Whatever might once have been his place in society, now he seemed the very lowest of that miserable tribe whose lives are at once the miracle and shame of our century.

“Except that my senses are always playing me false,” said he, as he passed his hand across his eyes, “I could say that I have seen your face before. What was your corps?”

“The Ninth Hussars, ‘the Tapageurs,’ as they called them.”

“When did you join—and where?” said he, with an eagerness that surprised me.

“At Nancy,” said I, calmly.

“You were there with the advanced guard of Moreau’s corps,” said he, hastily; “you followed the regiment to the Moselle.”

“How do you know all this?” asked I, in amazement.

“Now for your name; tell me your name,” cried he, grasping my hand in both of his—“and I charge you by all you care for here or hereafter, no deception with me. It is not a head that has been tried like mine can bear a cheat.”

“I have no object in deceiving you; nor am I ashamed to say who I am,” replied I. “My name is Tiernay—Maurice Tiernay.”

The word was but out, when the poor fellow threw himself forward, and grasping my hands, fell upon and kissed them.

“So, then,” cried he, passionately, “I am not friendless—I am not utterly deserted in life—you are yet left to me, my dear boy.”

This burst of feeling convinced me that he was deranged; and I was speculating in my mind how best to make my escape from him, when he pushed back the long and tangled hair from his face, and staring wildly at me, said, “You know me now—don’t you? Oh, look again, Maurice, and do not let me think that I am forgotten by all the world.”

“Good heavens!” cried I; “it is Colonel Mahon!”

“Ay, ‘Le Beau Mahon,’” said he, with a

burst of wild laughter; "Le Beau Mahon, as they used to call me long ago. Is this a reverse of fortune, I ask you?" and he held out the ragged remnants of his miserable clothes. "I have not worn shoes for nigh a month. I have tasted food but once in the last thirty hours! I, that have led French soldiers to the charge full fifty times, up to the very batteries of the enemy, am reduced to hide and skulk from place to place like a felon, trembling at the clank of a gendarme's boot, as never the thunder of an enemy's squadron made me. Think of the persecution that has brought me to this, and made me a beggar and a coward together!"

A gush of tears burst from him at these words, and he sobbed for several minutes like a child.

Whatever might have been the original source of his misfortunes, I had very little doubt that now his mind had been shaken by their influence, and that calamity had deranged him. The flighty uncertainty of his manner, the incoherent rapidity with which he passed from one topic to another, increased with his excitement, and he passed alternately from the wildest expressions of delight at our meeting, to the most heart-rending descriptions of his own sufferings. By great patience and some ingenuity, I learned that he had taken refuge in the wood of Belleville, where the kindness of an old soldier of his own brigade—now a Garde de Chasse—had saved him from starvation. Jacques Caillon was continually alluded to in his narrative. It was Jacques sheltered him when he came first to Belleville. Jacques had afforded him a refuge in the different huts of the forest, supplying him with food—acts not alone of benevolence, but of daring courage, as Mahon continually asserted. If it were but known, "they'd give him a peleton and eight paces." The theme of Jacques's heroism was so engrossing, that he could not turn from it; every little incident of his kindness, every stratagem of his inventive good-nature, he dwelt upon with eager delight, and seemed half to forget his own sorrows in recounting the services of his benefactor. I saw that it would be fruitless to ask for any account of his past calamity, or by what series of mischances he had fallen so low. I saw—I will own with some chagrin—that, with the mere selfishness of misfortune, he could not speak of any thing save what bore upon his own daily life, and totally forgot *me* and all about me.

The most relentless persecution seemed to follow him from place to place. Wherever he went, fresh spies started on his track, and the history of his escapes was unending. The very fagot-cutters of the forest were in league against him, and the high price offered for his capture had drawn many into the pursuit. It was curious to mark the degree of self-importance all these recitals imparted, and how the poor fellow, starving and almost naked as he was, rose into all the imagined dignity of martyrdom, as he told of his sorrows. If he ever asked a question about Paris, it was to know what people said of *himself* and of *his* fortunes. He was thoroughly convinced that Bonaparte's thoughts were far more occu-

pied about him than on that empire now so nearly in his grasp, and he continued to repeat with a proud delight, "He has caught them all but *me*! I am the only one who has escaped him!" These few words suggested to me the impression that Mahon had been engaged in some plot or conspiracy; but of what nature, how composed, or how discovered, it was impossible to arrive at.

"There!" said he, at last, "there is the dawn breaking! I must be off. I must now make for the thickest part of the wood till nightfall. There are hiding-places there known to none save *myself*. The blood-hounds can not track me where I go."

His impatience became now extreme. Every instant seemed full of peril to him now; every rustling leaf and every waving branch a warning. I was unable to satisfy myself how far this might be well-founded terror, or a vague and causeless fear. At one moment I inclined to this—at another, to the opposite impression. Assuredly nothing could be more complete than the precautions he took against discovery. His lamp was concealed in the hollow of a tree; the leaves that formed his bed he scattered and strewed carelessly on every side; he erased even the foot-tracks on the clay; and then gathering up his tattered cloak, prepared to set out.

"When are we to meet again, and where?" said I, grasping his hand.

He stopped suddenly, and passed his hand over his brow, as if reflecting. "You must see Caillon; Jacques will tell you all," said he, solemnly. "Good-by. Do not follow me. I will not be tracked;" and with a proud gesture of his hand he motioned me back.

Poor fellow! I saw that any attempt to reason with him would be in vain at such a moment; and determining to seek out the Garde de Chasse, I turned away slowly and sorrowfully.

"What have been *my* vicissitudes of fortune compared to *his*?" thought I. "The proud colonel of a cavalry regiment, a beggar and an out-cast!" The great puzzle to me was, whether insanity had been the cause or the consequence of his misfortunes. Caillon will, perhaps, be able to tell me his story, said I to myself; and thus ruminating, I returned to where I had picketed my horse three hours before. My old dragoon experiences had taught me how to "hobble" a horse, as it is called, by passing the bridle beneath the counter before tying it, and so I found him just as I left him.

The sun was now up, and I could see that a wide track led off through the forest straight before me. I accordingly mounted, and struck into a sharp canter. About an hour's riding brought me to a small clearing, in the midst of which stood a neat and picturesque cottage over the door of which was painted the words "Station de Chasse—No. 4." In a little garden in front, a man was working in his shirt sleeves, but his military trowsers at once proclaimed him the "Garde." He stopped as I came up, and eyed me sharply.

"Is this the road to Belleville?" said I

"You can go this way, but it takes you two miles of a round," replied he, coming closer, and scanning me keenly.

"You can tell me, perhaps, where Jacques Caillon, Garde de Chasse, is to be found?"

"I am Jacques Caillon, sir," was the answer, as he saluted in soldier fashion, while a look of anxiety stole over his face.

"I have something to speak to you about," said I, dismounting, and giving him the bridle of my horse. "Throw him some corn, if you have got it, and then let us talk together;" and with this I walked into the garden, and seated myself on a bench.

If Jacques be an old soldier, thought I, the only way is to come the officer over him; discipline and obedience are never forgotten, and whatever chances I may have of his confidence will depend on how much I seem his superior. It appeared as if this conjecture was well founded, for as Jacques came back, his manner betrayed every sign of respect and deference. There was an expression of almost fear in his face, as, with his hand to his cap, he asked, "What were my orders?"

The very deference of his air was disconcerting, and so, assuming a look of easy cordiality, I said,

"First, I will ask you to give me something to eat; and, secondly, to give me your company for half an hour."

Jacques promised both, and learning that I preferred my breakfast in the open air, proceeded to arrange the table under, a blossoming chesnut-tree.

"Are you quite alone here?" asked I, as he passed back and forward.

"Quite alone, sir; and except a stray fagot-cutter or a chance traveler who may have lost his way, I never see a human face from year's end to year's end. It's a lonely thing for an old soldier, too," said he, with a sigh.

"I know more than one who would envy you, Jacques," said I, and the words made him almost start as I spoke them. The coffee was now ready, and I proceeded to make my breakfast with all the appetite of a long fast.

There was indeed but little to inspire awe, or even deference in my personal appearance—a threadbare undress frock and a worn-out old foraging cap were all the marks of my soldierlike estate; and yet, from Jacques's manner, one might have guessed me to be a general at the least. He attended me with the stiff propriety of the parade, and when, at last, induced to take a seat, he did so full two yards off from the table, and arose almost every time he was spoken to. Now it was quite clear that the honest soldier did not know me either as the hero of Kehl, of Ireland, or of Genoa. Great achievements as they were, they were wonderfully little noised about the world, and a man might frequent mixed companies every day of the week, and never hear of one of them. So far, then, was certain it could not be my fame had imposed on him, and, as I have already hinted, it could scarcely be my

general appearance. Who knows, thought I, but I owe all this obsequious deference to my horse. If Jacques be an old cavalry-man, he will have remarked that the beast is of great value, and doubtless argue to the worth of the rider from the merits of his "mount." If this explanation was not the most flattering, it was, at all events, the best I could hit on; and with a natural reference to what was passing in my own mind, I asked him if he had looked to my horse?

"Oh, yes, sir," said he, reddening suddenly, "I have taken off the saddle, and thrown him his corn."

What the deuce does his confusion mean, thought I; the fellow looks as if he had half a mind to run away, merely because I asked him a simple question.

"I've had a sharp ride," said I, rather by way of saying something, "and I shouldn't wonder if he was a little fatigued."

"Scarcely so, sir," said he, with a faint smile; "he's old now, but it's not a little will tire him."

"You know him, then," said I, quickly.

"Ay, sir, and have known him for eighteen years. He was in the second squadron of our regiment; the major rode him two entire campaigns!"

The reader may guess that his history was interesting to me, from perceiving the impression the reminiscence made on the relator, and I inquired what became of him after that.

"He was wounded by a shot at Neuwied, and sold into the train, where they couldn't manage him; and after three years, when horses grew scarce, he came back into the cavalry. A sergeant-major of lancers was killed on him at 'Zwei Brucken.' That was the fourth rider he brought mishap to, not to say a farrier whom he dashed to pieces in his stable."

Ah, Jack, thought I, I have it; it is a piece of old-soldier superstition about this mischievous horse has inspired all the man's respect and reverence; and, if a little disappointed in the mystery, I was so far pleased at having discovered the clew.

"But I have found him quiet enough," said I; "I never backed him till yesterday, and he has carried me well and peaceably."

"Ah, that he will now, I warrant him; since the day a shell burst under him at Waitzen, he never showed any vice. The wound nearly left the ribs bare, and he was for months and months invalided; after that he was sold out of the cavalry, I don't know where or to whom. The next time I saw him was in his present service."

"Then you are acquainted with the present owner?" asked I, eagerly.

"As every Frenchman is?" was the curt rejoinder.

"Parbleu! it will seem a droll confession, then, when I tell you, that I myself do not even know his name."

The look of contempt these words brought to my companion's face could not, it seemed, be either repressed or concealed; and although my conscience acquitted me of deserving such a glance, I own that I felt insulted by it.

"You are pleased to disbelieve me, Master Caillon," said I, sternly, "which makes me suppose that you are neither so old nor so good a soldier as I fancied; at least, in the corps I had the honor to serve with, the word of an officer was respected like an 'order of the day.'"

He stood erect as if on parade, under this rebuke, but made no answer.

"Had you simply expressed surprise at what I said, I would have given you the explanation frankly and freely; as it is, I shall content myself with repeating what I said—I do not even know his name."

The same imperturbable look and the same silence met me as before.

"Now, sir, I ask you how this gentleman is called, whom I alone, of all France, am ignorant of?"

"Monsieur Fouché," said he, calmly.

"What! Fouché, the Minister of Police?"

This time, at least, my agitated looks seemed to move him, for he replied, quietly:

"The same, sir. The horse has the brand of the 'Ministere' on his haunch."

"And where is the Ministère?" cried I, eagerly.

"In the Rue des Victoires, monsieur."

"But he lives in the country, in a chateau near this very forest."

"Where does he not live, monsieur? At Versailles, at St. Germain, in the Luxembourg, in the Marais, at Neuilly, the Battignolles. I have carried dispatches to him in every quarter of Paris. Ah, monsieur, what secret are you in possession of, that it was worth while to lay so subtle a trap to catch you?"

This question, put in all the frank abruptness of a sudden thought, immediately revealed every thing before me.

"Is it not as I have said?" resumed he, still looking at my agitated face; "is it not as I have said—monsieur is in the web of the Mouchards?"

"Good heavens! is such baseness possible?" was all that I could utter.

"I'll wager a piece of five francs I can read the mystery," said Jacques. "You served on Moreau's staff, or with Pichegru in Holland; you either have some of the general's letters, or you can be supposed to have them, at all events; you remember many private conversations held with him on politics; you can charge your memory with a number of strong facts; and you can, if needed, draw up a memoir of all your intercourse. I know the system well, for I was a Mouchard myself."

"You a police spy, Jacques?"

"Ay, sir; I was appointed without knowing what services were expected from me, or the duties of my station. Two months' trial, however, showed that I was 'incapable,' and proved that a smart sous-officier is not necessarily a scoundrel. They dismissed me as impracticable, and made me Garde de Chasse; and they were right, too. Whether I was dressed up in a snuff-brown suit, like a Bourgeois of the Rue St. Denis; whether they attired me as a farmer

from the provinces, a retired maitre-de-poste, an old officer, or the conducteur of a diligence, I was always Jacques Caillon. Through every thing, wigs and beards, lace or rags, jack-boots or sabots, it was all alike; and while others could pass weeks in the Pays Latin as students, country doctors, or 'notaires de village,' I was certain to be detected by every brat that walked the streets."

"What a system! And so these fellows assume every disguise?" asked I, my mind full of my late rencontre.

"That they do, monsieur. There is one fellow, a Provençal by birth, has played more characters than ever did Brunet himself. I have known him as a laquais de place, a cook to an English nobleman, a letter-carrier, a flower-girl, a cornet-à-piston in the opera, and a curé from the Ardèche."

"A curé from the Ardèche!" exclaimed I. "Then I am a ruined man."

"What! has monsieur fallen in with Paul?" cried he, laughing. "Was he begging for a small contribution to repair the roof of his little chapel, or was it a fire that had devastated his poor village? Did the altar want a new covering, or the curé a vestment? Was it a canopy for the Fête of the Virgin, or a few sous toward the 'Orphelines de St. Jude?'"

"None of these," said I, half angrily, for the theme was no jesting one to me. "It was a poor girl that had been carried away."

"Lisette, the miller's daughter, or the school-master's niece?" broke he in, laughing. "He must have known you were new to Paris, monsieur, that he took so little trouble about a deception. And you met him at the 'Charette rouge' in the Marais?"

"No; at a little ordinary in the Quai Voltaire!"

"Better again. Why half the company there are Mouchards. It is one of their rallying-points, where they exchange tokens and information. The laborers, the beggars, the fishermen of the Seine, the hawkers of old books, the venders of gilt ornaments, are all spies; the most miserable creature that implored charity behind your chair as you sat at dinner, has, perhaps, his ten francs a day on the roll of the Prefecture! Ah, monsieur! if I had not been a poor pupil of that school, I'd have at once seen that you were a victim and not a follower; but I soon detected my error—my education taught me at least so much!"

I had no relish for the self-gratulation of honest Jacques, uttered, as it was, at my own expense. Indeed I had no thought for any thing but the entanglement into which I had so stupidly involved myself; and I could not endure the recollection of my foolish credulity, now that all the paltry machinery of the deceit was brought before me. All my regard, dashed as it was with pity for the poor curé; all my compassionate interest for the dear Lisette; all my benevolent solicitude for the sick count, who was neither more nor less than Mons. Fouché himself, were

any thing but pleasant reminiscences now, and I cursed my own stupidity with an honest sincerity that greatly amused my companion.

"And is France come to this?" cried I, passionately, and trying to console myself by inveighing against the Government.

"Even so, sir," said Jacques. "I heard Monsieur de Talleyrand say as much the other day, as I waited behind his chair. It is only '*dans les bonnes maisons*,' said he, 'that servants ever listen at the doors; depend upon it, then, that a secret police is a strong symptom that we are returning to a monarchy.'"

It was plain that even in his short career in the police service, Caillon had acquired certain shrewd habits of thought, and some power of judgment, and so I freely communicated to him the whole of my late adventure from the moment of my leaving the Temple to the time of my setting out for the Chateau.

"You have told me every thing but one, monsieur," said he, as I finished. "How came you ever to have heard the name of so humble a person as Jacques Caillon, for you remember you asked for me as you rode up?"

"I was just coming to that point, Jacques; and, as you will see, it was not an omission in my narrative, only that I had not reached so far."

I then proceeded to recount my night in the forest, and my singular meeting with poor Mahon, which he listened to with great attention and some anxiety.

"The poor colonel!" said he, breaking in, "I suppose he is a hopeless case; his mind can never come right again."

"But if the persecution were to cease; if he were at liberty to appear once more in the world—"

"What if there was no persecution, sir?" broke in Jacques. "What if the whole were a mere dream, or fancy? He is neither tracked nor followed. It is not such harmless game the blood-hounds of the Rue des Victoires scent out."

"Was it, then, some mere delusion drove him from the service?" said I, surprised.

"I never said so much as that," replied Jacques; "Colonel Mahon has foul injury to complain of, but his present sufferings are the inflictions of his own terror; he fancies that the whole power of France is at war with him; that every engine of the Government is directed against him; with a restless fear he flies from village to village, fancying pursuit every where; even kindness now he is distrustful of, and the chances are, that he will quit the forest this very day, merely because he met you there."

From being of all men the most open-hearted and frank, he had become the most suspicious; he trusted nothing nor any one; and if for a moment a burst of his old generous nature would return, it was sure to be followed by some excess of distrust that made him miserable almost to despair. Jacques was obliged to fall in with this humor, and only assist him by stealth and by stratagem; he was even compelled to chime in with all his notions about pursuit and danger, to

suggest frequent change of place, and endless precautions against discovery.

"Were I for once to treat him frankly, and ask him to share my home with me," said Jacques, "I should never see him more."

"What could have poisoned so noble a nature?" cried I; when I saw him last he was the very type of generous confidence."

"Where was that, and when?" asked Jacques.

"It was at Nancy, on the march for the Rhine."

"His calamities had not fallen on him then. He was a proud man in those days, but it was a pride that well became him; he was the colonel of a great regiment, and for bravery had a reputation second to none."

"He was married, I think?"

"No, sir; he was never married!"

As Jacques said this, he arose, and moved slowly away as though he would not be questioned further. His mind, too, seemed full of its own crowding memories, for he looked completely absorbed in thought, and never noticed my presence for a considerable time. At last he appeared to have decided some doubtful issue within himself, and said,

"Come, sir, let us stroll into the shade of the wood, and I'll tell you in a few words the cause of the poor colonel's ruin—for ruin it is! Even were all the injustice to be revoked to-morrow, the wreck of *his* heart could never be repaired."

We walked along, side by side, for some time, before Jacques spoke again, when he gave me, in brief and simple words, the following sorrowful story. It was such a type of the age, so pregnant with the terrible lessons of the time, that, although not without some misgivings, I repeat it here as it was told to myself, premising that however scant may be the reader's faith in many of the incidents of my own narrative—and I neither beg for his trust in me, nor seek to entrap it—I implore him to believe that what I am now about to tell was a plain matter of fact, and, save in the change of one name, not a single circumstance is owing to imagination.

CHAPTER XLIV.

AN EPISODE OF '94.

WHEN the French army fell back across the Sambre, after the battle of Mons, a considerable portion of the rear, who covered the retreat, were cut off by the enemy, for it became their onerous duty to keep the allied forces in check, while the Republicans took measures to secure and hold fast the three bridges over the river. In this service many distinguished French officers fell, and many more were left badly wounded on the field; among the latter was a young captain of dragoons, who, with his hand nearly severed by a sabre cut, yet found strength enough to crawl under cover of a hedge, and there lie down in the fierce resolve to die where he was, rather than surrender himself as a prisoner.

Although the allied forces had gained the battle, they quickly foresaw that the ground they had won was untenable; and scarcely had night closed in when they began their preparations to

fall back. With strong pickets of observation to watch the bridges, they slowly withdrew their columns toward Mons, posting the artillery on the heights around Grandrengs. From these movements the ground of the late struggle became comparatively deserted, and before day began to dawn, not a sound was heard over its wide expanse, save the faint moan of a dying soldier, or the low rumble of a cart, as some spoiler of the dead stole stealthily along. Among the demoralizing effects of war, none was more striking than the number of the peasantry who betook themselves to this infamous trade; and who, neglecting all thoughts of honest industry, devoted themselves to robbery and plunder. The lust of gain did not stop with the spoil of the dead, but the wounded were often found stripped of every thing, and in some cases the traces of fierce struggle, and the wounds of knives and hatchets, showed that murder had consummated the iniquity of these wretches.

In part, from motives of pure humanity, in part, from feelings of a more interested nature—for terror to what this demoralization would tend, was now great and wide spread—the nobles and gentry of the land instituted a species of society to reward those who might succor the wounded, and who displayed any remarkable zeal in their care for the sufferers after a battle. This generous philanthropy was irrespective of country, and extended its benevolence to the soldiers of either army: of course, personal feeling enjoyed all its liberty of preference. but it is fair to say, that the cases were few where the wounded man could detect the political leanings of his benefactor.

The immense granaries, so universal in the Low Countries, were usually fitted up as hospitals, and many rooms of the chateau itself were often devoted to the same purpose, the various individuals of the household, from the "seigneur" to the lowest menial, assuming some office in the great work of charity; and it was a curious thing to see how the luxurious indolence of chateau life become converted into the zealous activity of useful benevolence; and not less curious to the moralist to observe how the emergent pressure of great crime so instinctively, as it were, suggested this display of virtuous humanity.

It was a little before day-break that a small cart, drawn by a mule, drew up by the spot where the wounded dragoon sat, with his shattered arm bound up in his sash, calmly waiting for the death that his sinking strength told could not be far distant. As the peasant approached him, he grasped his sabre in the left hand, resolved on making a last and bold resistance; but the courteous salutation, and the kindly look of the honest countryman, soon showed that he was come on no errand of plunder, while, in the few words of bad French he could muster, he explained his purpose.

"No, no, my kind friend," said the officer, "your labor would only be lost on me. It is nearly all over already! A little further on in the field, yonder, where that copse stands, you'll

find some poor fellow or other better worth your care, and more like to benefit by it. Adieu!"

But neither the farewell, nor the abrupt gesture that accompanied it, could turn the honest peasant from his purpose. There was something that interested him in this very disregard of life, as well as in the personal appearance of the sufferer, and, without further colloquy, he lifted the half-fainting form into the cart, and, disposing the straw comfortably on either side of him, set out homeward. The wounded man was almost indifferent to what happened, and never spoke a word nor raised his head as they went along. About three hours' journey brought them to a large old-fashioned chateau beside the Sambre, an immense straggling edifice which, with a façade of nearly a hundred windows, looked out upon the river. Although now in disrepair and neglect, with ill-trimmed alleys and grass-grown terraces, it had been once a place of great pretensions, and associated with some of the palmiest days of Flemish hospitality. The Chateau d'Overbecque was the property of a certain rich merchant of Antwerp, named D'Aerschot, one of the oldest families of the land, and was, at the time we speak of, the temporary abode of his only son, who had gone there to pass the honeymoon. Except that they were both young, neither of them yet twenty, two people could not easily be found so discrepant in every circumstance and every quality. He the true descendant of a Flemish house, plodding, commonplace, and methodical, hating show and detesting expense. She a lively, volatile girl, bursting with desire to see and be seen, fresh from the restraint of a convent at Bruges, and anxious to mix in all the pleasures and dissipations of the world. Like all marriages in their condition, it had been arranged without their knowledge or consent; circumstances of fortune made the alliance suitable; so many hundred thousands florins on one side were wedded to an equivalent on the other, and the young people were married to facilitate the "transaction."

That he was not a little shocked at the gay frivolity of his beautiful bride, and she as much disappointed at the staid demureness of her stolid-looking husband, is not to be wondered at; but their friends knew well that time would smooth down greater discrepancies than even these; and if ever there was a country, the monotony of whose life could subdue all to its own leaden tone, it was Holland in old days. Whether engaged in the active pursuit of gain in the great cities, or enjoying the luxurious repose of chateau life, a dull, dreary uniformity pervaded every thing—the same topics, the same people, the same landscape, recurred day after day; and save what the season induced, there was nothing of change in the whole round of their existence. And what a dull honeymoon was it for that young bride at the old Chateau of Overbecque! To toil along the deep sandy roads in a lumbering old coach, with two long-tailed black horses—to halt at some little eminence, and strain the

eyes over a long unbroken flat, where a wind-mill, miles off, was an object of interest—to loiter beside the bank of a sluggish canal, and gaze on some tasteless excrescence of a summer-house, whose owner could not be distinguished from the wooden effigy that sat, pipe in mouth, beside him—to dine in the unbroken silence of a funeral feast, and doze away the afternoon over the “*Handelsblatt*,” while her husband smoked himself into the seventh heaven of a Dutch Elysium—Poor Caroline! this was a sorry realization of all her bright dreamings! It ought to be borne in mind, that many descendants of high French families, who were either too proud or too poor to emigrate to England or America, had sought refuge from the Revolution in the convents of the Low Countries; where, without entering an order, they lived in all the discipline of a religious community. These ladies, many of whom had themselves mixed in all the elegant dissipations of the court, carried with them the most fascinating reminiscences of a life of pleasure, and could not readily forget the voluptuous enjoyments of Versailles, and the graceful caprices of “*La Petit Trianon*.” From such sources as these the young pupils drew all their ideas of the world, and assuredly it could have scarcely worn colors more likely to fascinate such imaginations.

What a shortcoming was the wearisome routine of Overbecque to a mind full of the refined follies of Marie Antoinette's court! Even war and its chances offered a pleasurable contrast to such dull monotony, and the young bride hailed with eagerness the excitement and bustle of the moving armies—the long columns which poured along the high road, and the clanking artillery, heard for miles off! Monsieur D'Aerschot, like all his countrymen who held property near the frontier, was too prudent to have any political bias. Madame was, however, violently French. The people who had such admirable taste in “*toilet*,” could scarcely be wrong in the theories of government; and a nation so invariably correct in dress, could hardly be astray in morals. Besides this, all their notions of morality were as pliant and as easy to wear as their own well-fitting garments. Nothing was wrong but what *looked* ungracefully; every thing was right that sat becomingly on her who did it. A short code, and wonderfully easy to learn. If I have dwelt somewhat tediously on these tendencies of the time, it is that I may pass the more glibly over the consequences, and not pause upon the details by which the young French captain's residence at Overbecque gradually grew, from the intercourse of kindness and good offices, to be a close friendship with his host, and as much of regard and respectful devotion as consisted with the position of his young and charming hostess.

He thought her, as she certainly was, very beautiful; she rode to perfection, she sung delightfully; she had all the volatile gayety of a happy child with the graceful ease of coming womanhood. Her very passion for excitement gave a kind of life and energy to the dull old

chateau, and made her momentary absence felt as a dreary blank.

It is not my wish to speak of the feelings suggested by the contrast between her husband and the gay and chivalrous young soldier, nor how little such comparisons tended to allay the repinings at her lot. Their first effect, was, however, to estrange her more and more from D'Aerschot, a change which he accepted with most Dutch indifference. Possibly, piqued by this, or desirous of awakening his jealousy, she made more advances toward the other, selecting him as the companion of her walks, and passing the greater part of each day in his society. Nothing could be more honorable than the young soldier's conduct in this trying position. The qualities of agreeability which he had previously displayed to requite, in some sort, the hospitality of his hosts, he now gradually restrained, avoiding as far as he could, without remark, the society of the young countess, and even feigning indisposition, to escape from the peril of her intimacy.

He did more—he exerted himself to draw D'Aerschot more out, to make him exhibit the shrewd intelligence which lay buried beneath his native apathy, and display powers of thought and reflection of no mean order. Alas! these very efforts on his part only increased the mischief, by adding generosity to his other virtues! He now saw all the danger in which he was standing, and, although still weak and suffering, resolved to take his departure. There was none of the concealed vanity of a coxcomb in this knowledge. He heartily deplored the injury he had unwittingly done, and the sorry return he had made for all their generous hospitality.

There was not a moment to be lost; but the very evening before, as they walked together in the garden, she had confessed to him the misery in which she lived by recounting the story of her ill-sorted marriage. What it cost him to listen to that sad tale with seeming coldness—to hear her afflictions without offering one word of kindness; nay, to proffer merely some dry, harsh counsels of patience and submission, while he added something very like rebuke for her want of that assiduous affection which should have been given to her husband!

Unaccustomed to even the slightest censure, she could scarcely trust her ears as she heard him. Had she humiliated herself, by such a confession, to be met by advice like this! And was it *he* that should reproach her for the very faults his own intimacy had engendered! She could not endure the thought, and she felt that she could hate, just at the very moment when she knew she loved him!

They parted in anger—reproaches, the most cutting and bitter, on her part; coldness, far more wounding, on his! Sarcastic compliments upon his generosity, replied to by as sincere expressions of respectful friendship. What hypocrisy and self-deceit together! And yet deep beneath all lay the firm resolve for future victory. Her wounded self-love was irritated, and

she was not one to turn from an unfinished purpose. As for him, he waited till all was still and silent in the house, and then seeking out D'Aerschot's chamber, thanked him most sincerely for all his kindness, and, affecting a hurried order to join his service, departed. While in her morning dreams she was fancying conquest, he was already miles away on the road to France.

It was about three years after this, that a number of French officers were seated one evening in front of a little café in Freyburg. The town was then crammed with troops moving down to occupy the passes of the Rhine, near the Lake of Constance, and every hour saw fresh arrivals pouring in, dusty and wayworn from the march. The necessity for a sudden massing of the troops in a particular spot compelled the generals to employ every possible means of conveyance to forward the men to their destination, and from the lumbering old diligence with ten horses, to the light charette with one, all were engaged in this pressing service.

When men were weary, and unable to march forward, they were taken up for twelve or fourteen miles, after which they proceeded on their way, making room for others, and thus forty, and even fifty miles were frequently accomplished in the same day.

The group before the café were amusing themselves criticising the strange appearance of the new arrivals, many of whom certainly made their entry in the least military fashion possible. Here came a great country wagon, with forty infantry soldiers all sleeping on the straw. Here followed a staff-officer trying to look quite at his ease in a donkey-cart. Unwieldy old bullock-carts were filled with men, and a half-starved mule tottered along with a drummer-boy in one pannier, and camp-kettles in the other.

He who was fortunate enough to secure a horse for himself, was obliged to carry the swords and weapons of his companions, which were all hung around and about him on every side, together with helmets and shakos of all shapes and sizes, whose owners were fain to cover their heads with the less soldier-like appendages of a nightcap or a handkerchief. Nearly all who marched carried their caps on their muskets, for in such times as these all discipline is relaxed, save such as is indispensable to the maintenance of order; and so far was freedom conceded, that some were to be seen walking barefoot in the ranks, while their shoes were suspended by a string on their backs. The rule seemed to be "Get forward—it matters not how—only get forward!"

And with French troops, such relaxation of strict discipline is always practicable; the instincts of obedience return at the first call of the bugle or the first roll of the drum; and at the word to "fall in!" every symptom of disorder vanishes, and the mass of seeming confusion becomes the steady and silent phalanx.

Many were the strange sights that passed before the eyes of the party at the café, who, having arrived early in the day, gave themselves all the airs of ease and indolence before their wayworn comrades. Now laughing heartily at the absurdity of this one, now exchanging some good-humored jest with that, they were in the very full current of their criticism, when the sharp, shrill crack of a postillion's whip informed them that a traveler of some note was approaching. A mounted courier, all slashed with gold lace, came riding up the street at the same moment, and a short distance behind followed a handsome equipage, drawn by six horses, after which came a heavy "fourgon" with four.

One glance showed that the whole equipage betokened a wealthy owner. There was all that cumbrous machinery of comfort about it that tells of people who will not trust to the chances of the road for their daily wants. Every appliance of ease was there; and even in the self-satisfied air of the servants who lounged in the "rumble" might be read habits of affluent prosperity. A few short years back, and none would have dared to use such an equipage. The sight of so much indulgence would have awakened the fiercest rage of popular fury; but already the high fever of democracy was gradually subsiding, and bit by bit men were found reverting to old habits and old usages. Still each new indication of these tastes met a certain amount of reprobation. Some blamed openly, some condemned in secret; but all felt that there was at least impolicy in a display which would serve as a pretext for the terrible excesses that were committed under the banner of "Equality."

"If we lived in the days of princes," said one of the officers, "I should say there goes one now. Just look at all the dust they are kicking up yonder; while, as if to point a moral upon greatness, they are actually stuck fast in the narrow street, and unable from their own unwieldiness to get further."

"Just so," cried another; "they want to turn down toward the 'Swan,' and there isn't space enough to wheel the leaders."

"Who or what are they?" asked a third.

"Some commissary-general, I'll be sworn," said the first. "They are the most shameless thieves going; for they are never satisfied with robbery, if they do not exhibit the spoils in public."

"I see a bonnet and a lace veil," said another, rising suddenly and pushing through the crowd. "I'll wager it's a 'danseuse' of the Grand Opera."

"Look at Merode!" remarked the former, as he pointed to the last speaker. "See how he thrusts himself forward there. Watch, and you'll see him bow and smile to her, as if they had been old acquaintances."

The guess was so far unlucky, that Merode had no sooner come within sight of the carriage-window, than he was seen to bring his hand to the salute, and remain in an attitude of respectful attention till the equipage moved on.

"Well, Merode, who is it?—who are they?" cried several together, as he fell back among his comrades.

"It's our new adjutant-general, parbleu!" said he, "and he caught me staring at his pretty wife."

"Colonel Mahon!" said another, laughing; "I wish you joy of your gallantry, Merode." "And worse, still," broke in a third, "she is not his wife. She never could obtain the divorce to allow her to marry again. Some said it was the husband—a Dutchman, I believe—refused it; but the simple truth is, she never wished it herself."

"How, not wish it?" remarked three or four in a breath.

"Why should she? Has she not every advantage the position could give her, and her liberty into the bargain? If we were back again in the old days of the Monarchy, I agree with you, she could not go to court; she would receive no invitations to the 'petits soupers' of the Trianon, nor be asked to join the discreet hunting-parties at Fontainebleau; but we live in less polished days; and if we have little virtue, we have less hypocrisy."

"Voilà!" cried another, "only I, for one, would never believe that we are a jot more wicked or more dissolute than those powdered and perfumed scoundrels that played courtier in the King's bed-chamber."

There, they are getting out, at the 'Tour d'Argent!' cried another. "She is a splendid figure, and what magnificence in her dress!"

"Mahon waits on her like a laquais," muttered a grim old lieutenant of infantry.

"Rather like a well-born cavalier, I should say," interposed a young hussar. "His manner is all that it ought to be—full of devotion and respect."

"Bah!" said the former; "a soldier's wife, or a soldier's mistress—for it's all one—should know how to climb up to her place on the baggage-wagon, without three lazy rascals to catch her sleeve or her petticoats for her."

"Mahon is as gallant a soldier as any in this army," said the hussar; "and I'd not be in the man's coat who disparaged him in any thing."

"By St. Denis!" broke in another, "he's not more brave than he is fortunate. Let me tell you, it's no slight luck to chance upon so lovely a woman as that, with such an immense fortune, too."

"Is she rich?"

"Enormously rich. *He* has nothing. An emigré of good family, I believe, but without a sous; and see how he travels yonder."

While this conversation was going forward, the new arrivals had alighted at the chief inn of the town, and were being installed in the principal suite of rooms, which opened on a balcony over the "Place." The active preparations of the host to receive such distinguished guests—the hurrying of servants here and there—the blaze of wax-lights that shone half way across the street beneath—and, lastly, the appearance of a regimental band to play under the windows

—were all circumstances well calculated to sustain and stimulate that spirit of sharp criticism which the group around the café were engaged in.

The discussion was, however, suddenly interrupted by the entrance of an officer, at whose appearance every one arose and stood in attitudes of respectful attention. Scarcely above the middle size, and more remarkable for the calm and intellectual cast of his features, than for that air of military pride then so much in vogue among the French troops—he took his place at a small table near the door, and called for his coffee. It was only when he was seated, and that by a slight gesture he intimated his wishes to that effect, that the others resumed their places, and continued the conversation, but in a lower, more subdued tone.

"What distinguished company have we got yonder?" said he, after about half an hour's quiet contemplation of the crowd before the inn, and the glaring illumination from the windows.

"Colonel Mahon, of the Fifth Cuirassiers, general," replied an officer.

"Our republican simplicity is not so self-denying a system, after all, gentlemen," said the general, smiling half sarcastically. "Is he very rich?"

"His mistress is, general," was the prompt reply.

"Bah!" said the general, as he threw his cigar away, and, with a contemptuous expression of looks, arose and walked away.

"Parbleu! he's going to the inn," cried an officer, who peered out after him; "I'll be sworn Mahon will get a heavy reprimand for all this display and ostentation."

"And why not?" said another. "Is it when men are arriving half dead with fatigue, without rations, without billets, glad to snatch a few hours' rest on the stones of the Place, that the colonel of a regiment should travel with all the state of an eastern despot?"

"We might as well have the Monarchy back again," said an old weather-beaten captain; "I say far better, for their vices sat gracefully and becomingly on those essenced scoundrels, whereas they but disfigure the plainness of our daily habits."

"All this is sheer envy, comrades," broke in a young major of hussars, "sheer envy; or, what is worse, downright hypocrisy. Not one of us is a whit better or more moral than if he wore the livery of a king, and carried a crown on his shako instead of that naked damsel that represents French Liberty. Mahon is the luckiest fellow going, and, I heartily believe, the most deserving of his fortune! And see if General Moreau be not of my opinion. There he is on the balcony, and she is leaning on his arm."

"Parbleu! the major is right!" said another; "but, for certain, it was not in that humor he left us just now; his lips were closely puckered up, and his fingers were twisted into his sword-knot two signs of anger and displeasure, there's no mistaking."

"If he's in a better temper, then," said an-

other, 'it was never the smiles of a pretty woman worked the change. There's not a man in France so thoroughly indifferent to such blandishments.'

"Tant pis pour lui," said the major; but they're closing the window-shutters, and we may as well go home."

CHAPTER XLV.

THE CABINET OF A CHEF-DE-POLICE.

WHATEVER opinion may be formed of the character of the celebrated conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru, the mode of its discovery, and the secret rules by which its plans were detected, are among the great triumphs of police skill. From the hour when the conspirators first met together in London, to that last fatal moment when they expired in the Temple, the agents of Fouché never ceased to track them.

Their individual tastes and ambitions were studied; their habits carefully investigated; every thing that could give a clew to their turn of thought or mind well weighed; so that the Consular Government was not only in possession of all their names and rank, but knew thoroughly the exact amount of complicity attaching to each, and could distinguish between the reckless violence of Georges and the more tempered, but higher ambition of Moreau. It was a long while doubtful whether the great general would be implicated in the scheme. His habitual reserve—a habit less of caution than of constitutional delicacy—had led him to few intimacies, and nothing like even one close friendship; he moved little in society; he corresponded with none, save on the duties of the service. Fouché's well-known boast of, "Give me two words of a man's writing and I'll hang him," were then scarcely applicable here.

To attack such a man unsuccessfully, to arraign him on a weak indictment, would have been ruin; and yet Bonaparte's jealousy of his great rival pushed him even to this peril, rather than risk the growing popularity of his name with the army.

Fouché, and, it is said also, Talleyrand, did all they could to dissuade the First Consul from this attempt, but he was fixed and immutable in his resolve, and the Police Minister at once addressed himself to his task with all his accustomed cleverness.

High play was one of the great vices of the day. It was a time of wild and varied excitement, and men sought, even in their dissipations, the whirlwind passions that stirred them in active life. Moreau, however, was no gambler; it was said that he never could succeed in learning a game. He, whose mind could comprehend the most complicated question of strategy, was obliged to confess himself conquered by *écarté*! So much for the vaunted intellectuality of the play-able! Neither was he addicted to wine. All his habits were temperate, even to the extent of unsociality.

A man who spoke little, and wrote less, who

indulged in no dissipations, nor seemed to have taste for any, was a difficult subject to treat; and so Fouché found, as, day after day, his spies reported to him the utter failure of all their schemes to entrap him. Lajolais, the friend of Pichegru, and the man who betrayed him, was the chief instrument the Police Minister used to obtain secret information. Being well born, and possessed of singularly pleasing manners, he had the *entrée* of the best society of Paris, where his gay, easy humor made him a great favorite. Lajolais, however, could never penetrate into the quiet domesticity of Moreau's life, nor make any greater inroad on his intimacy than a courteous salutation as they passed each other in the garden of the Luxembourg. At the humble restaurant where he dined each day for two francs, the "General," as he was distinctively called, never spoke to any one. Unobtrusive and quiet, he occupied a little table in a recess of the window, and arose the moment he finished his humble meal. After this he was to be seen in the garden of the Luxembourg, with a cigar and a book, or sometimes, without either, seated pensively under a tree for hours together.

If he had been conscious of the "espionage" established all over his actions, he could scarcely have adopted a more guarded or more tantalizing policy. To the verbal communications of Pichegru and Armand Polignac, he returned vague replies; their letters he never answered at all, and Lajolais had to confess that, after two months of close pursuit, the game was as far from him as ever!

"You have come to repeat the old song to me, Monsieur Lajolais," said Fouché, one evening, as his wily subordinate entered the room; "you have nothing to tell me, eh?"

"Very little, Monsieur le Ministre, but still something. I have at last found out where Moreau spends all his evenings. I told you that about half-past nine o'clock every night all lights were extinguished in his quarters, and, from the unbroken stillness, it was conjectured that he had retired to bed. Now, it seems that, about an hour later, he is accustomed to leave his house, and crossing the Place de l'Odeon, to enter the little street called the 'Allée de Caire,' where, in a small house next but one to the corner, resides a certain officer, 'en retraite'—a Colonel Mahon, of the Cuirassiers."

"A Royalist?"

"This is suspected, but not known. His politics, however, are not in question here; the attraction is of a different order."

"Ha! I perceive; he has a wife or a daughter."

"Better still, a mistress. You may have heard of the famous Caroline de Stassart, that married a Dutchman named D'Aerschot."

"Madame Laure, as they called her," said Fouché, laughing.

"The same. She has lived as Mahon's wife for some years, and was as such introduced into society; in fact, there is no reason, seeing what society is in these days, that she should not participate in all its pleasures."

"No matter for that," broke in Fouché; "Bonaparte will not have it so. He wishes that matters should go back to the old footing, and wisely remarks, that it is only in savage life that people or vices go without clothing."

"Be it so, monsieur. In the present case no such step is necessary. I know her maid, and from her I have heard that her mistress is heartily tired of her protector. It was originally a sudden fancy, taken when she knew nothing of life—had neither seen any thing, nor been herself seen. By the most wasteful habits she has dissipated all, or nearly all, her own large fortune, and involved Mahon heavily in debt; and they are thus reduced to a life of obscurity and poverty—the very things the least endurable to her notions."

"Well, does she care for Moreau?" asked Fouché, quickly; for all stories to his ear only resolved themselves into some question of utility or gain.

"No, but he does for her. About a year back she did take a liking to him. He was returning from his great German campaign, covered with honors and rich in fame; but as her imagination is captivated by splendor, while her heart remains perfectly cold and intact, Moreau's simple, unpretending habits quickly effaced the memory of his hard-won glory, and now she is quite indifferent to him."

"And who is her idol now, for, of course, she has one?" asked Fouché.

"You would scarcely guess," said Lajolais.

"Parbleu! I hope it is not myself," said Fouché, laughing.

"No, Monsieur le Ministre, her admiration is not so well placed. The man who has captivated her present fancy is neither good-looking nor well-mannered; he is short and abrupt of speech, careless in dress, utterly indifferent to women's society, and almost rude to them."

"You have drawn the very picture of a man to be adored by them," said Fouché, with a dry laugh.

"I suppose so," said the other with a sigh; "or General Ney would not have made this conquest."

"Ah! it is Ney, then. And he, what of him?"

"It is hard to say. As long as she lived in a grand house of the Rue St. Georges, where he could dine four days a week, and, in his dirty boots and unbrushed frock, mix with all the fashion and elegance of the capital; while he could stretch full length on a Persian ottoman, and brush the cinders from his cigar against a statuette by Canova, or a gold embroidered hanging; while in the midst of the most voluptuous decorations he alone could be dirty and uncared for, I really believe that he did care for her, at least, so far as ministering to his own enjoyments; but in a miserable lodging of the 'Allée de Caire,' without equipage, lackeys, liveried footmen—"

"To be sure," interrupted Fouché, "one might as well pretend to be fascinated by the beauty of a landscape the day after it has been

desolated by an earthquake. Ney is right! Well, now, Monsieur Lajolais, where does all this bring us to?"

"Very near to the end of our journey, Monsieur le Ministre. Madame, or mademoiselle, is most anxious to regain her former position; she longs for all the luxurious splendor she used to live in. Let us but show her this rich reward, and she will be our own!"

"In my trade, Monsieur Lajolais, generalities are worth nothing. Give me details; let me know how you would proceed."

"Easily enough, sir; Mahon must first of all be disposed of, and perhaps the best way will be to have him arrested for debt. This will not be difficult, for his bills are every where. Once in the Temple, she will never think more of him. It must then be her task to obtain the most complete influence over Moreau. She must affect the deepest interest in the Royalist cause: I'll furnish her with all the watch-words of the party, and Moreau, who never trusts a man, will open all his confidence to a woman."

"Very good, go on!" cried Fouché, gathering fresh interest as the plot began to reveal itself before him.

"He hates writing; she will be his secretary, embodying all his thoughts and suggestions; and now and then, for *her own guidance*, obtaining little scraps in *his* hand. If he be too cautious here, I will advise her to remove to Geneva, for change of air; he likes Switzerland, and will follow her immediately."

"This will do; at least it looks practicable," said Fouché, thoughtfully; "is she equal to the part you would assign her?"

"Ay, sir, and to a higher one, too! She has considerable ability, and great ambition; her present narrow fortune has irritated and disgusted her; the moment is most favorable for us."

"If she should play us false," said Fouché, half aloud.

"From all I can learn, there is no risk of this; there is a headlong determination in her, when once she has conceived a plan, from which nothing turns her; overlooking all but her object, she will brave any thing, do any thing to attain it."

"Bonaparte was right in what he said of Necker's daughter," said Fouché, musingly, "and there is no doubt it adds wonderfully to a woman's *head*, that she has no *heart*. And now, the price, Master Lajolais; remember that our treasury received some deadly wounds lately—what is to be the price?"

"It may be a smart one; she is not likely to be a cheap purchase."

"In the event of success—I mean of such proof as may enable us to arrest Moreau, and commit him to prison—" He stopped as he got thus far, and paused for some seconds—"Be-think you, then, Lajolais," said he, "what a grand step this would be, and how terrible the consequences if undertaken on rash or insufficient grounds. Moreau's popularity with the

army is only second to one man's ! His unambitious character has made him many friends ; he has few, very few enemies."

"But you need not push matters to the last—an implied, but not a proven guilt would be enough ; and you can pardon him !"

"Ay, Lajolais, but who would pardon *us* ?" cried Fouché, carried beyond all the bounds of his prudence, by the thought of a danger so imminent. "Well, well, let us come back ; the price—will that do ?" And taking up a pen he scratched some figures on a piece of paper.

Lajolais smiled dubiously, and added a unit to the left of the sum.

"What ! a hundred and fifty thousand francs !" cried Fouché.

"And a cheap bargain, too," said the other ; "for, after all, it is only the price of a ticket in the Lottery, of which the great prize is General Ney !"

"You say truly," said the Minister ; "be it so."

"Write your name there, then," said Lajolais, "beneath those figures ; that will be warranty sufficient for my negotiation, and leave the rest to me."

"Nature evidently meant you for a *Chef-de-Police*, Master Lajolais."

"Or a cardinal ! Monsieur le Ministre," said the other, as he folded up the paper, a little insignificant slip, scrawled over with a few figures, and an almost illegible word ; and yet pregnant with infamy to one, banishment to another, ruin and insanity to a third.

This sad record need not be carried further. It is far from a pleasant task to tell of baseness unredeemed by one trait of virtue—of treachery, unrepented even by regret. History records Moreau's unhappy destiny—the pages of private memoir tell of Ney's disastrous connection ; our own humble reminiscences speak of poor Mahon's fate, the least known of all, but the most sorrowful victim of a woman's treachery !

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FLOATING ISLAND.

A LEGEND OF LOCH DOCHART.

ONE night in midsummer, a long, long time ago—so long ago that I may not venture to assign the date—the moon shone down, as it might have done last night, over the wild, lone shore of Loch Dochart. Upon a little promontory on its southern margin stood a girl, meanly clad, wasted, and wayworn. In her arms she bore a little babe, wrapped up in the folds of a plaid ; and as she bent her thin, pallid face over that of the child, her rich, long, yellow hair fell in a shower around her, unconfined either by *snood* or *curch*. One might have taken her for Magdalene, in her withered beauty, her penitence, and her grief ; but other than Magdalene, in her passionate despair. She looked around her, and a shudder shook her feeble frame. Was it the chill of the night mist ?—it might be ; for as her eye wandered away toward the hills beyond, northward, the mists were creeping along their

sides, and she saw the moonlight gleaming on a lowly cot, amid a fir grove. 'Twas the home of her parents, the home of her happy childhood, her innocent youth. She looked again at the little one in her bosom ; it slept, but a spasm of pain wrung its pale, pinched, sharp features. It appeared to be feeble and pining, for sleepless nights and days of grief and tears had turned the milk of the mother to gall and poison, and the little innocent drank in death—death, the fruit of sin in all climes and ages. Gently she laid the little one by the margin of the water, amid the green rushes ; and the breeze of night sweeping by murmured plaintively to them, and caused them to sigh, and rock to and fro around the infant. Then the poor mother withdrew a space from the babe, and sat her down upon a white stone, and covered her face with her long, thin, bloodless hands. She said in her heart, as Hagar said, "Let me not see the death of the child." And she wept sore, for the poor girl loved the babe, as a mother, like her, only can love her babe, with a wild, passionate, absorbing love, for it is her all, her pearl of great price, which she has bought with name and fame, with home and friends, with health and happiness, with earth, and, it may be, with heaven. And she thought bitterly over that happy home, where, a few months since, in the gloaming of the autumn's eve, she sat on the heathery braes, and tripped along the brink of the warbling burn, or milked the kine in the byre, or sang to her spinning-wheel beside her mother, near the ingle. Next came the recollection of one who sat beside her in the braes, and strayed with her down the burn ; who won her heart with his false words, and drew her from the holy shelter of her father's roof, to leave her in her desolation among the southern strangers. And now, with the faithfulness—though not with the purity or trustfulness—of the dove, she was returning over the waste of the world's dark waters to that ark which had sheltered her early years—from which no father had sent her forth. The ark is in sight ; but the poor bird is weary from her flight, and she would even now willingly fold her wings and sink down amid the waters, for she is full of shame, and fear, and sorrow. Ah ! will her father "put forth his hand and take her in, and pul her in unto him into the ark," with the glory of her whiteness defiled, her plumage ruffled and drooping ? Ah ! will her mother draw her again to nestle within her bosom, when she sees the dark stain upon her breast, once so pure and spotless ? The poor girl wept as she thought these things—at first wild and bitterly, but at length her sorrow became gentler, and her soul more calm, for her heavy heart was relieved by the tears that seemed to have gushed straight up from it, as the dark clouds are lightened when the rain pours from them. And so she sobbed and mused in the cold, dreary night, till her thoughts wandered and her vision grew dim, and she sank down in slumber—a slumber like that of childhood, sweet and deep. And she dreamed that angels, pure and white, stood around : and, oh ! strange and charming, they looked not on her as the unfallen ones of the

world—the pure and the sinless in their own sight—looked upon her through the weary days of her humiliation—scornfully, loathingly, pitilessly; but their sweet eyes were bent upon her full of ruth, and gentleness, and love; and tears like dew-pearls fell from those mild and lustrous orbs upon her brow and bosom, as those beautiful beings hung over her, and those tears calmed her poor wild brain, and each, where it fell upon her bosom, washed away a stain. Then the angels took the little one from her breast, and spread their wings as if for flight; but she put forth her arms to regain her child, and one of the bright beings repressed her gently, and said,

“It may not be—the babe goes with us.”

Then said she to the angel, “Suffer me also to go with my child, that I may be with it and tend it ever.”

But the angel said, in a voice of sweet and solemn earnestness, “Not yet—not yet. Thou mayest not come with us now, but in a little while shalt thou rejoin us, and this our little sister.”

And the dreamer thought that they rose slowly on the moonlit air, as the light clouds float before a gentle breeze at evening; then the child stretched forth its arms toward her with a plaintive cry, and she awoke and sprang forward to where her child lay. The waters of the lake rippled over the feet of the mother, but the babe lay beyond in the rushes at the point of the promontory where she had laid it. The bewildered mother essayed to spring across the stream that now flowed between her and the island, but in vain; her strength failed her, and as she sank to the earth she beheld the island floating slowly away upon the waveless bosom of the lake, while eldritch laughter rang from out the rushes, mingled with sweet tiny voices soothing with a fairy lullaby the cries of the babe that came fainter and fainter on the ears of the bereaved mother, as the little hands of the elfin crew impelled the floating island over the surface of Loch Dochart.

Some herdsmen going forth in the early morning found a girl apparently lifeless lying on the edge of the lake. She was recognized and brought to her early home. When she opened her eyes her parents stood before her. No word of anger passed from the lips of her father, though his eye was clouded and his head was bowed down with sorrow and humiliation. Her mother took the girl's head and laid it on her bosom—as she had done when she was a little guileless child—and wept, and kissed her, and prayed over her. Then after a time she came to know those around her and where she was, and she started up and looked restlessly around, and cried out with a loud and wild cry, “My child! Where is my child?”

Near the spot where she had been discovered was found a portion of a baby's garment. The people feared the child had been drowned, and searched the loch along its shores. Nothing, however, was found which could justify their suspicions; but, to the astonishment of the searchers, they discovered in the midst of the lake a small island, about fifty feet in length, and more than

half that in width, covered with rushes and water-plants. No one had ever seen it before, and when they returned with others to show the wonder, they found that it had sensibly changed its position. The home-returned wanderer whispered into her mother's ear all her sin and all her sorrow. Then she pined away day by day. And when the moon was again full in the heavens, she stole forth in the gloaming. She was missed in the morning, and searched for during many days, but no trace could be found of her. At length some fishermen passing by the floating island, scared a large kite from the rushes, and discovered the decaying body of the hapless girl. How she had reached the island none could say—whether it drifted sufficiently near the land to enable her to wade to it in her search for her babe, and then floated out again from the shore; or whether beings of whom peasants fear to speak had brought her there. The latter conjecture was, of course, the one more generally adopted by the people, and there are those who say that at midnight, when the moon shines down at the full upon Loch Dochart, he who has sharp ears may hear the cry of a baby mingling with elfish laughter and sweet low songs from amidst the plants and rushes of the floating island.

SIBERIA, AS A LAND OF POLITICAL EXILE.

FROM the reign of Peter the Great to the present moment, exile to Siberia as a punishment for political offenses, has been of constant recurrence, and most of the romance of Russian history is connected with the frozen steppes of that country. To enumerate all the illustrious names that have swelled the list of exiles up to the reign of Alexander, would be to write the history of the innumerable conspiracies which at various periods have shaken the throne of Russia, of the cruel caprices of a race of absolute and unscrupulous despots, and of the various individual passions which, under governments such as that of Russia, can always find means of making the public authorities the avengers of private hatreds. From the reign of Alexander up to the present time, sentence of exile to Siberia for political offenses has perhaps been more frequently pronounced than before; and as within this period the victims have mostly suffered for opinions, not for criminal deeds, and in many instances for opinions which, judged from the point of view of absolute right, must be pronounced to be noble and generous, though, in opposition to the reigning system in the country, the fate of these exiles has elicited the sympathy of Europe in a far higher degree than was ever called forth by the fall of court favorites, whose change of fortune was generally caused by an inordinate and selfish ambition. That to the latter, life in Siberia was but a succession of hardships, privations, and humiliations, history affirms; but what may be the fate of the exiles in the present day, there are no more authentic means of ascertaining than the narratives of the few west Europeans who have visited Siberia.

and the inferences which may be drawn from the general system of convict colonization followed in the country, and from the spirit which pervades society there.

A regular system of convict colonization was commenced in 1754, during the reign of the Empress Elizabeth, who was too tender-hearted to sign the death-warrant even of the most atrocious criminal, though she tolerated and countenanced the most barbarous cruelties; but it was carried on without any attention to the necessities of the various localities, and was found not to work as favorably as might be desired. The existing irregularities having been brought to light, by the census taken in Siberia in 1819, new regulations were issued in 1822; and these were further improved upon in 1840, and brought into harmony with the improved penal code of the country. Notwithstanding the energetic endeavors of Peter the Great to force European civilization upon his people, he took little pains with regard to the necessary preliminary process of humanizing the penal laws of the country, and the most barbarous and degrading punishments continued, during his and several subsequent reigns, to be inflicted on persons of all ranks and both sexes. Torture in its most cruel forms was frequently applied, and the bodies of the criminals mutilated in the most inhuman manner, their noses and ears being cut off, and their tongues torn out by the root. Under the reign of Catharine II., mitigations were, however, introduced: torture was abolished, and the nobles, as also the burghers of the two first guilds, were exempted from corporeal punishment. The cruel and capricious Paul I., however, again gave to the world the sad and degrading spectacle of individuals of high social position and refined education wincing under the lash of the executioner; and to this day the knout and the cat-o'-nine-tails are reckoned among the instruments of correction in Russia. The punishments, as regulated by law at present, consist, according to the nature of the offense committed, in money fines, restitution, church penitence, loss of office, forfeiture of privileges and of honor, and in corporeal punishments of various kinds and degrees—regarding which it is, however, expressly stipulated that the sentence must not contain a recommendation “to flog without mercy,” as was formerly the case—and in banishment to Siberia, which, in case of heinous offenses, is further sharpened by forced labor in the mines and manufactories. Capital punishment is reintroduced, but for crimes of high treason only, and is even in such cases but very rarely applied. From the execution of the Cossack rebel Pugatscher, which took place in Moscow, in 1775, fifty years elapsed before sentence of death was again pronounced in Russia, when five of the leaders of the insurrection of 1826, which had nearly deprived the Emperor Nicholas of the throne to which he had just succeeded, were sentenced to lose their lives at the hands of the hangman. The knout, in addition to hard labor for life in the mines of Siberia, is the general substitute for capital punishment: and up to 1822, all

criminals under this last sentence were branded on the forehead, though the practice of slitting up the ears and nostrils, which continued in force until the reign of Alexander, was discontinued. In cases when the criminals are condemned to banishment for life, the sentence may be rendered still more rigorous by condemnation to *civil death*, in which cases alone the families of the convicts are not allowed to follow them into exile, and they are neither allowed to receive nor to write letters.

Kasan, in which city there is a bureau of dispatch for exiles, is the starting point of the detachments of convicts and exiles which periodically leave Russia for Siberia—their halting-places being indicated along the line of route by large four-winged wooden buildings, with yellow walls and red roofs, and surrounded by a stout palisade, erected at every post-station opposite the crown post-house. According to the improved regulations of 1840, the convicts condemned to forced labor are not allowed to travel in company with the criminals of lesser degree destined for immediate colonization, as was previously the case, but are sent in separate detachments, care being also taken that several days shall elapse between the departures of the successive detachments, so as to preclude all possibility of contact on the road. As far as can be judged from the very imperfect records which are available, the number of convicts transported to Siberia up to the year 1818 averaged 2500 yearly; but among these it may be presumed were not numbered the political exiles. In the year 1819, 3141 persons were transported; in 1820, the number swelled to 4051; and from that period until 1823, the annual number was from 4000 to 5000. In 1823 a ukase was issued, ordering that all vagrants who had until then been subjected to forced labor in the fortresses should in future be sent to Siberia as colonists. This of course greatly augmented the number transported; and during the period of six years which elapsed from the date of this ukase to 1829, 64,035 persons, or 10,067 individuals annually, were sent to people these uncultivated wilds. Among these, persons convicted of vagrancy only were, however, in a great majority, the number of criminal offenders condemned to hard labor, amounting only to one-seventh of the whole number. The number of women in proportion to that of the men was one to ten. The convicts travel on foot, all being, on starting, supplied with clothing at the public expense. The men walk in pairs; but, except in cases of extreme criminality, are rarely burdened with fetters during the journey. When passing through towns, however, irons are generally attached to their ankles, and every attempt at escape is punished with corporeal chastisement, without any reference to the cause of exile or the former social position of the individual. To each detachment are generally attached some wagons or sledges for the women, the aged, and the infirm; and these usually lead the van, the younger men following, and the whole party, commonly numbering from fifty to sixty indi-

viduals, being escorted from station to station by a detachment of the Cossacks stationed in the villages. That a journey of several thousand wersts on foot, and through such a country as Siberia, must cause much suffering, can not be doubted; but the stations are not at very great distances from each other, and travelers agree in asserting that the ostroms—that is, fortified places—in which the convicts rest from their fatigues, afford as comfortable accommodation as any post-house throughout Siberia; besides which the inhabitants of the towns and villages through which they pass, either from that perverse sympathy which so frequently leads the unthinking masses to look upon a doomed felon as upon a victim of oppression, or from a knowledge of how many sufferers for mere opinion may be mixed up with the really guilty individuals in the troop, contribute in every way in their power to mitigate the hardships of their position. The officer commanding the escort is intrusted with the sum stipulated by law for the daily subsistence of each convict, and this must never, under any pretense, pass into the hands of the latter. Many tales are told of the barbarous treatment to which the exiles are subjected during their passage to their various places of destination; but this, it would seem, must be attributed to the general brutality of the men forming the escort, and not to any desire in the government to render in an indirect way the punishment of the condemned more severe than expressed in the terms of the sentence; though in these cases, as in all others, it is of course the despotic character of the government in Russia which prevents the complaints of the oppressed from being heard, and thus perpetuates all abuses.

The convicts who have committed heinous offenses, such as murder, burglary, highway robbery, or who have been judged guilty of high treason, and are banished for life and condemned to forced labor, are chiefly under the superintendence of the governor of Irkutsk, who determines whether they are to be employed in the mines and salt-works, or in the distilleries, or other manufactories of the crown. For each of these convicts government allows thirty-six paper rubles yearly; but the price of the necessaries of life being in Siberia so very low that the half of this suffices for the support of the convict, the other half goes to form a fund which, in case, after the lapse of four or six years, he gives proofs of reform, is given to him to begin life with in some part of the wide-spread steppes which admits of cultivation, and where a certain portion of land and materials for building a house are assigned to him. The house must, however, be erected by his own labor, and the money laid by for him be applied to the purchasing of the necessary utensils and implements for commencing house-keeping and agricultural pursuits. From this moment the convicts become *gleba adscripti* in the strictest sense of the term, as they are, under no pretense whatsoever, allowed to quit the lands assigned to them, or to change their condition; thenceforward also they pay the

capitation tax and other imposts in like manner as the other crown peasants of Siberia, and enjoy in return the same rights, such as they are. The children of these convicts, born during the parents' period of punishment, are bound to the soil; but their names are not enrolled among those of the exiles, and the law orders that they shall be treated in the same manner as the overseers of the works.

The second class of convicts is subdivided into five classes, namely, 1. Exiles sentenced to labor in the manufactories; 2. Those sentenced to form part of the labor companies engaged on the public works; 3. Those allowed to work at their respective trades; 4. Those hired out as domestic servants; and 5. Those destined to become colonists. The last-mentioned of these are at once established on the waste lands allotted to them, each person obtaining an area of not less than thirty acres, and being besides furnished with materials for building a house, with a cow, some sheep, agricultural implements, and seed corn. During the first three years these settlers are exempted from all imposts; during the next seven years they pay half the usual amount of taxes, and in addition to this, fifteen silver copeks annually toward an economical fund erected for their benefit. After the lapse of these ten years they take their rank among the other crown peasants, and are subjected to the same burdens. Except when especially pardoned, these colonists are not either allowed to change their condition, or arbitrarily to quit the lands allotted to them. Colonization, according to this system, being found excessively expensive, and at the same time very precarious, on account of the frequent desertion of the colonists, who, living without families, were bound by no ties, was given up in 1822, but has since been resumed. In order to promote the speedy amalgamation of the convict population with the free population, the government bestows on every free woman who marries one of these colonists a donation of fifty silver rubles; while the free man who takes to wife a female convict receives a donation of fifteen rubles. Persons enjoying the privilege of collecting gold from the sands of the government of Tomsk, and who employ convicts for the washings, are bound to pay, in addition to the daily wages, one ruble and fifteen copeks in silver toward the economical fund. The convicts employed as domestic servants are fed by their employers, and receive in wages one silver ruble and a half per month. After eight years of such compulsory service, these exiles may also become colonists, and be enrolled among the peasants of the crown. Convict colonists may, should the authorities deem it expedient, be allowed to work at trades in the towns, but they must not become members of corporations or guilds, and must never be considered as being withdrawn from their condition of colonists.

The convicts condemned to forced labor, and employed in the manufactories, are the most leniently dealt with of this class, their position being, indeed, such as to render the sentence a

reward rather than a punishment. In the manufactories of Telma more than eight hundred convicts are employed, who receive in wages, according to the work executed by them, from six to fifty rubles per month, besides bread flour; and their wives, who dwell in the village, earn from two and a half to five rubles per month by spinning and weaving hemp. The convicts employed in manufactories, and receiving wages, are, however, generally such as have previously been under stricter discipline, and are in a state of transition toward the position of liberated colonists. In several towns of Siberia there are establishments for them during the first stage of their punishment. In these establishments, called *Remeslennii Dom*, or the House of Trades, the convicts are employed as joiners, turners, saddlers, wheelwrights, smiths, &c., and are housed, clothed, and fed at the public expense, but do not receive wages, their wives and children finding employment in other ways. All orders must be addressed to the officers intrusted with the superintendence of the establishments; but persons having work executed there are at liberty to enter the workshops, and to communicate directly with the different craftsmen, who are not chained, but are guarded by military. In winter, the hours of labor are eight, in summer, twelve. The proceeds of the labor of the convicts go to pay the expenses of the establishment, and the surplus is applied to charitable purposes, such as the building and maintenance of hospitals. The convict laborers in the mines of the Ural, as well as those of Nertchynsk, dwell together in large barrack-like buildings, the worst criminals among them being alone chained; but owing to the unhealthy nature of the mines, particularly those of Nertchynsk, their existence is a very miserable one. The usual term of compulsory labor in the mines is twenty years, at the expiration of which the convicts are generally established as colonists in the vicinity of the mines, and continue to labor in them, but as free laborers, receiving wages. In case there be at any time a scarcity of mining laborers, the authorities are at liberty to apply to this purpose exiles who have not been especially sentenced to this punishment; but in such cases the exiles are paid for their labor, and are not confined to the mines for more than one year, which counts, besides, for two years of exile. Upon the whole, great latitude is allowed the central and local authorities in Siberia with regard to the employment and allocation of the convicts and exiles, it being merely laid down as a general rule that agricultural settlements shall always be made in the least populous districts of the localities capable of cultivation. It seems also to be the plan, as far as possible, to put each man to the work which he is most competent to execute; and the exiles belonging to the laboring classes are therefore, in preference, established as agricultural colonists, while those belonging to the higher classes, who are unaccustomed to manual labor, are generally located in the towns, where it is easier for them to find some means of subsist-

ence, which may relieve the government from the burden of their support. Even independently of the political exiles, the number of the latter is great, for exile is the punishment which usually follows the detection of those peculations and abuses of power of which the Russian officials are so frequently guilty. On their first arrival, it seems, the exiles of this class are made to do penance in the churches, under the guardianship of the police, but after a time they are allowed to go about unguarded; and it is said that, when exiled for life, the Russians even of high birth bear the change of fortune with extraordinary equanimity, assimilating in a very short time, and without any apparent struggle, to the Cossacks and peasants among whom they are thrown. When, as is frequently the case, they marry Siberian women, their children in no way differ from the people among whom they live. In the city of Tobolsk, in particular, there are a great many exiles belonging to the class of unfaithful *employés*, the sentence being considered less rigorous the nearer the place of exile to the frontiers of Russia Proper. Political exiles are, on the contrary, sent further north and east, where the nature of the surrounding country is such as to make an attempt at flight impossible, or at least very difficult. The hardships to which these exiles are subjected seem, in by far the greater number of cases, to be exclusively such as are necessarily connected with their being torn away from all they hold dear, and transplanted from the luxurious life of European society (for these exiles mostly belong to the higher classes) to the uncultivated wilds and rigorous climate of a country but very partially redeemed from a state of nature; but the tenderest sympathies of the natives of all races seem, by all accounts, to be readily bestowed upon the exiles, who, whatever be the nature of the offense of which they have been guilty, are never named by a harsher term than that of "unfortunates." In many cases the lot of the political exiles is also mitigated by the kindness of the local authorities, who allow them the use of books and other indulgences, and even receive them as friends in their houses, when this can be done without risk of giving offense at St. Petersburg.

As in Russia nothing with which the government is concerned can be commented on by the press without especial permission, it is difficult to ascertain correctly how far the system followed in Siberia works beneficially as regards the moral reformation of the criminals, and their relations to society in general. The accounts of travelers are very conflicting—some extolling the extreme leniency with which even the worst offenders are treated, as the *ne plus ultra* of social policy, and dwelling with delight on its happy results; while others consider it disastrous in its consequences, and relate instances of the most atrocious crimes committed by the convicts, and of whole tracts of country in which life and property have been rendered insecure by their presence. The statistics of Siberia, however, prove the country to be improving; and all trav-

elers agree as to the freedom from molestation which they have experienced while traversing its immeasurable steppes; and it is therefore but fair to conclude, that though the attempt at moral reformation may be unsuccessful in many instances, in general convict colonization has here borne good fruits. That great severity in the chastisement of new transgressions has been found necessary, is on the other side proved by the penal laws bearing exclusively on Siberia. According to these laws, drunkenness, fighting, idleness, theft of articles of small value, unallowed absence from the place of detention, are considered venial offenses, and are punished with from ten to forty lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails; while desertion among the colonists is punished, the first time with simple flogging, the second and third time with the cat-o'-nine-tails. If the offense be persisted in after this, sentence is to be pronounced by the local tribunals, and often consists in temporary removal to some distant and thinly-populated district, or incorporation in one of the penal labor companies. Convicts condemned to hard labor who attempt to escape are punished with the knout, and are branded on the forehead, in case this mark of ignominy have not previously been inflicted on them. Repeated thefts, robberies, and other like offenses are punished in the same way as desertion; but in these cases the value of the object stolen is not so much taken into consideration as the motives by which the criminals are actuated, and the number of times the offense has been repeated. A fourth repetition by an exile of a crime previously punished renders him liable to forty lashes with the knout, and to being placed in the category of the convicts condemned to forced labor. Murder, highway robbery, and incendiarism are, if the offender be a simple exile, punished with from thirty-five to fifty lashes with the knout, in addition to branding on the forehead, and forced labor in irons for a period of not less than three years—the term beyond this being left to the judgment of the local tribunals. The convict condemned to forced labor who renders himself guilty of similar crimes receives fifty-five lashes of the knout, is branded on the forehead, and is chained to the wall of a prison for five years, after which period he is allowed to move about, but must continue to wear fetters during his life. Criminals of this class are never to be employed beyond the prison walls, and are not even in illness to be taken into the open air beyond the prison-yard, or to be relieved from their chains, except by especial permission of the superior authorities, which can only be granted in consequence of a medical certificate.

The river Irtysh is the Styx of the Siberian Hades: from the moment they cross the ferry in the neighborhood of the city of Tobolsk, the Russian *employés* appointed to offices in Siberia are placed in the enjoyment of the higher grade of rank which they so much covet; and from the moment they cross this same ferry commences the extinction of the political life of the exiles. Here they exchange the name by which, until

then, they have been known in the world, for one bestowed upon them by the authorities, and any change of the latter is punished with five years' compulsory labor over and above the original sentence. At Tobolsk sits the board which decides the final destination of each culprit or each martyr. It consists of a president and assessors, having under them a chancellerie divided into two sections, and has offices of dispatch in several of the towns of Siberia. Before their arrival at Tobolsk the convicts are, however, liable to be detained by the authorities of Kasan or Perm, for the public works in their respective governments.

It is as the land of political exile that Siberia is generally known, and that it has gained so unenviable a reputation among the liberty-loving nations of Europe, whose imagination pictures it to them as a vast unredeemable desert, whose icy atmosphere chills the breath of life, and petrifies the soul. Yet the truly benevolent should rejoice in circumstances which have led a government that punishes a dissentient word as severely as the direst crime, to select exile as the extreme penalty of the law. Siberia is, it is true, the great prison-house of Russia; but it is a prison-house through which the blessed light of the sun shines, through which the free air of plain and mountain plays, and in which the prisoner, though he may not labor in a self-elected field, may still devote his faculties to the benefit of his fellow-creatures, and continue the great task of moral and intellectual progress. How different his lot from that of the Austrian prisoner of state, doomed to drag on long years of a miserable existence in the dungeons of Spielberg, or some other fortress, severed from all intercourse with the world beyond his prison-walls, deprived even of the light of day, and left in solitude and forced idleness to brood over his dark and despairing thoughts.

APPLICATION OF ELECTRO-MAGNETIC POWER TO RAILWAY TRANSIT.

ONE of the most wonderful characteristics of scientific discovery is the singular way in which every advance connects itself with past phases of progress. Each new victory over the stubborn properties of matter not only gives man increase of power on its own account, but also reacts on older conquests, and makes them more productive. Thirty years ago, Davy and Arago observed that iron filings became magnetic when lying near a wire that was carrying a current of galvanic electricity. Since then powerful temporary magnets have been made for various purposes by surrounding bars of soft iron by coils of copper-wire, and transmitting electric currents through these. In fact, it has been ascertained that iron always becomes a magnet when electricity is passed round it. The alarm-bells of the electric telegraphs are set ringing by a simple application of this principle. A conducting wire is made to run for hundreds of miles, and then coils itself round an iron bar. Electric currents are sent at will through the hundreds of miles of wire, and the inert iron becomes an act

ive magnet. Observe the clerk in the Telegraph Office at London. When he jerks the handle that is before him, he turns on a stream of electricity that runs to Liverpool or Edinburgh, as the case may be. In either of those places a piece of iron that is twisted round with the extremity of the wire becomes a magnet for an instant, and attracts to itself a steel armature that is connected with a train of wheel-work. The motion of the armature, as it is drawn up to the magnet, sets free a spring that was before kept quiet; and this gives token of its freedom by making an alarm-bell to ring. The clerk in London awakens the attention of the clerk in Edinburgh by turning a piece of soft iron placed near to the latter into a magnet for a few seconds. He is able to do this because currents of electricity induce magnetism in iron. This, and this alone, is the secret principle to which he is indebted for the wonderful power that enables him to annihilate space when he instantaneously attracts the attention of an ear hundreds of miles away.

It has recently been announced that this electro-magnetic induction has been made a means for the instantaneous registration of astronomical observations. We have already to draw attention to another practical application of the principle. M. Niklès has just invented an arrangement of apparatus that enables him to make the wheels of locomotives bite the rails with any degree of force without increasing the weight that has to be carried to the extent of a single grain. Our readers are aware that in wet weather the driving-wheels of locomotives often slip round upon the rail without acquiring the power of moving the weight that is attached behind them. Whenever they are asked to ascend inclined planes with a weight that is beyond the adhesive powers of their wheels this result invariably follows; and the only practical escape from the difficulty hitherto has been the adoption of one of two expedients—either to increase their own intrinsic weight, so that the earth's attraction might bind the wheels down more firmly, or to let the railway be level and the load to be dragged proportionally light. In either of these cases a waste of power is experienced. Power is either expended in moving a superfluous load, or the same amount of power drags less weight even upon a level rail than it otherwise could upon an ascending one, that would have required less outlay in its construction. It therefore becomes a great desideratum to find some means of making the locomotive wheels bite more tenaciously without increasing the load they have to carry. The important problem of how to do this it is that M. Niklès has solved.

If our readers will take a common horse-shoe magnet, and slide the connecting slip of steel that rests upon its ends backward and forward, they will feel that the slip sticks to the magnet with a certain degree of force. M. Niklès' plan is to convert the wheel of the locomotive into a magnet, and make it stick to the iron rail by a like adhesion. This he does by placing a gal-

vanic battery under the body of the engine. A wire coming from the poles of this battery is then coiled horizontally round the lower part of the wheel, close to the rail, but in such a way that the wheel turns round freely within it, fresh portions of its circumference coming continually into relation with the coil. The part of the wheel in immediate contact with the rail is thus made magnetic, and therefore has a strong adhesion for the surface along which it moves—and the amount of the adhesion may be increased or diminished at any time, by merely augmenting or reducing the intensity of the galvanic current that circulates through the surrounding coil. By means of a handle the electricity may be turned on or off, and an effectual break be thus brought into activity that can make the iron rail smooth or adhesive according to the requirements of the instant, and this without in any way interfering with the free rotation of the wheels as the friction-breaks of necessity do. Increased adhesion is effected by augmented pressure, but the pressure results from an attraction that is altogether independent of weight. The lower portion of the wheel for the time being is in exactly the same condition as a bar of soft iron placed within a coil of wire circulating electricity. But as it rises up out of the coil during the rotation of the wheel, it grows less and less magnetic, the descending portions of the opposite side of the circumference acquiring increased magnetic power in the like degree.

M. Niklès' experiments have been made with large locomotives in full operation; and he states as the result, that the velocity of the wheel's motion does not in any way affect the development of the magnetic force. He finds the condition of the rail, as regards wetness or dryness, to be quite unimportant to the success of his apparatus, and he has already managed by its aid to achieve an ascent as rapid as one in five.

THE STOLEN ROSE.

GERALDINE DELISLE was the year previous to the late Revolution, which in one day shattered one of the great monarchies of the earth, the reigning belle in her circle. Lovely in form and face, she wanted but to correct some trifling defects of character to be perfect. But if she had large black eyes and massive brow, and beautiful hair and white teeth—if she had a lily-white hand and tiny feet, she knew it too well, and knew the power of her charms over man. She loved admiration, and never was so happy as when in a ball-room all the men were almost disputing for the honor of her hand. But Geraldine had no declared suitor; she never gave the slightest encouragement to any one. Many offered themselves, but they were invariably rejected, until at twenty her parents began to be alarmed at the prospect of her never marrying. M. and M^{me} Delisle had found so much genuine happiness in marriage—the only natural state for adult human beings—that they had promoted the early marriage of two sons and an elder daughter; and now that Geraldine alone

remained, they earnestly desired to see her well and happily married before they died. They received numerous offers: but the young girl had such winning ways with her parents, that when she declared that she did not like the proposer, they never had courage to insist.

During the season of 1847 Geraldine never missed a party or ball. She never tired as long as there was music to listen to, and it was generally very nearly morning before she gained her home. About the middle of the season she was sitting by her mother's side in the splendid *salons* of the Princess Menzikoff. She had been dancing, and her late partner was saying a few words, to which she scarcely made any reply. Her eyes were fixed upon a gentleman, who, after observing her for some time, had turned away in search of some one. He was the handsomest man she had ever seen in her life, and she was curious to know who he was. A little above the middle height, slight, pale, with great eyes, soft in repose like those of a woman, he had at once interested Geraldine, who, like most women, could excuse every bad feature in a man save insipid or unmeaning eyes; and she asked her mother who he was.

"He's a very bad man," said M^{me} Delisle. "Of noble family, rich, titled, young, and handsome, he is celebrated only for his follies. He throws away thousands on very questionable pleasures, and has the unpardonable fault, in my eyes of always ridiculing marriage."

"I can not forgive him for ridiculing marriage, mamma, but I can excuse him for not wishing to marry."

"My dear, a man who dislikes marriage is never a good man. A woman may from caprice or from many motives object to marrying, but a man, except when under the influence of hopeless affection—and men have rarely feeling enough for this—always must be a husband to be a good citizen."

"Ah, mamma, you have been so happy that you think all must be so; but you see many who are not."

"M^{me} Delisle," said the Princess Menzikoff, who unperceived had come round to her, "allow me to introduce you to my friend Alfred de Rougement. I must not call him count, he being what we call a democrat with a clean face and white kid-gloves."

"The princess is always satirical," replied M. de Rougement smiling; "and my harmless opposition to the government now in power, and which she honors with her patronage, is all her ground for so terrible an announcement."

M^{me} Delisle and Geraldine both started and colored, and when Alfred de Rougement proposed for the next dance, was accepted, though next minute the mother would gladly have found any excuse to have prevented her daughter from dancing. Alfred de Rougement was the very "bad man" whom she had the instant before been denouncing. But it was now too late. From that evening Geraldine never went to a ball without meeting Alfred. She received many

invitations from most unexpected quarters, but as surely as she went she found her new admirer, who invited her to dance as often as he could without breaking the rules of etiquette. And yet he rarely spoke; the dance once over, he brought her back to her mother's side, and left her without saying a word, coming back when his turn came again with clockwork regularity. In their drives M^{me} Delisle and Geraldine were always sure to meet him. Scarcely was the carriage rolling up the Champs Elysées before he was on horseback within sight. He merely bowed as he passed, however, keeping constantly in sight without endeavoring to join them.

One evening, though invited to an early *soirée* and to a late ball, during dinner they changed their mind, and decided on going to the Opera at the very opening, to hear some favorite music which Geraldine very much admired. They had not yet risen from dessert when a note came from Alfred de Rougement, offering them his box, one of the best in the house!

"Why he is a regular Monte Christo," cried M^{me} Delisle impatiently. "How can he know our movements so well?"

"He must have bribed some one of the servants," replied Geraldine; "we talked just now of where we were going before they left the room."

"But what does he mean?" said M^{me} Delisle. "Is he going to give up his enmity to marriage, and propose for you?"

"I don't know, mamma," exclaimed the daughter, coloring very much; "but he may spare himself the trouble."

"Geraldine—Geraldine! you will always then make me unhappy!" said her mother, shaking her head.

"But you can not want me to marry Alfred? You told me every thing against him yourself."

"But if he is going to marry and be steady, I owe him an apology. But go and dress; you want to hear the overture."

They went to Alfred's box—father, mother, and daughter. But though in the house, he scarcely came near them. He came in to inquire after their health, claimed Geraldine's hand for the opening quadrille at the *soirée* to which they were going after the opera, and went away. The young girl rather haughtily accepted his offer, and then turned round to attend to the music and singing.

Next day, to the astonishment of both M. and M^{me} Delisle, Alfred de Rougement proposed for the hand of their daughter, expressing the warmest admiration for her, and declaring with earnestness that the happiness of his whole life depended on her decision. Geraldine was referred to. She at once refused him, giving no reason, but expressing regret that she could not share his sentiments. The young man cast one look of reproach at her, rose, and went away without a word. When he was gone she explained to her parents, that though in time she thought she should have liked him, she did not admire

his mode of paying his addresses; she thought he ought to have spoken to her first. M^{me} Delisle replied, that she now very much admired him, and liked his straightforward manner; but Geraldine stopped the conversation by reminding her that he was rejected, and that all discussion was now useless.

That evening Geraldine danced several times with her cousin Edouard Delisle, a young man who for a whole year had paid his addresses to her. They were at a house in the Faubourg St. Germain, where the ball-room opened into a splendid conservatory. Geraldine was dressed in white, with one beautiful rose in her hair, its only ornament. Edouard had been dancing with her, and now sat down by her side. They had never been so completely alone. They occupied a corner near the end, with a dense mass of trees behind them and a tapestry door. Edouard once again spoke of his love and passion, vowed that if she would not consent to be his he should never be happy; all this in a tone which showed how fully he expected to be again refused.

"If you can get mamma's consent, Edouard," she replied quickly, "I am not unwilling to be your wife."

Edouard rose from his seat and stood before her the picture of astonishment. Geraldine rose at the same time.

"But where is your rose?" said the young man, still scarcely able to speak with surprise.

"It is gone—cut away with a knife!" replied she thoughtfully; "but never mind; let us look for mamma."

Edouard took her arm, and in a few minutes the whole family were united. The young man drew his uncle away from a card-table, saying that Geraldine wished to go home. After handing his aunt and cousin to their carriage, he got in after them, quite an unusual thing for him.

"Why, Edouard, you are going out of your way," said the father.

"I know it. But I can not wait until to-morrow. M. Delisle, will you give me your daughter's hand? Geraldine has given her consent."

"My dear girl," exclaimed her mother, "why did you not tell us this before? You would have saved us so much pain, and your other suitors the humiliation of being rejected."

"I did not make up my mind until this evening," replied Geraldine. "I do not think I should have accepted him to-morrow. But he was cunning enough to come and propose before I had time for reflection."

"You will then authorize me to accept him?" said M. Delisle.

"I have accepted him, papa," replied Geraldine.

That evening Edouard entered the house with them, and sat talking for some time. When he went away, he had succeeded in having the wedding fixed for that day-month. Geraldine looked pale the next day; and when her mamma noticed it, said that she should go to no more parties, as she wished to look well the day she was married,

and expressed a wish to go on excursions into the country instead. M^{me} Delisle freely acquiesced, Edouard came to dinner, looking much pleased, but still under the influence of the astonishment which had not yet been effaced from his plump and rosy face.

"Why, what do you think?" he said toward the end of the dinner, "Alfred de Rougement has left Paris. All his servants were dismissed this morning, and his steward received orders to meet him at Constantinople."

"Indeed?" replied M^{me} Delisle, gravely, while Geraldine turned deadly pale. "But this room is too close for you, my child."

"No, mamma," said she, quietly; "but we are forgetting all about our excursions. I should like to go to Versailles to-morrow, and take all the pretty places round Paris in turn."

"Bon!" cried Edouard; "that suits me. I shall be with you early, for I suppose you will go in the morning?"

"I want to breakfast at Versailles," replied Geraldine; "so we must go to bed early."

"That I vote to be an admirable proposition. At eleven I will go. But you are going to practice the new variations on *Pastoris*, are you not?"

"Yes; and you are going to sing, monsieur," said Geraldine, rising from table. "So come along, and ma and papa can play trictrac all the time."

That evening the cousins played and sang together until about ten, when they took tea, which Edouard, good-natured fellow, pretended to like prodigiously, drinking three cups of milk and water under the serious impression that it was the genuine infusion—a practice very common in France, where tea is looked on as dangerous to the nerves. Next day they went to Versailles, breakfasted at the Hôtel de France, visited the interminable galleries of pictures, and dined in Paris at a late hour. The day after they went to Montmorency.

Swiftly passed the hours, and days, and weeks, and soon Geraldine saw the last day which was to be her own. In twenty-four hours she was to leave her mother's home forever, to share that of a man to whom it must be supposed she was very much attached, but who was not exactly the companion suited to her. Geraldine was very grave that morning. It had been arranged that they were to go to St. Germain; and though the sky was a little dark, the young girl insisted on the excursion not being put off.

"This is the last day I shall have any will of my own," said she; "so let me exercise it."

"My dear Geraldine," replied her cousin, kindly, "you will always find me ready to yield to you in every thing. I shall be a model husband, for I am too lazy to oppose any one."

"My dear Edouard," put in M^{me} Delisle, "a man who consults his wife's happiness will always be happy himself. We are very easily pleased when we see you try to please us. The will is every thing to us."

"Then let us start," said Edouard, laughing. "It will pass the time, and I am eager to try."

They entered the open carriage which they usually used for their excursions, and started, the sun now shining very brightly. Edouard was full of spirits: he seemed bursting with happiness, and was forced to speak incessantly to give it vent. Geraldine was very grave, though she smiled at her cousin's sallies, and every now and then answered in her own playful, witty way. The parents, though happy, were serious too. They were about to lose their last child, and though they knew she would be always near them, a feeling of involuntary loneliness came over them. A marriage-day is always for affectionate parents a day of sorrowful pleasure—a link in the chain of sacrifices which makes a parent's love so beautiful and holy, so like what we can faintly trace in thought as the love of the Creator for man.

They took the road by Bongiral, and they were about a mile distant from that place when suddenly they found themselves caught in a heavy shower. The coachman drove hastily for shelter into the midst of a grove of trees, which led up to a villa that appeared totally uninhabited. But it was not so; for the *porte cochère* flew wide open as they drew up, and two servants advancing, requested them to take shelter in the house.

"But we are intruding?" said M^{me} Delisle.

"No, madame. Our master is out, but had he been at home he would insist as we do."

Edouard leaped out, and set the example of compliance. The whole party followed the servants, who led the way into a splendidly-furnished suite of rooms. The style was that of the *renaissance*, of the richest materials, while the walls were covered with genuine paintings by the first masters. The servants then left them, and they were heard next minute assisting to take the horses from the carriage. The rain fell heavily all the time.

"Upon my word we are very fortunate," said M^{me} Delisle: "in ten minutes we should have been soaked through. The master of the house must be some very noble-minded man; no ordinary person would have such polite and attentive servants."

"Some eccentric foreigner," said Edouard: "all his servants are men; I don't see the sign of a petticoat any where."

"Some woman-hater, perhaps," said Geraldine, laughing, as she took from the table before her a celebrated satire against the sex.

"All the more polite of him," said M^{me} Delisle, while looking with absolute horror at a book which she knew spoke irreverently of marriage.

"If you will pass this way," said a servant entering, "we shall have the honor to offer you breakfast. The rain has set in for some hours, and your servants spoke of your wishing to breakfast at St. Germain. But you will not be able to wait so long."

The whole party looked unfeignedly surprised; but there was no resisting a servant who spoke so politely, and who threw open a door whence they discovered a table magnificently laid out. Several servants were ready to wait.

"*Ma foi!*" cried Edouard, "there is no resist-

ing such temptation. You seem to know your master's character, and we take your word for it that he would make us welcome."

With these words he gave Geraldine his arm, and led the way, setting the example also of attacking the delicate viands offered to them so unexpectedly. All breakfasted with appetite after their ride, and then returned to the room they had first occupied. The shower was over, and the warm sun was quickly clearing away all sign of the rain.

"What a beautiful house and grounds your master has here!" exclaimed Edouard: "the garden appears to me even better than the house."

"It is very beautiful," said the servant addressed.

"Can we go over it?" continued the young man.

"Certainly, monsieur: I was about to offer to show it you."

"I shall remain here," said Geraldine; "my shoes are very thin; besides I wish to have another look at the pictures."

Edouard demurred, but the young girl bade him go at once; and, like an obedient lover, he took the mamma's arm, and went into the garden.

The instant all were gone Geraldine rose from her chair and tottered across the room. She was pale, and looked cautiously round, as if about to do some guilty act. Presently she stood before a curtain which had been hastily drawn before a kind of niche in the wall, or rather before a portion of the room. But it had been done very quickly, and through two apertures you could see stained glass, and on a small table something under a glass-case. Geraldine could not restrain herself. She pulled away the curtain, and there, under a large glass on a velvet cushion, lay the rose which had been cut from her head-dress on the night she had accepted the hand of her cousin. Near it was a pencil-sketch of herself.

"My God!" she cried, passionately, "he did love me then: what a fool I have been! Wicked pride, to what will you lead me?"

"My Geraldine," exclaimed Alfred, who rose from a chair where he had been seated in a dark corner, "pardon me! But I could not resist the temptation. To see, to hear you once more, for the last time, was my only wish. Do you forgive me?"

"Do you forgive *me*?" said Geraldine, hanging down her head, and speaking in a low, soft, sweet voice, that had never been hers before.

"My God!—what?" exclaimed Alfred, who, pale and trembling, stood by her side.

"You will not force me to say, Alfred," she continued in a beseeching tone.

"Do I understand aright? O forgive me, Geraldine, if I say too much; but is it possible that you do not hate me?"

"Hate you, Alfred! How can I hate one so generous and good? If you think me not bold to say it, I will say I love you. After behaving as I did, that confession will be my punishment."

"My Geraldine! then why did you refuse me?" cried Alfred, in a tone of passionate delight.

"Because you did not seem to love me; because you only in my eyes sought to marry me because others did."

"Geraldine, I seemed cold because I loved you with all my heart and soul. But I was a known satirist on marriage, and I was ashamed to let the world see my deep affection. I wanted them to think that I married merely because it was a triumph to carry off the reigning belle."

"You deceived me and all the world together," replied Geraldine; "but to own the truth, after you were gone and took my rose with you, I guessed the truth."

"The rose! but did you know—"

"I guessed—"

"My God!" cried Edouard, returning alone to fetch Geraldine, to whom he wanted to show the garden, "what is the meaning of this?"

"My good cousin," said Geraldine, advancing toward him, and taking both his hands, "come here; you will forgive Geraldine, won't you? I have been very wicked. Do excuse your cousin, will you not? but I was only going to marry you because I thought Alfred did not love me."

"Hein!" cried Edouard, quite bewildered.

"Don't be angry with me," continued Geraldine, gravely: "I should have been a very good wife, and have loved you very much had I married you."

"Oh, then, you do not mean to marry me now?" said Edouard, in a tone of deep sadness.

"What am I to do?" cried Geraldine. "See, my dear cousin, how he loved me! How can I marry you when my heart is given to another?"

"You were going to do so, but for a shower of rain," said Edouard, with a vain attempt at gravity. "But take her, M. Alfred: I think after all I'm lucky to have escaped her! I don't forgive you a bit, because it's hard to find out that when at last one thinks one's self loved, the lady was only pretending."

"You do forgive me!" exclaimed Geraldine, shaking her head, and putting his hand into that of Alfred, who shook it warmly.

"Yes, yes!—of course you're pleased! But I must marry now. I shall ask Hélène at Bordeaux to have me, as nobody there will know any thing about my present mishap."

At this moment M. and M^{me} Delisle returned; their astonishment was of course very great. Edouard gravely introduced the young couple.

"You see, madame," he said, "that while you were walking round the garden, I have managed to lose my wife, and you to find a son-in-law."

"But, my Geraldine," exclaimed her mother, "are you not behaving very badly to Edouard?"

"Not at all!" said the young man: "I could not think of marrying her. Look at her! Five minutes with Alfred has done her more good than all her excursions in search of roses!"

"Mischievous man to betray me!" said Geraldine in her turn, warmly shaking his hand.

"But what will the world say?" exclaimed M. Delisle.

"I will tell the truth," said Alfred; and in a

few words he explained the cause of the refusal of Geraldine to have him.

It was now settled that the day should be spent at the villa; that in the evening they should return to Paris, without the count, who was to present himself only next day. He agreed to own frankly to all his friends the depth and sincerity of his affection, while Edouard good-naturedly volunteered to tell every one that he had been turned off—a promise which he gravely kept, relating his discomfiture in a way that drew tears of laughter from all his hearers.

And Geraldine and Alfred were married, to the surprise of the world. They were both cured of their former errors, and I know no instance of a happier marriage than that of M. and M^{me} de Rougement. He is now a member of the Legislative Assembly, and is remarked for the liberality of his opinions—being one of the many ex-legitimists who have gone over to the moderate republican party. Edouard married his country cousin. Both young couples have children, and both are happy: the only revenge the young man having taken is to persevere on all occasions, even before his own wife, in calling Geraldine "The Stolen Rose."

THOMAS MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE, a man of brilliant gifts and large acquirements, if not an inspired poet, was born on the 28th of May, 1780, in Augier-street, Dublin, where his father carried on a respectable business as a grocer and spirit-dealer. Both his parents were strict Roman Catholics, and he, of course, was educated in the same faith; at that time under the ban not only of penal statutes, but of influential opinion both in Great Britain and Ireland. Thus humble and unpromising were the birth and early prospects of an author who—thanks to the possession of great popular talent, very industriously cultivated and exercised, together with considerable tact and prudence, and pleasing social accomplishments—won for himself not only the general fame which ordinarily attends the successful display of genius, but the especial sympathy and admiration of his countrymen and fellow-religionists, and the smiles and patronage of a large and powerful section of the English aristocracy, at whose tables and in whose drawing-rooms his sparkling wit and melodious patriotism rendered him an ever-welcome guest. Few men, indeed, have passed more pleasantly through the world than Thomas Moore. His day of life was one continual sunshine, just sufficiently tempered and shaded by passing clouds—"mere crumpling of the rose-leaves"—as to soften and enhance its general gayety and brightness. With its evening thick shadows came—the crushing loss of children—and the gray-haired poet, pressed by his heavy grief, has turned in his latter years from the gay vanities of brilliant society, and sought peace and consolation in seclusion, and the zealous observance of the precepts and discipline of the church to which he is, not only from early training and

association, but by temperament and turn of mind, devotedly attached.

As a child, Moore was, we are told, remarkable for personal beauty, and might have sat, says a writer not over-friendly to him, "as Cupid for a picture." This early promise was not fulfilled. Sir Walter Scott, speaking of him in 1825, says: "He is a little, very little man—less, I think, than Lewis, whom he resembles: his countenance is plain, but very animated when speaking or singing." The lowness of his stature was a sore subject with Moore—almost as much, and as absurdly so, as the malformation of his foot was with Lord Byron. Leigh Hunt, in a work published between twenty and thirty years ago, gives the following detailed portrait of the Irish poet: "His forehead is bony and full of character, with bumps of wit large and radiant enough to transport a phrenologist; his eyes are as dark and fine as you would wish to see under a set of vine-leaves; his mouth, generous and good-humored, with dimples; 'his nose, sensual and prominent, and at the same time the reverse of aquiline: there is a very peculiar characteristic in it—as if it were looking forward to and scenting a feast or an orchard.' The face, upon the whole, is Irish, not unruffled by care and passion, but festivity is the predominant expression." In Mr. Hunt's autobiography, not long since published, this portrait is repeated, with the exception of the words we have inclosed within single inverted commas—struck out possibly from a lately-awakened sense of their injustice; and it is added that "his (Moore's) manner was as bright as his talk was full of the wish to please and be pleased." To these testimonials as to the personal appearance and manners of Thomas Moore, we can only add that of Mr. Joseph Atkinson, one of the poet's most intimate and attached friends. This gentleman, when speaking to an acquaintance of the author of the "Melodies," said that to him "Moore always seemed an infant sporting on the bosom of Venus." This somewhat perplexing idea of the mature author of the songs under discussion was no doubt suggested by the speaker's recollections of his friend's childhood.

Whatever the personal graces or defects of Mr. Moore, it is quite certain, at all events, that he early exhibited considerable mental power and imitative faculty. He was placed when very young with Mr. Samuel Whyte, who kept a respectable school in Grafton-street, Dublin. This was the Mr. Whyte who attempted to educate Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and pronounced him to be "an incorrigible dunce;" a verdict in which at the time the mother of the future author of the "School for Scandal" fully concurred. Mr. Whyte, it seems, delighted in private theatricals, and his labors in this mode of diffusing entertaining knowledge were, it appears, a good deal patronized by the Dublin aristocracy. Master Moore was his "show-actor," and played frequently at Lady Borrowes's private theatre. On one occasion the printed bills announced "An Epilogue—A Squeeze at St. Paul's, by Master

Moore," in which he is said to have been very successful. These theatricals were attended by several members of the ducal family of Leinster, the Latouches of Dublin, with many other Irish notabilities; and it was probably here that Moore contracted the taste for aristocratic society which afterward became a passion with him.

The obstinate exclusion of the Catholics from the common rights of citizenship naturally excited violent and growing discontent among that body of religionists; and Thomas Moore's parents, albeit prudent, wary folk, were, like thousands of others naturally sensible and pacific people, carried away for a moment by the tremendous outburst of the French Revolution. The meteor-blaze which suddenly leaped forth and dazzled the astonished world, seemed a light from Heaven to the oppressed nations of Europe; and in Ireland, especially, it was hailed as the dawn of a great deliverance by millions whom an unwise legislation had alienated and almost maddened. Young Moore, when little more than twelve years of age, sat upon his father's knee at a great banquet in Dublin, where the toast—"May the breezes from France fan our Irish oak into verdure!" was received with a frantic vehemence which, child as he was, left an impression upon him that did not pass away with many years. The Day-star of Liberty, as it was termed, which arose in France, set in blood and tempest; but the government, alarmed at the ominous aspect of the times, relaxed (1793) the penal laws, and Catholics, for the first time, were eligible for admission to the Dublin University: eligible—that is, to partake of the instruction conferred at the national seat of learning, but not for its honors or rewards. These were still jealously reserved for the dominant caste. Young Moore was immediately entered of Trinity College; and although he succeeded by his assiduity and ability in extorting an acknowledgment from the authorities that he had earned a classical degree, he was, for religion's sake, as a matter of course, denied it. Some English verses, however, which he presented at one of the quarterly examinations in lieu of the usual Latin metre, were extolled; and he received a well-bound copy of the "Travels of Anarchasis" as a reward. The young student's proficiency in the Greek and Latin languages was also acknowledged, though not officially.

For several previous years the thunder-cloud which burst so fatally in 1798, had been slowly gathering in Ireland. Moore sympathized with the object, if not with the mode of operation contemplated by the opponents of English rule in that country; and he appears to have been only saved from serious if not fatal implication in the rebellion by the wise admonitions of his excellent mother, aided by his own instinctive aversion to the committal of any act which might compromise his present and future position, by placing him among extreme men in the front and forlorn hope of the battle, instead of amid the wiser respectabilities of liberalism, from whose ranks a man of wit and genius may, he knew, shoot his

diamond-tipt arrows at the enemy not only without danger, but with almost certain fame and profit to himself. Moore was intimate with the two Emmets, and an active member of a debating-club, in which the eldest, the unfortunate Robert, endeavored to mature his oratorical powers against the time when his dream of political regeneration should be realized. Toward the close of the year 1797, the, at the time, celebrated newspaper called "The Press," was started by Arthur O'Connor, the Emmets, and other chiefs of the United Irishmen. It was published twice a week, and although, Mr. Moore says, not distinguished at all for talent, had a large circulation among the excited masses. Moore first contributed a poetical effusion—anonymous of course—and soon growing bolder with impunity, contributed a fiery letter, which had the questionable honor of being afterward quoted in the House of Commons by the minister as one of his proofs that severe repressive measures were required to put down the dangerous spirit manifested in Ireland. On the evening this letter appeared, young Moore read it after supper to the assembled family—his heart beating violently all the while lest the sentiments it contained, and the style in which they were expressed, should reveal the eloquent author. His fears were groundless; no one suspected him; and the only remark elicited by the violent letter was a quiet one from his sister—"that it was rather strong!" Next day his mother, through the indiscretion of a person connected with the newspaper, discovered his secret, and commanded him, as he valued her blessing, to disconnect himself at once from so dangerous a pursuit and companionship. The young man obeyed, and the storm of 1798 passed over harmlessly for him. Moore was once slightly questioned upon the subject of the apprehended conspiracy by Lord Chancellor Clare, who insisted upon compelling a disclosure, upon oath, of any knowledge the students of the university might possess of the persons and plans of the plotters. Moore at first declined being sworn, alleging in excuse that he had never taken an oath, and although perfectly unconscious himself of offense against the government, that he might unwittingly compromise others. This odd excuse Lord Clare, after consulting with Duigenan, famous for his anti-papist polemics, declined to receive, and Moore was sworn. Three or four questions were asked as to his knowledge of any conspiracy to overthrow the government by violence; and these briefly answered, the matter ended. This is Mr. Moore's own version of a scene which has been rendered in various amusing and exaggerated forms.

The precocity of Moore's rhyming genius had been also exemplified by a sonnet, written when he was only fourteen years of age, and inserted in a Dublin magazine called "The Anthologia." Two or three years later he composed a Masque, which was performed by himself, his elder sister, and some young friends, in the little drawing-room over the shop in Augier-street, a friend, afterward a celebrated musician, enacting orches-

tra on the piano-forte. One of the songs of the masque was written to the air of Haydn's Spirit Song, and obtained great applause. Master Moore belonged, moreover, to a band of gay spirits who occasionally amused themselves by a visit to Dalkey, a small island in the Bay of Dublin, electing one Stephen Armitage, a respectable pawnbroker, and "very agreeable singer," King of that ilk. On one of these coronation days King Stephen conferred the honor of knighthood upon Incledon, with the title of Sir Charles Melody; and he created Miss Battier, a rhyming lady, Henrietta, Countess of Laurel, and His Majesty's Poetess-Laureate. The working laureate was, however, Master Moore, and in that capacity he first tried his hand at political squibbing, by launching some not very brilliant sarcasms against governments in general. Lord Clare, we are told, was half alarmed at this Dalkey court and its poets, and insisted upon an explanation from one of the mock officials. This is, however, we believe, a fable, though at the time a current one.

In 1799, being then only in his twentieth year, Thomas Moore arrived in London, for the purpose of entering himself of the Middle Temple, and publishing his translation of the Odes of Anacreon. He had already obtained the friendship of Earl Moira, and that nobleman procured him permission to dedicate the work to the Prince of Wales. His poetical career may now be said to have fairly commenced. It was a long and brilliant one, most of his works having rapidly passed through numerous editions, and been, perhaps, more extensively read than those of any contemporary author, always excepting the romances of Scott. There can be no reasonable doubt that Moore owed much of this popularity and success to the accident of his position, and the favoring circumstances of the times in which he wrote. The *enfant gaté* of high and influential circles, as well as the melodious expositor and poet-champion of the wrongs of a nation to whose glorious music he has, happily for himself, married much of his sweetest verse, he dwelt in a peculiar and irradiating atmosphere, which greatly enhanced his real magnitude and brightness. Even now, when the deceptive medium has lost its influence, it is somewhat difficult, and may seem ungracious, to assign his true place in the splendid galaxy of British poets to a writer who has contributed so largely to the delight of the reading and musical population of these kingdoms.

The Odes of Anacreon obtained much present popularity at a time when the moralities of respectable literature were not so strictly enforced by public opinion as in the present day. Many of them are paraphrases rather than translations, containing, as Dr. Laurence, Burke's friend, remarked at the time, "pretty turns not to be found in Anacreon."

"Thomas Little's Poems, Songs," &c., given to the world by Mr. Moore in 1801, are a collection of puerile rhapsodies still more objectionable than the Anacreontic Odes; and the only excuse

for them was the extreme youth of the writer. Byron thus alluded to the book in his once famous satire :

"'Tis Little, young Catullus of his day,
As sweet but as immoral in his lay."

Many years afterward his lordship, in a letter to Moore (1820), reverted, half in jest, half in earnest, to the work in these words, "I believe all the mischief I have ever done or sung has been owing to that confounded book of yours." The most objectionable of these songs have been omitted from the recent editions of Moore's works, and we believe no one has more deplored their original publication than the author himself.

In 1803, thanks to his verses and Lord Moira's patronage, Moore obtained a place under the government—that of Registrar to the Court of Admiralty at Bermuda. Moore sailed in the *Phoenix* frigate, and took formal possession of his post; but he soon wearied of the social monotony of the "still vexed Bermoothes," hastily appointed a deputy to perform all the duties of his office for a share of the income, and betook himself to America. He was as much out of his proper element there as in Bermuda. The rugged republicanism of the States disgusted him, and after a brief glance at Canada he returned to England, having been absent about fifteen months.

Soon after his return he favored the world with his impressions of Bermuda, the United States, and Canada. His sketches of Bermudan scenery have been pronounced by Captain Basil Hall and others to be extremely accurate and vivid. On the truthfulness of his American social and political pictures and prophecies, Time—a much higher authority—has unmistakably delivered judgment. While in Canada, Mr. Moore composed the popular "Boat-song," the words and air of which were, he says, inspired by the scenery and circumstances which the verses portray, and by the measured chant of the Canadian rowers. Captain Hall also testifies to the fidelity of this descriptive song.

The republication in 1806 of Juvenile Songs, Odes, &c., elicited a fierce and contemptuous denunciation of them from the Edinburgh Review, and this led to a hostile meeting between the editor of that publication, the late Lord Jeffrey, and Mr. Moore. They met at Chalk Farm, near Hampstead; but the progress of the duel was interrupted by police officers, who, on examining the pistols of the baffled combatants, found that they had been charged with powder only. This was probably a sensible device—it was not at all an uncommon one—on the part of the seconds to prevent mischief; or, it might have been, as is usually believed, that the bullets dropped out of one or both of the pistols by the jolting of the carriages in which the combatants reached the field of expected battle; but of course the discovery created a great laugh at the time. Moore indignantly denied through the newspapers that he was cognizant of the innocent state of Mr. Jeffrey's pistol—an assertion there can not be the slightest reason for doubting. This droll incident led to his subsequent acquaintance with

Lord Byron, who, unmindful or regardless of Mr. Moore's denial of the "calumny," repeated it with variations in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," chiefly with a view to annoy Mr. Jeffrey. Moore was again indignant, and demanded an apology or satisfaction. His letter did not, however, reach the noble lord till many months afterward, when *explanations* ensued, and the affair terminated by a dinner at the house of Mr. Rogers, where the four poets, Byron, Campbell, Moore, and Rogers, met each other for the first time.

The intimacy thus commenced, if we may judge from the biography of Byron, ripened into a lasting friendship on the part of Moore. This feeling was but faintly reciprocated by Byron. Indeed, if we are to believe his own statement, made in one of his latest letters, the noble poet was almost incapable of friendship, "never having," he says, "except toward Lord Clare, whom he had known from infancy, and perhaps little Moore," experienced any such emotion. "Little Tommy dearly loves a lord," was Byron's sneering expression more than once; and perhaps he believed Moore's loudly-expressed regard for himself to be chiefly based on that predilection.

Moore had before this married a Miss Dyke, who is described as a lady of great beauty and amiability, and moreover distinguished for considerable decision of character and strong common sense—qualities which more than once proved of essential service to her husband. They had several children, the loss of whom, as we have before stated, has darkened and embittered the close of the poet's days.

In 1811, Moore made a first and last appearance before the world as a dramatist, by the production at the Lyceum theatre of an operatic piece called "An M.P.; or, The Blue Stocking." It was emphatically damned, notwithstanding two or three pleasing songs, which somewhat redeemed its dull and vapid impertinence. The very pretty song of "Young Love lived once in an humble shed," occurs in this piece. Moore's acquaintance with Leigh Hunt dates from the acting of the "Blue Stocking." Mr. Hunt was at the time editor of the "Examiner" newspaper, in which he had just before paid some compliments to Moore's poetry; and the nervous dramatist, naturally anxious to propitiate a critic whose opinion was esteemed oracular in certain circles, wrote him a rather fulsome letter, in which he set forth, as an *ad misericordiam* plea for lenient judgment, that he had rashly been induced to promise Arnold a piece for his theatre, in consequence of the state of attenuation to which the purses of poets are proverbially liable. The "M.P." was, as we have said, condemned, and Esop's disappointed fox received another illustration. "Writing bad jokes," quoth Mr. Moore, "for the Lyceum to make the galleries laugh is in itself sufficiently degrading; but to try to make them laugh, and fail to do so, is indeed deplorable." In sooth, to make "galleries" either laugh or weep was never Mr. Moore's aim or vocation. His eye was ever fixed upon the gay company of the "boxes," occasionally only glancing apprehensively aside

from its flattering homage to scan the faces of the sour critics of the pit. And yet to make the galleries of the theatre and the world laugh has tasked and evidenced wit and humor, in comparison with which the gayest sallies, the most sparkling of Mr. Moore's fancies, are vapidly itself. The mortified dramatist gave up play-writing forever, or, as he contemptuously expressed it, "made a hearty abjuration of the stage and all its heresies of pun, equivoque, and clap-trap." He was wise in doing so. The discretion evinced by the hasty retreat was only exceeded by the rashness of the venture.

The intimacy of Thomas Moore and Leigh Hunt continued for some years. Moore, in company with Lord Byron, dined once or twice with Hunt in prison during his confinement for a pretended libel upon the regent. A pertinent anecdote, throwing some light on Byron's sneer respecting Moore's love of lords, is told of one of these visits. The three friends, Byron, Moore, and Hunt, were walking before dinner in the prison garden, when a shower of rain came on, and Moore ran into the house, and up-stairs, leaving his companions to follow as they best might. Consciousness of the discourtesy of such behavior toward his noble companion quickly flashed upon him, and he was overwhelmed with confusion. Mr. Hunt tried to console him. "I quite forgot at the moment," said Moore, "whom I was walking with; but I was forced to remember it by his not coming up. I could not in decency go on, and to return was awkward." This anxiety—on account of Byron's lameness—Mr. Hunt remarks, appeared to him very amiable.

This friendship came to an abrupt and unpleasant close. Lord Byron agreed with Hunt and Shelley to start a new periodical, to be called "The Liberal," the profits of which were to go to Leigh Hunt. Byron's parody on Southey's "Vision of Judgment" appeared in it, and ultimately William Hazlitt became a contributor. Moore immediately became alarmed for his noble friend's character, which he thought would be compromised by his connection with Hunt and Hazlitt, and wrote to entreat him to withdraw himself from a work which had "a taint in it," and from association with men upon whom society "had set a mark." His prayer was complied with, and the two last-named gentlemen were very angry, as well they might be. There has been a good deal of crimination and recrimination between the parties on the subject, not at all worth reproducing. The truth is that both Hunt and Hazlitt, but especially the latter, were at the time under the ban of influential society and a then powerful Tory press; and Moore, with his usual prudence, declining to be mad-dog'd in their company and for their sakes, deliberately cut two such extreme Radicals, and induced his noble friend to do likewise. How could a prudent man who had given hostages to fortune, which Moore by this time had, in a wife and children, act otherwise?

Moore had long cherished a hope of allying his poetry with the expressive music of Ireland;

of giving appropriate vocal utterance to the strains which had broken fitfully from out the tumults and trappings of centuries of unblest rule. A noble task! in which even partial success demands great powers and deserves high praise. The execution of the long-meditated design now commenced; and the "Melodies," as they appeared, obtained immense and well-deserved popularity. It is upon these his fame, as a poet, will mainly rest; and no one can deny that, as a whole, they exhibit great felicity of expression, and much graceful tenderness of thought and feeling, frequently relieved by flashes of gay and genial wit and humor. No one could be more keenly aware, or could more gracefully acknowledge than Moore the great help to a poet's present reputation of connecting his verse with national or local associations.

In 1812 Moore determined on writing an Eastern tale in verse; and his friend Mr. Perry of the "Chronicle" accompanied him to Messrs. Longman, the publishers, to arrange for the sale of a work of which the proposed author had not yet written a line nor even settled the subject. Mr. Perry appears to have been an invaluable intermediary. He proposed at once, as the basis of the negotiation, that Moore should have the largest sum ever given for such a work. "That," observed the Messrs. Longman, "was three thousand guineas." And three thousand guineas it was ultimately covenanted the price should be, thanks to Moore's reputation, and the business abilities of his friend Perry. It was further agreed that the manuscript should be furnished at whatever time might best suit the author's convenience, and that Messrs. Longman should accept it for better or worse, and have no power or right to suggest alterations or changes of any kind. The bargain was altogether a safe one on Moore's side, and luckily it turned out equally profitable for the publishers.

In order to obtain the necessary leisure and quiet for the composition of such a work, Moore resolved to retire from the gayeties of Holland and Lansdowne Houses, and other mansions of his distinguished patrons and friends, to the seclusion and tranquillity of the country. He made choice of Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne in Derbyshire, and not far distant from Donnington Park, Lord Moira's country-seat, where an excellent library was at his service. It may be as well to mention that when this early and influential friend of Moore went out to India as governor-general, he apologized for not being able to present his poetical protégé with any thing worth his acceptance in that country. "But," said Lord Moira (Marquis of Hastings), "I can perhaps barter a piece of India patronage against something at home that might suit you." This offer, which would have gravely compromised Moore with his Whig friends, he with some asperity declined. The governor-general went to India, and Moore retired to Derbyshire, remaining, with the exception of his Bermudan registrarship, placeless. This offer and refusal Moore communicated by letter to Leigh Hunt

Mayfield Cottage, when the poet and his wife arrived to view it, wore any thing but an inviting aspect. "It was a poor place," Moore wrote, "little better than a barn; but we at once took it, and set about making it habitable and comfortable." He now commenced the formidable task of working himself up into a proper Oriental state of mind for the accomplishment of his work. The first part of this process consisted in reading every work of authority that treated of the topography, climate, zoology, ornithology, entomology, floriculture, horticulture, agriculture, manners, customs, religion, ceremonies, and languages of the East. Asiatic registers, D'Herbelot, Jones, Tavernier, Flemming, and a host of other writers were industriously consulted; and so perfect did Mr. Moore become in these various branches of knowledge, that a great Eastern traveler, after reading "Lalla Rookh," and being assured that the poet had never visited the scenes in which he placed his stories, remarked that if it were so, a man might learn as much of those countries by reading books as by riding on the back of a camel! This, however, was but a part of the requisite preparation. "I am," says Mr. Moore, "a slow, painstaking workman, and at once very imaginative and very matter-of-fact;" and he goes on to say that the slightest exterior interruption or contradiction to the imaginary state of things he was endeavoring to conjure up in his brain threw all his ideas into confusion and disarray. It was necessary, therefore, to surround himself in some way or other with an Eastern atmosphere. How this could be managed in the face of the snows of the Derbyshire winters, during which the four stories which compose "Lalla Rookh" were written, it is difficult to conceive, and perhaps to the fact that it could *not* be effectually done, must be ascribed the ill success which beset the poet during an entire twelvemonth. Vainly did he string together peris and bulbuls, and sunny apples of Totkahar: the inspiration would *not* come. It was all "Double, double, toil and trouble," to no purpose. Each story, however trippingly it began, soon flagged, drooped, and, less fortunate than that of

— "The bear and fiddle,
Begun and broke off in the middle,"

expired of collapse after a brief career of a few score lines only, frequently nothing like so many. Some of these fragments have since been published. One of them, "The Peri's Daughter," ran to some length, and is rather pretty and sparkling.

This uninspiring state of things seemed interminable—the three thousand guineas were as far off as ever; and apprehension of the necessity of a bodily journey to the East, in order to get at the genuine "atmosphere," must have suggested itself, when a gleam of light, in the idea of the "Fire-Worshippers," broke in upon the poet; the multifarious collection of Eastern materials deposited in the chambers of his brain arranged themselves in flowing numbers, without encountering any further accident; and at

the end of three years "Lalla Rookh" was ushered before an admiring world. Its success was immense, and the work ran rapidly through many editions. "Paradise and the Peri," the second story, although not so much praised as the first and third, is, we fancy, much the most read of the four; and from its light, ringing tone, its delicate and tender sentiment, its graceful and musical flow, will always be a principal favorite with the admirers of Thomas Moore's poetry.

The bow so long bent required relaxation, and in the first flush of his great success, while his ears were still ringing with the applauses, and his nostrils still titillating with the incense which the press showered upon "Lalla Rookh," pronounced by general consent—"when they *do* agree, their unanimity is wonderful"—to be unrivaled as a work of melody, beauty, and power, Moore set out on a continental tour with his friend and brother-poet Rogers. On his return to England he published the "Fudge Family"—not a very brilliant performance, and which, with the exception of its political hits, is but an imitation of "Les Anglaises Pour Rire." He also worked at the "Melodies," and wrote articles for the "Edinburgh Review." In 1818 one of the most pleasing incidents in his life occurred. A public dinner was given in his honor at Dublin, the Earl of Charlemont in the chair—the poet's venerable father, Garret Moore, being present on the chairman's right hand, the honored and delighted witness of the enthusiastic welcome bestowed upon his son by his warm-hearted fellow-countrymen. Moore made a graceful, cleverly-turned speech; but he was no orator: few literary men are. He could not think upon his legs; and you could see by the abstraction of his look that he was not speaking, in the popular sense, but reciting what had previously been carefully composed and committed to memory. Such speeches frequently read well, but if long, they are terrible things to sit and hear.

The following year Moore accompanied Lord John Russell on a continental tour, taking the road of the Simplon to Italy. Lord John went on to Genoa, and Moore directed his steps toward Venice, for the purpose of seeing Byron. It was during this visit the noble lord made Moore a present of his personal memoirs, for publication after the writer's death. Moore gives the following account of the transaction: "We were conversing together when Byron rose and went out. In a minute or two he returned carrying a white leathern bag. 'Look here!' he said, holding it up, 'this would be worth something to Murray, though you, I daresay, would not give sixpence for it.' 'What is it?' I asked, 'My life and adventures,' he answered. On hearing this I raised my hands in a gesture. 'It is not a thing that can be published during my life, but you may have it if you like: then do whatever you please with it.' In taking the bag, and thanking him most warmly, I added: 'This will make a nice legacy for my little Tom, who shall astonish the latter end of the nineteenth century with it.' He then added: 'You

may show it to any of your friends you think worthy of it.' This is as nearly as I can recollect all that passed." These memoirs Moore sold to Murray for two thousand guineas, but at Lord Byron's death, his executors and family induced Moore to repay Mr. Murray and destroy the manuscript. The precise reasons which decided Moore to yield to the solicitations of the deceased lord's friends and family are not known, but there can be little doubt that they were urgent, and in a moral sense irresistible. A man does not usually throw away two thousand guineas for a caprice, even of his own, much less for that of others. It is not likely that the world has lost much by the destruction of these memoirs. Lord Byron's life is sufficiently written in his published works for all purposes save that of the gratification of a morbid curiosity and vulgar appetite for scandal.

During the journey to and from Italy, Moore sketched the "Rhymes on the Road," which were soon afterward published. There is nothing remarkable about them except his abuse of Rousseau and Madame Warens, *à propos* of a visit to Les Charmettes. Moore was violently assailed for this by writers, who held that as he had himself translated Anacreon, and written juvenile songs of an immoral tendency, he was thereby incapacitated from fy, fying naughty people in his maturer and better years. This seems hardly a reasonable maxim, and would, if strictly interpreted and enforced, silence much grave and learned eloquence, oral as well as written. His denunciations of the eccentric and fanciful author of the "Confessions," which twenty years before he would probably have called the enunciations of "Virtue with her zone loosened," were certainly violent and unmeasured, and not, perhaps, in the very best taste.

Pecuniary difficulties, arising from the misconduct of his deputy in Bermuda, now threatened Mr. Moore, and flight to France—for process against him had issued from the Court of Admiralty—became immediately necessary. The deputy-registrar, from whom Mr. Moore had exacted no securities, had made free with the cargoes of several American vessels, and immediately decamped with the proceeds, leaving his principal liable, it was feared, to the serious amount of six thousand pounds. Active and successful efforts were, however, made by Moore's friends to compromise the claims, and ultimately they were all adjusted by the payment of one thousand guineas. Three hundred pounds toward this sum were contributed by the delinquent's uncle, a London merchant; so that Moore's ultimate loss was seven hundred and fifty pounds only. During the progress, and at the close of these negotiations, numerous offers of pecuniary assistance were addressed to Mr. Moore, all of which he gratefully but firmly declined.

While the matter was pending, Moore resided near Paris at La Butte Coaslin, on the road to Belle Vue. This was also the residence of some agreeable Spanish friends of the poet. Kenny the dramatic writer lived also in the neighbor-

hood. Here Moore composed his "Loves of the Angels," passing his days, when they were fine, in walking up and down the park of Saint Cloud, "polishing verses and making them run easy," and the evenings in singing Italian duets with his Spanish friends. Previous to leaving Paris, at the close of 1822, he attended a banquet got up in his honor by many of the most distinguished and wealthy of the English residents in that gay city. His speech on this occasion was a high-flown panegyric upon England and every thing English, and grievously astonished Byron, Shelley, Hunt, and others, when they read it in Italy. Either they thought the tone of some of the Irish melodies was wrong, or the speech was. They did not reflect that a judicious speaker always adapts his speech to his audience. Apt words in apt places are the essentials of true eloquence.

Moore's publishers' account, delivered in the following June, exhibited a very pleasing aspect. He was credited with one thousand pounds for the "Loves of the Angels, and five hundred pounds for "Fables for the Holy Alliance." These were the halcyon days of poetry. There was truth as well as mirthful jest in Sir Walter Scott's remark a few years afterward, in reply to Moore's observation, "that hardly a magazine is now published but contains verses which would once have made a reputation." "Ecod!" exclaimed the baronet, "we were very lucky to come before these fellows!"

In 1825 Moore paid a visit to Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford. The meeting was a cordial one, and the baronet, Mr. Lockhart informs us, pronounced Mr. Moore "to be the prettiest warbler" he ever knew. What somewhat diminishes the value of this praise is, that, according to the warbler himself, Sir Walter—but the thing seems incredible—had no genuine love or taste for music, except indeed for the Jacobite chorus of "Hey tuttie, tattie," now indissolubly united to "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled!" which, when sung after supper by the company, with hands clasped across each other, and waving up and down, he hugely delighted in. Scott accompanied Moore to Edinburgh, and both of them, with Mr. Lockhart and his lady, went to the theatre on the same evening that it was honored by the presence of the celebrated Mrs. Coutts, afterward Duchess of St. Albans. Soon after their at first unmarked entrance, the attention of the audience which had till then been engrossed by the lady millionaire, was directed toward the new-comers, and according to a newspaper report, copied and published by Mr. Moore, in one of his last prefaces, considerable excitement immediately prevailed. "Eh!" exclaimed a man in the pit—"eh! yon's Sir Walter, wi' Lockhart and his wife: and wha's the wee body wi' the pawkie een? Wow, but it's Tam Moore just!" "Scott—Scott! Moore—Moore!" immediately resounded through the house. Scott would not rise: Moore did, and bowed several times with his hand on his heart. Scott afterward acknowledged the plaudits of his countrymen, and the

orchestra, during the rest of the evening, played alternately Scotch and Irish airs.

At the request of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who was desirous that he should reside near him, Moore at this period took a journey into Wiltshire, to look at a house in the village of Bromham, near Bowood, the seat of the noble marquis, which it was thought might suit him. He, however, pronounced it to be too large, and declined taking it. On his return he told his wife there was a cottage in a thickly-wooded lane in the neighborhood to let, which he thought might be made to do. Mrs. Moore immediately left town, secured it, and there they shortly afterward took up their permanent abode. They have greatly improved and enlarged Sloperton Cottage; and covered almost as its front and two porches are with roses and clematis, with the trim miniature lawn and garden in front, along which runs a raised walk inclosed with evergreens, from which a fine view is obtained, it presents an entirely satisfactory aspect of well-ordered neatness, prettiness, and comfort. It is situated within about two miles of Devizes, and is within easy reach of the country residence of Lord Lansdowne. It was here he wrote the biographies of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Lord Byron, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, of which we need only remark that they are industriously compiled and pleasantly written.

In 1824, five years before the passing of the Catholic Relief Act, Moore published "The Memoirs of Captain Rock, written by Himself." It is a bitter, rhapsodical, and of course one-sided commentary upon the government of Ireland by England, not only since the Reformation, but from the time of Pope Adrian's famous bull, which is twisted into an exclusively English grievance and insult.

The next considerable work of Moore's—for his light Parthian warfare in the politics of the hour continued as usual, and with about the same success, as in his younger days—was "The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion"—a perfectly serious and earnest book in defense of the Roman Catholic faith. There is a vast amount of erudition displayed in its pages; and remembering how slow and painstaking a workman Moore declared himself to be, it must, one would suppose, have been the work of years. The author's object is to prove, from the writings of the early fathers and other evidence, that the peculiar dogmas, and discipline, and practice of the Church of Rome, date from the apostolic age, or at least from the first centuries of the Christian era, and are consequently true. This the writer does entirely, at least, to his own satisfaction, which is the case, we believe, with controversial writers generally. The book concludes with the following words, addressed to the Catholic Church, which his after-life proves to have been earnest and sincere: "In the shadow of thy sacred mysteries let my soul henceforth repose, remote alike from the infidel who scoffs at their darkness, and the rash believer who would pry into its recesses."

These imaginary travels were published anonymously, but the book was always known to be Moore's. Apart from any other evidence, the poetic translations of portions of the writings of ancient bishops would have amply sufficed to determine the authorship.

The last, and, according to Moore's own authority, one of the most successful of his works, as far as a great sale constitutes success, was the prose romance of "The Epicurean." There is much learning displayed in this book, and it contains some striking descriptions. We also meet occasionally with passages of simple and natural beauty and eloquence, the more striking and effective from the contrast they afford to the cumbrous and ambitious rhetoric through which they are sparsely scattered. It was commenced in verse, and gradually reached to a considerable length in that form, but ultimately, like the "Peri's Daughter," broke down irretrievably. No one who respects Mr. Moore's poetical fame will regret this after reading the fragment which has been published. "The Epicurean" is a moral and religious story; and it has this great merit, that it has very little of the merely sensuous imagery in which Mr. Moore generally indulged. The plot is of the most commonplace kind, and the conduct of the story so entirely languid and lulling, that it may be freely indulged in without the slightest fear of ill-consequences by the most nervous and impressionable lady-reader in the three kingdoms.

On the 30th of June, 1827, the day after the publication of "The Epicurean," Moore was one of the gay and distinguished assemblage at a magnificent fête at Boyle Farm, in the environs of London, the cost of which had been clubbed by five or six rich young lords. It appears by Mr. Moore's description to have been a very brilliant affair. There were crowds of the *élite* of society present of both sexes; well-dressed men and groups of fair women, "all looking their best;" together with dancing, music, the Tyrolese minstrels, and Madame Vestris and Fanny Ayton, rowing up and down the river, singing Moore's "Oh, come to Me when Daylight sets!" and so on. The author of "The Epicurean" relates all this for the purpose of introducing an anecdote concerning his book, and we notice it for the same reason. During one of the pauses of the music, the Marquis of Palmella—Moore *disguises* the name of the Portuguese ambassador in this impenetrable mode, the Marquis of P-lm—a approaching the poet, remarked upon the magnificence of the fête. Moore agreed. "The tents," he remarked, "had a fine effect." "Nay," said the marquis, "I was thinking of your fête at Athens. I read it this morning in the newspaper." "Confound the newspaper!" Moore had a great aversion to having his best *morceaux* served up without context in that manner; but worse remained behind. A Mr. D—— accosted him a few minutes afterward, and mentioning the book, added these flattering words, "I never read any thing so touching as the death of your heroine." "What!" exclaimed the delighted author.

"have you got so far as that already?" "Oh, dear, no, I have not seen the book—I read what I mentioned in the *Literary Gazette*." "Shameful!" says Mr. Moore, "to anticipate my catastrophe in that manner!" Perhaps so; but that which we should like especially to know is whether Mr. B——m, who is mentioned as being present at the enunciation of these courtesies, was Mr. Brougham. If so, the flash of the keen gray eyes that followed the compliment on the touching death of Alethe, must, to an observant looker-on, have been one of the most entertaining incidents of the fête.

The smart political squibs, scattered like fireflies through the dreary waste of journalism during the last active years of Moore's life, are not obnoxious to criticism. Squire Corn, Famished Cotton, Weeping Chancellors, Salmagundian Kings, and knavish Benthamites, as penciled by Moore, have passed from the domain of wit and verse into that of the historian and the antiquary, into the hands of the collector of forgotten trifles; and there we very willingly leave them, pleasant, piquant, and welcome, as we fully admit them in their day to have been. Moore has also written several pieces of religious verse, which, although not of very high merit as poetry, finely at times bring out and illustrate the Christian spirit in its most engaging aspect—unalloyed, unclouded by the mists of fanatic sectarianism.

That Moore was not an inspired creative poet like Shakspeare, Milton, Burns, and a few others, is true; but beneath those heaven-reaching heights there are many still lofty eminences upon which gifted spirits sit enthroned, their brows encircled with coronets bright with gems of purest ray, serene, though pale, indeed, and dim in presence of the radiant crowns of the kings of poetry and song, between whom also there are degrees of glory; for immeasurably above all, far beyond even the constellated splendor of

"The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle,"

soars Shakspeare, palm-wreathed and diademed with stars. One of these lesser heights and circlets must unquestionably be awarded to Thomas Moore. His wing, it must be admitted, is feeble, requiring artificial stimulants and help to lift him above the ground a sufficient time for warbling a brief melody. He did not sing as a flower exhales—from the law and necessity of its nature; still there is at times a grace, and tenderness, and music, about his carefully-polished snatches of song, which the world is not sufficiently rich in to willingly let die.

Turning from Moore the poet to Moore the politician, there is not much to remark upon; neither certainly is there place for two opinions. Moore wrote politics at times—pointed, bitter, rankling politics—but he was really at heart no politician. There was no earnestness in what he did in this way, and it was early and abundantly evident from his alternate eulogies and vituperation of democratic institutions, that he had no firmly-based convictions. His love for Ireland was a sentiment only: it never rose to the dignity of a passion. Not one of his patri-

otic songs breathes the fiery energy, the martyr's zeal, the heroic hate and love, which pulsate in the veins of men who ardently sympathize with a people really oppressed, or presumed to be so. But let us hasten to say, that if there was little of the hero or martyr, there was nothing of the renegade or traitor about Thomas Moore. The pension of three hundred a year obtained for him of the crown by his influential friends was not the reward of baseness or of political tergiversation. It was the prize and reward of his eminence as a writer, and his varied social accomplishments. If he did not feel strongly, he at all events felt honestly; and although he had no mission to evoke the lightning of the national spirit, and hurl its consuming fire at the men who, had they possessed the power, would have riveted the bondage of his people, he could and did soothe their angry paroxysms with lulling words of praise and hope, and, transforming their terribly real, physical, and moral griefs and ills into picturesque and sentimental sorrows, awakened a languid admiration, and a passing sympathy for a nation which could boast such beautiful music, and whose woes were so agreeably, so charmingly sung. Liberal opinions Moore supported by tongue and pen, but then they were fashionable within a sufficiently extensive circle of notabilities, and had nothing of the coarseness and downrightness of vulgar Radicalism about them. The political idiosyncrasy of Moore is developed in the same essential aspect in his memoir of Lord Edward Fitzgerald as in his national songs. There is nothing impassioned, nothing which hurries the pulse or kindles the eye—but a graceful regret, a carefully-guarded appreciation of the acts and motives of that unfortunate and misguided nobleman, run throughout. Moore was what men call a fair weather politician—which means, not that storms do not frequently surround them, but that by a prudent forethought, a happy avoidance of prematurely committing themselves, they contrive to make fair weather for themselves, however dark and tempestuous may be the time to other and less sagacious men, and who, when their sun does at last shine, come out with extreme effulgence and brilliancy. Moore, therefore, as a politician, was quite unexceptionable, though not eminent. He was at once a pensioned and unpurchased, and, we verily believe, unpurchasable partisan; an honest, sincere, and very mild patriot; a faithful, and at the same time prudent and circumspect lover of his country, its people, and its faith. There are very high-sounding names in the list of political celebrities, of whom it would be well if such real though not highly-flattering praise could be truly spoken.

Moore's prose works require but little notice at our hands beyond that incidentally bestowed upon them in our passage through his works. None of them that we are acquainted with add at all to the reputation for genius acquired by his poetry. The flow and rhyme of verse are indispensable to carry the reader through stories without probability or interest, and to render men and

women, not only without originality—that frequently happens—but destitute of individualism, decently tolerable. We are ignorant of the contributions to the “*Edinburgh Review*,” but they could scarcely have much enhanced the power and attractiveness of a periodical which in its time numbered among its contributors such names as Jeffrey, Brougham, Sidney Smith, Hallam, Macaulay, and others of that mint and standard. Moore is assigned by his friends a high rank among the defenders or apologists of the Church of Rome; and we believe his “*Travels*,” like Cobbett’s “*Reformation*,” have been translated by papal authority and command into most of the languages of Europe. Of his merits in this department of literature, which is quite out of our way, we do not presume to offer an opinion. His book unquestionably displays a vast deal of research and learning; but whether it is so entirely perverse as its adversaries contend, or so pre-eminently irrefragable and convincing as its admirers assert, we really can not say.

It is, after all, in the home-life of individuals that their true character must be read and studied. The poet and the politician—the latter more especially—dwell, as regards their vocations, apart from the household tests which really measure the worth, the truth, the kindness of individual men and women. Moore, we are pleased to be able to repeat, as a son, a husband, a father, a friend, and neighbor, bore, and deservedly, the highest character. His domestic affections were ardent, tender, and sincere; and the brilliant accomplishments which caused his society to be courted by the great ones of the world, shed their genial charm over the quiet fireside at which sat his wife, and in whose light and warmth the children whose loss has bowed him to the grave, grew up only to bloom and perish. There have been much greater poets, more self-sacrificing, though perhaps no more sincere lovers of their country; but in the intimate relations of domestic life, and the discharge of its common, every-day, but sacred obligations, there are few men who have borne a more unspotted and deservedly-high reputation than Thomas Moore.

THE FAIRY’S CHOICE.

MANY, many years ago, before fairies were exploded, and when every noble family had a guardian spirit attached to it, the fairy Aquarella, my heroine, existed. The date is so far back, that it belongs to those good old days known as “once upon a time.” Now, Aquarella was the spirit of a pretty, sparkling streamlet, which strayed through the grounds of a mighty lord, in whose welfare she had always been interested. She was but a tiny little thing—one of the progeny of Isis and Thames; but people said she inherited the beauties of both her parents. Her little stream was of the purest water, and in her way she carefully avoided all ugly spots, while her banks were always studded with the choicest flowers. Here, the Narcissus found a fitting mirror for his waxen leaves; here, the

water-lilies spread their broad petals, and formed cups fit for a fairy’s board; and here, the humble forget-me-not crept under the foliage, nestling close to its birth-place, and looking so innocent, you could scarcely believe it had once lured a gay knight to a melancholy death. Aquarella, however, could never become an accessory to so sad a crime—her waters could never injure any one, save in one place, where the young Lord Albert loved to come and bathe.

The lord’s bath, as it was called, was in a sweet, shady spot—the weeping willow and gentle aspen shielded it from the sun’s rays, and the bright smooth pebbles that lined it seemed quite to form a pavement. This was Aquarella’s favorite retreat, and hither she would calmly repose after her capricious wanderings. Sometimes she would almost hide herself under a sedgy canopy, when you could only trace her course by the deeper verdure on either side of her; and this was the chosen lurking-place of the speckled trout, the rosy dace, and other dandy fish, for she would only allow her waters to be inhabited by the choicest of their kind; slimy eels, vulgar titlbats, or the voracious pike, were forbidden to approach her court. Sometimes she would tire of this quiet life, and suddenly making a prodigious fuss in the world, would splash around a few great stones that lay in her path, spreading herself out as wide as she could, sparkling and dancing in the sunlight, till each tiny ripple seemed to wear a crown of diamonds, and you could hardly fancy the noisy, smiling waters, belonged to the tranquil stream that had been creeping along so gently.

Few mortals were acquainted with Aquarella; but she was well-known to the gallant kingfisher, to the lordly heron, who would pursue their sport by her banks.

It was when the Lord Albert was a baby, that Aquarella first saw and loved him; his nurses had brought him to bask in her waters. The fairy was resting in her chosen retreat, and never before having noticed a mortal infant, was greatly struck with his beauty. She tempered her natural delicious coolness to receive him, and the child crowed, and clapped his pretty pink fingers, as the clear stream closed around him; he laughed as he emerged from his bath, and struggled for another dip; his women could scarcely tear him away. From that day the bath was his favorite amusement; invisibly supported by Aquarella, he sported in her waters, and each day imbibed new virtues from them. Health, strength, good temper, and good looks—these were the fairy’s gifts to her protégé, and wherever her wanderings led her, she heard him cited as the kindest, the bravest, the wisest, and the best of young noblemen.

Albert knew not of the beneficent being who protected him, and when he occasionally saw a vapory wreath arising from the brook, he little suspected whom it concealed; and yet if he could have seen Aquarella, her loveliness would have charmed him. She was fair—as all English maidens are—and was attired in the highest

fashion of her father's court. Her dress was of that changing blue-green—known to aquatic beauties as mackerel-back—spangled with scales from the gold and silver fish. Some of her father's marine friends had brought her pearls and coral, from the great ocean itself, and with them she looped up her drapery, and braided her long tresses, while over all she threw a rich veil of mist which concealed her from the common gaze; and thus she would float along, hearing the praises of her beloved mortal, or busily occupied in increasing his wealth, ornamenting his ground, and shielding him from evil.

So passed Aquarella's days. She was now seldom seen in her father's court; her whole happiness was centred in Albert. She cared not to join in her sisters' gambols, as each brought their tribute to their august parents—she was pining away for love, and only lived when in Albert's domain; elsewhere she dwindled away till her fond mother feared she would lose all her beauty and animation, and become a mere rillet. It was proposed to unite her waters with those of a neighboring river, who wished to marry, but she would not hear of such a thing, and threatened if it were mentioned again to hide herself underground for the rest of her life.

"But, good gracious! what is to be done?" asked Isis; "we can not let the poor child, our youngest and prettiest, incur the unhappy fate of the unfortunate little Fleet River."

"No, no," replied father Thames, "that must not be; I will take her to-morrow to London Bridge; he is older, and has seen more of the world than any one we know. I dare say he can give us some good advice."

"Very well," said Isis, "you may speak to the Bridge, as you go to meet those nauseous salt rivers; I hate them, they are so rough and roar so when they are angry. I will see what I can learn nearer home, at the Universities; there are plenty of doctors there."

"You had better call at Sion House, too, and Richmond."

"To be sure, that I will; there—where fair queens have fretted and have mourned, where noble ladies have dwelt and wept—they must know something of this strange disease, called Love, for I really fear that is Aquarella's disorder."

"Nonsense! where could she get that complaint?"

"On earth, to be sure. It is very prevalent there, and I am told it is infectious; we can but ask, you know."

The two anxious parents now separated, Isis remaining impatiently till old Thames's return from his sea visit allowed her to proceed on her inland course. They gained but little information at any of the places they had mentioned, as, though such things had occasionally happened in Greece, the case was quite new to all the sages here. Aquarella was the first English fairy who had been known to die of love for a mortal. This low attachment of hers made her friends very unhappy, and at last they summoned her godfather

Aquarius. As he was the god of all the rivers, and a very high personage, there was a great deal of ceremony in his reception, and he came to the bed of Thames in a special train of thunder, lightning, and rain, accompanied by his friend Boreas, This high honor made the old couple so proud, that they spread out their waters to make room for him, till they even covered their banks, and frightened all who lived near them.

Aquarius, from his long experience and intimate acquaintance with lady-rivers of all nations, was quite the most proper person to treat with the poor fairy. He did not scold, rough as he was, for he knew scolding was of no good in her complaint; he reasoned with her, but that was scarce more efficient.

"Do you know, child, that to marry this mortal, you must take his religion?"

"And is not that better than ours, your Mightiness?"

"Give up your immortality?"

"And gain his. Ours must cease with this world; his can never end."

"But it may be an immortality of grief?"

"Not unless we deserve it, and we will not. I learned much, your Mightiness, while washing the walls of a little chapel, by whose side I flow."

"You must relinquish your high privileges."

"What are they, without love?"

"Aquarella, you are mad! Do you know what the life of a mortal woman is?"

"Oh, yes. Have I not watched Albert's mother? I know how she spends her days; in providing comforts for son and husband, in instructing the ignorant, in relieving the poor, in doing good to all. Hers is indeed a happy and useful life."

"And suppose Albert should not love you?"

"I could still watch over him."

"Suppose he should become poor—should fall from his high estate?"

"I would work for, and comfort him."

"If he live, he will lose his youthful beauty."

"But he will preserve his virtues."

"He will become old and decrepit."

"I will nurse him."

"She has an answer for every thing; there must be a woman's soul in her. After all—listen to me seriously, daughter—you may indeed do all you say, and become the blessing of Albert's life; but to do this, you must leave your parents, your sisters—leave them, and forever."

"Must I, indeed?"

"You must. Albert is of another class; he may be as good as you, still he is not your equal, nor can you enjoy his love and that of your family. Now choose between them."

"My sisters—my father—Albert."

"Choose—weigh them well in the balance; or one, or the other—both you can not have."

"Does my father disapprove?"

"You can not expect he wishes you to leave him for one of another sort. Your separation must be eternal."

"Will Albert be happy?"

"Why not? Even if he knew you, he could

not think much of a wife who could sever herself from her earliest ties."

"My mother, too! No, no, you are right; I should never be happy. What! To feel I had offended those who have the best claim to my love and affection! I must not think of it. Still, are they not a little prejudiced?"

"Perhaps they are; but if you do your duty, their prejudices may eventually give way."

"I am afraid all you say is true; I can not leave them. Oh! I am very miserable. What shall I do?"

"Do good to every one, make yourself useful that is the only cure for a broken heart."

"Can I help Albert?"

"To be sure you can. And now you have shown yourself to be a dutiful daughter, and a fairy of proper sense, I will teach you how to assist him, and all his fellow-men."

I can not tell all the advice the old god gave to the disconsolate Aquarella, but its consequences were of great benefit to the young lord, and ultimately to all the world, for she consented to restrain her vagaries, and become a useful member of society, a working river. The same lively energy that helped her to quarrel with the stones, now enabled her to turn a mill; there is no saying what amount of water power is within her. Like all really benevolent, sensible persons, she considers no good work a degradation; and her activity is boundless. She has turned from her course to assist a paper manufacturer, her waters are invaluable to a calico printer also, and she may be seen in a bleaching ground.

She is not so wildly beautiful as in her early days, but her banks are still charming, and, like a kind old maiden aunt, she is ever indulgent to youth. She has famous bays, where rosy boys can launch their tiny vessels; deep recesses, where sober anglers enjoy their silent sport; and sweet nooks, where Albert's posterity have often mused on pleasant thoughts, have pledged the faith, and vowed the love denied to the poor fairy, and here her course flows placidly and serenely along, as if she still took an interest in human happiness, and the trifles that compose it.

It is even said that for the greater benefit of mankind, and of the loved one's descendents in particular, she has consented to be united with a sluggish, but wealthy canal, who wishes to get some pure water. This report at present wants good authority; however, we shall see.

At all events the fairy's fate may teach us that all—even those who have known great troubles—may be happy if they do their duty; that no lot is without its trials and its reward, and that there is no cure to sorrow so potent as a good conscience.

A GALLOP FOR LIFE.

ABOUT twenty years ago, after a fatiguing London season, I was stopping at the decayed port and bathing village of Parkgate, on the Dee, opposite the equally decayed town and castle of Flint. It was a curious place to choose for amusement, for it had, and has, no recom-

mendation except brackish water, pleasant scenery at high water, and excessive dullness. But to own the truth, I was in love, desperately in love, with one of the most charming, provoking little sylphs in the world, who, after driving me half crazy in London, was staying on a visit with an uncle, a Welsh parson, at dreary Parkgate. Not that it was dreary to me when Laura was amiable; on the contrary, I wrote to my friends and described it as one of the most delightful watering-places in England, and, by so doing, lost forever the good graces and legacy of my Aunt Grumph, who traveled all the way from Brighton on my description, and only staid long enough to change horses. One sight of the one street of tumble-down houses, in face of a couple of miles of sand and shingle at low water, was enough. She never spoke to me again, except to express her extreme contempt for my opinion.

Our chief amusement was riding on the sand, and sometimes crossing to Flint at low water. You know, of course, that formerly the Dee was a great commercial river, with important ports at Chester, Parkgate, and Flint; but, in the course of time, the banks have fallen in, increasing the breadth at the expense of the depth; so that at Parkgate, whence formerly the Irish packets sailed, the fisher-girls can walk over at low water, merely tucking up their petticoats in crossing the channel, down which the main stream of fresh water flows.

But although this broad expanse of sand affords a firm footing, at low water, for the whole way across, except just round Flint, where there are several quicksands, when the tide turns, in certain states of the wind, the whole estuary is covered with wonderful rapidity; for the tide seems to creep up subterranean channels, and you may find yourself surrounded by salt-water when you least expect it.

This was of no consequence to us, as we were never tied for time. I was teaching Laura to ride on a little Welsh pony, and the sands made a famous riding-school. I laugh now when I think of the little rat of a pony she used to gallop about, for she now struggles into a Brougham of ordinary dimensions with great difficulty, and weighs nearly as much as her late husband, Mr. Alderman Mallard. In a short time, Laura made so much progress in horsemanship that she insisted on mounting my hackney, a full-sized well-bred animal, and putting me on the rat-pony. When I indulged her in this fancy—for of course she had her own way—I had the satisfaction of being rewarded by her roars of laughter at the ridiculous figure I cut, ambling beside her respectable uncle, on his cart-horse cob, with my legs close to the ground, and my nose peering over the little Welshman's shaggy ears, while my fairy galloped round us, drawing all sorts of ridiculous comparisons. This was bad enough, but when Captain Egret, the nephew of my charmer's aunt's husband, a handsome fellow, with "a lovely gray horse, with such a tail," as Laura described it, came up from Chester to stay a few days, I could stand my rat-pony no

longer, and felt much too ill to ride out; so stood at the window of my lodgings with my shirt-collar turned down, and Byron in my hand open at one of the most murderous passages, watching Laura on my chestnut, and Captain Egret on his gray, cantering over the deserted bed of the Dee. They were an aggravatingly handsome couple, and the existing state of the law on manslaughter enabled me to derive no satisfaction from the hints contained in the "Giaour" or the "Corsair." These were our favorite books of reference for Young England in those days. Indeed, we were all amateur pirates, and felons in theory; but when I had been cast down in disgust at the debased state of civilization, which prevented me from challenging Captain Egret to single combat, with Laura for the prize of the victor, instead of a cell in Chester Castle, my eyes fell on an advertisement in a local paper, which turned my thoughts into a new channel, of "*Sale of Blood Stock, Hunters, and Hackneys*, at Plas * * *, near Holywell.

I determined to give up murder, and buy another horse, for I could ride as well as the captain; and then what glorious *tête-à-têtes* I could have, with my hand on the pommel of Laura's side-saddle. The idea put me in good-humor. Regimental duties having suddenly recalled Captain Egret, I spent a delightful evening with Laura; she quite approved of my project, and begged that I would choose a horse "with a long tail, of a pretty color," which is every young lady's idea of what a horse should be.

Accordingly I mounted my chestnut on a bright morning of July, and rode across to Flint, accompanied by a man to bring back my intended purchase. It was dead low water; when, full of happy thoughts, in the still warm silence of the summer morning, holding my eager horse hard in, I rode at a foot-pace across the smooth, hard, wave-marked bed of the river. There was not a cloud in the sky. The sun, rising slowly, cast a golden glow over the sparkling sand. Pat-pat-pat, went my horse's feet, not loud enough to disturb the busy crows and gulls seeking their breakfast; they were not afraid of me; they knew I had no gun. I remember it; I see it all before me, as if it were yesterday, for it was one of the most delicious moments of my life. But the screaming gulls and whistling curlews were put to flight, before I had half crossed the river's bed, by the cheerful chatter, laughter, and fragments of Welsh airs sung in chorus by a hearty crowd of cockle and mussel gatherers, fishermen, and farmers' wives, on their way to the market on the Cheshire side—men, women (they were the majority), and children, on foot, on ponies, and donkeys, and in little carts. Exchanging good-humored jokes, I passed on until I came to the ford of the channel, where the river runs between banks of deep soft sand. At low water, at certain points, in summer, it is but a few inches deep; but after heavy rains, and soon after the turning of the tide, the depth increases rapidly.

At the ford I met a second detachment of

Welsh peasantry preparing to cross, by making bundles of shoes and stockings, and tucking up petticoats very deftly. Great was the fun and the splashing, and plenty of jokes on the *Saxon* and his red horse going the wrong way. The Welsh girls in this part of the country are very pretty, with beautiful complexions, a gleam of gold in their dark hair, and an easy, graceful walk, from the habit of carrying the water-pitchers from the wells on their heads. The scene made me feel any thing but melancholy or ill-natured. I could not help turning back to help a couple of little damsels across, pillion-wise, who seemed terribly afraid of wetting their finery at the foot ford.

Having passed the channels, the wheels and footmarks formed a plain direction for a safe route, which, leaving Flint Castle on my right, brought me into the centre of Flint, without any need of a guide. The rest of my road was straightforward and commonplace. I reached the farm where the sale was to take place, in time for breakfast, and was soon lost in a crowd of country squires, Welsh parsons, farmers, horse-dealers, and grooms.

Late in the day I purchased a brown stallion, with a strain of Arab blood, rather undersized, but compact, and one of the handsomest horses I ever saw before or since, very powerful, nearly thorough-bred. When the auctioneer had knocked him down to me, I said to one of the grooms of the establishment who was helping my man—handing him a crown-piece at the same time:

"As the little brown horse is mine, with all faults, just have the goodness to tell me what is his fault?"

"Why, sir," he answered, "he can walk, trot, gallop, and jump, first rate, surely; but he's very awkward to mount; and when you are on, he'll try uncommon hard to get you off, for two minutes; if you stick fast, he will be quiet enough all day."

"Thank you, my man," I replied; "I'll try him directly."

Just before starting I found the chestnut had a shoe loose, and had to send him to the nearest village, two miles off. I had promised Laura to return by eight o'clock, to finish a delightful book we were reading aloud together, until the tiff about Captain Egret had interrupted us. You may judge if I was not impatient; and yet, with fifteen miles to ride to Flint, I had no time to spare.

My friend, the groom, saddled the brown horse, and brought him down to the open road to me. He trotted along, with shining coat and arched neck, snorting and waving his great tail like a lion. As he piaffed and paraded sideways along, casting back his full eye most wickedly, every motion spoke mischief; but there was no time for consideration; I had barely an hour to do fifteen miles of rough roads before crossing the river, and must get to the river-side, cool. I had intended to have ridden the chestnut, who was experienced in water, but the loose shoe upset that arrangement.

Without giving him any time to see what I was about, I caught him by the mane and the reins, threw myself from a sloping bank into the saddle, and, although he dragged the groom across the road, I had both feet in the stirrups before he burst from his hold. Snorting fiercely, he bucked and plunged until I thought the girths would surely crack; but other horsemen galloping past, enabled me to bustle him into full speed, and in five minutes he settled down into a long, luxurious stride, with his legs under his haunches, that felt like a common canter, but really devoured the way, and swept me past every thing on the road. Up hill and down, it was all the same, he bounded, like a machine full of power on the softest of steel-springs.

Ten miles were soon past, and we reached Holywell; up the steep hill and through the town, and down the steep narrow lanes, we went, and reached the level road along the shore leading to Flint, without halt, until within two miles of that town; then I drew bridle, to walk in cool.

By this time the weather, which had been bright all day, had changed; a few heat drops of rain fell, thunder was heard rolling in the distance, and a wind seemed rising and murmuring from the sea.

I looked at my watch as we entered the town; it was an hour past the time when I intended to have crossed—but Laura must not be disappointed; so I only halted at the inn long enough to let the brown wash his mouth out, and, without dismounting, rode on to the guide's house. As I passed the Castle, I heard a band playing; it was a party of officers, with their friends, who had come up on a pic-nic from Chester.

When I reached the cottage of old David, the guide, he was sitting on the bench at the door, putting on his shoes and stockings; and part of the party I had met in the morning, as they passed, cried, "You're late, master; you must hurry on to cross to-night." David was beginning to dissuade me; but when I threw him a shilling, and trotted on, he followed me, pattering down the beach.

"You must make haste, master, for the wind's getting up, and will bring the tide like a roaring lion—it will. But I suppose the pretty lady with the rosy face expects you. But where's the red horse? I wish you had him. I do not like strange horses on such a time as this—indeed, and I do not," he added. But I had no time for explanations, although David was a great ally of ours. I knew I was expected; it was getting dusk, and Laura would be anxious, *I hoped*.

Pushing briskly along, we soon reached the ford of the channel, so calm and shallow in the morning, but now filling fast with the tide; dark clouds were covering the sky, and the wind brought up a hollow murmuring sound.

"Now get across, young gentleman, as fast as you can, and keep your eye on the wind-mill, and don't spare your spurs, and you will have plenty of time; so, good-evening, God bless you! young gentleman, and the pretty lady, too," cried David, honestest of Welsh guides.

I tried to walk the brown horse through the ford where it was not more than three or four feet deep; but he first refused; then, when pressed, plunged fiercely in, and was out of his depth in a moment. He swam boldly enough, but obstinately kept his head down the stream, so that, instead of landing on an easy, shelving shore, he came out where all but a perpendicular bank of soft sand had to be leaped and climbed over. After several unsuccessful efforts, I was obliged to slip off, and climb up on foot, side by side with my horse, holding on by the flap of the saddle. If I had not dismounted, we should probably have rolled back together.

When I reached the top of the bank, rather out of breath, I looked back, and saw David making piteous signs, as he moved off rapidly, for me to push along. But this was easier said than done; the brown horse would not let me come near him. Round and round he went, rearing and plunging, until I was quite exhausted. Coaxing and threatening were alike useless; every moment it was getting darker. Once I thought of letting the brute go, and swimming back to David. But when I looked at the stream, and thought of Laura, that idea was dismissed. Another tussle, in which we plowed up the sand in a circle, was equally fruitless, and I began to think he would keep me there to be drowned, for to cross the Parkgate on foot before the tide came up strong, seemed hopeless. At length, finding I could not get to touch his shoulder, I seized the opportunity, when he was close to the bank of the stream, and catching the curb sharply in both hands, backed him half way down almost into the water. Before he had quite struggled up to the top, I threw myself into the saddle, and was carried off at the rate of thirty miles an hour toward the sea.

But I soon gathered up the reins, and, firm in my seat, turned my Tartar's head toward the point where I could see the white wind-mill gleaming through the twilight on the Cheshire shore.

I felt that I had not a moment to spare. The sand, so firm in the morning, sounded damp under my horse's stride; the little stagnant pools filled visibly, and joining formed shallow lakes, through which we dashed in a shower of spray; and every now and then we leaped over, or plunged into deep holes. At first I tried to choose a path, but as it rapidly grew darker, I sat back in my saddle, and with my eyes fixed on the tower of the wind-mill, held my horse firmly into a hand gallop, and kept a straight line. He was a famous deep-chested, long-striding, little fellow, and bounded along as fresh as when I started. By degrees my spirits began to rise; I thought the danger past; I felt confidence in myself and horse, and shouted to him in encouraging triumph. Already I was, in imagination, landed and relating my day's adventures to Laura, when with a heavy plunge down on his head, right over went the brown stallion, and away I flew as far as the reins, fortunately fast grasped, would let me. Blinded with wet sand, startled, shaken.

confused, by a sort of instinct, I scrambled to my feet almost as soon as my horse, who had fallen over a set of salmon-net stakes. Even in the instant of my fall, all the horror of my situation was mentally visible to me. In a moment I lived years. I felt that I was a dead man; I wondered if my body would be found; I thought of what my friends would say; I thought of letters in my desk I wished burned. I thought of relatives to whom my journey to Parkgate was unknown, of debts I wished paid, of parties with whom I had quarreled, and wished I had been reconciled. I wondered whether Laura would mourn for me, whether she really loved me. In fact, the most serious and ridiculous thoughts were jumbled altogether, while I muttered, once or twice, a hasty prayer; and yet I did not lose a moment in remounting. This time my horse made no resistance, but stood over his hocks in a pool of salt water, and trembled and snorted—not fiercely, but in fear. There was no time to lose. I looked round for the dark line of the shore; it had sunk in the twilight. I looked again for the white tower; it had disappeared. The fall and the rolling, and turning of the horse in rising, had confused all my notions of the points of the compass. I could not tell whether it was the dark clouds from the sea, or the dizzy whirling of my brain; but it seemed to have become black night in a moment.

The water seemed to flow in all directions round and round. I tried, but could not tell which was the sea, and which the river side. The wind, too, seemed to shift and blow from all points of the compass.

Then, "Softly," I said to myself, "be calm; you are confused by terror; be a man;" and pride came to my rescue. I closed my eyes for a moment, and whispered, "Oh Lord, save me." Then with an effort, calmer, as though I had gulped down something, I opened my eyes, stood up in my stirrups, and peered into the darkness. As far as I could see, were patches of water eating up the dry bits of sand; as far as I could hear, a rushing tide was on all sides. Four times, in different directions, I pushed on, and stopped when I found the water rising over the shoulders of my horse.

I drew up on a sort of island of sand, which was every minute growing less, and gathering all the strength of my lungs, shouted again and again, and then listened; but there came no answering shout. Suddenly, a sound of music came floating past me. I could distinguish the air; it was the military band playing "Home, sweet Home." I tried to gather from what quarter the sound came; but each time the wind instruments brayed out loudly, the sounds seemed to come to me from every direction at once. "Ah!" I thought, "I shall see home no more." I could have wept, but I had no time; my eyes were staring through the darkness, and my horse plunging and rearing, gave me no rest for weeping. I gave him his head once, having heard that horses, from ships sunk at sea, have reached land distant ten miles, by instinct; but the alter-

nation of land, and shallow and deep water confused his senses, and destroyed the calm power which might have been developed in the mere act of swimming.

At length, after a series of vain efforts, I grew calm and resigned. I made up my mind to die. I took my handkerchief from my neck, and tied my pocket-book to the D's of the saddle. I pulled my rings off my fingers, and put them in my pocket—I had heard of wreckers cutting off the fingers of drowned men—and then was on the point of dashing forward at random, when some inner feeling made me cast another steady glance all round. At that moment, just behind me, something sparkled twice, and disappeared, and then reappearing, shone faintly, but so steadily, that there could be no doubt it was a light on the Cheshire shore. In an instant my horse's head was turned round. I had gathered him together, dug in the spurs, and crying from the bottom of my heart, "Thank God!" in the same moment, not profanely, but with a horseman's instinct, shouting encouragingly, and dashed away toward the light. It was a hard fight; the ground seemed melting from under us—now struggling through soft sand, now splashing over hard, now swimming (that was easy), and now and again leaping and half falling, but never losing hold of my horse or sight of the beacon; we forced through every obstacle, until at length the water grew shallower and shallower; we reached the sand, and, passing the sand, rattled over the shingle at high-water mark—and I was saved! But I did not, could not stop; up the loose shingles I pressed on to the light that had saved me. I could not rest one instant, even for thanksgiving, until I knew to what providential circumstance I owed my safety. I drew up at a fisherman's hut of the humblest kind, built on the highest part of the shore, full two miles from Parkgate; a light, which seemed faint when close to it, twinkled from a small latticed window. I threw myself from my horse, and knocked loudly at the door, and as I knocked, fumbled with one hand in my soaked pocket for my purse. Twice I knocked again, and the door, which was unhasped, flew open. A woman, weeping bitterly, rose at this rude summons; and at the same moment I saw on the table the small coffin of a young child, with a rushlight burning at either end. I owed my life to death!

SKETCHES OF ORIENTAL LIFE.

BY F. A. NEALE, ESQ.

LIFE OF A TURKISH GENTLEMAN.

THE life of the Turkish Effendi, or gentleman, at Antioch, is rather of a monotonous character. He lives in his own, or rather in two houses—for the harem, though part of the same house, is entirely partitioned off, and no one but himself and his slaves know where it is, or how to get in or out of it. He always keeps the door-key in his pocket, and when the ladies want any thing, they rap, like so many woodpeckers, at a kind of revolving cupboard, which is securely fastened into the wall. Through this cupboard,

at which neither party can see the other, the lady speaks to the servant, and tells him what to fetch or buy for her at the bazaars; and the article is brought and placed in the cupboard, which is wheeled round by the lady inside, so that she may take it out. When they are desirous of walking in the garden, or going to the bath, the key is delivered into the charge of some old duenna, and the Effendi sees nothing more of it till the party has returned, and the ladies are safely locked up again.

The Effendi is, generally speaking, an early riser, and seldom sits up till a late hour at night. On issuing from his harem, he is waited upon by half a dozen slaves, who assist in his ablutions: one holds the ewer, another the soap, a third the towel, and a fourth and fifth assist him with his clean apparel. Having washed and dressed, he goes through his morning devotions at the nearest mosque. Returning home, his servants serve him with his cup of bitter coffee and pipe of real gibili, by which time it is about seven A.M., the fashionable hour for a Turkish gentleman to call and receive visits. Acquaintances and friends saunter in, and salute the host, who salutes them. Beyond this, there is little conversation; for Turks hate talking; and still less joking, for they detest laughing. They inquire like a parcel of anxious doctors, very kindly after each other's health, and after the general salubrity of their respective houses, for no one ever dreams of asking how his friend's wife is; that would be considered the grossest breach of decorum. Draft-boards, and pipes, and coffee are introduced. Some play, others look on; and, save the rattling of the dice, very little is heard to interrupt the silence of the room. The Effendi's clerk comes in occasionally, with a batch of unanswered letters in his hands, and whispers mysteriously to the Effendi, who either goes off into a violent fit of rage, or nods his consent in approval of what has been done, just as the contents of the letter are pleasing or the reverse. Most of these letters are from the overseers, or the laborers in the Effendi's silk-gardens, or olive-plantations; some few from people craving his assistance, others demanding repayment of loans of money; for there are but few of the Effendis of Antioch, though all rolling in riches, that are not indebted to some person or other for cash loans, as, such is their strange avarice, that though they possess (to use an Oriental expression) rooms full of money, they are loth to extract one farthing from their treasures for their daily expenditure.

About ten A.M., the Effendi orders his horse, and followed by his pipe-bearer, who is equally well-mounted, takes a sedate ride in the environs of the town. On Saturdays, in lieu of riding, he goes to the bath, but in either case he is pretty punctual as to the hour of his return. On reaching home, more pipes and coffee are produced, and he affixes his seal (for a Turk never signs his name) to the various business letters that his secretary has prepared, ready for dispatching. The cry from the minaret now warns him that

it is the hour for mid-day prayer. Washing his hands, face, and feet, he proceeds to the sami (mosque), where he remains till it is time to breakfast: and when the breakfast is served, he goes through the forms of ablution again. After his meals, he is required to wash once more.

I may here remark, for the guidance of strangers, that there is nothing a Turk considers more degrading than the want of this scrupulous cleanliness in Europeans; and considering the climate, and the wisdom of doing in Rome as Rome does (apart from all other arguments), travelers, although seldom obliged to use their fingers as Turks do at their meals, ought strictly to adhere to this custom while among Orientals.

The Effendi, after his breakfast, which is generally a very good one, and is prepared by the careful hands of the fair ladies of the harem, retires into his seraglio for a couple of hours' siesta, during the heat of the day. In this interval, if a Pasha, or a bosom-friend, or the devil himself were to appear, and ask of the servants to see their master immediately, they would reply that he was asleep in the harem, and that it was as much as their heads were worth to disturb him.

At about two, P.M., the Effendi is again visible. He then occupies his time in playing drafts, or reading a Turkish newspaper. At four, he goes once more to the mosque, and thence proceeds to the secluded garden, on the banks of the Orontes. Here several other Effendis are sure to meet him, for it is their usual evening rendezvous. Carpets are spread; baskets of cucumbers and bottles of spirit produced; and they drink brandy, and nibble cucumbers, till nigh upon sundown. Sometimes cachouks, or dancing boys, dressed up in gaudy tinsel-work, and musicians, are introduced, for the entertainment of the party. By nightfall, every individual has finished his two—some more—bottles of strong *aqua vitæ*, and they return homeward, and dine—and dine heartily. Coffee is then introduced, but nothing stronger—as they never drink spirit or wine after their evening meals. The nine o'clock summons to prayer, resounds from the minaret, and nine minutes after that, the Effendi is fast asleep, and nothing under an earthquake would bring him forth from the harem again, till he rises simultaneously with the sun next day.

LIVING IN ANTIOCH.

Antioch is, beyond dispute, the cheapest place in the world, as well as one of the healthiest; and if it were not for the ragged little boys, who hoot at every stranger, and throw stones at his door, annoying you in every possible way, I should prefer it, as a place of residence, to any spot I have visited in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America.

My house was of perfectly new construction, well planted, and well situated, and proof against water, as well as wind. I had four rooms—a sitting-room, a dining-room, a bed-room, and a dressing-room. I had a walled inclosure of about eighty feet square, where roses and geraniums vied in beauty with jessamines and lilies. There was also a poultry-yard, a pigeon-house, stables

for three horses, a store-house, a kitchen, and a servants' room. I had in the garden a grape-vine (muscatel), a pomegranate-tree, a peach-tree, a plum-tree, an apricot, and a China quince; and, in addition to all these, a fountain perpetually jetting up water, and a well, and a bathing-room. For all this accommodation, I paid three hundred and fifty piastres—about three pounds sterling—and this was a higher rent than would be paid by any native. Of course, the house was unfurnished, but furniture in the East is seldom on a grand scale: a divan, half a dozen chairs, a bedstead, a mattress, a looking-glass, a table or two, and half a dozen pipes, and narghilies are all one requires. Servants cost about three pounds a head per annum. Seven and a half pounds of good mutton may be had for a shilling. Fowls—and fat ones, too—twopence each. Fish is sold by the weight—thirteen rotolos for a beshlik, or about seventy pounds weight for a shilling. Eels—the very best flavored in the world—three halfpence each. As for vegetables, whether cabbages, lettuces, *des asperges*, celery, watercresses, parsley, beans, peas, radishes, turnips, carrots, cauliflowers, and onions, a pennyworth would last a man a week. Fruit is sold at the same rates; and grapes cost about five shillings the horse-load. Game is also abundant. Dried fruits and nuts can be obtained in winter. In fact, living as well as one could wish, I found it impossible—house-rent, servants, horses, board, washing, and wine included—to exceed the expenditure of forty pounds per annum.

Under these circumstances, it may appear marvelous that many Europeans, possessed of limited means, have not made Antioch their temporary home; but every question has two sides, and every thing its *pros* and *cons*. The *cons*, in this instance, are the barbarous character of the people among whom you live; the perpetual liability of becoming, at one instant's warning, the victim of some fanatical *émeute*; the small hopes you have of redress for the grossest insults offered; the continual intrigues entered into by the Ayans to disturb your peace and comfort; the absence of many of the luxuries enjoyed in Europe; the want of society and books, and the total absence of all places of worship, which gradually creates in the mind a morbid indifference to religion, and which feeling frequently degenerates into absolute infidelity. It is better to choose with David in such a case, and say, "I would rather be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord than dwell in the tents of iniquity."

AN ENGLISH PHILANTHROPIST IN THE EAST.

Two hours and a half ride from Antioch, through a country that is a perfect paradise upon earth, but over the most execrable and detestable road, brought me to the ancient Seleucia. Famed in the olden history as the emporium of Eastern commerce and as a port unequalled for safe harborage, Suedia is celebrated in our own days as having been the residence and favorite retreat of the late John Barker, Esq., formerly her Majesty's Consul-general in Egypt, equally eminent as a philanthropist and a Christian gentleman.

Suedia, or, as it is termed by the Syrians, Zectoonli, embraces a wide range of mulberry gardens, extending over a space of ten miles by three, and containing a scattered and mixed population, equal, if not exceeding in number, to that of Antioch. The village is spread chiefly upon the banks of the Orontes, and running parallel with the beach, which forms a boundary to the waves of the Seleucian gulf where the Orontes ends her course, and nature has scattered around her choicest gifts.

It would require the pen of an inspired writer to describe in adequate colors this garden of Eden. Mulberry, lemon, and orange-trees form an uninterrupted succession of gardens, surrounding picturesque little cottages, each one eclipsing the other in neatness and beauty of situation. The peasants themselves are hale, robust, and sturdy-looking men; the children are rosy and healthy; and the women beautiful, innocent, and happy. Each stops, as a stranger passes, to make a bashful salute, and bid him welcome to their country. This is what I never met elsewhere; and it was very pleasing to find uncivilized and untaught Arabs so polite and courteous. There is, in fact, nothing that a native of Suedia will not do to render a sojourn among them agreeable and pleasant. They are a simple people, and as simple in their habits as in their character. The sun teaches them when to rise, and darkness when to seek their beds. They labor for subsistence; they sleep for refreshment; they laugh with the merry, and weep with the afflicted. Their simple old pastor, in their venerable rustic church, has pointed out to them from childhood how heinous is sin—how amiable virtue; and they are taught ever to remember that an all-seeing Eye will detect and punish sins hidden to men, as surely as public offenses will entail flagellation from the pasha and governors of the district. Thus they live happy in their innocence, and in each other, and almost void of offense toward God and man; a meet people to inhabit a country like that they dwell in.

To this quiet retreat, Mr. Barker, after zealously serving his king and country for a long period of years, retired, on quitting Egypt, to enjoy in seclusion the pension awarded him by the government, and devote the remainder of his days to the peaceful pursuit of agriculture. Few men could better appreciate the rich gifts Nature had lavished on this spot. A perfect botanist, and skilled in agriculture, his time and income during a period of nearly twenty years, were spent in promoting every improvement in the cultivation of the soil; and many have grown rich, directly or indirectly, from the methods of tillage introduced into the country by Mr. Barker.

On taking possession of his wife's landed inheritance, Mr. Barker's first steps were to erect an edifice becoming his means and station, and one that would render his sojourn in the country agreeable to himself and his family, and the many friends and strangers, who delighted in visiting him, remaining his guests for days, weeks, and, in some instances, months. There was no mis-

take as to the genuine hospitality of the worthy host. His word of welcome was truth itself; and the warm cordiality of his excellent heart was felt in the firm grasp of his hand. "Sir," he has said to me on more than one occasion, "it is the traveler who confers a favor upon me by remaining, and giving me the benefit of his society, provided he be a man that is at all sufferable. Some few, I must own, have staid longer than myself or my family could have wished, but they have been very few." A perfect gentleman, an accomplished scholar, a sagacious thinker, a philosopher, and philanthropist, people wondered how so great a heart could content itself to remain in a place like Suedia. I had the honor to be on intimate terms with him during my two years' residence in Suedia, and I learned to love and respect him so much, that when he died, full of years and honor, I felt a void in my heart, to which I still recur with the deepest regret.

Mr. Barker's main object in life was to confer benefits upon his suffering neighbors. He knew how much misery and wretchedness was to be every day met with in England, and how incompetent were his means, all-sufficient though they were for his own wants, to relieve such distress; but in Syria a more available field for benevolence presented itself. How far and how well his charitable disposition exerted itself may be imagined, when I say that out of more than six thousand inhabitants, there is not one who does not to this day bless the memory of the good man, who through so many years was the friend of all. I ought to add that through fifty years of uninterrupted intercourse with as many thousand people, he never made one enemy, but was universally respected and beloved.

The gardens of Mr. Barker have been long celebrated for the quantity, variety, and excellent quality of their fruit. In the piece of ground attached to his own private residence, I have plucked from the tree the guava, the sweet-kerneled apricot, the Stanwick nectarine (for which the Duke of Northumberland obtained for him a silver medal), the sweet-kerneled peach, the shucapara, the celebrated apricot of Damascus, the plaquemina kaki, the loquat or nepolis japonica, the mandarin, and the Malta blood-orange; in short, the fruit of every country in the world. At Mr. Barker's request, I wrote to Penang and China for seeds of some rare fruits and spices, which Colonel Butterworth and Sir George Bonham had the kindness to send me; and though previously produced solely in those climes, they have since sprung up in these charming gardens. But, alas! they did not thus display themselves till the excellent old man had passed away. On the demise of Mr. Barker, the whole of his landed property reverted to his amiable and kind-hearted widow.

Besides introducing the finest fruit-trees in the world, and many rare ornamental trees, from the cuttings and graftings of which the whole of the gardens of Suedia have been supplied, Mr. Barker greatly ameliorated the conditions of the natives by obtaining from Italy regular supplies of the

best silk worm seed, which was then divided among them. Originally, the silk produced was of a very inferior quality; it has now become the finest in any part of the East. As for flowers, it was a perfect sight to see the garden attached to Mr. Barker's house at any season of the year, even in the depth of winter, when the surrounding mountains were covered with snow, and every where else vegetation had disappeared, thousands of Bengal roses and other rare and beautiful flowers here presented the appearance of perpetual summer.

A ROMANCE OF CYPRUS.

Every traveler who has ever visited Cyprus has heard of Signor Baldo Matteo, the Ebenezer Scrooge of the East. While I was at Larnaca, a sad adventure, furnishing ample materials for a melodrama, nearly terminated old Baldo's life, and all his speculations. His only daughter, and heiress, lost her heart to a needy Austrian, who had come to Cyprus expressly to make his fortune by marriage. Hearing of the wealth of old Baldo, and of his daughter, he fixed upon him at once; but Baldo was not to be easily caught, and totally repulsed every advance. The Austrian grew desperate, and, as a final resource, became fanatically religious, attending the Catholic chapel morning, noon, and night. Nothing could exceed his devotion to a certain old priest troubled with the cramp, on whose leg he sat, whenever it was attacked, till the pain passed off. When, after this, he whispered to him the sin that preyed most heavily upon his mind, which was a wish to possess riches, that he might bestow them on Mother Church, and hinted at a passion for Miss Baldo, he received immediate absolution, and was next day dining at old Baldo's table, in company with the Padre Presidenti, and seated next to the object in whom all his hopes were concentrated. Miss Baldo was luckily placed on his right, and heard with unspeakable rapture all his protestations of love and devotion. Had she been on his left, these would all have been lost, as she had been perfectly deaf on that side from her birth.

To be brief, the Austrian proposed, and was accepted, and all that he had now to obtain was old Baldo's consent. Baldo, however, as a man of the world, saw clearly through his designs, and knew him to be a knave, though he had too much reverence for the priestly clique, who had introduced the Austrian, to give a decided negative. All he asked was time—a year—to consider so important a measure. This was accorded, and Baldo devoutly prayed that the true character of his daughter's suitor might before that time be unmasked. His prayer was granted, but in a way the least expected, and certainly the least agreeable to himself.

The lover of the Signorina Baldo, finding his exchequer rather low, and being sorrowfully conscious of his inability to increase his wealth, so as to enable him to keep up necessary appearances, came to the desperate resolution of grasping, without further delay, his intended wife's fortune, by sending poor old Baldo out of the world. Accordingly, armed with a loaded dou-

ole-barreled pistol, which he concealed about his person, he proceeded to Matteo's house at an hour when he knew he would find him alone, the daughter and servants being in the habit of attending high mass on Sunday mornings; and he knocked at the door, which, after a little hesitation, was opened to him. Old Baldo, though believed to be an honorable man, and fair and just in his transactions with others, was a confirmed miser. He had accumulated great sums in hard cash, which, unseen by human eye, he had buried in his garden, and hidden in various parts of his house. The house was going to ruin, and wanted whitewashing and repairing in many parts. The garden was a perfect wilderness of weeds and thistles; but these he set fire to regularly once a year, and by this means, to a certain extent, kept them under. As for gardeners armed with a spade, which might dig up and bring to light all kinds of secret hoards, if there was one trade Baldo detested, it was this. He kept the key of his walled-in garden, and on Sundays, when all his family were absent, he strolled about in it till their return.

He was thus occupied when he admitted his would-be son-in-law; and the first thing this promising youth did, was to draw forth his pistol and take deliberate aim, discharging it at the breast of the feeble old man, who, tottering backward a few paces, fell to the earth apparently a corpse. For such the murderer took him; and depositing the pistol close by his side, to make it appear he had died by his own hand, he rushed into the street, closing the door after him.

Running with the haste of a man charged with some important news, he came suddenly on a gentleman attached to the Austrian consulate, whom he breathlessly informed that passing near Baldo's house, he had heard the report of a pistol, followed by a sound like that of some heavy body falling to the earth, that he had in vain knocked at the door for admission, and that he had no doubt in his own mind that some sad catastrophe had occurred.

In a few seconds a perfect mob was collected at Baldo's door, which they broke open, and rushing in, beheld old Baldo stretched upon the ground, his clothes literally saturated with blood, and a pistol lying close by his side. The assassin, who never dreamt that the old man was still alive, witnessed this spectacle with fiendish triumph, though loudly lamenting the loss of him, whom he called the best friend on earth. But it happened that the ball, though it struck against a part where a wound would have been mortal, had come in contact with the sharp edge of a bone, which turned it in another direction, and it was now safely lodged between the skin and the spine. Baldo, who had fainted from fright and loss of blood, now, to the amazement of all, recovered his senses, and hearing the voice of his late assailant, slowly raised himself up, and denounced him on the spot. Having done this, he fell back, and again became unconscious. The wretch was immediately seized and handcuffed,

and safely borne away to the Austrian consulate where he was placed in confinement.

Doctors were now assembled from all parts of Cyprus, and all examined the wound, and declared it fatal, expressing the greatest surprise that the patient should have lingered so long. The blood being stanchd, and Baldo suffering from no real injury, but laboring under a sense of approaching dissolution, begged that a confessor might be sent for. To this confessor, he acknowledged, among other offenses, the commission of one sin which weighed heavier than all the rest upon his guilty conscience. It appeared that his niece, who was then married to a French merchant at Larnaca, had been left at a very early age an orphan, and had become his ward. She had, however, been well provided for by her parents, and a large sum of money had been deposited in his hands, which, after covering the expenses of her education and board, &c., would still leave a considerable surplus as a marriage portion. Now old Baldo, never forgetting his thrift, had more than twice turned this capital over before the date of the niece's marriage, but he had retained the proceeds of his own, handing over the principal to the bridegroom on the nuptial day. But on the approach of death, as it seemed, he felt considerable qualms of conscience, and confessed his unworthy stewardship, and indicated the spots where these savings were concealed. The husband of the niece quickly dug them up, and came into possession. Scarcely was this done, when Baldo recovered, and would almost have forgiven the attempt upon his life, had it not involved such serious results.

The Austrian was by the Turkish authorities handed over to his own consulate, and was eventually removed to Trieste, but I believe, for lack of sufficient testimony, escaped punishment. This affair, as it may be imagined, created a great sensation in Cyprus, which was once the scene of the memorable tragedy which terminated the life of Desdemona.

ANECDOTES OF A PRIEST.

It was in Nicosia, about the year 1840, that Dame Fortune once more played off one of her eccentric frolics on the person of a poor Greek priest, who had little to depend upon in this world, save such meagre offerings as the more charitable of his parishioners bestowed upon him. As the story goes, he was a devout and holy man, but beyond being able to go through the regular routine of his priestly office, possessed but scant learning, and was equally ignorant of the world's ways and manners. At the commencement of a fast, fearing he should, from his defective memory, forget its exact duration, he carefully filled his pockets with so many dried peas as there were fast days, and each day extracting one from his pockets, as the peas diminished, he was warned of the proximity of a feast, and prepared accordingly. On one occasion, his wife happening to find a few peas in her husband's pockets, and imagining the devout man was fond of this Eastern luxury, very affectionately replenished his pockets from her own store of cadamies, or

roasted peas. Great was the consternation of his congregation, when on the eve of the feast day, instead of proclaiming its advent from the pulpit, as is usual, he informed them that eight or ten days yet remained for the approaching festival. A discussion on this point immediately ensued, when the priest, in confirmation of what he asserted, produced from his pocket the remaining peas, making known at the same time his method of calculating. Upon this, his wife stepped forward, and acknowledged what she had done, and great merriment ensued, in which the priest joined.

To this poor man, fortune now brought one of those rare windfalls which are more frequently heard of than experienced. One summer's evening he was seated in the court-yard of his humble house, watching with satisfaction and delight the gambols of his little children, who were amusing themselves with throwing stones at a hole in the wall. At length he remarked, that whenever a stone chanced to go near the crevice, he heard a ringing sound, and to convince himself that he was not deceived, he stepped nearer, and hit it repeatedly with a stone, each time hearing the sound distinctly. It now occurred to him that there was some concealed treasure within, and the thought made him tremble with expectation. He went to bed early, but not to sleep, having formed the determination that he would that night make a rigorous search. When all was still, he rose from his sleepless couch, and going out stealthily and noiselessly, commenced, by aid of a small pickaxe, breaking into the wall, removing stone by stone. He had hardly worked an hour, when out fell a bag of doubloons, followed by a second and a third. This was indeed a treasure, sufficient to satisfy a more covetous man; but he felt there would be no safety with it in Cyprus. That very night, he carefully stowed his riches in two saddle-bags, and before daybreak, awoke his wife and acquainted her with their good fortune, when horses were hired at a neighboring khan, and priest, wife, and children turned their backs upon Nicosia, and arriving early at Larnaca, embarked that very day on board a vessel sailing for Italy. The priest became the head of one of the wealthiest mercantile firms now established at Leghorn, and is, I believe, still living.

THE SHADOW OF BEN JONSON'S MOTHER.

IN Hartshorn Lane, near Charing Cross, about the year 1580, dwells Mr. Thomas Fowler, a master bricklayer. He had married, in 1575, Mrs. Margaret Jonson, a widow; and had become the protector of her little boy, Benjamin, then about a year and a half old.

Benjamin is now in his sixth year. He duly attends the parish school in St. Martin's Church; for his father was "a grave minister of the gospel," and his mother is anxious that her only child, poor although he must be, shall lack no advantages of education. We see the sturdy boy daily pacing to school, through the rough

and miry way of that half-rural district. In his play-hours he is soon in the fields, picking blackberries in Hedge-lane, or flying his kite by the Windmill in Saint Giles's. His father-in-law is a plain, industrious, trusty man—not rich enough to undertake any of the large works which the luxurious wants of the town present; and oft-times interfered with, in the due course of his labor, by royal proclamations against the increase of houses, which are rigidly enforced when a humble man desires to build a cottage. But young Ben has found friends. To the parish school sometimes comes Master Camden; and he observes the bold boy, always at the head of his class, and not unfrequently having his "clear and fair skin" disfigured by combats with his dirty companions, who litter about the alleys of Saint Martin's-lane. The boy has won good Master Camden's heart; and so, in due time, he proposes to remove him to Westminster School.

Let us look at the Shadow of his Mother, as she debates this question with her husband, at their frugal supper. "The boy must earn his living," says the bricklayer. "He is strong enough, to be of help to me. He can mix the mortar; he will soon be able to carry the hod. Learning! stuff! he has learning enow, for all the good it will do him."—"Thomas Fowler," responds the mother, "if I wear my fingers to the bone, my boy shall never carry the hod. Master Camden, a good man, and a learned, will pay for his schooling. Shall we not give him his poor meals and his pallet-bed? Master Camden says he will make his way. I owe it to the memory of him who is gone, that Benjamin shall be a scholar, and perhaps a minister."—"Yes; and be persecuted for his opinions, as his father was. These are ticklish times, Margaret—the lowest are the safest. Ben is passionate, and obstinate, and will quarrel for a straw. Make him a scholar, and he becomes Papist or Puritan—the quiet way is not for the like of him. He shall be apprenticed to me, wife, and earn his daily bread safely and honestly." Night after night is the debate renewed. But the mother triumphs. Ben does go to Westminster School. He has hard fare at home; he has to endure many a taunt as he sits apart in the Abbey cloisters, intent upon his task. But Camden is his instructor and his friend. The bricklayer's boy fights his way to distinction.

Look again at the Shadow of that proud Mother as, after three or four anxious years, she hears of his advancement. He has an exhibition. He is to remove to Cambridge. Her Benjamin must be a bishop. Thomas Fowler is incredulous—and he is not generous: "When Benjamin leaves this roof he must shift for himself, wife." The mother drops one tear when her boy departs; the leathern purse which holds her painful savings is in Benjamin's pocket.

It is a summer night of 1590, when Benjamin Jonson walks into the poor house of Hartshorn-lane. He is travel-stained and weary. His jerkin is half hidden beneath a dirty cloak. That jerkin, which looked so smart in a mother's

eyes when last they parted, is strangely shrunk—or, rather, has not the spare boy grown into a burly youth, although the boy's jerkin must still do service? The bricklayer demands his business; the wife falls upon his neck. And well may the bricklayer know him not. His face is "pimpled;" hard work and irregular living have left their marks upon him. The exhibition has been insufficient for his maintenance. His spirit has been sorely wounded. The scholar of sixteen thinks he should prefer the daily bread which is to be won by the labor of his hands, to the hunger for which pride has no present solace. Benjamin Jonson becomes a bricklayer.

And now, for two years, has the mother—her hopes wholly gone, her love only the same—to bear up under the burden of conflicting duties. The young man duly works at the most menial tasks of his business. He has won his way to handle a trowel; but he is not conformable in all things. "Wife," says Thomas Fowler, "that son of yours will never prosper. Can not he work—and can not he eat his meals—without a Greek book in his vest? This very noon must he seat himself, at dinner-hour, in the shade of the wall in Chancery-lane, on which he had been laboring; and then comes a reverend Benchman and begins discourse with him; and Ben shows him his book—and they talk as if they were equal. Margaret, he is too grand for me; he is above his trade."—"Shame on ye, husband! Does he not work, honestly and deftly? and will you grudge him his books?"—"He haunts the play-houses; he sits in the pit—and cracks nuts—and hisses or claps hands, in a way quite unbecoming a bricklayer's apprentice. Margaret, I fear he will come to no good." One night there is a fearful quarrel. It is late when Benjamin returns home. In silence and darkness, the son and mother meet. She is resolved. "Benjamin, my son, my dear son, we will endure this life no longer. There is a sword; it was your grandfather's. A gentleman wore it; a gentleman shall still wear it. Go to the Low Countries. Volunteers are called for. There is an expedition to Ostend. Take with you these few crowns, and God prosper you."

Another year, and Benjamin's campaign is ended. At the hearth in Hartshorn-lane sits Margaret Fowler—in solitude. There will be no more strife about her son. Death has settled the controversy. Margaret is very poor. Her trade is unprosperous; for the widow is defrauded by her servants. "Mother, there is my grandfather's sword—it has done service; and now, I will work for you."—"How, my son?"—"I will be a bricklayer again." We see the Shadow of the Mother, as she strives to make her son content. He has no longer the "lime and mortar" hands with which it was his after-fate to be reproached; but he bestows the master's eye upon his mother's workmen. Yet he has hours of leisure. There is a chamber in the old house now filled with learned books. He reads, and he writes, as his own pleasure dictates. "Mother," he one day says, "I wish to marry."—"Do so, my son; bring your wife home; we will dwell

together." So a few years roll on. He and his wife weep

"Mary, the daughter of their youth."

But there is an event approaching which sets aside sorrow. "Daughter," says the ancient lady, "we must to the Rose Playhouse to-night. There is a new play to be acted, and that play is Benjamin's."—"Yes, mother, he has had divers moneys already. Not much, I wot, seeing the labor he has given to this 'Comedy of Humors'—five shillings, and ten shillings, and, once, a pound."—"No matter, daughter, he will be famous; I always knew he would be famous." A calamity clouds that fame. The play-writer has quarrels on every side. In the autumn of 1598, Philip Henslowe, the manager of "the Lord Admiral's men," writes thus to his son-in-law, Alleyn: "Since you were with me, I have lost one of my company, which hurteth me greatly—that is, Gabriel; for he is slain in Hogsden Fields, by the hands of Benjamin Jonson, bricklayer." Twenty years after, the great dramatist, the laureat, thus relates the story to Drummond: "Being appealed to the fields, he had killed his adversary, which had hurt him in the arm, and whose sword was ten inches longer than his; for the which he was imprisoned and almost at the gallows." There is the proud Shadow of a Roman Matron hovering about his cell, in those hours when the gallows loomed darkly in the future.

The scholar and the poet has won his fame. Bricklayer no longer, Ben is the companion of the illustrious. Shakspeare hath "wit-combats" with him; Camden and Selden try his metal, in learned controversies; Raleigh, and Beaumont, and Donne, and Fletcher, exchange with him "words of subtle flame" at "The Mermaid." But a new trouble arises—James is come to the throne. Hear Jonson's account of a remarkable transaction: "He was delated by Sir James Murray to the King, for writing something against the Scots, in a play, 'Eastward Ho,' and voluntarily imprisoned himself, with Chapman and Marston, who had written it among them. The report was, that they should then have had their ears cut, and noses." They are at length released. We see the shadow of a banquet, which the poet gave to his friends in commemoration of his deliverance. There is a joyous company of immortals at that feast. There, too, is that loving and faithful mother. The wine-cups are flowing; there are song and jest, eloquence, and the passionate earnestness with which such friends speak when the heart is opened. But there is one, whose Shadow we now see, more passionate and more earnest than any of that company. She rises, with a full goblet in her hand: "Son, I drink to thee. Benjamin, my beloved son, thrice I drink to thee. See ye this paper; one grain of the subtle drug which it holds is death. Even as we now pledge each other in rich canary, would I have pledged thee in lusty strong poison, had thy sentence taken execution. Thy shame would have been my shame, and neither of us should have lived after it."

"She was no churl," says Benjamin.

LIGHT AND AIR.

LIGHT and Air are two good things: two necessities of existence to us animals, possessing eyes and lungs: two of the things prayed for by sanitary philosophers in the back streets of London; where, we fear, they might as well be crying for the moon.

Light and Air, then, being two good things, what happens when they come together? Spirit and water combined, says the toper, are two good things spoiled; and how do light and air mix? Pick out of Cheapside the busiest of men, and he will tell you that he loves the sky-blue in its proper place, making a sickly joke about his milk-jug. There is not a Scrub in the whole world who would not think it necessary to show pleasure—yes, and feel some indication of it—over sunset colors, when, by chance, he treads the fields upon a summer evening. We all look up at the stars, and feel that they would seem much less the confidential friends they really are, if they were shining down upon us with a rigid light. There is a beating human pulse which answers to our hearts in their incessant twinkling. And then the rainbow! Light that might pass down to us, and give us sight, but nothing more, gives sight and blesses it at once. Its touch converts the air into a region of delightful visions, ever changing, ever new. To reach us it must penetrate our atmosphere, and it is a fact that He who made the Universe, so made it that, in the whole range of Nature there is not one barren combination. Light must pass through the air; and, from a knowledge of the other laws of Nature, it might confidently be proclaimed, that, in addition to the useful purposes of each, and their most necessary action on each other, beauty and pleasure would be generated also by their union, to delight the creatures of this world.

It is not our design just now to talk about the nature of the atmosphere; to attempt any analysis of light, or even to mention its recondite mysteries. But in a plain way we propose to look into the reason of those changes made by light in the appearance of the sky, those everyday sights with which we are the most familiar.

Blue sky itself, for example. Why is the sky blue? To explain that, we must state a few preliminary facts concerning light, and beg pardon of any one whose wisdom may be outraged by the elementary character of our information. There are some among our readers, no doubt, who may find it useful. In the first place, then, we will begin with the erection of a pole upon a play-ground, and, like boys and girls, we will go out to play about it with an india-rubber ball. The pole being planted upright, is said to be planted at right angles to the surface of the ground. Now, if we climb the pole, and throw our ball down in the same line with it, it will run down the pole and strike the ground, and then jump back again by the same road into our fingers. The bouncing back is called in scientific phrase, Reflection; and so we may declare about our ball, that if it strike a plane surface at right angles, it is reflected immediately back upon the

line it went by, or, as scientific people say, "the line of incidence." Now, let us walk off, and mount a wall at a short distance from the pole. We throw our ball so that it strikes the ground quite close to the spot at which the pole is planted in the earth, and we observe that the said ball no longer returns into our hand, but flies up without deviating to the right or left (in the same plane, says Science) beyond the pole, with exactly the same inclination toward the pole on one side, and the surface of the ground on the other, as we gave it when we sent it down. So if there were a wall on the other side of our pole, exactly as distant and as high as our own, and somebody should sit thereon directly opposite to us, the ball would shoot down from our fingers to the root of the pole, and then up from the pole into his hand. Spread a string on each side along the course the ball has taken, from wall to pole, and from pole to wall. The string on each side will make with the pole an equal angle: the angle to the pole, by which the ball went, is called, we said, the angle of incidence; the angle from the pole, by which it bounced off, is called the angle of reflection. Now, it is true not only of balls, but of all things that are reflected; of light, for example, reflected from a looking-glass, or a sheet of water, that "the angle of reflection is equal to the angle of incidence."

The light that shines back to us from a sheet of water, has not penetrated through its substance, certainly. But now, let us be Tritons, or sea-nymphs, and let us live in a cool crystal grot under the waves. We don't live in the dark, unless we be unmitigated deep-sea Tritons. The deeper we go, the darker we find it. Why? Now, let us be absurd, and suppose that it is possible for light to be measured by the bushel. Ten bushels of light are poured down from the sun upon a certain bit of water; six of these, we will say, reflected from its surface, cause the glittering appearance, which is nothing to us Tritons down below. But light can pass through water; that is to say, water is a transparent substance; so the other four bushels soak down to illuminate the fishes. But this light, so soaking down, is by the water (and would be by any other transparent substance) absorbed, altered, partly converted into heat—when we understand exactly what Mr. Grove calls the Correlation of Physical Forces, we shall understand the why and how—we only know just now the fact, that all transparent bodies do absorb and use up light; so that the quantity of light which entered at the surface of our water suffers robbery, becoming less and less as it sinks lower down toward our coral caves.

Furthermore, beside reflection and absorption, there is one more thing that light suffers; and that we must understand before we can know properly why skies are blue, and stars are twinkling. That one thing more is called Refraction. A horse trots fairly over the stones, but slips the moment stones end, and he comes upon wood pavement. A ray of light travels straight as a dancing-master's back, so long as it is in air, or

water, or glass, or any other "medium," as the books say, of a certain unvarying thinness or thickness, fineness or coarseness, or according to the school-word "density." But if a ray that has been traveling through warm and light air, suddenly plunges into air cold and heavy, it is put out of the way by such a circumstance, and in the moment of making such a change, it alters its direction. Still more, a ray of light that has been traveling in a straight line through air, is put out of its course on entering the denser medium of water; it is dislocated, refracted very much, alters its course, and then continues in a straight line on the new course, so long as the new medium continues. In the same way, a ray of light which travels through a medium that becomes denser and denser very gradually would be perpetually swerving from its straight path, and would travel on a curve. Our atmosphere is heaviest upon the surface of the earth, and becomes lighter and thinner as we rise; the ray, therefore, from a star comes to us after traveling in such a curve. But we see all objects in the direction of a perfectly straight line continued in the direction which the rays sent from them took at the moment of falling upon our sense of sight. Therefore we see all stars in a part of the heavens where they really are not; we see the sun before it really rises. Light entering a denser medium is refracted from, entering a lighter medium is refracted toward, a line drawn at right angles to its surface. Light entering a new medium at right angles—that is to say, not aslant—continues its own course unaltered.

There is but one more fact necessary to fill up the small measure of preliminary knowledge necessary for a general understanding of the phenomena produced by the mixing of light with air. Light in its perfect state is white, but the white light is a compound of other rays in due proportion, each ray being different in color and different in quality. So it takes place, because their qualities are different, that grass reflects the green ray and absorbs the rest, and therefore grass is green; while orange-peel reflects another ray, and swallows up the green and all the rest. These colors being in the light, not in the substance colored; in a dark room it is not merely a fact that we can not see red curtains and pictures; but the curtains really are not red, the paintings have no color in them, till the morning come, and artfully constructed surfaces once more in a fixed manner decompose the light. Beside the color of these rays, from which light is compounded, there are combined with them other subtle principles which act mysteriously upon matter. Upon the hard surface of a pebble there are changes that take place whenever a cloud floats before the sun. Never mind that now. The colored rays of which pure white light is compounded are usually said to be seven—Violet, Indigo, Blue, Green, Yellow, Orange, Red; and they may be technically remembered in their proper order by combining their initials into the barbarous word *Vibgyor*. These are called prismatic colors, because they were first separated by the passing of a ray of

pure light through a prism. In that passage light is much refracted, and it happens that the contained rays all disagree with one another as to the extent to which they suffer themselves to be put out by a change of medium. Violet refracts most, and red least; the others stand between in the order in which they have just been named, the order in which you see them in the rainbow. So the rays after refraction come out in a state of dissension; all the rays—made refractory—having agreed to separate, because they are not of one mind, but of seven minds, about the degree to which they should be put out by the trouble they have gone through.

Now we have settled our preliminaries, we have got our principles; the next thing is to put them into practice. Let us first note what has been said of the absorption of light by transparent bodies. The air is one of the most transparent bodies known. On a clear day—when vapor (that is not air) does not mingle with our atmosphere—mechanical obstacles and the earth's figure form the only limits to our vision. You may see Cologne Cathedral from a mountain distant nearly sixty miles. Nevertheless, if the atmosphere had no absorbing power, only direct rays of the sun, or rays reflected from the substances about us, would be visible; the sky would be black, not blue; and sunset would abruptly pitch us into perfect night. The air, however, absorbs light, which becomes intermixed with its whole substance. Hold up your head, open your eyes widely, and stare at the noon-day sun. You will soon shut your eyes and turn your head away; look at him in the evening or in the morning, and he will not blind you. Why? Remembering the earth to be a globe surrounded by an atmosphere, you will perceive that the sun's rays at noonday have to penetrate the simple thickness of the atmosphere, measured in a straight line upward from the earth; but in the evening or morning its beams fall aslant, and have to slip through a great deal of air before they reach us; suffering, therefore, a great deal of robbery; that is to say, having much light absorbed.

Now, why is the sky blue? Not only does the air absorb light; it reflects it also. The particles of air reflect, however, most especially the blue ray, while they let the red and his companions slip by. This constant reflection of the blue ray causes the whole air to appear blue; but what else does it cause? Let us consider. If air reflects or turns aside, or hustles out of its place the blue ray, suffering the rest to pass, it follows as a consequence that the more air a ray of light encounters, the more blue will it lose. The sun's rays in the morning and the evening falling aslant, as we have said, across a great breadth of our atmosphere, must lose their blue light to a terrible extent, and very likely reach us with the blue all gone, and red lord paramount. But so, in truth, the case is; and the same fact which explains the blueness of the atmosphere, explains the redness of the sunrise and the sunset. It will now easily be understood, also, why the blue color of the sky is deepest in the zenith, faintest when

we look over the horizon; why the blue is at noon deeper than after mid-day; why it grows more intense as we ascend to higher elevations. From what we have already said, the reason of these things will come out with a very little thought. Again, in the example of our London fogs, &c., when in the upper portion of the dense mass the blue rays have been all refracted, there can penetrate only those other rays which make the lurid sky, with which we are familiar, or the genuine old yellow fog. Fog in moderation, the thin vapor on the open sea, and so forth, simply gives a lightness to the blue tint, or more plentiful, an absolute whiteness to the atmosphere.

Now let us see whether we are yet able to make out the philosophy of a fine autumn sunset. As the sun comes near the horizon, he and the air about him become red, because the light from that direction has been robbed of the blue rays in traversing horizontally so large a portion of the atmosphere. The sky in the zenith pales, for it has little but the absorbed or diffused light to exist upon. Presently, we see a redness in the east, quite opposite to the sun, and this redness increases till the sun sinks from our sight. In this case, the last rays of the sun that traverse the whole breadth of the atmosphere, reflected from the east, from vapors there, and more especially from clouds, come red to our eyes; no blue can be remaining in them. From the west, where the sun is setting, the rays come from the surrounding air, and from the clouds, variously colored; they lose their blue, but there remain the red, green, orange, yellow, and the purple rays; and some or all of these may make the tints that come to us, according to the state and nature of the clouds, the atmosphere, and other circumstances that may modify the process of refraction. The sun has set; it is immediately below the horizon, and its rays still dart through all our atmosphere, except that portion which is shielded from them by the intervening shadow of the earth. That shadow appears in the east, soon after sunset, in the shape of a calm blue arch, which rises gradually in the sky, immediately opposite to the part glorified by sunset colors. Over this arch the sky is red, with the rays not shut out by the round shadow of our ball. As the sun sinks, our shadow of course rises; and within it there can be only the diffused twilight, always blue. When this arch—this shadow of the earth—has risen almost to the zenith, and the sun is at some distance below the horizon, then the red color in the west becomes much more distinct and vivid; for the sun then shoots up thither its rays through a still larger quantity of intervening atmosphere; so that the redness grows as the sun sinks, until the shadow of the earth has covered all, and the stars—of which the brightest soon were visible—grow numerous upon the vault of heaven. When stars of the sixth magnitude are visible, then, astronomically speaking, twilight ends. The length of twilight will depend upon the number of rays of light that are reflected and dispersed, and that, again, will depend entirely on the atmosphere. Where

there is much vapor, and the days are dull by reason of the quantity of kidnapped light, there compensation is made by the consequent increase of twilight. In the interior of Africa night follows immediately upon sunset. In summer the vapor rises to a great height, and pervades the atmosphere; the twilight then is longer than in winter, when the colder air contains less vapor, and the vapor it contains lies low.

Now, since the appearances at twilight depend on the condition of the sky, it follows that our weather-wisdom, drawn from such appearances, is based upon a philosophical foundation. When there is a blue sky, and after sunset a slight purple in the west, we have reason for expecting fine weather. After rain, detached clouds, colored red and tolerably bright, may rejoice those who anticipate a pic-nic party. If the twilight show a partiality for whitish yellow in its dress, we say that very likely there will be some rain next day; the more that whitish yellow spreads over the sky, the more the chance of water out of it. When the sun is brilliantly white, and sets in a white light, we think of storms; especially so when light high clouds that dull the whole sky become deeper near the horizon. When the color of the twilight is a grayish red, with portions of deep red passing into gray that hide the sun, then be prepared, we say, for wind and rain. The morning signs are different. When it is very red, we expect rain; a gray dawn means fine weather. The difference between a gray dawn and a gray twilight is this—in the morning, grayness depends usually upon low clouds, which melt before the rising sun; but in the evening grayness is caused by high clouds, which continue to grow denser through the night. But if in the morning there be so much vapor as to make a red dawn, it is most probable that thick clouds will be formed out of it in the course of the operations of the coming day.

Refraction of light has a good deal to do also with the twinkling of the stars; though there may go to the explanation of the phenomenon other principles which do not concern our present purpose. The air contains layers of different density, shifting over each other in currents. The fixed stars are, to our eyes, brilliant points of light; their rays broken in passing through these currents, exhibit an agitation which is not shown by the planets. The planets are not points to our sight, nor points to our telescopes; being much nearer, although really smaller, they are to our eyes of a decided, measurable size; so being in greater body, we at most could only see their edges scintillate; and this we can do sometimes through a telescope, but scarcely with the naked eye.

In rainbows, light is both refracted and reflected. You can only see a rainbow when the sun is low, your own position being between the rainbow and the sun. The rays of light refracted by the shower into their prismatic colors, are then reflected by the shower back into your eye, and so, from the principles we started with, it will be clear that while a thousand people may

see under the same circumstances a rainbow of the same intensity, no two people see precisely the same object, but each man enjoys a rainbow to himself.

Of halos, and of lunar rainbows, of double suns, of the mirage, or any other extraordinary things developed by the play of light and air together, we did not intend to speak. Our discussion was confined to such an explanation of some every-day sights as may lend aid to contemplation sometimes of an autumnal evening, when

——— “the soft hour
Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
With Nature.”

Do you not think the man impenetrably deaf who, professing to converse with Nature, can not hear the tale which Nature is forever telling?

THE WIDOW OF COLOGNE.

IN the year 1641, there lived in a narrow, obscure street of Cologne a poor woman named Marie Marianni. With an old female servant for her sole companion, she inhabited a small, tumble-down, two-storied house, which had but two windows in front. Nothing could well be more miserable than the furniture of this dark dwelling. Two worm-eaten four-post bedsteads, a large deal-press, two rickety tables, three or four old wooden chairs, and a few rusty kitchen utensils, formed the whole of its domestic inventory.

Marie Marianni, despite of the wrinkles which nearly seventy years had left on her face, still preserved the trace of former beauty. There was a grace in her appearance, and a dignity in her manner, which prepossessed strangers in her favor whenever they happened to meet her; but this was rarely. Living in the strictest retirement, and avoiding as much as possible all intercourse with her neighbors, she seldom went out except for the purpose of buying provisions. Her income consisted of a small pension, which she received every six months. In the street where she lived she was known by the name of “The Old Nun,” and was regarded with considerable respect.

Marie Marianni usually lived in the room on the ground-floor, where she spent her time in needlework; and her old servant Bridget occupied the upper room, which served as a kitchen, and employed herself in spinning.

Thus lived these two old women in a state of complete isolation. In winter, however, in order to avoid the expense of keeping up two fires, Marie Marianni used to call down her domestic, and cause her to place her wheel in the chimney-corner, while she herself occupied a large old easy-chair at the opposite side. They would sometimes sit thus evening after evening without exchanging a single word.

One night, however, the mistress happened to be in a more communicative temper than usual, and addressing her servant, she said: “Well, Bridget, have you heard from your son?”

“No, madame, although the Frankfort post has come in.”

“You see, Bridget, it is folly to reckon on the affection of one’s children; you are not the only mother who has to complain of their ingratitude.”

“But, madame, my Joseph is not ungrateful: he loves me, and if he has not written now, I am certain it is only because he has nothing to say. One must not be too hard upon young people.”

“Not too hard, certainly; but we have a right to their submission and respect.”

“For my part, dear lady, I am satisfied with possessing, as I do, my son’s affection.”

“I congratulate you, Bridget,” said her mistress, with a deep sigh. “Alas! I am also a mother, and I ought to be a happy one. Three sons, possessing rank, fortune, glory; yet here I am, forgotten by them, in poverty, and considered importunate if I appeal to them for help. You are happy, Bridget, in having an obedient son—mine are hard and thankless!”

“Poor, dear lady, my Joseph loves me so fondly!”

“You cut me to the heart, Bridget: you little know what I have suffered. An unhappy mother, I have also been a wretched wife. After having lived unhappily together during several years, my husband died, the victim of an assassin. And whom, think you, did they accuse of instigating his murder? Me! In the presence of my children—ay, at the instance of my eldest son—I was prosecuted for this crime!”

“But doubtless, madame, you were acquitted?”

“Yes; and had I been a poor woman, without power, rank, or influence, my innocence would have been publicly declared. But having all these advantages, it suited my enemies’ purpose to deprive me of them, so they banished me, and left me in the state in which I am!”

“Dear mistress!” said the old woman.

Marie Marianni hid her face in her handkerchief, and spoke no more during the remainder of the evening.

As the servant continued silently to turn her wheel, she revolved in her mind several circumstances connected with the “Old Nun.” She had often surprised her reading parchments covered with seals of red wax, which, on Bridget’s entrance, her mistress always hurriedly replaced in a small iron box.

One night Marie Marianni, while suffering from an attack of fever, cried out in a tone of unutterable horror: “No: I will not see him! Take away yon red robe—that man of blood and murder!”

These things troubled the simple mind of poor Bridget, yet she dared not speak of them to her usually haughty and reserved mistress.

On the next evening, as they were sitting silently at work, a knock was heard at the door.

“Who can it be at this hour?” said Marie Marianni.

“I can not think,” replied her servant; “’tis now nine o’clock.”

“Another knock! Go, Bridget, and see who it is, but open the door with precaution.”

The servant took their solitary lamp in her hand, and went to the door. She presently re-

turned, ushering into the room Father Francis, a priest who lived in the city. He was a man of about fifty years old, whose hollow cheeks, sharp features, and piercing eyes wore a sinister and far from hallowed expression.

"To what, father, am I indebted for this late visit?" asked the old lady.

"To important tidings," replied the priest, "which I am come to communicate."

"Leave us, Bridget," said her mistress. The servant took an old iron lamp, and went upstairs to her fireless chamber.

"What have you to tell me?" asked Marie Marianni of her visitor.

"I have had news from France."

"Good news?"

"Some which may eventually prove so."

"The stars, then, have not deceived me!"

"What, madam!" said the priest, in a reproving tone; "do you attach any credit to this lying astrology? Believe me, it is a temptation of Satan which you ought to resist. Have you not enough of real misfortune without subjecting yourself to imaginary terrors?"

"If it be a weakness, father, it is one which I share in common with many great minds. Who can doubt the influence which the celestial bodies have on things terrestrial?"

"All vanity and error, daughter. How can an enlightened mind like yours persuade itself that events happen by aught save the will of God?"

"I will not now argue the point, father; tell me rather what are the news from France?"

"The nobles' discontent at the prime minister has reached its height. Henri d'Effiat, grand-querrier of France, and the king's favorite, has joined them, and drawn into the plot the Duke de Bouillon, and Monsieur, his majesty's brother. A treaty, which is upon the point of being secretly concluded with the king of Spain, has for its object peace, on condition of the cardinal's removal."

"Thank God!"

"However, madame, let us not be too confident; continue to act with prudence, and assume the appearance of perfect resignation. Frequent the church in which I minister, place yourself near the lower corner of the right-hand aisle, and I will forewarn you of my next visit."

"I will do so, father."

Resuming his large cloak, the priest departed, Bridget being summoned by her mistress to open the door.

From that time, during several months, the old lady repaired regularly each day to the church; she often saw Father Francis, but he never spoke, or gave her the desired signal. The unaccustomed daily exercise of walking to and from church, together with the "sickness of hope deferred," began to tell unfavorably on her health; she became subject to attacks of intermitting fever, and her large, bright eyes seemed each day to grow larger and brighter. One morning, in passing down the aisle, Father Francis for a moment bent his head toward her, and whispered, "All is lost!"

With a powerful effort Marie Marianni subdued all outward signs of the terrible emotion which these words caused her, and returned to her cheerless dwelling. In the evening Father Francis came to her. When they were alone, she asked, "Father, what has happened?"

"Monsieur de Cinq-Mars is arrested."

"And the Duke de Bouillon?"

"Fled."

"The treaty with the king of Spain?"

"At the moment it was signed at Madrid, the cunning cardinal received a copy of it."

"By whom was the plot discovered?"

"By a secret agent, who had wormed himself into it."

"My enemies, then, still triumph?"

"Richelieu is more powerful, and the king more subject to him than ever."

That same night the poor old woman was seized with a burning fever. In her delirium the phantom-man in red still pursued her, and her ravings were terrible to hear. Bridget, seated at her bed-side, prayed for her; and at the end of a month she began slowly to recover. Borne down, however, by years, poverty, and misfortune, Marie Marianni felt that her end was approaching. Despite Father Francis's dissuasion, she again had recourse to the astrological tablets, on which were drawn, in black and red figures, the various houses of the sun, and of the star which presided over her nativity. On this occasion their omens were unfavorable; and rejecting all spiritual consolation—miserable in the present, and hopeless for the future—Marie Marianni expired in the beginning of July, 1642.

As soon as her death was known a magistrate of Cologne came to her house, in order to make an official entry of the names of the defunct and her heirs. Bridget could not tell either, she merely knew that her late mistress was a stranger.

Father Francis arrived. "I can tell you the names of her heirs," he said. "Write—the King of France; Monsieur the Duke of Orleans; Henrietta of France, queen of England."

"And what," asked the astounded magistrate, "was the name of the deceased?"

"The High and Mighty Princess Marie de Medicis, widow of Henri IV., and mother of the reigning king!"

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.*

CHAPTER XVI.

BEFORE a table in the apartments appropriated to him in his father's house at Knightsbridge, sat Lord L'Estrange, sorting or destroying letters and papers—an ordinary symptom of change of residence. There are certain trifles by which a shrewd observer may judge of a man's disposition. Thus, ranged on the table, with some elegance, but with soldier-like precision, were sundry little relics of former days, hallowed by some sentiment of memory, or perhaps endeared solely by custom; which, whether he was in Egypt, Italy, or England, always made part of

* Continued from the October Number.

the furniture of Harley's room. Even the small, old-fashioned, and somewhat inconvenient ink-stand in which he dipped the pen as he labeled the letters he put aside, belonged to the writing-desk which had been his pride as a school-boy. Even the books that lay scattered round were not new works, not those to which we turn to satisfy the curiosity of an hour, or to distract our graver thoughts: they were chiefly either Latin or Italian poets, with many a pencil-mark on the margin; or books which, making severe demand on thought, require slow and frequent perusal, and become companions. Somehow or other, in remarking that even in dumb inanimate things the man was averse to change, and had the habit of attaching himself to whatever was connected with old associations, you might guess that he clung with pertinacity to affections more important, and you could better comprehend the freshness of his friendship for one so dissimilar in pursuits and character as Audley Egerton. An affection once admitted into the heart of Harley L'Estrange, seemed never to be questioned or reasoned with: it became tacitly fixed, as it were, into his own nature; and little less than a revolution of his whole system could dislodge or disturb it.

Lord L'Estrange's hand rested now upon a letter in a stiff legible Italian character; and instead of disposing of it at once, as he had done with the rest, he spread it before him, and re-read the contents. It was a letter from Riccabocca, received a few weeks since, and ran thus:

Letter from Signor Riccabocca to Lord L'Estrange.

"I thank you, my noble friend, for judging of me with faith in my honor, and respect for my reverses.

"No, and thrice no, to all concessions, all overtures, all treaty with Giulio Franzini. I write the name, and my emotions choke me. I must pause and cool back into disdain. It is over. Pass from that subject. But you have alarmed me. This sister! I have not seen her since her childhood; and she was brought under his influence—she can but work as his agent. She wish to learn my residence! It can be but for some hostile and malignant purpose. I may trust in you. I know that. You say I may trust equally in the discretion of your friend. Pardon me—my confidence is not so elastic. A word may give the clew to my retreat. But, if discovered, what harm can ensue? An English roof protects me from Austrian despotism, true; but not the brazen tower of Danaë could protect me from Italian craft. And were there nothing worse, it would be intolerable to me to live under the eyes of a relentless spy. Truly saith our proverb, 'He sleeps ill for whom the enemy wakes.' Look you, my friend, I have done with my old life—I wish to cast it from me as a snake its skin. I have denied myself all that exiles deem consolation. No pity for misfortune, no messages from sympathizing friendship, no news from a lost and bereaved country follow me to

my hearth under the skies of the stranger. From all these I have voluntarily cut myself off. I am as dead to the life I once lived as if the Styx rolled between it and me. With that sternness which is admissible only to the afflicted, I have denied myself even the consolation of your visits. I have told you fairly and simply that your presence would unsettle all my enforced and infirm philosophy, and remind me only of the past, which I seek to blot from remembrance. You have complied, on the one condition, that whenever I really want your aid I will ask it; and, meanwhile, you have generously sought to obtain me justice from the cabinets of ministers and in the courts of kings. I did not refuse your heart this luxury; for I have a child—(Ah! I have taught that child already to revere your name, and in her prayers it is not forgotten). But now that you are convinced that even your zeal is unavailing, I ask you to discontinue attempts that may but bring the spy upon my track, and involve me in new misfortunes. Believe me, O brilliant Englishman, that I am satisfied and contented with my lot. I am sure it would not be for my happiness to change it. 'Chi non ha provato il male non conosce il bene.' ('One does not know when one is well off till one has known misfortune.') You ask me how I live—I answer, *alla giornata*—to the day—not for the morrow, as I did once. I have accustomed myself to the calm existence of a village. I take interest in its details. There is my wife, good creature, sitting opposite to me, never asking what I write, or to whom, but ready to throw aside her work and talk the moment the pen is out of my hand. Talk—and what about? Heaven knows! But I would rather hear that talk, though on the affairs of a hamlet, than babble again with recreant nobles and blundering professors about commonwealths and constitutions. When I want to see how little those last influence the happiness of wise men, have I not Machiavel and Thucydides? Then, by-and-by, the Parson will drop in, and we argue. He never knows when he is beaten, so the argument is everlasting. On fine days I ramble out by a winding rill with my Violante, or stroll to my friend the Squire's, and see how healthful a thing is true pleasure; and on wet days I shut myself up, and mope, perhaps, till, hark! a gentle tap at the door, and in comes Violante, with her dark eyes that shine out through reproachful tears—reproachful that I should mourn alone, while she is under my roof—so she puts her arms round me, and in five minutes all is sunshine within. What care we for your English gray clouds without?

"Leave me, my dear Lord—leave me to this quiet happy passage toward old age, serener than the youth that I wasted so wildly; and guard well the secret on which my happiness depends.

"Now to yourself, before I close. Of that same *yourself* you speak too little, as of me too much. But I so well comprehend the profound melancholy that lies underneath the wild and

fanciful humor with which you but suggest, as in sport, what you feel so in earnest. The laborious solitude of cities weighs on you. You are flying back to the *dolce far niente*—to friends few, but intimate; to life monotonous, but unrestrained; and even there the sense of loneliness will again seize upon you; and you do not seek, as I do, the annihilation of memory; your dead passions are turned to ghosts that haunt you, and unfit you for the living world. I see it all—I see it still, in your hurried fantastic lines, as I saw it when we two sat amidst the pines and beheld the blue lake stretched below. I troubled by the shadow of the Future, you disturbed by that of the Past.

"Well, but you say, half-seriously, half in jest, 'I will escape from this prison-house of memory; I will form new ties, like other men, and before it be too late; I will marry—ay, but I must love—there is the difficulty'—difficulty—yes, and Heaven be thanked for it! Recall all the unhappy marriages that have come to your knowledge—pray, have not eighteen out of twenty been marriages for love? It always has been so, and it always will. Because, whenever we love deeply, we exact so much and forgive so little. Be content to find some one with whom your hearth and your honor are safe. You will grow to love what never wounds your heart—you will soon grow out of love with what must always disappoint your imagination. *Cospetto!* I wish my Jemima had a younger sister for you. Yet it was with a deep groan that I settled myself to a—Jemima.

"Now, I have written you a long letter, to prove how little I need of your compassion or your zeal. Once more let there be long silence between us. It is not easy for me to correspond with a man of your rank, and not incur the curious gossip of my still little pool of a world which the splash of a pebble can break into circles. I must take this over to a post-town some ten miles off, and drop it into the box by stealth.

"Adieu, dear and noble friend, gentlest heart and subtlest fancy that I have met in my walk through life. Adieu—write me word when you have abandoned a day-dream and found a Jemima. ALPHONSO.

"P. S.—For heaven's sake, caution and re-caution your friend the minister, not to drop a word to this woman that may betray my hiding-place."

"Is he really happy?" murmured Harley, as he closed the letter; and he sunk for a few moments into a reverie.

"This life in a village—this wife in a lady who puts down her work to talk about villagers—what a contrast to Audley's full existence. And I can never envy nor comprehend either—yet my own—what is it?"

He rose, and moved toward the window, from which a rustic stair descended to a green lawn—studded with larger trees than are often found in the grounds of a suburban residence. There

were calm and coolness in the sight, and one could scarcely have supposed that London lay so near.

The door opened softly, and a lady, past middle age, entered; and, approaching Harley, as he still stood musing by the window, laid her hand on his shoulder. What character there is in a hand! Hers was a hand that Titian would have painted with elaborate care! Thin, white, and delicate—with the blue veins raised from the surface. Yet there was something more than mere patrician elegance in the form and texture. A true physiologist would have said at once, "there are intellect and pride in that hand, which seems to fix a hold where it rests; and, lying so lightly, yet will not be as lightly shaken off."

"Harley," said the lady—and Harley turned—"you do not deceive me by that smile," she continued, sadly; "you were not smiling when I entered."

"It is rarely that we smile to ourselves, my dear mother; and I have done nothing lately so foolish as to cause me to smile at myself."

"My son," said Lady Lansmere, somewhat abruptly, but with great earnestness, "you come from a line of illustrious ancestors; and methinks they ask from their tombs why the last of their race has no aim and no object—no interest—no home in the land which they served, and which rewarded them with its honors."

"Mother," said the soldier, simply, "when the land was in danger I served it as my forefathers served—and my answer would be the scars on my breast."

"Is it only in danger that a country is served—only in war that duty is fulfilled? Do you think that your father, in his plain, manly life of country gentleman, does not fulfill, though obscurely, the objects for which aristocracy is created and wealth is bestowed?"

"Doubtless he does, ma'am—and better than his vagrant son ever can."

"Yet his vagrant son has received such gifts from nature—his youth was so rich in promise—his boyhood so glowed at the dream of glory?"

"Ay," said Harley, very softly, "it is possible—and all to be buried in a single grave!"

The Countess started, and withdrew her hand from Harley's shoulder.

Lady Lansmere's countenance was not one that much varied in expression. She had in this, as in her cast of feature, little resemblance to her son.

Her features were slightly aquiline—the eyebrows of that arch which gives a certain majesty to the aspect: the lines round the mouth were habitually rigid and compressed. Her face was that of one who had gone through great emotion, and subdued it. There was something formal, and even ascetic, in the character of her beauty, which was still considerable;—in her air and in her dress. She might have suggested to you the idea of some Gothic baroness of old, half chatelaine, half abbess; you would

see at a glance that she did not live in the light world round her, and disdained its fashions and its mode of thought; yet with all this rigidity it was still the face of the woman who has known human ties and human affections. And now, as she gazed long on Harley's quiet, saddened brow, it was the face of a mother.

"A single grave," she said, after a long pause. "And you were then but a boy, Harley! Can such a memory influence you even to this day? It is scarcely possible; it does not seem to me within the realities of man's life—though it might be of woman's."

"I believe," said Harley, half soliloquizing, "that I have a great deal of the woman in me. Perhaps men who live much alone, and care not for men's objects, do grow tenacious of impressions, as your sex does. But oh," he cried aloud, and with a sudden change of countenance, "oh, the hardest and the coldest man would have felt as I do, had he known *her*—had he loved *her*. She was like no other woman I have ever met. Bright and glorious creature of another sphere! She descended on this earth, and darkened it when she passed away. It was no use striving. Mother, I have as much courage as our steel-clad fathers ever had. I have dared in battle and in deserts—against man and the wild beast—against the storm and the ocean—against the rude powers of Nature—dangers as dread as ever pilgrim or Crusader rejoiced to brave. But courage against that one memory! no, I have none!"

"Harley, Harley, you break my heart," cried the Countess, clasping her hands.

"It is astonishing," continued her son, so wrapped in his own thoughts that he did not, perhaps, hear her outcry—"yea, verily, it is astonishing, that considering the thousands of women I have seen and spoken with, I never see a face like hers—never hear a voice so sweet. And all this universe of life can not afford me one look and one tone that can restore me to man's privilege—love. Well, well, well, life has other things yet—Poetry and Art live still—still smiles the heaven, and still wave the trees. Leave me to happiness in my own way."

The Countess was about to reply, when the door was thrown hastily open, and Lord Lansmere walked in.

The Earl was some years older than the Countess, but his placid face showed less wear and tear; a benevolent, kindly face—without any evidence of commanding intellect, but with no lack of sense in its pleasant lines. His form not tall, but upright, and with an air of consequence—a little pompous, but good-humoredly so. The pomposity of the *Grand Seigneur*, who has lived much in provinces—whose will has been rarely disputed, and whose importance has been so felt and acknowledged as to react insensibly on himself; an excellent man; but when you glanced toward the high brow and dark eye of the Countess, you marveled a little how the

two had come together, and, according to common report, lived so happily in the union.

"Ho, ho! my dear Harley," cried Lord Lansmere, rubbing his hands with an appearance of much satisfaction. "I have just been paying a visit to the Duchess."

"What Duchess, my dear father?"

"Why, your mother's first cousin, to be sure—the Duchess of Knaresborough, whom, to oblige me, you condescended to call upon; and delighted I am to hear that you admire Lady Mary—"

"She is very high-bred, and rather—high-nosed," answered Harley. Then observing that his mother looked pained, and his father disconcerted, he added seriously, "But handsome, certainly."

"Well, Harley," said the Earl, recovering himself, "the Duchess, taking advantage of our connection to speak freely, has intimated to me that Lady Mary has been no less struck with yourself; and to come to the point, since you allow that it is time you should think of marrying, I do not know a more desirable alliance. What do you say, Catherine?"

"The Duke is of a family that ranks in history before the Wars of the Roses," said Lady Lansmere, with an air of deference to her husband; "and there has never been one scandal in its annals, or one blot in its scutcheon. But I am sure my dear Lord must think that the Duchess should not have made the first overture—even to a friend and a kinsman?"

"Why, we are old-fashioned people," said the Earl, rather embarrassed, "and the Duchess is a woman of the world."

"Let us hope," said the Countess mildly, "that her daughter is not."

"I would not marry Lady Mary, if all the rest of the female sex were turned into apes," said Lord L'Estrange, with deliberate fervor.

"Good Heavens!" cried the Earl, "what extraordinary language is this! And pray why, sir?"

HARLEY.—"I can't say—there is no why in these cases. But, my dear father, you are not keeping faith with me."

LORD LANSMERE.—"How?"

HARLEY.—"You, and my Lady here, entreat me to marry—I promise to do my best to obey you; but on one condition—that I choose for myself, and take my time about it. Agreed on both sides. Whereon, off goes your Lordship—actually before noon, at an hour when no lady without a shudder could think of cold blonde and damp orange flowers—off goes your Lordship, I say, and commits poor Lady Mary and your unworthy son to a mutual admiration—which neither of us ever felt. Pardon me, my father—but this is grave. Again let me claim your promise—full choice for myself, and no reference to the Wars of the Roses. What war of the roses like that between Modesty and Love upon the cheek of the virgin!"

LADY LANSMERE.—"Full choice for yourself,

Harley—so be it. But we, too, named a condition—Did we not, Lansmere?"

The EARL (puzzled).—"Eh—did we? Certainly we did."

HARLEY.—"What was it?"

LADY LANSMERE.—"The son of Lord Lansmere can only marry the daughter of a gentleman."

The EARL.—"Of course—of course."

The blood rushed over Harley's fair face, and then as suddenly left it pale.

He walked away to the window—his mother followed him, and again laid her hand on his shoulder.

"You were cruel," said he, gently, and in a whisper, as he winced under the touch of the hand. Then turning to the Earl, who was gazing at him in blank surprise—(it never occurred to Lord Lansmere that there could be a doubt of his son's marrying beneath the rank modestly stated by the Countess)—Harley stretched forth his hand, and said, in his soft, winning tone, "You have ever been most gracious to me, and most forbearing; it is but just that I should sacrifice the habits of an egotist, to gratify a wish which you so warmly entertain. I agree with you, too, that our race should not close in me—*Noblesse oblige*. But you know I was ever romantic; and I must love where I marry—or, if not love, I must feel that my wife is worthy of all the love I could once have bestowed. Now, as to the vague word 'gentleman' that my mother employs—word that means so differently on different lips—I confess that I have a prejudice against young ladies brought up in the 'excellent foppery of the world,' as the daughters of gentlemen of our rank mostly are. I crave, therefore, the most liberal interpretation of this word 'gentleman.' And so long as there be nothing mean or sordid in the birth, habits, and education of the father of this bride to be, I trust you will both agree to demand nothing more—neither titles nor pedigree."

"Titles, no—assuredly," said Lady Lansmere; "they do not make gentlemen."

"Certainly not," said the Earl. "Many of our best families are untitled."

"Titles—no," repeated Lady Lansmere; "but ancestors—yes."

"Ah, my mother," said Harley, with his most sad and quiet smile, "it is fated that we shall never agree. The first of our race is ever the one we are most proud of; and pray what ancestors had he? Beauty, virtue, modesty, intellect—if these are not nobility enough for a man, he is a slave to the dead."

With these words Harley took up his hat and made toward the door.

"You said yourself, '*Noblesse oblige*,'" said the Countess, following him to the threshold; "we have nothing more to add."

Harley slightly shrugged his shoulders, kissed his mother's hand, whistled to Nero, who started up from a doze by the window, and went his way.

"Does he really go abroad next week?" said the Earl.

"So he says."

"I am afraid there is no chance for Lady Mary," resumed Lord Lansmere, with a slight but melancholy smile.

"She has not intellect enough to charm him. She is not worthy of Harley," said the proud mother.

"Between you and me," rejoined the Earl, rather timidly, "I don't see what good his intellect does him. He could not be more unsettled and useless if he were the merest dunce in the three kingdoms. And so ambitious as he was when a boy! Catherine, I sometimes fancy that you know what changed him."

"I! Nay, my dear Lord, it is a common change enough with the young, when of such fortunes; who find, when they enter life, that there is really little left for them to strive for. Had Harley been a poor man's son, it might have been different."

"I was born to the same fortunes as Harley," said the Earl, shrewdly, "and yet I flatter myself I am of some use to old England."

The Countess seized upon the occasion, complimented her Lord, and turned the subject.

CHAPTER XVII.

HARLEY spent his day in his usual desultory, lounging manner—dined in his quiet corner at his favorite club—Nero, not admitted into the club, patiently waited for him outside the door. The dinner over, dog and man, equally indifferent to the crowd, sauntered down that thoroughfare which, to the few who can comprehend the Poetry of London, has associations of glory and of woe sublime as any that the ruins of the dead elder world can furnish—thoroughfare that traverses what was once the courtyard of Whitehall, having to its left the site of the palace that lodged the royalty of Scotland—gains, through a narrow strait, that old isle of Thorney, in which Edward the Confessor received the ominous visit of the Conqueror—and, widening once more by the Abbey and the Hall of Westminster, then loses itself, like all memories of earthly grandeur amidst humble passages and mean defiles.

Thus thought Harley L'Estrange—ever less amidst the actual world around him, than the images invoked by his own solitary soul—as he gained the Bridge, and saw the dull lifeless craft sleeping on the "Silent Way," once loud and glittering with the gilded barks of the antique Seigneurie of England.

It was on that bridge that Audley Egerton had appointed to meet L'Estrange, at an hour when he calculated he could best steal a respite from debate. For Harley, with his fastidious dislike to all the resorts of his equals, had declined to seek his friend in the crowded regions of Bellamy's.

Harley's eye, as he passed along the bridge, was attracted by a still form, seated on the stones in one of the nooks, with its face covered

by its hands. "If I were a sculptor," said he to himself, "I should remember that image whenever I wished to convey the idea of *Despondency*!" He lifted his looks and saw, a little before him in the midst of the causeway, the firm erect figure of Audley Egerton. The moonlight was full on the bronzed countenance of the strong public man—with its lines of thought and care, and its vigorous but cold expression of intense self-control.

"And looking yonder," continued Harley's soliloquy, "I should remember that form when I wished to hew out from the granite the idea of *Endurance*."

"So you are come, and punctually," said Egerton, linking his arm in Harley's.

HARLEY.—"Punctually, of course, for I respect your time, and I will not detain you long. I presume you will speak to-night."

EGERTON.—"I have spoken."

HARLEY (with interest).—"And well, I hope."

EGERTON.—"With effect, I suppose, for I have been loudly cheered, which does not always happen to me."

HARLEY.—"And that gave you pleasure?"

EGERTON (after a moment's thought).—"No, not the least."

HARLEY.—"What, then, attaches you so much to this life—constant drudgery, constant warfare—the more pleasurable faculties dormant, all the harsher ones aroused, if even its rewards (and I take the best of those to be applause) do not please you?"

EGERTON.—"What?—custom."

HARLEY.—"Martyr!"

EGERTON.—"You say it. But turn to yourself; you have decided, then, to leave England next week."

HARLEY (moodily).—"Yes. This life in a capital, where all are so active, myself so objectless, preys on me like a low fever. Nothing here amuses me, nothing interests, nothing comforts and consoles. But I am resolved, before it be too late, to make one great struggle out of the Past, and into the natural world of men. In a word, I have resolved to marry."

EGERTON.—"Whom?"

HARLEY (seriously).—"Upon my life, my dear fellow, you are a great philosopher. You have hit the exact question. You see I can not marry a dream; and where, out of dreams, shall I find this 'whom'?"

EGERTON.—"You do not search for her."

HARLEY.—"Do we ever search for love? Does it not flash upon us when we least expect it? Is it not like the inspiration to the muse? What poet sits down and says, 'I will write a poem?' What man looks out and says, 'I will fall in love?' No! Happiness, as the great German tells us, 'falls suddenly from the bosom of the gods;' so does love."

EGERTON.—"You remember the old line in Horace: 'Life's tide flows away, while the boor sits on the margin and waits for the ford.'"

HARLEY.—"An idea which incidentally drop-

ped from you some weeks ago, and which I had before half meditated, has since haunted me. If I could but find some child with sweet dispositions and fair intellect not yet formed, and train her up, according to my ideal. I am still young enough to wait a few years, and meanwhile I shall have gained what I so sadly want—an object in life."

EGERTON.—"You are ever the child of romance. But what—"

Here the minister was interrupted by a messenger from the House of Commons, whom Audley had instructed to seek him on the bridge should his presence be required—

"Sir, the opposition are taking advantage of the thinness of the House to call for a division. Mr. — is put up to speak for time, but they won't hear him."

Egerton turned hastily to Lord L'Estrange, "You see you must excuse me now. To-morrow I must go to Windsor for two days; but we shall meet on my return."

"It does not matter," answered Harley; "I stand out of the pale of your advice, O practical man of sense. And if," added Harley, with affectionate and mournful sweetness—"If I worry you with complaints which you can not understand, it is only because of old schoolboy habits. I can have no trouble that I do not confide in you."

Egerton's hand trembled as it pressed his friend's; and, without a word, he hurried away abruptly. Harley remained motionless for some seconds, in deep and quiet reverie; then he called to his dog, and turned back toward Westminster.

He passed the nook in which had sate the still figure of Despondency. But the figure had now risen, and was leaning against the balustrade. The dog who preceded his master paused by the solitary form, and sniffed it suspiciously.

"Nero, sir, come here," said Harley.

"Nero," that was the name by which Helen had said that her father's friend had called his dog. And the sound startled Leonard as he leaned, sick at heart, against the stone. He lifted his head and looked wistfully, eagerly into Harley's face. Those eyes, bright, clear, yet so strangely deep and absent, which Helen had described, met his own, and chained them. For L'Estrange halted also; the boy's countenance was not unfamiliar to him. He returned the inquiring look fixed on his own, and recognized the student by the book-stall.

"The dog is quite harmless, sir," said L'Estrange, with a smile.

"And you call him Nero?" said Leonard, still gazing on the stranger.

Harley mistook the drift of the question.

"Nero, sir; but he is free from the sanguinary propensities of his Roman namesake." Harley was about to pass on, when Leonard said, falteringly,

"Pardon me, but can it be possible that you are one whom I have sought in vain, on behalf of the child of Captain Digby?"

Harley stopped short. "Digby!" he exclaimed, "where is he? He should have found me easily. I gave him an address."

"Ah, Heaven be thanked," cried Leonard. "Helen is saved; she will not die;" and he burst into tears.

A very few moments, and a very few words sufficed to explain to Harley the state of his old fellow-soldier's orphan. And Harley himself soon stood in the young sufferer's room, supporting her burning temples on his breast, and whispering into ears that heard him, as in a happy dream, "Comfort, comfort; your father yet lives in me."

And then Helen, raising her eyes, said, "But Leonard is my brother—more than brother—and he needs a father's care more than I do."

"Hush, hush, Helen. I need no one—nothing now!" cried Leonard; and his tears gushed over the little hand that clasped his own.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HARLEY L'ESTRANGE was a man whom all things that belong to the romantic and poetic side of our human life deeply impressed. When he came to learn the ties between these two children of nature, standing side by side, alone amidst the storms of fate, his heart was more deeply moved than it had been for many years. In those dreary attics, overshadowed by the smoke and reek of the humble suburb—the workday world in its harshest and tritest forms below and around them—he recognized that divine poem which comes out from all union between the mind and the heart. Here, on the rough deal table (the ink scarcely dry), lay the writings of the young wrestler for fame and bread; there, on the other side the partition, on that mean pallet, lay the boy's sole comforter—the all that warmed his heart with living mortal affection. On one side the wall, the world of imagination; on the other this world of grief and of love. And in both, a spirit equally sublime—unselfish Devotion—"the something afar from the sphere of our sorrow."

He looked round the room into which he had followed Leonard, on quitting Helen's bedside. He noted the MSS. on the table, and, pointing to them, said gently, "And these are the labors by which you supported the soldier's orphan?—soldier yourself, in a hard battle!"

"The battle was lost—I could not support her," replied Leonard, mournfully.

"But you did not desert her. When Pandora's box was opened, they say Hope lingered last—"

"False, false," said Leonard; "a heathen's notion. There are deities that linger behind Hope: Gratitude, Love, and Duty."

"Yours is no common nature," exclaimed Harley, admiringly, "but I must sound it more deeply hereafter; at present I hasten for the physician; I shall return with him. We must move that poor child from this low, close air as soon as possible. Meanwhile, let me qualify your rejection of the old fable. Wherever Grat-

itude, Love, and Duty remain to man, believe me that Hope is there too, though she may be oft invisible, hidden behind the sheltering wings of the nobler deities."

Harley said this with that wondrous smile of his, which cast a brightness over the whole room—and went away.

Leonard stole softly toward the grimy window; and looking up toward the stars that shone pale over the roof-tops, he murmured, "O thou, the All-seeing and All-merciful!—how it comforts me now to think that though my dreams of knowledge may have sometimes obscured the Heaven, I never doubted that Thou wert there—as luminous and everlasting, though behind the cloud!" So, for a few minutes, he prayed silently—then passed into Helen's room, and sat beside her motionless, for she slept. She woke just as Harley returned with a physician, and then Leonard, returning to his own room, saw among his papers the letter he had written to Mr. Dale; and muttering, "I need not disgrace my calling—I need not be the mendicant now," held the letter to the flame of the candle. And while he said this, and as the burning tinder dropped on the floor, the sharp hunger, unfelt during his late anxious emotions, gnawed at his entrails. Still even hunger could not reach that noble pride which had yielded to a sentiment nobler than itself—and he smiled as he repeated, "No mendicant! the life that I was sworn to guard is saved. I can raise against Fate the front of the Man once more."

CHAPTER XIX.

A FEW days afterward, and Helen, removed to a pure air, and under the advice of the first physician, was out of all danger.

It was a pretty, detached cottage, with its windows looking over the wild heaths of Norwood, to which Harley rode daily to watch the convalescence of his young charge—an object in life was already found. As she grew better and stronger, he coaxed her easily into talking, and listened to her with pleased surprise. The heart so infantine, and the sense so womanly, struck him much by its rare contrast and combination. Leonard, whom he had insisted on placing also in the cottage, had staid there willingly till Helen's recovery was beyond question. Then he came to Lord L'Estrange, as the latter was about one day to leave the cottage, and said, quietly, "Now, my Lord, that Helen is safe, and now that she will need me no more, I can no longer be a pensioner on your bounty. I return to London."

"You are my visitor—not my pensioner, foolish boy," said Harley, who had already noticed the pride which spoke in that farewell; "come into the garden, and let us talk."

Harley seated himself on a bench on the little lawn; Nero crouched at his feet; Leonard stood beside him.

"So," said Lord L'Estrange, "you would return to London! What to do?"

"Fulfill my fate."

"And that?"

"I can not guess. Fate is the Isis whose vail no mortal can ever raise."

"You should be born for great things," said Harley, abruptly. "I am sure that you write well. I have seen that you study with passion. Better than writing and better than study, you have a noble heart, and the proud desire of independence. Let me see your MSS., or any copies of what you have already printed. Do not hesitate—I ask but to be a reader. I don't pretend to be a patron; it is a word I hate."

Leonard's eyes sparkled through their sudden moisture. He brought out his portfolio, placed it on the bench beside Harley, and then went softly to the further part of the garden. Nero looked after him, and then rose and followed him slowly. The boy seated himself on the turf, and Nero rested his dull head on the loud heart of the poet.

Harley took up the various papers before him and read them through leisurely. Certainly he was no critic. He was not accustomed to analyze what pleased or displeased him; but his perceptions were quick, and his taste exquisite. As he read, his countenance, always so genuinely expressive, exhibited now doubt, and now admiration. He was soon struck by the contrast in the boy's writings; between the pieces that sported with fancy, and those that grappled with thought. In the first, the young poet seemed so unconscious of his own individuality. His imagination, afar and aloft from the scenes of his suffering, ran riot amidst a paradise of happy golden creations. But in the last, the THINKER stood out alone and mournful, questioning, in troubled sorrow, the hard world on which he gazed. All in the thought was unsettled, tumultuous; all in the fancy serene and peaceful. The genius seemed divided into twain shapes; the one bathing its wings amidst the starry dews of heaven; the other wandering "melancholy, slow," amidst desolate and boundless sands. Harley gently laid down the paper and mused a little while. Then he rose and walked to Leonard, gazing on his countenance as he neared the boy, with a new and deeper interest.

"I have read your papers," he said, "and recognize in them two men, belonging to two worlds, essentially distinct."

Leonard started, and murmured, "True, true!"

"I apprehend," resumed Harley, "that one of these men must either destroy the other, or that the two must become fused and harmonized into a single existence. Get your hat, mount my groom's horse, and come with me to London; we will converse by the way. Look you, I believe you and I agree in this, that the first object of every noble spirit is independence. It is toward this independence that I alone presume to assist you; and this is a service which the proudest man can receive without a blush."

Leonard lifted his eyes toward Harley's, and

those eyes swam with grateful tears; but his heart was too full to answer.

"I am not one of those," said Harley, when they were on the road, "who think that because a young man writes poetry he is fit for nothing else, and that he must be a poet or a pauper. I have said that in you there seems to me to be two men, the man of the Ideal world, the man of the Actual. To each of these men I can offer a separate career. The first is, perhaps, the more tempting. It is the interest of the state to draw into its service all the talent and industry it can obtain; and under his native state every citizen of a free country should be proud to take service. I have a friend who is a minister, and who is known to encourage talent—Audley Egerton. I have but to say to him, 'There is a young man who will well repay to the government whatever the government bestows on him;' and you will rise to-morrow independent in means, and with fair occasions to attain to fortune and distinction. This is one offer, what say you to it?"

Leonard thought bitterly of his interview with Audley Egerton, and the minister's proffered crown-piece. He shook his head, and replied:

"Oh, my lord, how have I deserved such kindness? Do with me what you will; but if I have the option, I would rather follow my own calling. This is not the ambition that inflames me."

"Hear, then, the other offer. I have a friend with whom I am less intimate than Egerton, and who has nothing in his gift to bestow. I speak of a man of letters—Henry Norreys—of whom you have doubtless heard, who, I should say, conceived an interest in you when he observed you reading at the book-stall. I have often heard him say, that literature, as a profession, is misunderstood, and that rightly followed, with the same pains and the same prudence which are brought to bear on other professions, a competence, at least, can be always ultimately obtained. But the way may be long and tedious—and it leads to no power but over thought; it rarely attains to wealth; and, though reputation may be certain, *Fame*, such as poets dream of, is the lot of few. What say you to this course?"

"My lord, I decide," said Leonard, firmly; and then his young face lighting up with enthusiasm, he exclaimed, "Yes, if, as you say, there be two men within me, I feel, that were I condemned wholly to the mechanical and practical world, one would indeed destroy the other. And the conqueror would be the ruder and the coarser. Let me pursue those ideas that, though they have but flitted across me vague and formless—have ever soared toward the sunlight. No matter whether or not they lead to fortune or to fame, at least they will lead me upward! Knowledge for itself I desire—what care I, if it be not power!"

"Enough," said Harley, with a pleased smile at his young companion's outburst. "As you decide so shall it be settled. And now permit

me, if not impertinent, to ask you a few questions. Your name is Leonard Fairfield?"

The boy blushed deeply, and bowed his head as if in assent.

"Helen says you are self-taught; for the rest she refers me to you—thinking, perhaps, that I should esteem you less—rather than yet more highly—if she said you were, as I presume to conjecture, of humble birth."

"My birth," said Leonard, slowly, "is very—very—humble."

"The name of Fairfield is not unknown to me. There was one of that name who married into a family in Lansmere—married an Avenel—" continued Harley—and his voice quivered. "You change countenance. Oh, could your mother's name have been Avenel?"

"Yes," said Leonard, between his set teeth. Harley laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Then, indeed, I have a claim on you—then, indeed, we are friends. I have a right to serve any of that family."

Leonard looked at him in surprise—"For," continued Harley, recovering himself, "they always served my family; and my recollections of Lansmere, though boyish, are indelible." He spurred on his horse as the words closed—and again there was a long pause; but from that time Harley always spoke to Leonard in a soft voice, and often gazed on him with earnest and kindly eyes.

They reached a house in a central, though not fashionable street. A man-servant of a singularly grave and awful aspect opened the door; a man who had lived all his life with authors. Poor devil, he was indeed prematurely old! The care on his lip, and the pomp on his brow—no mortal's pen can describe!

"Is Mr. Norreys at home?" asked Harley.

"He is at home—to his friends, my lord," answered the man, majestically; and he stalked across the hall with the step of a Dangeau ushering some Montmorenci to the presence of *Louis le Grand*.

"Stay—show this gentleman into another room. I will go first into the library; wait for me, Leonard." The man nodded, and ushered Leonard into the dining-room. Then pausing before the door of the library, and listening an instant, as if fearful to disturb some mood of inspiration, opened it very softly. To his ineffable disgust, Harley pushed before, and entered abruptly. It was a large room, lined with books from the floor to the ceiling. Books were on all the tables—books were on all the chairs. Harley seated himself on a folio of Raleigh's *History of the World*, and cried:

"I have brought you a treasure!"

"What is it?" said Norreys, good-humoredly, looking up from his desk.

"A mind!"

"A mind!" echoed Norreys, vaguely. "Your own?"

"Pooh—I have none—I have only a heart and a fancy. Listen: you remember the boy we saw

reading at the book-stall. I have caught him for you, and you shall train him into a man. I have the warmest interest in his future—for I knew some of his family—and one of that family was very dear to me. As for money, he has not a shilling, and not a shilling would he accept, gratis, from you or me either. But he comes with bold heart to work—and work you must find him." Harley then rapidly told his friend of the two offers he had made to Leonard—and Leonard's choice.

"This promises very well; for letters a man must have a strong vocation as he should have for law—I will do all that you wish."

Harley rose with alertness—shook Norreys cordially by the hand—hurried out of the room, and returned with Leonard.

Mr. Norreys eyed the young man with attention. He was naturally rather severe than cordial in his manner to strangers—contrasting in this, as in most things, the poor vagabond Burley. But he was a good judge of the human countenance, and he liked Leonard's. After a pause he held out his hand.

"Sir," said he, "Lord L'Estrange tells me that you wish to enter literature as a calling, and no doubt to study it as an art. I may help you in this, and you, meanwhile, can help me. I want an amanuensis—I offer you that place. The salary will be proportioned to the services you will render me. I have a room in my house at your disposal. When I first came up to London, I made the same choice that I hear you have done. I have no cause, even in a worldly point of view, to repent my choice. It gave me an income larger than my wants. I trace my success to these maxims, which are applicable to all professions: 1st. Never to trust to genius—for what can be obtained by labor; 2dly. Never to profess to teach what we have not studied to understand; 3dly. Never to engage our word to what we do not do our best to execute. With these rules, literature, provided a man does not mistake his vocation for it, and will, under good advice, go through the preliminary discipline of natural powers, which all vocations require, is as good a calling as any other. Without them a shoeblack's is infinitely better."

"Possible enough," muttered Harley; "but there have been great writers who observed none of your maxims."

"Great writers, probably, but very unenviable men. My Lord, my Lord, don't corrupt the pupil you bring to me." Harley smiled and took his departure, and left Genius at school with Common Sense and Experience.

CHAPTER XX.

WHILE Leonard Fairfield had been obscurely wrestling against poverty, neglect, hunger, and dread temptations, bright had been the opening day, and smooth the upward path, of Randal Leslie. Certainly no young man, able and ambitious, could enter life under fairer auspices; the connection and avowed favorite of a popular and

energetic statesman, the brilliant writer of a political work, that had lifted him at once into a station of his own—received and courted in those highest circles, to which neither rank nor fortune alone suffices for a familiar passport—the circles above fashion itself—the circles of power—with every facility of augmenting information, and learning the world betimes through the talk of its acknowledged masters—Randal had but to move straight onward, and success was sure. But his tortuous spirit delighted in scheme and intrigue for their own sake. In scheme and intrigue he saw shorter paths to fortune, if not to fame. His besetting sin was also his besetting weakness. He did not aspire—he *coveted*. Though in a far higher social position than Frank Hazeldean, despite the worldly prospects of his old school-fellow, he coveted the very things that kept Frank Hazeldean below him—coveted his idle gayeties, his careless pleasures, his very waste of youth. Thus, also, Randal less aspired to Audley Egerton's repute than he coveted Audley Egerton's wealth and pomp, his princely expenditure, and his Castle Rackrent in Grosvenor-square. It was the misfortune of his birth to be so near to both these fortunes—near to that of Leslie, as the future head of that fallen house—near even to that of Hazeldean, since as we have seen before, if the Squire had had no son, Randal's descent from the Hazeldeans suggested himself as the one on whom these broad lands should devolve. Most young men, brought into intimate contact with Audley Egerton, would have felt for that personage a certain loyal and admiring, if not very affectionate, respect. For there was something grand in Egerton—something that commands and fascinates the young. His determined courage, his energetic will, his almost regal liberality, contrasting a simplicity in personal tastes and habits that was almost austere—his rare and seemingly unconscious power of charming even the women most wearied of homage, and persuading even the men most obdurate to counsel—all served to invest the practical man with those spells which are usually confined to the ideal one. But indeed, Audley Egerton was an Ideal—the ideal of the Practical. Not the mere vulgar, plodding, red-tape machine of petty business, but the man of strong sense, inspired by inflexible energy, and guided to definite earthly objects. In a dissolute and corrupt form of government, under a decrepit monarchy, or a vitiated republic, Audley Egerton might have been a most dangerous citizen; for his ambition was so resolute, and his sight to its ends was so clear. But there is something in public life in England which compels the really ambitious man to honor, unless his eyes are jaundiced and oblique like Randal Leslie's. It is so necessary in England to be a gentleman. And thus Egerton was emphatically considered a *gentleman*. Without the least pride in other matters, with little apparent sensitiveness, touch him on the point of gentleman, and no one so sensitive and so proud. As Randal

saw more of him, and watched his moods with the lynx eyes of the household spy, he could perceive that this hard mechanical man was subject to fits of melancholy, even of gloom, and though they did not last long, there was even in his habitual coldness an evidence of something compressed, latent, painful, lying deep within his memory. This would have interested the kindly feelings of a grateful heart. But Randal detected and watched it only as a clew to some secret it might profit him to gain. For Randal Leslie hated Egerton; and hated him the more because with all his book-knowledge and his conceit in his own talents, he could not despise his patron—because he had not yet succeeded in making his patron the mere tool or stepping-stone—because he thought that Egerton's keen eye saw through his wily heart, even while, as if in profound disdain, the minister helped the protégé. But this last suspicion was unsound. Egerton had not detected Leslie's corrupt and treacherous nature. He might have other reasons for keeping him at a certain distance, but he inquired too little into Randal's feelings toward himself to question the attachment, or doubt the sincerity of one who owed to him so much. But that which more than all embittered Randal's feelings toward Egerton, was the careful and deliberate frankness with which the latter had, more than once, repeated and enforced the odious announcement, that Randal had nothing to expect from the minister's—WILL, nothing to expect from that wealth which glared in the hungry eyes of the pauper heir to the Leslies of Rood. To whom, then, could Egerton mean to devise his fortune? To whom but Frank Hazeldean. Yet Audley took so little notice of his nephew—seemed so indifferent to him, that that supposition, however natural, seemed exposed to doubt. The astuteness of Randal was perplexed. Meanwhile, however, the less he himself could rely upon Egerton for fortune, the more he revolved the possible chances of ousting Frank from the inheritance of Hazeldean—in part, at least, if not wholly. To one less scheming, crafty, and remorseless than Randal Leslie with every day became more and more, such a project would have seemed the wildest delusion. But there was something fearful in the manner in which this young man sought to turn knowledge into power, and make the study of all weakness in others subservient to his own ends. He wormed himself thoroughly into Frank's confidence. He learned through Frank all the Squire's peculiarities of thought and temper, and thoroughly pondered over each word in the father's letters, which the son gradually got into the habit of showing to the perfidious eyes of his friend. Randal saw that the Squire had two characteristics which are very common among proprietors, and which might be invoked as antagonists to his warm fatherly love. First, the Squire was as fond of his estate as if it were a living thing, and part of his own flesh and blood; and in his lectures to Frank upon the sin

of extravagance, the Squire always let out this foible:—"What was to become of the estate if it fell into the hands of a spendthrift? No man should make ducks and drakes of Hazeldean; let Frank beware of *that*," &c. Secondly, the Squire was not only fond of his lands, but he was jealous of them—that jealousy which even the tenderest fathers sometimes entertain toward their natural heirs. He could not bear the notion that Frank should count on his death; and he seldom closed an admonitory letter without repeating the information that Hazeldean was not entailed; that it was his to do with as he pleased through life and in death. Indirect menace of this nature rather wounded and galled than intimidated Frank; for the young man was extremely generous and high-spirited by nature, and was always more disposed to some indiscretion after such warnings to his self-interest, as if to show that those were the last kinds of appeal likely to influence him. By the help of such insights into the character of father and son, Randal thought he saw gleams of daylight illuminating his own chance of the lands of Hazeldean. Meanwhile it appeared to him obvious that, come what might of it, his own interests could not lose, and might most probably gain, by whatever could alienate the Squire from his natural heir. Accordingly, though with consummate tact, he instigated Frank toward the very excesses most calculated to irritate the Squire, all the while appearing rather to give the counter advice, and never sharing in any of the follies to which he conducted his thoughtless friend. In this he worked chiefly through others, introducing Frank to every acquaintance most dangerous to youth, either from the wit that laughs at prudence, or the spurious magnificence that subsists so handsomely upon bills endorsed by friends of "great expectations."

The minister and his protégé were seated at breakfast, the first reading the newspaper, the last glancing over his letters; for Randal had arrived to the dignity of receiving many letters—ay, and notes too, three-cornered, and fantastically embossed. Egerton uttered an exclamation, and laid down the paper. Randal looked up from his correspondence. The minister had sunk into one of his absent reveries.

After a long silence, observing that Egerton did not return to the newspaper, Randal said, "Ehem—sir, I have a note from Frank Hazeldean, who wants much to see me; his father has arrived in town unexpectedly."

"What brings him here?" asked Egerton, still abstractedly.

"Why, it seems that he has heard some vague reports of poor Frank's extravagance, and Frank is rather afraid or ashamed to meet him."

"Ay—a very great fault extravagance in the young!—destroys independence; ruins or enslaves the future. Great fault—very! And what does youth want that it should be extravagant? Has it not every thing in itself, merely because it *is*? Youth is youth—what needs it more?"

Egerton rose as he said this, and retired to his writing-table, and in his turn opened his correspondence. Randal took up the newspaper, and endeavored, but in vain, to conjecture what had excited the minister's exclamation, and the reverie that succeeded it.

Egerton suddenly and sharply turned round in his chair—"If you have done with the *Times*, have the goodness to place it here."

Randal had just obeyed, when a knock at the street-door was heard, and presently Lord L'Estrange came into the room, with somewhat a quicker step, and somewhat a gayer mien than usual.

Audley's hand, as if mechanically, fell upon the newspaper—fell upon that part of the columns devoted to births, deaths, and marriages. Randal stood by, and noted; then, bowing to L'Estrange, left the room.

"Audley," said L'Estrange, "I have had an adventure since I saw you—an adventure that reopened the Past, and may influence my future."

"How?"

"In the first place, I have met with a relation of—of—the Avenels."

"Indeed! Whom—Richard Avenel?"

"Richard—Richard—who is he? Oh, I remember; the wild lad who went off to America; but that was when I was a mere child."

"That Richard Avenel is now a rich thriving trader, and his marriage is in this newspaper—married to an honorable Mrs. M'Catchley. Well—in this country—who should plume himself on birth?"

"You did not say so always, Egerton," replied Harley, with a tone of mournful reproach.

"And I say so now, pertinently to a Mrs. M'Catchley, not to the heir of the L'Estranges. But no more of these—these Avenels."

"Yes, more of them. I tell you I have met a relation of theirs—a nephew of—of—"

"Of Richard Avenel's?" interrupted Egerton; and then added in the slow, deliberate, argumentative tone in which he was wont to speak in public. "Richard Avenel the trader! I saw him once—a presuming and intolerable man!"

"The nephew has not those sins. He is full of promise, of modesty, yet of pride. And his countenance—oh, Egerton, he has *her* eyes."

Egerton made no answer. And Harley resumed—

"I had thought of placing him under your care. I knew you would provide for him."

"I will. Bring him hither," cried Egerton eagerly. "All that I can do to prove my—regard for a wish of yours."

Harley pressed his friend's hand warmly.

"I thank you from my heart; the Audley of my boyhood speaks now. But the young man has decided otherwise; and I do not blame him. Nay, I rejoice that he chooses a career in which, if he find hardship, he may escape dependence."

"And that career is—"

"Letters?"

"Letters—Literature!" exclaimed the statesman. "Beggary! No, no, Harley, this is your absurd romance."

"It will not be beggary, and it is not my romance: it is the boy's. Leave him alone, he is my care and my charge henceforth. He is of *her* blood, and I said that he had *her* eyes."

"But you are going abroad; let me know where he is; I will watch over him."

"And unsettle a right ambition for a wrong one? No—you shall know nothing of him till he can proclaim himself. I think that day will come."

Audley mused a moment, and then said, "Well, perhaps you are right. After all, as you say, independence is a great blessing, and my ambition has not rendered myself the better or the happier."

"Yet, my poor Audley, you ask me to be ambitious."

"I only wish you to be consoled," cried Egerton with passion.

"I will try to be so; and by the help of a milder remedy than yours. I said that my adventure might influence my future; it brought me acquainted not only with the young man I speak of, but the most winning affectionate child—a girl."

"Is this child an Avenel too?"

"No, she is of gentle blood—a soldier's daughter; the daughter of that Captain Digby, on whose behalf I was a petitioner to your patronage. He is dead, and in dying, my name was on his lips. He meant me, doubtless, to be the guardian to his orphan. I shall be so. I have at last an object in life."

"But can you seriously mean to take this child with you abroad?"

"Seriously, I do."

"And lodge her in your own house?"

"For a year or so while she is yet a child. Then, as she approaches youth, I shall place her elsewhere."

"You may grow to love her. Is it clear that she will love you? not mistake gratitude for love? It is a very hazardous experiment."

"So was William the Norman's—still he was William the Conqueror. Thou biddest me move on from the past, and be consoled, yet thou wouldst make me as inapt to progress as the mule in Slawkenbergius's tale, with thy cursed interlocutions, 'Stumbling, by St. Nicholas, every step. Why, at this rate, we shall be all night getting into—' *Happiness!* Listen," continued Harley, setting off, full pelt, into one of his wild, whimsical humors. "One of the sons of the prophets in Israel, felling wood near the River Jordan, his hatchet forsook the helve, and fell to the bottom of the river; so he prayed to have it again (it was but a small request, mark you); and having a strong faith, he did not throw the hatchet after the helve, but the helve after the hatchet. Presently two great miracles were seen. Up springs the hatchet from the bottom of the water, and fixes itself to its old acquaint-

ance, the helve. Now, had he wished to coach it to Heaven in a fiery chariot like Elias, he as rich as Job, strong as Samson, and beautiful as Absalom, would he have obtained it, do you think? In truth, my friend, I question it very much."

"I can not comprehend what you mean. Sad stuff you are talking."

"I can't help that; Rabelais is to be blamed for it. I am quoting him, and it is to be found in his prologue to the chapters on the Moderation of Wishes. And apropos of 'moderate wishes in point of hatchet,' I want you to understand that I ask but little from Heaven. I fling but the helve after the hatchet that has sunk into the silent stream. I want the other half of the weapon that is buried fathom deep, and for want of which the thick woods darken round me by the Sacred River, and I can catch not a glimpse of the stars."

"In plain English," said Audley Egerton, "you want"—he stopped short, puzzled.

"I want my purpose and my will, and my old character, and the nature God gave me. I want the half of my soul which has fallen from me. I want such love as may replace to me the vanished affections. Reason not—I throw the helve after the hatchet."

CHAPTER XXI.

RANDAL LESLIE, on leaving Audley, repaired to Frank's lodgings, and after being closeted with the young guardsman an hour or so, took his way to Limmer's hotel, and asked for Mr. Hazeldean. He was shown into the coffee-room, while the waiter went up-stairs with his card, to see if the Squire was within, and disengaged. The *Times* newspaper lay sprawling on one of the tables, and Randal, leaning over it, looked with attention into the column containing births, deaths, and marriages. But in that long and miscellaneous list, he could not conjecture the name which had so excited Mr. Egerton's interest.

"Vexatious!" he muttered; "there is no knowledge which has power more useful than that of the secrets of men."

He turned as the waiter entered and said that Mr. Hazeldean would be glad to see him.

As Randal entered the drawing-room, the Squire shaking hands with him, looked toward the door as if expecting some one else, and his honest face assumed a blank expression of disappointment when the door closed, and he found that Randal was unaccompanied.

"Well," said he bluntly, "I thought your old school-fellow, Frank, might have been with you."

"Have not you seen him yet, sir?"

"No, I came to town this morning; traveled outside the mail; sent to his barracks, but the young gentleman does not sleep there—has an apartment of his own; he never told me that. We are a plain family, the Hazeldeans—young sir; and I hate being kept in the dark, by my own son too."

Randal made no answer, but looked sorrowful. The Squire, who had never before seen his kinsman, had a vague idea that it was not polite to entertain a stranger, though a connection to himself, with his family troubles, and so resumed good-naturedly.

"I am very glad to make your acquaintance at last, Mr. Leslie. You know, I hope, that you have good Hazeldean blood in your veins?"

RANDAL (smilingly).—"I am not likely to forget that; it is the boast of our pedigree."

SQUIRE (heartily).—"Shake hands again on it, my boy. You don't want a friend, since my grandee of a half-brother has taken you up; but if ever you should, Hazeldean is not very far from Rood. Can't get on with your father at all, my lad—more's the pity, for I think I could have given him a hint or two as to the improvement of his property. If he would plant those ugly commons—larch and fir soon come into profit, sir; and there are some low lands about Rood that would take mighty kindly to draining."

RANDAL.—"My poor father lives a life so retired, and you can not wonder at it. Fallen trees lie still, and so do fallen families."

SQUIRE.—"Fallen families can get up again, which fallen trees can't."

RANDAL.—"Ah, sir, it often takes the energy of generations to repair the thriftlessness and extravagance of a single owner."

SQUIRE (his brow lowering).—"That's very true. Frank is d—d extravagant; treats me very coolly, too—not coming; near three o'clock. By-the-by, I suppose he told you where I was, otherwise how did you find me out?"

RANDAL (reluctantly).—"Sir, he did; and, to speak frankly, I am not surprised that he has not yet appeared."

SQUIRE.—"Eh?"

RANDAL.—"We have grown very intimate."

SQUIRE.—"So he writes me word—and I am glad of it. Our member, Sir John, tells me you are a very clever fellow, and a very steady one. And Frank says that he wishes he had your prudence, if he can't have your talents. He has a good heart, Frank," added the father, relentingly. "But, zounds, sir, you say you are not surprised he has not come to welcome his own father!"

"My dear sir," said Randal, "you wrote word to Frank that you had heard from Sir John and others, of his goings-on, and that you were not satisfied with his replies to your letters."

"Well."

"And then you suddenly come up to town."

"Well."

"Well. And Frank is ashamed to meet you. For, as you say, he has been extravagant, and he has exceeded his allowance; and, knowing my respect for you, and my great affection for himself, he has asked me to prepare you to receive his confession and forgive him. I know I am taking a great liberty. I have no right to interfere between father and son; but pray—pray think I mean for the best."

"Humph!" said the Squire, recovering himself very slowly, and showing evident pain. "I knew already that Frank had spent more than he ought; but I think he should not have employed a third person to prepare me to forgive him. (Excuse me—no offense.) And if he wanted a third person, was not there his own mother? What the devil!—(firing up)—am I a tyrant—a bashaw—that my own son is afraid to speak to me? Gad, I'll give it him?"

"Pardon me, sir," said Randal, assuming at once that air of authority which superior intellect so well carries off and excuses. "But I strongly advise you not to express any anger at Frank's confidence in me. At present I have influence over him. Whatever you may think of his extravagance, I have saved him from many an indiscretion, and many a debt—a young man will listen to one of his own age so much more readily than even to the kindest friend of graver years. Indeed, sir, I speak for your sake as well as for Frank's. Let me keep this influence over him; and don't reproach him for the confidence he placed in me. Nay, let him rather think that I have softened any displeasure you might otherwise have felt."

There seemed so much good sense in what Randal said, and the kindness of it seemed so disinterested, that the Squire's native shrewdness was deceived.

"You are a fine young fellow," said he, "and I am very much obliged to you. Well, I suppose there is no putting old heads upon young shoulders; and I promise you I'll not say an angry word to Frank. I dare say, poor boy, he is very much afflicted, and I long to shake hands with him. So, set his mind at ease."

"Ah, sir," said Randal, with much apparent emotion, "your son may well love you; and it seems to be a hard matter for so kind a heart as yours to preserve the proper firmness with him."

"Oh, I can be firm enough," quoth the Squire—"especially when I don't see him—handsome dog that he is—very like his mother—don't you think so?"

"I never saw his mother, sir."

"Gad! Not seen my Harry? No more you have; you must come and pay us a visit. We have your grandmother's picture, when she was a girl, with a crook in one hand and a bunch of lilies in the other. I suppose my half-brother will let you come?"

"To be sure, sir. Will you not call on him while you are in town?"

"Not I. He would think I expected to get something from the Government. Tell him the ministers must go on a little better, if they want my vote for their member. But go. I see you are impatient to tell Frank that all's forgot and forgiven. Come and dine with him here at six, and let him bring his bills in his pocket. Oh, I shan't scold him."

"Why, as to that," said Randal, smiling, "I think (forgive me still) that you should not take it too easily; just as I think that you had better

not blame him for his very natural and praiseworthy shame in approaching you, so I think, also, that you should do nothing that would tend to diminish that shame—it is such a check on him. And therefore, if you can contrive to affect to be angry with him for his extravagance, it will do good.”

“You speak like a book, and I’ll try my best.”

“If you threaten, for instance, to take him out of the army, and settle him in the country, it would have a very good effect.”

“What! would he think it so great a punishment to come home and live with his parents?”

“I don’t say that; but he is naturally so fond of London. At his age, and with his large inheritance, *that* is natural.”

“Inheritance!” said the Squire, moodily—“inheritance! he is not thinking of that, I trust? Zounds, sir, I have as good a life as his own. Inheritance!—to be sure the Casino property is entailed on him; but, as for the rest, sir, I am no tenant for life. I could leave the Hazeldean lands to my plowman, if I chose it. Inheritance, indeed!”

“My dear sir, I did not mean to imply that Frank would entertain the unnatural and monstrous idea of calculating on your death; and all we have to do is to get him to sow his wild oats as soon as possible—marry, and settle down into the country. For it would be a thousand pities if his town habits and tastes grew permanent—a bad thing for the Hazeldean property, that. And,” added Randal, laughing, “I feel an interest in the whole place, since my grandmother comes of the stock. So, just force yourself to seem angry, and grumble a little when you pay the bills.”

“Ah, ah, trust me,” said the Squire, doggedly, and with a very altered air. “I am much obliged to you for these hints, my young kinsman.” And his stout hand trembled a little as he extended it to Randal.

Leaving Limmers, Randal hastened to Frank’s rooms in St. James’s-street. “My dear fellow,” said he, when he entered, “it is very fortunate that I persuaded you to let me break matters to your father. You might well say he was rather passionate; but I have contrived to soothe him. You need not fear that he will not pay your debt.”

“I never feared that,” said Frank, changing color; “I only feared his anger. But, indeed, I fear his kindness still more. What a reckless hound I have been! However, it shall be a lesson to me. And my debts once paid, I will turn as economical as yourself.”

“Quite right, Frank. And, indeed, I am a little afraid that when your father knows the total, he may execute a threat that would be very unpleasant to you.”

“What’s that?”

“Make you sell out, and give up London.”

“The devil!” exclaimed Frank, with fervent emphasis: “that would be treating me like a child.”

“Why, it *would* make you seem rather ridicu-

lous to your set, which is not a very rural one. And you, who like London so much, and are so much the fashion.”

“Don’t talk of it,” cried Frank, walking to and fro the room in great disorder.

“Perhaps, on the whole, it might be well not to say all you owe, at once. If you named half the sum, your father would let you off with a lecture; and really I tremble at the effect of the total.”

“But how shall I pay the other half?”

“Oh, you must save from your allowance; it is a very liberal one; and the tradesmen are not pressing.”

“No—but the cursed bill-brokers—”

“Always renew to a young man of your expectations. And if I get into an office, I can always help you, my dear Frank.”

“Ah, Randal, I am not so bad as to take advantage of your friendship,” said Frank, warmly. “But it seems to me mean, after all, and a sort of a lie, indeed, disguising the real state of my affairs. I should not have listened to the idea from any one else. But you are such a sensible, kind, honorable fellow.”

“After epithets so flattering, I shrink from the responsibility of advice. But apart from your own interests, I should be glad to save your father the pain he would feel at knowing the whole extent of the scrape you have got into. And if it entailed on you the necessity to lay by—and give up hazard, and not be security for other men—why, it would be the best thing that could happen. Really, too, it seems hard on Mr. Hazeldean, that he should be the only sufferer, and quite just that you should bear half your own burdens.”

“So it is, Randal; that did not strike me before. I will take your counsel; and now I will go at once to Limmer’s. My dear father? I hope he is looking well?”

“Oh, very. Such a contrast to the sallow Londoners! But I think you had better not go till dinner. He has asked me to meet you at six. I will call for you a little before, and we can go together. This will prevent a great deal of *gêne* and constraint. Good-by till then. Ha!—by the way, I think if I were you, I would not take the matter too seriously and penitentially. You see the best of fathers like to keep their sons under their thumb, as the saying is. And if you want at your age to preserve your independence, and not be hurried off and buried in the country, like a schoolboy in disgrace, a little manliness of bearing would not be amiss. You can think over it.”

The dinner at Limmer’s went off very differently from what it ought to have done. Randal’s words had sunk deep, and rankled sorely in the Squire’s mind; and that impression imparted a certain coldness to his manner which belied the hearty, forgiving, generous impulse with which he had come up to London, and which even Randal had not yet altogether whispered away. On the other hand, Frank, embarrassed both by the sense of disingenuousness, and

a desire "not to take the thing too seriously," seemed to the Squire ungracious and thankless.

After dinner, the Squire began to hum and haw, and Frank to color up and shrink. Both felt discomposed by the presence of a third person; till, with an art and address worthy of a better cause, Randal himself broke the ice, and so contrived to remove the restraint he had before imposed, that at length each was heartily glad to have matters made clear and brief by his dexterity and tact.

Frank's debts were not, in reality, large: and when he named the half of them—looking down in shame—the Squire, agreeably surprised, was about to express himself with a liberal heartiness that would have opened his son's excellent heart at once to him. But a warning look from Randal checked the impulse; and the Squire thought it right, as he had promised, to affect an anger he did not feel, and let fall the unlucky threat, "that it was all very well once in a way to exceed his allowance; but if Frank did not, in future, show more sense than to be led away by a set of London sharks and coxcombs, he must cut the army, come home, and take to farming."

Frank imprudently exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I have no taste for farming. And after London, at my age, the country would be so horribly dull."

"Aha!" said the Squire, very grimly—and he thrust back into his pocket-book some extra bank-notes which his fingers had itched to add to those he had already counted out. "The country is terribly dull, is it? Money goes there not upon follies and vices, but upon employing honest laborers, and increasing the wealth of the nation. It does not please you to spend money in that way: it is a pity you should ever be plagued with such duties."

"My dear father—"

"Hold your tongue, you puppy. Oh, I dare say, if you were in my shoes, you would cut down the oaks, and mortgage the property—sell it, for what I know—all go on a cast of the dice! Aha, sir—very well, very well—the country is horribly dull, is it? Pray, stay in town."

"My dear Mr. Hazeldean," said Randal, blandly, and as if with the wish to turn off into a joke what threatened to be serious, "you must not interpret a hasty expression so literally. Why, you would make Frank as bad as Lord A——, who wrote word to his steward to cut down more timber; and when the steward replied, 'There are only three sign-posts left on the whole estate,' wrote back, 'They've done growing, at all events—down with them.' You ought to know Lord A——, sir; so witty; and—Frank's particular friend."

"Your particular friend, Master Frank? Pretty friends!"—and the squire buttoned up the pocket, to which he had transferred his note book, with a determined air.

"But I'm his friend, too," said Randal, kindly; "and I preach to him properly, I can tell you." Then, as if delicately anxious to change the subject, he began to ask questions upon

crops, and the experiment of bone manure. He spoke earnestly, and with *gusto*, yet with the deference of one listening to a great practical authority. Randal had spent the afternoon in cramming the subject from agricultural journals and Parliamentary reports; and, like all practiced readers, had really learned in a few hours more than many a man, unaccustomed to study, could gain from books in a year. The Squire was surprised and pleased at the young scholar's information and taste for such subjects.

"But, to be sure," quoth he, with an angry look at poor Frank, "you have good Hazeldean blood in you, and know a bean from a turnip."

"Why, sir," said Randal, ingenuously, "I am training myself for public life; and what is a public man worth if he do not study the agriculture of his country?"

"Right—what is he worth? Put that question, with my compliments, to my half-brother. What stuff he did talk, the other night, on the malt-tax, to be sure!"

"Mr. Egerton has had so many other things to think of, that we must excuse his want of information upon one topic, however important. With his strong sense, he must acquire that information, sooner or later; for he is fond of power; and, sir, knowledge is power!"

"Very true; very fine saying," quoth the poor Squire, unsuspectingly, as Randal's eye rested upon Mr. Hazeldean's open face, and then glanced toward Frank, who looked sad and bored.

"Yes," repeated Randal, "knowledge is power;" and he shook his head wisely, as he passed the bottle to his host.

Still, when the Squire, who meant to return to the Hall next morning, took leave of Frank, his heart warmed to his son; and still more for Frank's dejected looks. It was not Randal's policy to push estrangement too far at first, and in his own presence.

"Speak to poor Frank—kindly now, sir—do," whispered he, observing the Squire's watery eyes, as he moved to the window.

The Squire rejoiced to obey—thrust out his hand to his son, "My dear boy," said he, "there, don't fret—pshaw!—it was but a trifle, after all. Think no more of it."

Frank took the hand, and suddenly threw his arm round his father's broad shoulder.

"Oh, sir, you are too good—too good." His voice trembled so, that Randal took alarm, passed by him, and touched him meaningly.

The Squire pressed his son to his heart—heart so large, that it seemed to fill the whole width under his broadcloth.

"My dear Frank," said he, half blubbering, "it is not the money; but, you see, it so vexes your poor mother; you must be careful in future; and, zounds, boy, it will be all yours one day; only don't calculate on it; I could not bear *that*—I could not indeed."

"Calculate!" cried Frank. "Oh, sir, can you think it?"

"I am so delighted that I had some slight hand in your complete reconciliation with Mr. Hazeldean," said Randal, as the young men walked from the hotel. "I saw that you were disheartened, and I told him to speak to you kindly."

"Did you? Ah, I am sorry he needed telling."

"I know his character so well already," said Randal, "that I flatter myself I can always keep things between you as they ought to be. What an excellent man!"

"The best man in the world!" cried Frank, heartily; and then as his accent drooped, "yet I have deceived him. I have a great mind to go back—"

"And tell him to give you twice as much money as you had asked for. He would think you had only seemed so affectionate in order to take him in. No, no, Frank; save—lay by—economize; and then tell him that you have paid half your own debts. Something high-minded in that."

"So there is. Your heart is as good as your head. Good-night."

"Are you going home so early? Have you no engagements?"

"None that I shall keep."

"Good-night, then."

They parted, and Randal walked into one of the fashionable clubs. He neared a table, where three or four young men (younger sons who lived in the most splendid style, heaven knew how) were still over their wine.

Leslie had little in common with these gentlemen; but he forced his nature to be agreeable to them, in consequence of a very excellent piece of worldly advice given to him by Audley Egerton. "Never let the dandies call you a prig," said the statesman. "Many a clever fellow fails through life, because the silly fellows, whom half a word well spoken could make his *claqueurs*, turn him into ridicule. Whatever you are, avoid the fault of most reading men: in a word, don't be a prig!"

"I have just left Hazeldean," said Randal, "what a good fellow he is!"

"Capital," said the Honorable George Borrowell. "Where is he?"

"Why, he is gone to his rooms. He has had a little scene with his father, a thorough, rough country squire. It would be an act of charity if you would go and keep him company, or take him with you to some place a little more lively than his own lodgings."

"What! the old gentleman has been teasing him?—a horrid shame! Why, Frank is not expensive, and he will be very rich—eh?"

"An immense property," said Randal, "and not a mortgage on it; an only son," he added, turning away.

Among these young gentlemen there was a kindly and most benevolent whisper, and presently they all rose, and walked away toward Frank's lodgings.

"The wedge is in the tree," said Randal to himself, "and there is a gap already between the bark and the wood."

CHAPTER XXII.

HARLEY L'ESTRANGE is seated beside Helen at the lattice-window in the cottage at Norwood. The bloom of reviving health is on the child's face, and she is listening with a smile, for Harley is speaking of Leonard with praise, and of Leonard's future with hope. "And thus," he continued, "secure from his former trials, happy in his occupation, and pursuing the career he has chosen, we must be content, my dear child, to leave him."

"Leave him!" exclaimed Helen, and the rose on her cheek faded.

Harley was not displeased to see her emotion. He would have been disappointed in her heart if it had been less susceptible to affection.

"It is hard on you, Helen," said he, "to separate you from one who has been to you as a brother. Do not hate me for doing so. But I consider myself your gaardian, and your home as yet must be mine. We are going from this land of cloud and mist, going as into the world of summer. Well, that does not content you. You weep, my child; you mourn your own friend, but do not forget your father's. I am alone, and often sad, Helen; will you not comfort me! You press my hand, but you must learn to smile on me also. You are born to be the Comforter. Comforters are not egotists; they are always cheerful when they console."

The voice of Harley was so sweet, and his words went so home to the child's heart, that she looked up and smiled in his face as he kissed her ingenuous brow. But then she thought of Leonard, and felt so solitary—so bereft—that tears burst forth again. Before these were dried, Leonard himself entered, and obeying an irresistible impulse, she sprang to his arms, and, leaning her head on his shoulder, sobbed out, "I am going from you, brother—do not grieve—do not miss me."

Harley was much moved; he folded his arms, and contemplated them both silently—and his own eyes were moist. "This heart," thought he, "will be worth the winning!"

He drew aside Leonard, and whispered—"Soothe, but encourage and support her. I leave you together; come to me in the garden later."

It was nearly an hour before Leonard joined Harley.

"She was not weeping when you left her?" asked L'Estrange.

"No; she has more fortitude than we might suppose. Heaven knows how that fortitude has supported mine. I have promised to write to her often."

Harley took two strides across the lawn, and then, coming back to Leonard, said, "Keep your promise, and write often for the first year. I would then ask you to let the correspondence drop gradually."

"Drop!—Ah, my Lord!"

"Look you, my young friend, I wish to lead this fair mind wholly from the sorrows of the Past. I wish Helen to enter, not abruptly, but step by step, into a new life. You love each other now, as do two children—as brother and sister. But later, if encouraged, would the love be the same? And is it not better for both of you, that youth should open upon the world with youth's natural affections free and unforestalled?"

"True! And she is so above me," said Leonard mournfully.

"No one is above him who succeeds in your ambition, Leonard. It is not *that*, believe me!"

Leonard shook his head.

"Perhaps," said Harley, with a smile, "I rather feel that you are above me. For what vantage-ground is so high as youth? Perhaps I may become jealous of you. It is well that she should learn to like one who is to be henceforth her guardian and protector. Yet, how can she like me as she ought, if her heart is to be full of you?"

The boy bowed his head; and Harley hastened to change the subject, and speak of letters and of glory. His words were eloquent, and his voice kindling; for he had been an enthusiast for fame in his boyhood; and in Leonard's, his own seemed to him to revive. But the poet's heart gave back no echo—suddenly it seemed void and desolate. Yet when Leonard walked back by the moonlight, he muttered to himself, "Strange—strange—so mere a child, this can not be love! Still what else to love is there left to me?"

And so he paused upon the bridge where he had so often stood with Helen, and on which he had found the protector that had given to her a home—to himself a career. And life seemed very long, and fame but a dreary phantom. Courage, still, Leonard! These are the sorrows of the heart that teach thee more than all the precepts of sage and critic.

Another day and Helen had left the shores of England, with her fanciful and dreaming guardian. Years will pass before our tale reopens. Life in all the forms we have seen it travels on. And the Squire farms and hunts; and the parson preaches and chides and soothes. And Riccabocca reads his Machiavelli, and sighs and smiles as he moralizes on Men and States. And Violante's dark eyes grow deeper and more spiritual in their lustre; and her beauty takes thought from solitary dreams. And Mr. Riehard Avenel has his house in London, and the honorable Mrs. Avenel her opera box; and hard and dire is their struggle into fashion, and hotly does the new man, scorning the aristocracy, pant to become aristocrat. And Audley Egerton goes from the office to the Parliament, and drudges, and debates, and helps to govern the empire on which the sun never sets. Poor Sun, how tired he must be—but none more tired than the Government! And

Randal Leslie has an excellent place in the bureau of a minister, and is looking to the time when he shall resign it to come into Parliament, and on that large arena turn knowledge into power. And meanwhile, he is much where he was with Audley Egerton; but he has established intimacy with the Squire, and visited Hazledean twice, and examined the house and the map of the property—and very nearly fallen a second time into the Ha-ha; and the Squire believes that Randal Leslie alone can keep Frank out of mischief, and has spoken rough words to his Harry about Frank's continued extravagance. And Frank does continue to pursue pleasure, and is very miserable, and horribly in debt. And Madame di Negra has gone from London to Paris, and taken a tour into Switzerland, and come back to London again, and has grown very intimate with Randal Leslie; and Randal has introduced Frank to her; and Frank thinks her the loveliest woman in the world, and grossly slandered by certain evil tongues. And the brother of Madame di Negra is expected in England at last; and what with his repute for beauty and for wealth, people anticipate a sensation; and Leonard, and Harley, and Helen? Patience—they will all re-appear.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A SCENE FROM IRISH LIFE.

THE moorland was wide, level, and black; black as night, if you could suppose night condensed on the surface of the earth, and that you could tread on solid darkness in the midst of day. The day itself was fast dropping into night, although it was dreary and gloomy at the best; for it was a November day. The moor, for miles around, was treeless and houseless; devoid of vegetation, except heather, which clad with its gloomy frieze coat the shivering landscape. At a distance you could discern, through the misty atmosphere, the outline of mountains apparently as bare and stony as this wilderness, which they bounded. There were no fields, no hedgerows, no marks of the hand of man, except the nakedness itself, which was the work of man in past ages; when, period after period, he had tramped over the scene with fire and sword, and left all that could not fly before him, either ashes to be scattered by the savage winds, or stems of trees, and carcasses of men trodden into the swampy earth. As the Roman historian said of other destroyers, "They created solitude and called it peace." That all this was the work of man, and not of Nature, any one spot of this huge and howling wilderness could testify, if you would only turn up its sable surface. In its bosom lay thousands of ancient oaks and pines, black as ebony; which told, by their gigantic bulk, that forests must have once existed on this spot, as rich as the scene was now bleak. Nobler things than trees lay buried there; but were, for the most part, resolved into the substance of the inky earth. The dwellings of men had left few or no traces, for they had been consumed in flames; and the hearts that had loved, and suf

fered, and perished beneath the hand of violence and insult, were no longer human hearts, but slime. If a man were carried blindfold to that place, and asked when his eyes were unbandaged where he was, he would say—"Ireland!"

He would want no clew to the identity of the place, but the scene before him. There is no heath like an Irish heath. There is no desolation like an Irish desolation. Where Nature herself has spread the expanse of a solitude, it is a cheerful solitude. The air flows over it lovingly; the flowers nod and dance in gladness; the soil breathes up a spirit of wild fragrance, which communicates a buoyant sensation to the heart. You feel that you tread on ground where the peace of God, and not the "peace" of man created in the merciless hurricane of war, has sojourned: where the sun shone on creatures sporting on ground or on tree, as the Divine Goodness of the Universe meant them to sport: where the hunter disturbed alone the enjoyment of the lower animals by his own boisterous joy: where the traveler sung as he went over it, because he felt a spring of inexpressible music in his heart: where the weary wayfarer sat beneath a bush, and blessed God, though his limbs ached with travel, and his goal was far off. In God's deserts dwells gladness; in man's deserts, death. A melancholy smites you as you enter them. There is a darkness from the past that envelops your heart, and the moans and sighs of ten-times perpetrated misery seem still to live in the very winds.

One shallow, and widely-spread stream struggled through the moor; sometimes between masses of gray stone. Sedges and the white-headed cotton-rush whistled on its margin, and on island-like expanses that here and there rose above the surface of its middle course.

I have said that there was no sign of life; but on one of those gray stones stood a heron watching for prey. He had remained straight, rigid, and motionless for hours. Probably his appetite was appeased by his day's success among the trout of that dark red-brown stream, which was colored by the peat from which it oozed. When he did move, he sprung up at once, stretched his broad wings, and silent as the scene around him, made a circuit in the air; rising higher as he went, with slow and solemn flight. He had been startled by a sound. There was life in the desert now. Two horsemen came galloping along a highway not far distant, and the heron, continuing his grave gyrations, surveyed them as he went. Had they been travelers over a plain of India, an Australian waste, or the Pampas of South America, they could not have been grimmer of aspect, or more thoroughly children of the wild. They were Irish from head to foot.

They were mounted on two spare but by no means clumsy horses. The creatures had marks of blood and breed that had been introduced by the English to the country. They could claim, if they knew it, lineage of Arabia. The one was a pure bay, the other and lesser, was black; but

both were lean as death, haggard as famine. They were wet with the speed with which they had been hurried along. The soil of the damp moorland, or of the field in which, during the day, they had probably been drawing the peasant's cart, still smeared their bodies, and their manes flew as wildly and untrimmed as the sedge or the cotton-rush on the wastes through which they careered. Their riders, wielding each a heavy stick instead of a riding-whip which they applied ever and anon to the shoulders or flanks of their smoking animals, were mounted on their bare backs, and guided them by halter, instead of bridle. They were a couple of the short frieze-coated, knee-breeches and gray-stock-ing fellows who are as plentiful on Irish soil as potatoes. From beneath their narrow-brimmed, old, weather-beaten hats, streamed hair as unkempt as their horses' manes. The Celtic physiognomy was distinctly marked—the small and somewhat upturned nose; the black tint of skin; the eye now looking gray, now black; the freckled cheek, and sandy hair. Beard and whiskers covered half the face, and the short square-shouldered bodies were bent forward with eager impatience, as they thumped and kicked along their horses, muttering curses as they went.

The heron, sailing on broad and seemingly slow vans, still kept them in view. Anon, they reached a part of the moorland where traces of human labor were visible. Black piles of peat stood on the solitary ground, ready, after a summer's cutting and drying. Presently patches of cultivation presented themselves; plots of ground raised on beds, each a few feet wide, with intervening trenches to carry off the boggy water, where potatoes had grown, and small fields where grew more stalks of ragwort than grass, inclosed by banks cast up and tipped here and there with a briar or a stone. It was the husbandry of misery and indigence. The ground had already been freshly manured by sea-weeds, but the village—where was it? Blotches of burnt ground; scorched heaps of rubbish, and fragments of blackened walls, alone were visible. Garden-plots were trodden down, and their few bushes rent up, or hung with tatters of rags. The two horsemen, as they hurried by with gloomy visages, uttered no more than a single word: "Eviction!"

Further on, the ground heaved itself into a chaotic confusion. Stony heaps swelled up here and there, naked, black, and barren: the huge bones of the earth protruded themselves through her skin. Shattered rocks arose, sprinkled with bushes, and smoke curled up from what looked like mere heaps of rubbish; but which were in reality human habitations. Long dry grass hissed and rustled in the wind on their roofs (which were sunk by-places, as if falling in); and pits of reeking filth seemed placed exactly to prevent access to some of the low doors; while to others, a few stepping-stones made that access only possible. Here the two riders stopped, and hurriedly tying their steeds to an elder-bush, disappeared in one of the cabins.

The heron slowly sailed on to the place of its regular roost. Let us follow it.

Far different was this scene to those the bird had left. Lofty trees darkened the steep slopes of a fine river. Rich meadows lay at the feet of woods and stretched down to the stream. Herds of cattle lay on them, chewing their cuds after the plentiful grazing of the day. The white walls of a noble house peeped, in the dusk of night, through the fertile timber which stood in proud guardianship of the mansion; and broad winding walks gave evidence of a place where nature and art had combined to form a paradise. There were ample pleasure-grounds. Alas! the grounds around the cabins over which the heron had so lately flown, might be truly styled pain-grounds.

Within that home was assembled a happy family. There was the father, a fine-looking man of forty. Proud you would have deemed him, as he sate for a moment abstracted in his cushioned chair; but a moment afterward, as a troop of children came bursting into the room, his manner was instantly changed into one so pleasant, so playful, and so overflowing with enjoyment, that you saw him only as an amiable, glad, domestic man. The mother, a handsome woman, was seated already at the tea-table; and, in another minute, sounds of merry voices and childish laughter were mingled with the jocose tones of the father, and the playful accents of the mother; addressed, now to one, and now to another, of the youthful group.

In due time the merriment was hushed, and the household assembled for evening prayer. A numerous train of servants assumed their accustomed places. The father read. He had paused once or twice, and glanced with a stern and surprised expression toward the group of domestics, for he heard sounds that astonished him from one corner of the room near the door. He went on—"Remember the children of Edom, O Lord, in the day of judgment, how they said, Down with it, down with it, even to the ground. O daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery, yea, happy shall he be who rewardeth thee, as thou hast served us!"

There was a burst of smothered sobs from the same corner, and the master's eye flashed with a strange fire as he again darted a glance toward the offender. The lady looked equally surprised, in the same direction; then turned a meaning look on her husband—a warm flush was succeeded by a paleness in her countenance, and she cast down her eyes. The children wondered, but were still. Once more the father's sonorous voice continued—"Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." Again the stifled sound was repeated. The brow of the master darkened again—the mother looked agitated; the children's wonder increased; the master closed the book, and the servants, with a constrained silence, retired from the room.

"What *can* be the matter with old Dennis?" exclaimed the lady, the moment that the door

had closed on the household.—"O! what *is* amiss with poor old Dennis!" exclaimed the children.

"Some stupid folly or other," said the father, morosely. "Come! away to bed, children. You can learn Dennis's troubles another time." The children would have lingered, but again the words, "Away with you!" in a tone which never needed repetition, were decisive: they kissed their parents and withdrew. In a few seconds the father rang the bell. "Send Dennis Croggan here."

The old man appeared. He was a little thin man, of not less than seventy years of age, with white hair and a dark spare countenance. He was one of those many nondescript servants in a large Irish house, whose duties are curiously miscellaneous. He had, however, shown sufficient zeal and fidelity through a long life, to secure a warm nook in the servants' hall for the remainder of his days.

Dennis entered with an humble and timid air, as conscious that he had deeply offended; and had to dread, at least a severe rebuke. He bowed profoundly to both the master and mistress.

"What is the meaning of your interruptions during the prayers, Dennis?" demanded the master, abruptly. "Has any thing happened to you?"

"No, sir."

"Any thing amiss in your son's family?"

"No, your honor."

The interrogator paused; a **storm** of passion seemed slowly gathering within him. Presently he asked, in a loud tone, "What does this mean? Was there no place to vent your nonsense in, but in this room, and at prayers?"

Dennis was silent. He cast an imploring look at the master, then at the mistress.

"What is the matter, good Dennis?" asked the lady, in a kind tone. "Compose yourself, and tell us. Something strange must have happened to you."

Dennis trembled violently; but he advanced a couple of paces, seized the back of a chair as if to support him, and, after a vain gasp or two, declared, as intelligibly as fear would permit, that the prayer had overcome him.

"Nonsense, man!" exclaimed the master, with fury in the same face, which was so lately beaming with joy on the children. "Nonsense! Speak out without more ado, or you shall rue it."

Dennis looked to the mistress as if he would have implored her intercession; but as she gave no sign of it, he was compelled to speak; but in a brogue that would have been unintelligible to English ears. We therefore translate it:

"I could not help thinking of the poor people at Rathbeg, when the soldiers and police cried, 'Down with them! down with them, even to the ground!' and then the poor bit cabins came down all in fire and smoke, amid the howls and cries of the poor creatures. Oh! it was a fearful sight, your honor—it was, indeed—to see the poor women hugging their babies, and the houses where they were born burning in the wind. It

was dreadful to see the old bedridden man lie on the wet ground among the few bits of furniture, and groan to his gracious God above. Oh, your honor! you never saw such a sight, or—you—sure a—it would never have been done!”

Dennis seemed to let the last words out, as if they were jerked from him by a sudden shock.

The master, whose face had changed during this speech to a livid hue of passion, his eyes blazing with rage, was in the act of rushing on old Dennis, when he was held back by his wife, who exclaimed—“Oswald! be calm; let us hear what Dennis has to say. Go on, Dennis—go on!”

The master stood still, breathing hard to overcome his rage. Old Dennis, as if seeing only his own thoughts, went on—“O, bless your honor! if you had seen that poor frantic woman when the back of the cabin fell, and buried her infant, where she thought she had laid it safe for a moment, while she flew to part her husband and a soldier, who had struck the other children with the flat of his sword, and bade them to troop off! Oh, your honor, but it was a killing sight! It was that came over me in the prayer, and I feared that we might be praying perdition on us all, when we prayed about our trespasses. If the poor creatures of Rathbeg should meet us, your honor, at Heaven’s gate (I was thinking) and say—‘These are the heathens that would not let us have a poor hearthstone in poor old Ireland.’ And that was all, your honor, that made me misbehave so; I was just thinking of that, and I could not help it.”

“Begone! you old fool!” exclaimed the master; and Dennis disappeared, with a bow, and an alertness that would have done credit to his earlier years.

There was a moment’s silence after his exit. The lady turned to her husband, and clasping his arm with her hands, and looking into his darkened countenance with a look of tenderest anxiety, said:

“Dearest Oswald, let me, as I have so often done, once more entreat that these dreadful evictions may cease. Surely there must be some way to avert them, and to set your property right, without such violent measures.”

The stern, proud man said, “Then, why, in the name of Heaven, do you not reveal some other remedy? why do you not enlighten all Ireland? why don’t you instruct Government? The unhappy wretches who have been swept away by force are no people, no tenants of mine. They squatted themselves down, as a swarm of locusts fix themselves while a green blade is left. They obstruct all improvement; they will not till the ground themselves; nor will they quit it to allow me to provide more industrious and provident husbandmen to cultivate it. Land that teems with fertility, and is shut out from bearing and bringing forth food for man, is accursed. Those who have been evicted, not only rob me; but their more industrious fellows.”

“They will murder us!” said the wife, “some day for these things. They will—”

Her words were cut short suddenly by her

husband starting, and standing in a listening attitude. “Wait a moment,” he said, with a peculiar calmness, as if he had just got a fresh thought; and his lady, who did not comprehend what was the cause, but hoped that some better influence was touching him, unloosed her hands from his arm. “Wait just a moment,” he repeated, and stepped from the room, opened the front door, and without his hat, went out.

“He is intending to cool down his anger,” thought his wife: “he feels a longing for the freshness of the air.” But she had not caught the sound which had startled his quicker, because more excited ear: she had been too much engrossed by her own intercession with him: it was a peculiar whine from the mastiff, which was chained near the lodge-gate, that had arrested his attention. He stepped out. The black clouds which overhung the moor had broken, and the moon’s light struggled between them.

The tall and haughty man stood erect in the breeze and listened. Another moment—there was a shot, and he fell headlong upon the broad steps on which he stood. His wife sprang with a piercing shriek from the door, and fell on his corpse. A crowd of servants gathered about them, making wild lamentations, and breathing vows of vengeance. The murdered master and the wife were borne into the house.

The heron soared from its lofty perch, and wheeled with terrified wings through the night air. The servants armed themselves; and, rushing furiously from the house, traversed the surrounding masses of trees. Fierce dogs were let loose, and dashed frantically through the thickets. All was, however, too late. The soaring heron saw gray figures, with blackened faces, stealing away—often on their hands and knees—down the hollows of the moorlands toward the village; where the two Irish horsemen had, in the first dusk of that evening, tied their lean steeds to the old elder bush.

Near the mansion no lurking assassin was to be found. Meanwhile, two servants, pistol in hand, on a couple of their master’s horses, scoured hill and dale. The heron, sailing solemnly on the wind above, saw them halt in a little town. They thundered with the butt-ends of their pistols on a door in the principal street. Over it there was a coffin-shaped board, displaying a painted crown, and the big-lettered words, “POLICE STATION.” The mounted servants shouted with might and main. A night-capped head issued from a chamber casement with—“What is the matter?”

“Out with you, Police! out with all your strength, and lose not a moment; Mr. FitzGibbon, of Sporeen, is snout at his own door.”

The casement was hastily clapped to, and the two horsemen galloped forward up the long, broad street; now flooded with the moon’s light. Heads full of terror were thrust from upper windows to inquire the cause of that rapid galloping; but ever too late. The two men held their course up a steep hill outside of the town, where stood a vast building overlooking the whole place.

It was the barracks. Here the alarm was also given.

In less than an hour, a mounted troop of police in olive-green costume, with pistols at holster, sword by side, and carbine on the arm, were trotting briskly out of town, accompanied by the two messengers; whom they plied with eager questions. These answered, and sundry imprecations vented, the whole party increased their speed, and went on, mile after mile, by hedgerow and open moorland, talking as they went.

Before they reached the house of Sporeen, and near the village where the two Irish horsemen had stopped the evening before, they halted, and formed themselves into more orderly array. A narrow gully was before them on the road, hemmed in on each side by rocky steeps, here and there overhung with bushes. The commandant bade them be on their guard, for there might be danger there. He was right; for the moment they began to trot through the pass, the flash and rattle of fire-arms from the thickets above saluted them, followed by a wild yell. In a second, several of their number lay dead or dying in the road. The fire was returned promptly by the police; but it was at random, for although another discharge, and another howl, announced that the enemy were still there, no one could be seen. The head of the police commanded his troop to make a dash through the pass; for there was no scaling the heights from this side; the assailants having warily posted themselves there, because at the foot of an eminence were stretched on either hand impassable bogs. The troop dashed forward, firing their pistols as they went; but were met by such deadly discharges of fire-arms as threw them into confusion, killed and wounded several of their horses, and made them hastily retreat.

There was nothing for it, but to await the arrival of the cavalry; and it was not long before the clatter of horses' hoofs and the ringing of sabres were heard on the road. On coming up, the troop of cavalry, firing to the right and left on the hill-sides, dashed forward, and, in the same instant, cleared the gully in safety; the police having kept their side of the pass. In fact, not a single shot was returned; the arrival of this strong force having warned the insurgents to decamp. The cavalry in full charge ascended the hills, to their summits. Not a foe was to be seen, except one or two dying men, who were discovered by their groans.

The moon had been for a time quenched in a dense mass of clouds, which now were blown aside by a keen and cutting wind. The heron, soaring over the desert, could now see gray-coated men flying in different directions to the shelter of the neighboring hills. The next day he was startled from his dreamy reveries near the moorland stream, by the shouts and galloping of mingled police and soldiers, as they gave chase to a couple of haggard, bare-headed, and panting peasants.

These were soon captured, and at once recognized as belonging to the evicted inhabitants of the recently deserted village.

Since then years have rolled on. The heron, who had been startled from his quiet haunts by these things, was still dwelling on the lofty tree with his kindred, by the hall of Sporeen. He had reared family after family in that airy lodgment, as spring after spring came round; but no family, after that fatal time, had ever tenanted the mansion. The widow and children had fled from it so soon as Mr. FitzGibbon had been laid in the grave. The nettle and dock flourished over the scorched ruins of the village of Rathbeg; dank moss and wild grass tangled the proud drives and walks of Sporeen. All the woodland rides and pleasure-grounds lay obstructed with briars; and young trees, in time, grew luxuriantly where once the roller in its rounds could not crush a weed; the nimble frolics of the squirrel were now the only merry things where formerly the feet of lovely children had sprung with elastic joy.

The curse of Ireland was on the place. Land lord and tenant, gentleman and peasant, each with the roots and the shoots of many virtues in their hearts, thrown into a false position by the mutual injuries of ages, had wreaked on each other the miseries sown broadcast by their ancestors. Beneath this foul spell men who would, in any other circumstances, have been the happiest and the noblest of mankind, became tyrants; and peasants, who would have glowed with grateful affection toward them, exulted in being their assassins. As the traveler rode past the decaying hall, the gloomy woods, and waste black moorlands of Sporeen, he read the riddle of Ireland's fate, and asked himself when an *Œdipus* would arise to solve it.

SCOTTISH REVENGE.

A LONG time ago, when the powerful clan of the Cumyns were lords of half the country round, the chief of that clan slew a neighboring chieftain, with whom he had a feud; for feuds in those days were as easily found as blackberries, and quarrels might be had any day in the year for the *picking*. He that was slain had, at the time of his death, an only child, an infant, of the name of Hugh. The widow treasured deep within her heart the hope of vengeance, which the daily sight of her son, recalling, by his features, the memory of her slaughtered husband, kept ever awake. With the first opening of his intellect, he was instructed in the deed that made him fatherless, and taught to look forward to avenging his parent as a holy obligation cast upon him; and so, with his strength and his stature, grew his hatred of the Cumyns, and his resolution to take the life of him who had slain his father. He spent his days in the woods practicing archery, till at length he became a most expert bowman. None could send a shaft with so strong an arm, or so true an aim, as Hugh Shenigan; and the eagle or the red deer was sure to fall beneath his arrow, when the one was soaring too high in the air, or the other fleeing too swiftly on the hill, for ordinary woodcraft. But it was not the eagle or the deer that kept

Hugh in the forest, and upon the mountains, from the dawn of the morning till the setting of the sun. He was watching for other prey, and at length chance brought what he sought within his reach. One day he climbed up the side of Benigloe, and took his station upon a spot that commanded a view of the glen between it and the opposite range of hills. He had ascertained that Cumyn would return to Blair by the glen that evening; and so it happened, that an hour or so before sun-fall he espied the chieftain, with two of his clan, wending onwards toward the base of the hill. A few minutes more, and they would reach a point within the range of his bow. His practiced eye measured the distance, and his heart throbbed with a fierce, dark emotion, as he put the shaft to the thong, and drew it, with a strong arm, to his ear. With a whiz, the arrow sped from the bow, and cleft the air with the speed of light, while a wild shout burst from the lips of the young archer. His anxiety, it would seem, did not suffer him to wait till his foe had come within range of his arrow, for it sank quivering into the earth at the foot of him for whose heart it was aimed. The shout and the shaft alike warned the Cumyns that danger was nigh, and not knowing by what numbers they might be assailed, they plunged into the heather on the hill side, and were quickly lost to the sight. But the young man watched with the keenness of an eagle, and his sense seemed intensified with the terrible desire of vengeance that consumed him. At length, just where the little stream falls from the crown of the hill, the form of a man became visible, standing out from the sky, now bright with the last light of the setting sun. With a strong effort, the young man mastered the emotion of his heart, as the gambler becomes calm, ere he throws the cast upon which he has staked his all. The bow is strained to its utmost, the eye ranges along the shaft from feather to barb, it is shot forth as if winged by the very soul of him who impelled it. One moment of breathless suspense, and in the next the chief of the Cumyns falls headlong into the stream, pierced through the bowels by the deadly weapon.

POSTAL REFORM—CHEAP POSTAGE.

IT is now upward of eleven years since the writer of this commenced advocating "postal reform and cheap postage." At first it found but little favor either from the public or the Post-Office Department. Many considered the schemes Utopian, and if carried into effect would break down the post-office: but neither ridicule or threats prevented him from prosecuting his object until Congress was compelled in 1845 to reduce the rates of postage to five and ten cents the half-ounce.

The success attending even this partial reduction equaled the expectations of its friends, and silenced the opposition of its enemies. The friends of cheap postage, in New York and other places, renewed their efforts to obtain a further reduction, and petitioned for a uniform rate of two cents prepaid. But such was either the in-

difference or hostility of a majority of the members that no definite action was taken on the subject for six years, nor was it until the last session that any reduction was made from the rates adopted in 1845. Notwithstanding this shameful delay in complying with the wishes of the people, the new law adopted *four* rates instead of one, leaving the prepayment of postage optional. Besides this, the new law imposes on newspapers and printed matter a most unreasonable, burdensome, and complicated tax, which has created universal dissatisfaction.

The obnoxious features of the present law imperiously demand the immediate attention of Congress. Neither the rates of postage on letters, nor the tax on newspapers and printed matter, meet the wishes of the friends of cheap postage. They have uniformly insisted upon simplicity, uniformity, and cheapness. But the present law possesses none of these requisites. On letters the rates in the United States are three and five, six and ten cents, according to distance. Ocean postage is enormous and too burdensome to be borne any longer. The rates of postage on newspapers are so complicated that few postmasters can tell what they are, and those on transient newspapers and printed matter generally, are so enormous as to amount to a prohibition. A revision of this law is rendered indispensable. Other reforms are required, some of which I shall here notice.

1. Letter postage should be reduced to a uniform rate of *two cents prepaid*. This rate has been successfully adopted in Great Britain. It has increased the letters and the income of the post-office. It is the revenue point, sufficiently low, to encourage the people to write, and to send all their letters through the post-office; and yet high enough to afford ample revenue to pay the expenses of the Department. If this rate is adopted, it will defy all competition, for none will attempt to carry letters cheaper than the post-office.

2. *Ocean postage* is enormous and burdensome, especially upon that class of persons which is least able to bear it. It has been computed by those who are competent to judge, that about three-quarters of the ship letters are written by emigrants, and are letters of friendship and affection. The greater portion of them are from persons in poor circumstances, and to tax them with *twenty-four or twenty-nine cents* for a single letter is cruel. To send a letter and receive an answer, will cost a servant girl half a week's wages, and a poor man in the country will have to work a day to earn the value of the postage of a letter to and from his friends in Europe. Were the postage reduced to a low rate, *ten* letters would be written where one now is, and the revenue, in a short period, would be equal if not greater than under the present high rates. During the last twelve months, the amount received for transatlantic postages was not less than a *million of dollars*, and three-fourths of this sum has been paid by the laboring classes on letters relating to their domestic relations and friendship.

3. Next to the reduction of inland and ocean postage is the *free delivery* of mail letters in all the large towns and cities. An improvement has been attempted by the Postmaster-general in respect of letters to be sent by the mails. They are now conveyed to the post-office free of any charge; and the next step necessary is to cause them to be delivered without any addition to the postage. A letter is carried by the mails *three thousand miles* for three cents, but if it is sent three hundred yards from the post-office, it is charged *two cents*! This is not only an unreasonable tax, but is attended with much inconvenience both to the carrier and receiver of the letter, in the trouble of making the change, and the delay attending the delivery of letters. If the prepayment of the postage covered the whole expense, a carrier could deliver ten letters where he now delivers *one*, and fewer persons would be able to deliver them. Two cents cover the whole expense of postage and delivery of letters in London, and there is no reason why they can not be delivered in New York and other cities as cheaply as they are in the capital of Great Britain. The expense to the post-office would be comparatively small, as the income from city letters would be nearly equal to what would be paid if an efficient city delivery was adopted. If the free delivery should be adopted, it would be a great relief to the people, and this like every other facility afforded by the post-office, would tend to increase the number of letters sent by the mails.

4. The *franking privilege* should be wholly abolished. This has been so much abused, that the people have loudly complained of it, and almost every Postmaster-general for the last ten years has recommended its abolition. Instead, however, of diminishing or repealing it, it has been increased, so that two sets of members can now exercise it, and the cart-loads of franked matter sent from Washington show that it is a dead weight upon the Department. At the last session, one member had twenty-eight large canvas bags of franked matter, weighing not less than *five thousand pounds*! To say nothing of the vast expense of printing and binding millions of documents and speeches which are never read, the burden, and labor, and cost to the post-office are incalculable. When newspapers were few in number, there might have been a necessity to send out speeches and documents, but as newspapers are published in all parts of the Union, every important report and speech is published and read long before it can be printed and sent from Washington. Let the members of Congress be furnished with a sufficient number of stamps to cover their postage, and these be paid for as the other expenses of Congress. The frank was wholly abolished in Great Britain, when the cheap system was adopted, so that Queen Victoria herself can not now frank a letter!

5. But the grievance, which is now felt and most complained of by the people, is the complicated and burdensome tax on newspapers and other printed matter. It has heretofore been the good policy of Congress to favor the circulation

of newspapers throughout the country, and accordingly one and a half cents was the highest rate charged to regular subscribers for any distance, and two cents, prepaid, for transient papers. These rates were plain and easy to be understood, and few were disposed to complain of them, although they were much higher than they should be. The new bill has some *sixty or seventy* different rates, and so complicated, depending upon *weight and distance*, that not one postmaster in twenty can tell what postage should be charged upon newspapers. Again the rates are enormous. For example, a newspaper in California, weighing one ounce or under, is charged *five cents* prepaid, and if not prepaid *ten cents*, and the same for every additional ounce; hence the *Courier and Enquirer* or *Journal of Commerce*, weighing two and one quarter ounces, is charged to San Francisco *fifteen cents* prepaid, and if not prepaid *thirty cents*! What is the effect of this law? It prohibits the circulation of newspapers through the post-office entirely, and all that are now sent go by private expresses. If I understand the subject correctly, it was the object of those who proposed the "substitute" to the Bill which passed the House of Representatives, to *exclude from the mails newspapers and printed matter*. *Is this right?*

6. Another reform which should be made by Congress, is the payment of postage entirely by *stamps*. If no money was received at the post-office except for stamps, and the postage on every thing passing through the office prepaid, the saving of labor would be immense, both to the general post-office and local offices. But this is not the only advantage. The amount lost, by the destruction of post bills, is incalculable. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are unaccounted for and lost every year by the Department, by the present loose, inefficient system of accounting for the postages received on letters and newspapers. While this system continues there is not, and can not be any *check* on the postmasters. Let the payment of postage be made by stamps, and it would be an effectual check upon every post-office, and the Department would receive the money for every stamp sold, whether it was used by the purchaser or not. This is a subject worthy of the serious consideration of Congress and the Post-Office Department.

7. There is one more improvement which I would recommend before closing this already long article, and that is the establishment of a *money-order office*. This would not only be a great convenience to the people, especially to the poorer class, but it would also prove a source of revenue to the post-office. During the last year, there were sent through the money-order office in Great Britain upward of *forty millions* of dollars! When it is recollected that each order is limited to *twenty-five dollars*, the number of letters carrying these orders must be very large, adding to the receipts of the post-office. The same results would follow a similar establishment in the United States. There being no guarantee for the safe delivery of money, trans-

mitted by the mails, such letters are now sent by private expresses, for which they receive a remunerating compensation.

I have briefly suggested some of the reforms which I deem necessary for the improvement of the post-office. It was said last winter by some of our Senators in Congress, in their places, that "OURS IS THE WORST MANAGED POST-OFFICE IN THE WORLD." I can not agree with them in this assertion. But I regret to say that it is not the *best* managed, nor so good as it should and *must* be. The great drawback to its improvement, and, I may add, the curse that rests upon it, is its being made a *political* machine. It was a great and fatal mistake to make the Postmaster-general a member of the Cabinet. The great personal worth of Mr. McLean induced President Monroe to take him into his Cabinet, and the practice has been continued ever since. The consequence is, that the Postmaster-general is changed under every new administration. In less than two years we had *three*, and two assistants. How can it be expected that men, whatever may be their talents, can make themselves acquainted with the business of the office in the short space of three or four years? Before they are warm in their seats they are removed. Besides, after a new administration comes in, it takes six or twelve months to turn out political opponents and appoint their friends. If, instead of this, when intelligent and efficient men are in office (no matter what their political affinities may be), they were continued, it would be an inducement to make improvements, and an encouragement to fidelity; but now there is no security to any man that he will be continued one hour, nor any encouragement to excel in the faithful discharge of his duty. These things ought not so to be.

There is another practice which greatly retards the improvement of our post-office, and that is the manner in which the post-office committees are appointed in Congress. At every session of Congress new committees are appointed by the Senate and House, a majority of which is composed of the dominant political party, without much regard to their qualifications. For a number of years there has been scarcely a single member selected from any of our large cities, where the principal portion of the revenue is collected, consequently, they are persons who have little or no knowledge of post-office business, or the wants of the people. Their principal business is to obtain new post-routes, but any improvement of postal concerns is little thought of. Hence the Post-Office Department may be considered a vast political machine, wielded for the benefit of the party in power; and there is not an appointment made, from the Postmaster-general down to the postmaster of the smallest office, without a special regard to the politics of the person appointed.

The only correction of this evil, under the present system, is to give the appointment of all the postmasters to the people. They are the best

qualified to judge of the character and qualifications of the person who will serve them in the most acceptable manner; and the postmasters, knowing that they are dependent upon the people for their offices, will be more obliging and attentive in the discharge of their duties. This will diminish the patronage of the President and the Postmaster-general, which I have not a doubt they would gladly part with, as there is nothing more troublesome and perplexing to a conscientious man, than the exercise of this power.

In the old world, where monarchy exists, the press is called the "fourth estate;" but with us, where "*vox populi, vox Dei*," the press and the ballot-box may be considered the sovereign. The press utters the wish of the people, and the ballot-box confirms that wish. Hence, if the press speaks out clearly and strongly in favor of postal reform, the people will sanction it by their votes in selecting men to represent their wishes in the councils of the nation. Our post-office, instead of being denounced the "worst," should be made the *best* managed in the world. We have no old prejudices or established customs to abolish; no pensioners or sinecures to support, no jealousy on the part of the government against the diffusion of knowledge through the mails; but we have an intelligent, active, liberal gentleman at the head of the Post-Office Department, who desires to meet the wants and wishes of the people. Therefore we have reason to hope that in due time our post-office will be established on such a footing as to secure the patronage and support of the people, defying all competition, and superior to any similar establishment in the world.

B. B.

SYRIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

THERE are some superstitious observances, which are strictly adhered to by the peasants employed in rearing the silk-worm. Thus, when the eggs are first hatched, the peasant's wife rises up very early in the morning, and creeping stealthily to the master's house, flings a piece of wet clay against the door. If the clay adheres, it is a sign that there will be a good mousoum or silk harvest: if it do not stick, then the contrary may be expected. During the whole time the worms are being reared, no one but the peasants themselves are permitted to enter the khook or hut; and, when the worms give notice that they are about to mount and form their cocoons, then the door is locked, and the key handed to the proprietor of the plantation. After a sufficient time has elapsed, and the cocoons are supposed to be well and strongly formed, the proprietor, followed by the peasants, marches in a kind of procession up to the huts, and, first dispensing a few presents among them, and hoping for good, to which they all reply, "Inshalla! Inshalla!—please God! please God," the key is turned, the doors thrown wide open, and the cocoons are detached from the battours of cane mats, and prepared for reeling the next day.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE past month has not been one of special interest, either at home or abroad. None of the great legislative bodies of the country have been in session, and political action has been confined to one or two of the Southern States. The annual Agricultural Fair of the State of New York was held at Rochester on the three days following the 17th of September, and was attended by a larger number of persons, and with greater interest than usual. Hon. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, United States Senator from Illinois, delivered the address, which was a clear and interesting sketch of the progress and condition of agriculture in the United States. The number of persons in attendance at the Fair is estimated to have exceeded one hundred and fifty thousand. The State Agricultural Society of New York is gaining strength every year. A very interesting Railroad Jubilee was held in Boston on the 17th of September, to celebrate the completion of railroad communication between Boston and Ogdensburg, thus connecting the New England capital with the Western lakes by two distinct routes. President FILLMORE and several members of his Cabinet were present, as were also Lord ELGIN and several other distinguished gentlemen from Canada. An immense multitude of people was in attendance to celebrate this triumph of business, energy, and enterprise. Brief public congratulations were exchanged between the municipal officers of Boston and their guests, and a grand aquatic excursion down the bay took place on the 18th. The celebration lasted three days, and was closed by a grand civic feast under a pavilion on the Common.

No event of the past month has excited more general interest, than the return of the two vessels sent to the Arctic Ocean a year and a half ago, by Mr. HENRY GRINNELL of New York, to aid in the search for Sir JOHN FRANKLIN. The *Advance* reached New York on the 1st of October; the *Rescue* was a few days later. Although unsuccessful in the main object of their search, the gallant officers and men by whom these vessels were manned, have enjoyed their cruise, and returned without the loss of a single life and in excellent health. They entered Wellington Sound on the 26th of August, 1850, and were at once joined by Capt. PENNY, who commanded the vessel sent out by Lady FRANKLIN. On the 27th, three graves were discovered, known by inscriptions upon them to be those of three of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN's crew. The presence of Sir JOHN at that spot was thus established at as late a date as in April, 1846. On the 8th of September, the vessels forced their way through the ice, and on the 10th, reached Griffith's Island, which proved to be the ultimate limit of their western progress. On the 13th, they started to return, but were frozen in near the mouth of Wellington Channel, and for nine months they continued thus, unable to move, threatened with destruction by the crushing of the ice around them, and borne along by the southeast drift until, on the 10th of June, they emerged into open sea, and found themselves in latitude 65° 30', and one thousand and sixty miles from the spot at which they became fixed in the ice. The history of Arctic navigation records no drift at all to be compared with this, either for extent or duration. The intervening season was full of peril. The ice crushing the sides of the vessels, forced them several feet out of water. The thermometer fell to 40 degrees below zero. The *Rescue* was abandoned, for the sake of saving fuel, and on two occasions, the crews had

left their vessels, expecting to see them crushed to atoms between the gigantic masses of ice that threatened them on either side, and with their knapsacks on their backs had prepared to strike off across the ice for land, which was nearly a hundred miles off. The scurvy made its appearance, and was very severe in its ravages, especially among the officers.

After refitting his vessels on the coast of Greenland, Captain DE HAVEN, who had the command of the expedition, started again for the North. After passing Baffin's Bay on the 8th of August, he became again hopelessly entangled in the vast masses of ice that were floating around, and was compelled to start for the United States. The expedition is likely to contribute essentially to our knowledge of the natural history of that remote region of the earth, as Dr. KANE, an intelligent naturalist, who went in the vessels as surgeon, has very complete memoranda of every thing of interest especially in this department. Although unable to find any distinct traces of him later than 1846, the officers of the expedition think it far from impossible that Sir JOHN FRANKLIN may be still alive, hemmed in by ice at a point which they were unable to reach. They agree in the opinion that a steamer of some kind should accompany any other expedition that may be sent.

A State election took place in GEORGIA, on the 7th of October, which has a general interest on account of the issues which it involved. The old political distinctions were entirely superseded, both candidates for Governor having belonged to the Democratic party—one of them, however, Hon. HOWELL COBB, late Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives, being in favor of abiding by the Compromise measures of 1850, and his opponent Mr. McDONALD being opposed to them, and in favor of secession from the Union. Up to the time of closing this record, full returns have not been received; but it is quite certain that Mr. COBB, the Union candidate, has been elected by a very large majority. Full returns of the Congressional canvass, which was held at the same time, have not yet reached us; but it is believed that six Union, and two State Rights members have been elected.

The Legislature of VERMONT met at Montpelier on the 9th of October. The House was organized by the election of Mr. Powers, speaker, and Mr. C. T. Davey, clerk. The message of Gov. Williams treats of national topics at considerable length. He insists that the laws must be obeyed, and vindicates the *habeas corpus* act passed by Vermont at the last session of its Legislature from many of the censures that have been cast upon it.

The month has been distinguished by an unusual number of steamboat explosions, railroad casualties, crimes and accidents of various sorts. The steamer *Brilliant*, on her way up the Mississippi from New Orleans, on the 28th of September, while near Bayou Sara, burst her boiler, killing fifteen or twenty persons, wounding as many more, and making a complete wreck of the vessel. A brig on Lake Erie, having left Buffalo for Chicago, sprung a leak on the 30th of September, and sunk within an hour. About twenty persons were drowned, only one of those on board escaping. All but he got into the longboat, which capsized; he fastened himself to the foremast of the brig, which left him, as the vessel touched bottom, about four feet out of water. He remained there two days when he was rescued by a passing steamer.

A very severe storm swept over the northeast coast of British America on the 5th of October, doing immense injury to the fishing vessels, nearly a hundred of them being driven ashore. About three hundred persons are supposed to have perished in the wrecks, and great numbers of dead bodies had been drifted ashore.

The steamer *James Jackson*, while near Shawneetown, in Illinois, on the 21st of September, burst her boiler, killing and wounding thirty-five persons, and tearing the boat to pieces. The scene on board at the time of the explosion is described as having been heart-rending.

A duel was fought at Vienna, S. C. on the 27th of September, in which Mr. Smyth, one of the editors of the *Augusta Constitutionalist*, was wounded by a ball through the thigh from the pistol of his antagonist, Dr. Thomas of Augusta. The meeting grew out of a newspaper controversy, Smyth taking offense at an article in the *Chronicle* of which Thomas avowed himself the author.—Another duel, with a still more serious result took place in Brownsville, Texas, on the 8th. The parties were Mr. W. H. Harrison and Mr. W. G. Clarke, who met in the street with five-barreled pistols. Clarke fell at the second fire, receiving his antagonist's ball near the heart.—Mr. W. Laughlin, an alderman in the city of New Orleans, and a very respectable and influential citizen, was killed by William Silk, another alderman, on the 29th of September: the affray grew out of political differences.

The great Railroad Conspiracy trials at Detroit terminated on the 25th of September, by a verdict of guilty against twelve of the prisoners and acquitting the rest. Two of them were sentenced to the State Prison for ten years, six for eight years, and four for five years.

Father MATHEW has returned from his visit to the Western States, and has been spending a few weeks in New York. Some of the most influential gentlemen of New York city have appealed to the public for contributions to form a fund of twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars for his aid: it is seconded by a very strong letter from Mr. CLAY. Father Mathew is soon to leave the United States for Ireland.

A number of the literary gentlemen of New York have taken steps to render some fitting tribute to the memory of the late JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. A preliminary meeting was held at the City Hall, at which WASHINGTON IRVING presided, and a committee was appointed to consider what measures will be most appropriate. The delivery of a eulogium and the erection of a statue are suggested as likely to be fixed upon. At a meeting of the New York Historical Society, held on the 7th of October, resolutions upon the subject were adopted.

The Episcopal Convention of the New York diocese was held on the 24th of September, and the Rev. Dr. CREIGHTON, of Tarrytown, was elected, after a protracted canvass, Provisional Bishop. He is a native of New York, graduated at Columbia College in 1812, and has officiated at Grace Church and St. Mark's Church, in New York.

From CALIFORNIA our intelligence is to the 6th of September. San Francisco and Sacramento have been the scenes of great excitement. The self-appointed Vigilance Committee, which was organized to supervise, and, if it should be deemed necessary, to supersede the criminal courts, has given terrible proofs of its energy. Two men named Whittaker and McKenzie were in prison at San Francisco awaiting their trial. Fearing that justice might not be done them, the Vigilance Committee broke in the

prison doors, took the men out during divine service on Sunday, and hung them both in front of the building. An immense crowd of people was present, approving and encouraging the proceedings. The regular authorities made very slight resistance to the mob. At Sacramento three men had been convicted of highway robbery and sentenced to be hung. One of them, named Robinson, was respited by the Governor, for a month. The day for executing the sentence of the law upon the other two arrived. A large concourse of people was present. The sheriff ordered the two men, Gibson and Thompson, to the place of execution, and directed Robinson to be taken to a prison-ship in which he could be secured. The crowd, however, refused to allow this, but retained him in custody. The two men were then executed by the sheriff, who immediately left the ground. Robinson was then brought forward and, after proper religious exercises, was hung. These occurrences created a good deal of excitement in California at the time, but it soon subsided. It seems to have been universally conceded that the men deserved their fate, and that only justice had been attained, although by irregular means.

The news from the mines continues to be encouraging. The companies were all doing well, and extensive operations were in progress to work the gold-bearing quartz. The steamer *Lafayette* was burned on the 9th, at Chagres. Marysville, in California, was visited on the night of August 30th, by a very destructive fire. The steamer *Fawn*, burst her boiler near Sacramento on the 28th of August; five or six persons were killed.

From NEW MEXICO we have news to the end of September. Colonel Sumner's expedition against the Navajo Indians had reached Cyrality, in the very heart of the Indian country, and intended to erect a fort there. The Indians were swarming on his rear, threatening hostilities. News had reached Santa Fé that five of Colonel Sumner's men had perished for want of water, before reaching Laguna. The troops were scattered along the road for forty miles, and horses were daily giving out. Colonel Sumner will establish a post at St. Juan, one in the Navajo country, and one at Don Ana.

Quite an excitement had been raised at Santa Fé by the demand of the Catholic Bishop for the church edifice commonly known as the Military Church. Under the Mexican Government it was used exclusively as the chapel of the army. Since the conquest it had been used by the United States army as an ordnance house. After the departure of the troops, Chief Justice Baker obtained from Col. Brooks permission to occupy the house as a court room. The Catholic clergy considered this as a desecration of the house, and consequently objected to its being thus appropriated. The commotion was quelled by the Governor's surrendering the key to the Bishop, formally putting the possession of the building into the hands of the Church.—Major Weightman is certain to be elected delegate to Congress.—Much misunderstanding exists between the Judges in construing the laws in regard to holding the courts, and some fear a good deal of delay in administering justice in consequence, as the lawyers are refusing to bring suits until there shall be unanimity among the Judges.—The difficulty between Mr. Bartlett and Colonel Graham, of the Boundary Commission, is still unsettled. The former was progressing with the survey.

Rain had fallen to some extent throughout New-Mexico, and vegetation was consequently beginning to revive.

MEXICO.

Late advices from the City of Mexico state that the Cabinet resigned in a body on the 2d of September, and much disaffection prevailed throughout the country, which was in the most deplorable and abject condition.

The Convention of the Governors of the different States, called for the purpose of devising some means for the relief of the difficulties under which the people are now laboring, had met, and, without taking any decisive action on the subject, adjourned, causing great dissatisfaction. Don Fernando Ramnez has accepted the appointment of Minister of Foreign Affairs, and is charged with the formation of a new Cabinet. The Tehuantepec question engages public attention to a very great degree. The press represents that if the Americans are allowed to construct a railroad across the isthmus, the adjoining country will be colonized, revolutionized, and annexed to the United States, and that another large and valuable department will thus be lost to Mexico. It is stated that the Government has sent 3000 men to defend the isthmus against the Americans, but this we are inclined to doubt.

A revolution has broken out in Northern Mexico which, thus far, has proved entirely successful. It commenced at Camargo, where the Patriots attacked the Mexicans. The Patriots came off victorious, having taken the town by storm, with a loss on the side of the Mexicans of 60. The Government troops were intrenched in a church, with artillery. The people of the town had held a meeting, at which it was resolved to accept the pronunciamiento issued by the Revolutionists. The Mexican troops stationed there were allowed to march out of the town with the honors of war. The Revolutionists were determined to defend the place. The Revolutionists are commanded by Carabajal, who has also with him two companies of Texans. At the last accounts they were marching on Matamoras and Reynosa. Gen. Avalos, who is at Matamoras, has only 200 troops. He had made a requisition on the city for 2000, but the city refused to raise a single man. The plan of the Revolutionists was a pronunciamiento which was widely circulated. The pronunciamiento pronounces "death to tyrants." The reasons given for the revolt are: 1st. The utter failure of the Mexican Government to protect the northern Mexican States from Indian depredations. 2d. The unjust, unequal, prohibitory system of duties, which operates most destructively on the interests of the people of the frontier. 3d. The despotic power exerted by the Federal Government over the rights and representation of several States. Beside Camargo, Mier, Tampico, and several other towns were in the hands of the insurgents. A report having reached Matamoras that the invaders were preparing to march upon them, a large number of the inhabitants, including all the woman and children, fled, leaving only two hundred and fifty men in the town.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

This country continues to be in a very disturbed condition. The revolution started by Munoz is still in progress, the leader being, at the latest dates, about to march upon Granada with the intention of taking that city by force if it would not yield. The government, however, had impressed into its service all the seamen in port, and many of those in the service of the canal company.

A military disturbance had occurred at San Juan. A company of native soldiers was sent by the local authorities with orders to take as their prisoner a certain American, of the name of M'Lean, suspected

of being a political spy. The soldiers surrounded the shanty where M'Lean and a dozen other Americans on their return from California, had halted, and fired into it, killing a negro and severely wounding a white man. The Americans returned the fire, killing one man and dispersing the whole company. Next day the affair was compromised by an agreement that M'Lean should leave the country, which he did.

An insurrection has broken out in the States of San Salvador and Guatemala. General Carrera with 1500 men had attacked the enemy in San Salvador and defeated them, but he did not follow up his advantage.

Mr. Chatfield, the English consul in Nicaragua, has become involved in another difficulty with the authorities. His *exequatur* has been revoked, on account of his refusal to recognize the Central Government.

SOUTH AMERICA.

We have news from Buenos Ayres to the 18th of August. The war raging in that country is becoming more and more important, and a brief sketch of its origin and character may be useful in aiding our readers to understand the course of events. The contest is properly between Brazil and Buenos Ayres, and the prize for which the two forces are contending is the province of Uruguay. Until 1821 Uruguay was a province of Buenos Ayres; but Pedro I. of Brazil, by the lavish use of bribes and other agencies, equally potent and equally corrupt, succeeded in revolutionizing the country and attaching it to Brazil. In 1825 Uruguay declared itself free, and in 1828 it was recognized as a free government by the Plata Confederation, in which recognition Brazil was obliged to concur. Upon the abdication of Pedro, which occurred soon after, Brazil was governed by a regency of which Louis Philippe obtained complete control. France, Spain, and Portugal formed a design of re-annexing Uruguay to Brazil, and they found facile allies in this purpose in the Brazilian Court, which sought to extend the boundaries of the Empire to the coasts of the River Plata and the Uruguay, and to occupy the vast and fertile territory which they include. From that time to this, with occasional intermissions, the war has been going on. Rosas, dictator of Buenos Ayres, struggles with the strength of desperation for the recovery of Uruguay, and he is aided by Oribe, the President of Uruguay, who resists to the utmost the designs of Brazil, and prefers annexation to Buenos Ayres. Against them are the Brazilian troops, aided by Urquiza, formerly a general under Rosas, but subsequently a traitor to him and his country.

On the 20th of July Urquiza and Garzon crossed the Uruguay with a large force, which was constantly increased by desertions from the army of Oribe: they were to be joined by a Brazilian army of 12,000 men, and the war was to be carried into the heart of Buenos Ayres. On the 26th, Oribe issued a proclamation against Urquiza, and on the 30th marched with a large force to meet him. At our latest advices the troops on both sides were preparing for a grand battle, which must be, to a considerable extent, decisive of the question at issue. It is very difficult to acquire accurate and reliable information from the papers which reach us, as they are without exception partisan prints, and far more solicitous to magnify the deeds and strength of their respective parties, than to tell the truth. By the time our next Number is issued we shall probably receive decisive intelligence.

From Valparaiso our dates are to the 1st of Sep

tember. Of the loan of three hundred thousand dollars asked for by the Chilian government, only seventy thousand had been raised. Two or three shocks of an earthquake had been felt at Concepcion, but very little injury was sustained. The coinage at the National Mint during the first half of this year, up to July 10th, had amounted to two million dollars and upward, in 127,101 gold doubloons. The Custom House receipts for the year ending 30th June, 1851, exceed those of the previous year \$118,389 70. Reciprocity has been established with Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Bremen, Sardinia, Denmark, United States, France, Great Britain, Hamburg, Oldenburg, Prussia, and the Sandwich Islands. It is reported that Peru has entered into a close alliance with Brazil against Rosas. Reciprocity has been established in Chilian ports for Swedish and Norwegian vessels. The rails are laid on the Copiaco Railroad, a distance of 26 miles. On the 20th of July, the first locomotive engine ran through from Caldera to the Valley, and has since been transporting timber and iron for the extension of the track.

GREAT BRITAIN.

We have intelligence from England to the 30th of September, but there is very little worthy a place in our Record. The Queen and Court were still in Scotland, at Balmoral, and of course the public eye was turned thither for all news of interest. Parliament was not in session, but several of the members had met their constituents at county gatherings. Lord PALMERSTON delivered an elaborate speech at Tiverton, on the 24th, which gave material for a good deal of comment. It was a general review of the condition of the kingdom, with a vindictory sketch of the policy pursued by the government. He dwelt eloquently on the admirable manner in which the great Exhibition had been conducted, and the excellent effect it would have upon the various nations whose representatives it had brought together. The Catholic question, the corn-laws, and the slave-trade were treated briefly and cogently. The speech was very able, and very well received. Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, after holding himself aloof from politics for several years, has again come forward and avowed his willingness to represent the County of Hertford in Parliament. He professes a firm belief in protection principles, and expresses the belief that the present free-trade system is ruining the country. Mr. DISRAELI addressed the citizens of Buckinghamshire on the 17th, the occasion being an agricultural dinner. He represented the effect of free-trade upon the leading interests of England as having been exceedingly disastrous, but avowed his conviction that the protective system could not be restored, and urged the importance of reforms in the financial administration of the country. He referred frequently to the history of his own course in Parliament, and indicated a suspicion that the new reform bill of the Ministry would prove to aim rather at curtailment of the influence of the agricultural class, than to effect any desirable change. Mr. HUME met an assembly of his constituents on the 13th, at Montrose, and addressed them on the necessity of a more economical administration of public affairs, if England desired to compete with the United States. The people ought to insist, he said, upon such a new reform bill as should give every householder a vote in the national representation. This would increase the number of voters from nine hundred thousand to between three and four millions.

The vessels sent out by the English government in search of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, have returned, without any further discoveries than those already re-

corded. The officers assert their belief that Sir JOHN is still alive and shut up by ice, at a point beyond any which the expedition was able to reach. They have applied to the government for a steam propeller, with which, they are confident, they can reach the region where he is supposed to be confined. No answer to this application has yet been made.

The Crystal Palace continued to be crowded with visitors. The approaching close of the Exhibition had caused an increase in the number in attendance. The close is fixed for the middle of October, and notwithstanding the strenuous efforts made for its preservation, the building will probably be taken down soon after.

Hon. ABBOTT LAWRENCE, the American Minister, has been making a tour through Ireland. He was received every where with great enthusiasm. Public receptions awaited him at Galway and Limerick, and at both these cities he made brief addresses, expressing the interest taken by himself and his countrymen in the affairs of Ireland. The project of a line of steamers between Galway and the Atlantic coast was pressed upon his attention.

Emigration from Ireland continues rapidly to increase, and many towns have been almost depopulated. Every body who can get away seems inclined to leave. The census returns show that the population of Ireland has diminished very considerably within the last ten years. The potato crop promises to be generally good, though the disease has made its appearance in several localities. In all other crops the returns will be above the average.

An experiment has been made in England with a steam plow, which proved highly successful.

Another attempt has been made, with a good degree of success, to establish telegraphic communication across the Straits of Dover. A large cable has been prepared and sunk in the Channel from one shore to the other, and so far as could be perceived, it promised to answer the purpose. This will bring London into immediate connection with every part of the Continent.

FRANCE.

The government is pushing to the extreme its measures of severity against the press. Upon the merest rumor about two hundred foreigners were suddenly arrested by the authorities, on charge of conspiracy, though investigation proved the charge to be utterly groundless, and led to the immediate discharge of most of them. The *Constitutionnel* lavished the most extravagant eulogiums upon the government for its action in this case. One of the sons of Victor Hugo in a newspaper article ventured to protest against these eulogiums, for which he was condemned to an imprisonment of nine months, and a fine of 2200 francs; and M. Meurice, the proprietor of the *Evenement*, the paper in which the article appeared, to imprisonment for nine months, and a fine of 3000 francs. The *Presse* was condemned in a similar penalty for a like offense, and several papers in the country districts have been visited with the utmost severity for reflecting upon the government. Meantime the official journals are allowed to indulge in the most direct and emphatic denunciations of the Republic.

The whole tendency of the government is toward an unbridled despotism. Arrests are made on the slightest suspicion. Police agents are quartered in cafés. Houses are entered and papers searched, in a style befitting the worst despotism in the world rather than a nominal Republic. There have been various rumors of conspiracies and intended insurrection, but they seem to have been groundless.

The President laid the foundation stone of the great central market hall, which the city is erecting at a cost of over five million dollars, near St. Eustache. The ceremony was witnessed by an immense concourse. The President in his speech took occasion to express the hope that he might be able to "lay upon the soil of France some foundations whereupon will be erected a social edifice, sufficiently solid to afford a shelter against the violence and mobility of human passions."

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN EUROPE.

An important commercial treaty has been concluded in Germany. Hanover has joined the Prussian Zollverein, having heretofore been the head of a separate association, called the *Steuerverein*, which has been by this movement dissolved. The custom-duties of the Zollverein have been levied on a protective scale; by this new arrangement, the rates will be lowered. The conclusion of this treaty has created a marked sensation in Vienna, as the journals there were loudly predicting the dissolution of the Zollverein.

The Emperor of Austria has written to Prince Schwartzberg, urging the necessity of increased economy in public affairs. The King of Prussia is about to abolish the *Landwehr*, and have none but regular troops in his service.

The Austrian government has exercised its severity upon the humorist, Saphir, who edited a small paper in Vienna. He has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment and the suppression of his journal for a similar period, for having printed a humorous article on the recent ordinances, which the court-martial declared to be an attempt to excite popular ill-feeling toward the government. He is over sixty years old, and quite infirm from disease. The authorities, as if to make their acts as ridiculous as possible, lately punished a printer and a hatter, the former for wearing, and the latter for making a *Klapka hat*. The whole system of government is oppressive and tyrannical in the extreme. A writer from Vienna to the London *Daily News*, says that it hampers, impedes, nay, crushes every kind of superior talent not of a military cast. Lawyers of all kinds are suspected of treason, even those whom the government itself employs; they are watched; their practice is taken away from them; they are not permitted to plead before the courts-martial sitting every where; the universities are all placed under martial law, that of Vienna is entirely suppressed; the professors and teachers of all kinds are left to their own resources; literature is closed to them; no one writes books, for a publisher will not publish any thing but of the lightest character; newspapers can not employ men of talent; in fine, nothing but soldiering or police spying seems left to the majority of the educated classes.

The Austrian government have found it necessary to resort to a loan, of some ten or twelve millions of dollars, of which, at the latest advices, over half had been taken, mainly on the Continent.

The Neapolitan government has published an official reply to the charges against it contained in the letters of Mr. Gladstone. These charges were of the most serious character, implicating the government in acts of cruelty, which would have disgraced the barbarous tribes of Africa. Mr. Gladstone solemnly arraigned the government, before the public opinion of the civilized world, as being an "incessant, systematic, deliberate violation of law," with the direct object of destroying whole classes of citizens, and those the very classes upon which the health, solidity, and progress of the nation depend. A series of special instances was given to sustain these charges. The reply consists in a denial of the

charges, and in specific refutation of many of the facts alleged. It is a carefully prepared paper, and has done something to moderate the very harsh judgment which Mr. Gladstone's letters induced almost every one to form.

A letter from Rome, published in the *Paris Debats* states that another attempt to murder by means of an explosive contrivance, had occurred there within the last few days. A tube, filled with gunpowder and bits of iron, had been placed in a passage leading to the laboratory of a chemist, at whose shop several persons, well-known for their attachment to the Pontifical Government, usually meet in the early part of the evening. Fortunately the match fell out of the tube, after having been lighted, and the explosion did not take place. The police had not discovered the culprit.

The same letter mentions a new difficulty that has lately arisen between the French and Papal authorities at Civita Vecchia. The new French packets of the Messageries having superseded the old *bateaux-postes*, it appears that the captain of one of the former, claimed for his ship the privileges of a vessel of war, a claim which the sanitary authorities of Civita Vecchia would not admit; whereupon Colonel de la Mare, commandant of the garrison of Civita Vecchia, had two or three of the *employés* of the Board of Health arrested. It was believed, however, that the question will be amicably settled.

In SPAIN public attention has been almost entirely absorbed in the Cuban question. The Spanish papers were very violent against the United States, and clamored loudly for war, though the necessity of European aid in such a contest is very sensibly felt. It is announced with every appearance of truth, that England and France have entered into engagements with Spain for the purpose of preventing future attempts upon Cuba from the United States. To what extent this guarantee goes we have no precise information; but it is stated in the Paris journals that a French steamer has been dispatched to the United States for the express purpose of making representations to our government upon the subject. Spain has sent reinforcements to her army in Cuba and is taking active steps to increase her naval strength for an anticipated collision with the United States.

The usual party struggles agitate the Spanish Capital. It is said that the Government contemplate decided reforms in the Tariff regulations of the country, maintaining the protective duties wherever Spanish manufactures can be aided thereby, and encouraging competition in all those branches which have been stationary hitherto.

TURKEY.

Intelligence has been received of the departure of Kossuth and his Hungarian companions from Constantinople, in the steamer Mississippi, for the United States. They arrived at Smyrna on the 12th of September, and are daily expected at New York as we close this Record of the month. It is understood that Austria employed her utmost resources of diplomacy to prevent the release of Kossuth, but they were ineffectual. She will probably now seek to punish Turkey for disregarding her wishes, by sending the chiefs of the Bosnian rebellion again into Bosnia, to rekindle the flame. She concentrates her troops on the frontiers of Bosnia, Servia, and Wallachia. She attempts to gain the leading men in Servia, and she encourages and patronizes the former princes of Servia, who are still pretenders. Thus it is tried to kindle a new revolution in that country. Russia apparently keeps aloof on the question of the liberation of Kossuth, ready to profit by the oppor-

munity to present herself either as protecting the Porte, should the revolution succeed, or as mediator, should the difficulties with Austria lead to the brink of a rupture.

Omer Pasha, the Sultan's great general, remains in Bosnia, as long as the difficulties with Austria are not settled. In consequence of the Austrian movements he had concentrated 30,000 men in this province. The Servian Government has given orders for the armament of the militia, at the same time an explanation has been required from Austria as to the concentration of her troops on the frontier.

The political condition and prospects of Turkey, notwithstanding the representations of her papers, are represented as very far from promising. A correspondent of the London Morning Chronicle depicts her position in gloomy colors. She is tormented, he says, on every side. On the one hand, France imperiously demands the Holy Sepulchre; on the other, Russia as imperiously forbids her giving it up. If she gives in to France, the whole Christian population will rise to a man against her. The Pacha of Egypt and the Bey of Tunis both refuse to obey her, and of all the troops with their fine uniforms and arms which parade at Constantinople, not one dare go against these audacious subjects. The provinces of the empire are a prey to brigandage on a scale which makes even all that is said of Greek brigandage appear as nothing. In the mean time the treasury is empty, nor can all the expedients resorted to succeed in filling it. The national feeling, always against the system of reform, which was quite superficial, has broken out openly, and the people, supported by the clergy, are ready to rise on all sides. Even in the capital this state of feeling is very prevalent, and shows itself by the usual barbarous expedient of incendiary fires. There have been several very severe ones, even within the last few days. One time three hundred of the largest houses in Constantinople were reduced to ashes; next fifteen hundred houses in Scutari fell, including all the markets, magazines, mills, and probably the whole town would have followed, had it not been for a violent fall of rain, which quelled the fire.

It is, above all, the position of the Christians, which is deplorable and precarious. The scenes of Aleppo last year are now acting in Magnesia, and threaten to break out again at Aleppo, where the Government wants to force the inhabitants to pay an indemnity to the Christians, which they insolently refuse. The Government, in trying to maintain her system of progress, is but showing her weakness. She is obliged to keep an army of observation constantly on foot in Bosnia, where the revolt is not by any means entirely quelled, and which is covered with bands of brigands ready to unite and become an insurgent army. Bagdad is in a state of siege by the Arabs, who fly as soon as pursued, but quickly return, devastating the country wherever they appear.

PERSIA.

Important news has been received from Teheran, announcing a serious coolness between Russia and Persia, and the possibility of a rupture between these governments. Several months ago some Turcomans are alleged to have set fire to Russian vessels in the Caspian, near Astrabad, and massacred the crews. Orders were consequently sent from St. Petersburg to the Russian ambassador at Teheran to demand the immediate dismissal of the governor of Mazanderan, or to haul down his flag. The dismissal has been finally granted, but only after difficulties which have brought about the coolness above mentioned. The

same mail from Persia brings intelligence that the governor of Herat, Yar-Mehemed Khan, having died, the Shah immediately sent troops to occupy that city, notwithstanding the opposition of the English minister.

INDIA AND THE EAST.

News from Calcutta has been received to the 1st of September. We mentioned last month the probable seizure by the English government, of part of the provinces of the Nizam as security for a debt. We now learn that he has rescued his territory from seizure by paying part of the money due, and giving security for the remainder. He had pledged part of the Hyderabad jewels. A conspiracy to effect the escape of Moolraj had been discovered in Calcutta. It was reported that the Arsenal had been set on fire and the prisoners liberated in the confusion. Twenty villages round about Goolbargah had been plundered and burned by the Rohillas. It was mentioned, in the way of a report, that the troops of Goolab Singh had been beaten in a conflict with the people some four days' journey from Cashmere. A great many men and a quantity of baggage were said to have been lost. The Calcutta railroad progresses, notwithstanding the rainy season; the terminus has been chosen, and the necessary ground for its erection, and that of the requisite office has been purchased at Howrah.

In CHINA the rebellion continued to extend. The Imperial troops had not been able to make any impression upon the rebels. A good deal of alarm was felt at Canton in regard to the probable result.

In AUSTRALIA the discoveries of gold absorb attention. The reported existence of the mines is not only confirmed, but it is proved that even rumor has under-estimated the extent and value of the gold region. The government itself, satisfied from the official report, has moved in the matter, and has put forth a claim to the precious metal, prohibiting any one from taking gold or metal from any property within the territory of New South Wales, and threatening with punishment any person finding gold in the uninhabited parts of the said territory which has not yet been disposed of, or ceded by the Crown, or who shall search or dig for gold in and upon such territory. The proclamation adds that "upon receipt of further information upon this matter, such regulations shall be made as may be considered just and decisive, and shall be published as soon as possible, whereby the conditions will be made known on which, by the payment of a reasonable sum, licenses shall be granted." Although this proclamation was issued on the publication of the discovery, the government had taken no steps to carry out the licensing system, apparently sensible that the means at their command were insufficient to compel parties to abandon their rich and selected spots. The accounts received from Sydney to June 5th are full of the gold discoveries. There were about 16,000 to 20,000 persons employed at the diggings, comprising all classes, from the polite professions to handicraftsmen, runaway policemen, and seamen from the shipping. Indeed, desertions from the latter were so numerous and frequent, that vessels were quitting for fear of similar desertions and the destruction of shipping as occurred at California, in consequence of whole crews flitting to the mines. At Sydney labor had advanced fifty per cent., but up to the above date accounts of the gold-finding had not reached the sister settlements. The gold range of the Blue Mountains extended nearly 400 miles in length, and about forty miles wide.

Editor's Table.

WESTWARD—EVER WESTWARD has been the marching symbol of mankind from the earliest periods to the present. The striking fact is suggested in the well known line of Bishop Berkeley—

WESTWARD the course of empire takes its way.

"The progress of the race," says the German psychologist Rauch, "has ever been against the rotation of the earth, and toward the setting sun;" as though it were in obedience to some natural law common to all planets that revolve upon their axes. We may reject this as fanciful; and yet there are some reasons why the primitive roaming tendency, or spirit of discovery, should have taken one direction rather than another—reasons grounded, not on any direct physiological magnetism, but upon the effect of certain outward phenomena on the course of human thought. Especially may we believe in some such influence as existing in that young and impressible period, when an unchanging direction may be rationally supposed to have been derived from the first faintest impressions, either upon the sense or the intelligence. To the early musing, meditative mind, the setting, rather than the ascending or meridian sun, would most naturally connect itself with the ideas of the vast and the undiscovered—the remote, legendary land, where the light goes down so strangely behind the mountains, or on the other side of the seemingly boundless plain, or beyond the 'deserts' solitary waste, or away on the ocean wave, as it grows dim in the misty horizon, or presents in its vanishing outline the far-off, shadowy isle. The darkness, too, that follows, would nourish the same feeling of mysterious interest, and thus aid in giving rise to that impulse, which, when once originated, maintains itself afterward by its own onward self-determining energy.

But whatever we may think, either of the poetry or the philosophy, there can be no denying the historical fact. *Westward, ever westward*, has been the course of emigration, of civilization, of learning, and of religion. It was so in the days of the Patriarchs, and the process is still going on in the middle of the nineteenth century. The first express mention of such a tendency we find in one of the earliest notices of Holy Writ. "*And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, they came to the land of Shinar, and they settled there.*"—Gen. xi. 2. The language would imply that the process had been going on for some time before. The east there mentioned was the country beyond the great river Euphrates, whence, as those learned in the sacred language would inform us, came the name *Hebrews*, the *Trans-Euphratean* colonists, or those who had come over the great bounding stream that separated the "old countries," or the "cradle of the race," from the then new and unexplored western world. The next migration of which we have a particular account is that of Abraham who journeyed from Ur of the Chaldees to the promised land. Previous to this, however, the most extensive movements had taken place. Egypt was already settled by the stream, which, taking a southwest deflection, was destined to fill the vast continent of Africa. It was after the dispersion at Babel that the main current of humanity moved rapidly and steadily onward in the direction of the original impulse. There was indeed a tendency toward the east, but it never had the same impetus from the start; and its movement resembled more the flow of a sluggish backwater, than the natural

progress. It sooner came to a stand, such as we find it represented in the civilization of India, Thibet, and China, dead and stagnant as it has been for centuries. But the western flood was ever onward, onward—a stream of living water, carrying with it the best life of humanity, and the ultimate destinies of the race. A bare glance at the map of the world will show what were the original courses of emigration. Asia must have poured into Europe through three principal channels—through Asia Minor and the isles of Greece, across the Hellespont by the way of Thrace and the lower part of Central Europe, or between the Black and Caspian seas, through the regions afterward occupied by Gog and Magog, and Meshek, or the Scythian, the Gothic, and the Muscovite hordes. But light and civilization ever went mainly by the way of the sea. The intercourse from coast to coast, and from isle to isle, was more favorable to cultivation of manners, and elevation of thought, than the laborious passages through the dark forests of the north, or the torrid deserts of the south; and hence the early superiority of the sons of Javan, and Kittim, and Tarshish, or in short, of all whose advance was ever along that great highway of civilization, the Mediterranean Sea. "By these," to use the language of Scripture, "were the isles of the Gentiles divided in their lands." The most crowded march, however, must have been that taken up by the sons of Tiras, and Gomer, and Ashkenaz, by way of Thrace, and the mid regions of Europe. We have one proof of this in the name given to the famous crossing-place between Europe and Asia. It was called by an oriental word denoting the *passage of flocks and herds*, and hence, to the thousands and tens of thousands who constantly gathered on its banks, it was the *Bosphorus* (*bo-os, poros*), the *Ox-ford*, or ox-ferry—a most notable spot in the world's early emigration, the name of which the Greeks afterward translated into their own tongue, and then, according to their usual custom, invented, or accommodated, for its explanation, the mythus of the wandering Io.

But still, through all these channels, it was *ever westward*, ever from the rising and toward the setting sun. It may be a matter of curious interest to note how the word itself seems to have moved onward with the march of mankind. The far-off, unknown land, for the time being, was ever *the West*—departing farther and farther from the terminus which each succeeding age had placed, and continually receding from the emigrant, like Hesperia (the *West* of the *Æneid*) ever flying before the wearied Trojans—

Oras Hesperiae semper fugientis.

In the very earliest notices of sacred history, Canaan was the *West*. When Abraham arrived there from Ur of the Chaldees, he found the pioneers had gone before him. "The Canaanites," it is said, "were already in the land," although soon to give way to a more heaven-favored race. Next the coast of the Philistines becomes the *West*. Then the Great Sea, or the Mediterranean, with its stronghold of Tyre, as it is called, Joshua xix. 29. Tyre, the ancient Gibraltar, "the entry of the waters" (Ezek. xxvii. 1), and which was to be "the merchant of the people for many isles." In this way the language derived its fixed name for this quarter of the horizon. As the north is called by a word meaning the *dark or hidden* place, so the sea ever denotes the west. Hence the Psalmist's method of expressing the immensity of

the Divine presence; "Should I take the wings of the morning (or the east) and dwell in the parts beyond the sea," or the uttermost *west*, "even then shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand still shall hold me." In the next period, the *west* is removed to the land of Chittim (Gen. x. 4), or the modern isle of Cyprus, of which there is a city yet remaining with the radicals of the ancient name. Among other places it is mentioned, Isaiah xxiii. 1. "News from the land of Chittim," or, "From the land of Chittim is it revealed unto them," says the prophet in his account of the wide-spread commerce of Tyre. It would almost seem like a modern bulletin from San Francisco and California. Soon, however, the ever retiring terminus is to be found in the country of Caphtor (Jeremiah xlvii. 4), or the island of Crete, first settled by the roving Cretites, or Cherethites, from a more ancient city of the same name on the coast of Philistia (Deut. ii. 23), and not in a reverse direction, as some would suppose. Again it recedes rapidly among the "Isles of the Sea," so often mentioned in the Scriptures, and which becomes a general name for the remote—the countries beyond the waters, and, in fact, for all Europe. Proceeding from what was imperfectly known as Cyprus and the Ægean Archipelago, the early Orientals would seem to have regarded all this quarter of the world as one vast collection of islands, in distinction from the main earth, main land, or Continent of Asia. Hence the contrast, Ps. xcvi. 1:

The Lord is King—Let the *earth* rejoice
Let the many *isles* be glad.

Leaving behind us the Jews, and taking Homer for our guide, we next find the *west* in Greece as opposed to the Eoian realm of Troy, or the land toward the morning dawn. In the interval between the Iliad and the Odyssey, another transition has taken place. The latter poem is separate from the former in space as well as in time. The Odyssey is west of the Iliad. It is the "setting sun" in a sense different from that intended by the critic Longinus, but no less true and significant. Epirus, Phaëcia, and the Ionian isles (as they have been called), are now the *West*. Sicily is just heard of as the *ultima regio* of the known world. It is the mythical land of the cannibal Cyclops, and beyond it dwells the King of the Winds. To the Trojan followers of Æneas, Italy is the *West*—the land of promise to the exiles fleeing from the wars of the older eastern world. The imagination pictured it as lying under the far distant Hesper, or evening star, and hence it was called *Hesperia*:

Graïo cognomine dicta.

But we must travel more rapidly onward. In the noon of the Roman empire, Spain and Gaul were the *West*, the *terra occidentalis*. Soon Britain and Ireland take the place and name. It was to the same quarters, too, on the breaking up of this immense Roman mass, that the main element of its strength moved onward, although the mere shadow of empire remained in the slow decaying East. And now for centuries the march seemed impeded by the great ocean barrier, until the same original impulse, gathering strength by long delay, at length achieved the discovery of what, more emphatically than all other lands, has been called *The Western World*. Every one knows how rapid has been the same movement since. Scarcely had the eastern shores been visited, when hardy adventurers brought news of a *western* coast, and of a *Western Ocean*, still beyond. This remoter sea becomes the mythical terminus in the grants and charters of the first English settlements, as though in anticipation of the future greatness of

the empire of which they were to form the constituent parts. Since then how swift has been the same march across the new discovered continent! Rapid as must be our sketch, it is hardly more so than the reality it represents. Even within the memory of persons not yet past the meridian of life, a portion of our own State was called the *West*. The name was given to the land of the Mohawks and the Six Nations; but like Hesperia of old, it was always flying in the van of advancing cultivation. Soon Ohio becomes the *West*, along with Indiana, Illinois, and Kentucky. Then Michigan is the *West*. In a few years Wisconsin assumes the appellation; then Iowa; then Minnesota; while, in another quarter, Missouri and Arkansas successively carry on the steady march toward the setting sun. It is true, there seemed to be a pause in sight of the obstacles presented by the barren plains of Texas and New Mexico, but it was only to burst over them with a more powerful impetus. And California is now the *West*—the land of gold and golden hope. It is now, to the present age, what Canaan was to the Hebrews (we mean, of course, geographically), or as the isles of the sea to the sons of Javan and Tarshish, or as Italy to the Trojan exiles. But is the movement there to find its termination? The next step mingles it with the remains of the old Eastern civilization. China and India must yet feel its revivifying power, and then the rotation will have been complete. Ophir has been already reached, and soon the long journeying of restless humanity will come round again to the plain of Shinar, or the region in which commenced the original dispersion of the race.

Some most serious reflections crowd upon the mind in connection with such a thought. What, during all this period, has been the real progress of humanity? In certain aspects of the question the answer is most prompt and easy. In the supply of physical wants, and in facilities for physical communication, the advance gained has been immense. But are men—the mass of men—really wiser in respect to their truest good? Or are they yet infatuated with that old folly of building a tower, whose top should reach unto heaven? In other words, are they still seeking to get above the earth by earthly means, and fancying that through science, or philosophy, or "liberal institutions," or any other magic name, they may obtain a self-elevating power, which shall lift them above *physical* and moral evil. Will the long and toilsome march be followed by that true *gnōthi seauton*, that real self-knowledge, which is cheaply obtained even at such a price; or will it be only succeeded by another varied exhibition of the selfish principle, the more malignant in proportion as it is more refined, another Babel of opinions, another confusion of speech, another proof of the feebleness and everlasting unrest of humanity while vainly seeking to be independent of Heaven?

MARRIAGE has ever been closely allied to religion. It has had its altar, its offering, its rites, its invocation, its shrine, its mysteries, its mystical significance. "It is *honorable*," says the Apostle. "*Precious*," some commentators tell us, the epithet should be rendered—of *great value*, of *highest price*. In either sense, it would well denote what may be called, by way of eminence, the conservative institution of human society, the channel for the transmission of its purest life, and for this very reason, the object ever of the first and fiercest attacks of every scheme of disorganizing radical philosophy. In harmony with this idea there was a deep significance in some of the Greek marriage ceremonies; and among these none pos

essed a profounder import than the custom of carrying a torch, or torches, in the bridal procession. Especially was this the mother's delightful office. It was hers, in a peculiar manner, to bear aloft the blazing symbol before the daughter, or the daughter-in-law, and there was no act of her life to which the heart of a Grecian mother looked forward with a more lively interest. It was, on the other hand, a ground of the most passionate grief, when an early death, or some still sadder calamity, cut off the fond anticipation. Thus Medea—

I go an exile to a foreign land,
Ere blest in you, or having seen you blessed.
That rapturous office never shall be mine,
To adorn the bride, and with a mother's hand,
Lift high the nuptial torch.

Like many other classical expressions, it has passed into common use, and become a mere conventional phraseology. This is the case with much of our poetical and rhetorical dialect. Metaphors, which, in their early usage, presented the most vivid conceptions, and were connected with the profoundest significance, have passed away into dead formulas. They keep the flow of the rhythm, they produce a graceful effect in rounding a period, they have about them a faint odor of classicality, but the life has long since departed. As far as any impressive meaning is concerned, a blank space would have answered almost as well. The "altar of Hymen," the "nuptial torch," suggest either nothing at all, or a cold civil engagement, with no higher sanctions than a justice's register, or the business-like dispatch of what, in many cases, is a most unpoetical, as well as a most secular transaction.

The nuptial torch was significant of marriage, as the divinely appointed means through which the lamp of life is sent down from generation to generation. It was the symbol of the true vitality of the race, as preserved in the single streams of the "isolated household," instead of being utterly lost in the universal conflagration of unregulated passion. It was the kindling of a new fire from the ever-burning hearth of Vesta. It was the institution of a new domestic altar. The torch was carried by the mother in procession before the daughter, or the daughter-in-law, and then given to the latter to perform the same office, with the same charge, to children, and children's children, down through all succeeding generations. Such a custom, and such a symbol, never could have originated where polygamy prevailed, nor have been ever preserved in sympathy with such a perversion of the primitive idea. Neither could it maintain itself where marriage is mainly regarded as a civil contract, having no other sanction for its commencement, and, of course, no other for its dissolution, than the consent of the parties. Have we not reason to suppose that some such conception is already gaining ground among us. It would seem to come from that wretched individualism, the source of so many social errors, which would regard marriage as a transaction for the convenience of the parties, and subject to their spontaneity, rather than in reference to society or the race. The feeling which lends its aid to such a sophism, is promoted by the prevailing philosophy in respect to what are called "woman's rights." We allude not now to its more extravagant forms, but to that less offensive, and more plausible influence, which, in the name of humanity and of protection to the defenseless, is in danger of sapping the foundation of a most vital institution. We can not be too zealous in guarding the person or property of the wife against the intemperate or improvident husband; but it should be

done, and it can be done, without marring that sacred oneness which is the vitality of the domestic commonwealth. In applying the sharp knife of reform in this direction, it should be seen to, that we do not cut into the very life of the *idea*—to use a favorite phrase of the modern reformer. No evil against which legislation attempts to guard, can be compared with the damage which might come from such a wound. No hurt might be more incurable than one that would result from families of children growing up every where with the familiar thought of divided legal interests in the joint source whence they derived their birth. There must be something holy in that which the apostle selected as the most fitting comparison of the relation between Christ and his Church; and there have been far worse superstitions (if it be a superstition) than the belief which would regard marriage as a sacrament. Be this, however, as it may, it is the other error of which we have now the most reason to be afraid. There is a process going forward on the pages of the statute book, in judicial proceedings respecting divorce, and in the general tendency of certain opinions, which is insensibly undermining an idea, the most soundly conservative in the best sense of the term, the most sacred in its religious associations, as well as the most important in its bearings upon the highest earthly good of the human race.

The opposing philosophy sometimes comes in the most plausible and insidious shape. It, too, has its religionism. It talks loftily of the "holy marriage of hearts," and of the sacredness of the *affection*; but in all this would only depreciate the sacredness of the outward relation. It affects to be conservative, moreover. It would preserve and exalt the essence in distinction from the form. It has much to say of "legalized adulteries." The affection, it affirms, is holier than any outward bond. But let it be remembered that the first is human and changeable, the second is divine and permanent. It is the high consideration, too, of the one that, more than any earthly means, would tend to preserve the purity of the other. The relation is the regulator of the affection, the mould through which it endures, the constraining form in which alone it acquires the unity, and steadiness, and consistency of the idea, in distinction from the capricious spontaneity of the individual passion. Let no proud claim, then, of inward freedom, assuming to be holier than the outward bond, pretend to sever what God has joined together. At no time, perhaps, in the history of the world, and of the church, has there been more need of caution against such a sophism than in this age so boastful of its lawless subjectivity, or in other words, its higher rule of action, transcending the outward and positive ordinance.

CHARITY IS LOVE—Liberality is often only another name for indifference. The bare presentation of the terms in their true relation, is enough to show the immense opposition between them. *Charity is tenderness*. "It suffereth long and is kind." But the same authority tells us, likewise, that "it rejoiceth in the truth." Except as connected with a fervent interest in principles we hold most dear, the word loses all significance, and the idea all vitality. Even when it assumes the phase of intolerance, it is a nobler and more precious thing than the liberality which often usurps its name. In this aspect, however, it is ever the sign of an unsettled and a doubting faith. He who is well established in his own religious convictions can best afford to be charitable. He has no fear and no hatred of the heretic lest he

should take from him his own insecure foundation. His feet upon a rock, he can have no other than feelings of tenderness for the perishing ones whom he regards as struggling in the wild waters below him. How can he be uncharitable, or unkind, to those of his companions in the perilous voyage, who, in their blindness, or their weakness, or it may be in the perverse madness of their depravity, can not, or will not lay hold of the plank which he offers for their escape because it is the one on which he fondly hopes he himself has rode out the storm. They may call his warm zeal bigotry and uncharitableness; but then, what name shall be given to that greater madness, that fiercer intolerance, which would not only reject the offered aid, but exercise vindictive feelings toward the hand that would draw them out of the overwhelming billows?

One of the richest illustrations of the view here presented is to be found in the writings of that *durus pater*, Saint Augustine. We find nothing upon our editorial table more precious—nothing that we would send forth on the wings of our widely circulated Magazine, with a more fervent desire that it might, not only meet the eye, but penetrate the heart of every reader. "How can I be angry with you," says this noble father, in his controversy with the Manichæans, "how can I be angry with you when I remember my own experience? Let him be angry with you who knows not with what difficulty error is shunned and truth is gained. Let him be angry with you, who knows not with what pain the spiritual light finds admission into the dark and diseased eye. Let him be angry with you, who knows not with what tears and groans the true knowledge of God and divine things is received into the bewildered human soul."

Editor's Easy Chair.

SINCE we last chatted with our readers, a month ago, old Autumn has fairly taken the year upon his shoulders, and is bearing him in his parti-colored jacket, toward the ice-pits of Winter. The soft advance of Indian Summer, with its harvest moons round and red, and its sunsets deep-dyed with blood and gold, is stealing smokily across the horizon, and witching us to a last smile of warmth, and to a farewell summer joyousness.

The town has changed, too, like the season: and the streets are all of them in the hey-day of the Autumn flush. The country merchants are gone home, and the Southern loiterers are creeping lazily southward—preaching the best of Union discourses—with their geniality and their frankness. The old Broadway hours of promenade are coming again; and you can see blithe new-married couples, and wishful lovers, at morning and evening, lighting up the *trottoir* with their sunshine. The wishful single ones too, are wearing new fronts of hope, as the town-men settle again into their winter beat, and feel, in their bachelor chambers, the lack of that stir of sociality, which enlivens the summer of the springs.

Old married people too—not so joyous as once—forget all the disputes of the old winter, in the pleasant approaches of a new one; and try hard to counterfeit a content which they esteem and desire.

But with all its gayety, theatre-running, concert-going, and shopping, the town wears underneath a look of sad sourness. Merchants that were as chatty as the most loquacious magpies only a five-month gone, are suddenly grown as gruff and dumb as the Norwegian bears. The tightness of Wall-street has an uncommon "effect upon facial muscles;" and men

that would have been set down by the "Medical Examiners" as good for a ten years' lease of life, are now wearing a visage that augurs any thing but healthy action of the liver.

Even our old friends that we parted from in May, as round and dimpled as country wenches, have met us the week past with a rueful look, and have said us as short a welcome as if we were their creditors. We pity sadly the poor fellow, who, with a firm reliance on the steady friendship of his old companion, goes to him in these times for a loan of a "few thousands." Friendship has a hard chance for a livelihood nowadays in Wall-street; and the man that would give us an easy shake of the hand when we met him on 'Change in the spring, will avoid us now as if he feared contagion from our very look.

The fat old gentlemen who used to loll into our office in May-time, to read the journals, and crack stale jokes, and quietly puff out one or two of our choice Regalias, have utterly vanished. We find no invitations to dine upon our table—no supper cards for a "sit-down" to fried oysters and Burgundy "punctually at nine."

Wall-street is the bugbear that frights New York men out of all their valor; and, as is natural enough, Wall-street, and specie, and heavy imports, and a new tariff, and the coming crop of cotton are just now at the top of the talk of the town.

Let our good readers then, allow for this incubus, in tracing the jottings down, this month, of our usually gossiping pen. Let them remember in all charity that two per cent. a month, for paper good as the bank, makes a very poor stimulant for such pastime as literary gossip. When our men of business replace their Burgundy and Lafitte of 1841, with merely merchantable Medoc, readers surely will be content with a plain boiled dish, trimmed off with a few carrots, in place of the rich *ragouts*, with which, at some future time, we shall surely tickle their appetite.

The Northern Expedition under the lead of Lieutenant De Haven, has given no little current to the chit-chat of the autumn hours; and people have naturally been curious to see some of the brave fellows who wintered it among the crevices of the Polar ice, and who braved a night of some three months' darkness. It is just one of those experiences which must be passed through to be realized; nor can we form any very adequate conceptions (and Heaven forbid that experience should ever improve our conceptions!) of a night which lasts over weeks of sleeping, and waking, and watching—of a night which knows neither warmth, nor daybreak—a night which counts by cheerless months, and has no sounds to relieve its darkness, but the fearful crashing of icebergs, and the low growl of stalking bears.

What a waste of resolution and of energy has been suffered in those northern seas! And yet it is no waste; energy is never wasted when its action is in the sight of the world. It tells on new development, and quickens impulse for action, wherever the story of it goes.

It is, to be sure, sad enough that the poor Lady Franklin must go on mourning; but she has the satisfaction of knowing that sympathy with her woes has enlisted thousands of brave beating hearts, and has led them fearlessly into the very bosom of those icy perils, which now, and we fear must forever, shroud the fate of her noble husband. Nor is that grief and devotion of the Lady Franklin without its teaching of beneficence. Its story adds to the dignity of humanity, and quickens the ardor of a thou

sand hearts, who watch it as a beacon of that earnest and undying affection, which belongs to a true heart-life, but which rarely shows such brilliant tokens of its strength.

PERHAPS it is fortunate that at a time when commerce is shaking with an ague, that makes pallid cheeks about town, there should be such a flush as now in the histrionic life of the city. Scarce a theatre or concert-room but has its stars; and if music and comedy have any great work of goodness to do in this world, it may surely be in relieving despondency and lightening the burdens of misfortune.

Miss Catharine Hays is a very good chit-chat topic for any breakfast-room of the town; and although she has not excited that excess of furor which was kindled by the Swedish singer, she has still gained a reputation whose merits are spoken with enthusiasm, and will be remembered with affection. Poor, suffering Ireland can not send to such a sympathetic nation as this, a pretty, graceful, pure-minded songstress—whatever might be her qualities—without enlisting a fervor that would shower her path with gold, and testify its strength with flowers and huzzas.

Madame THILLON is pointing much of the after-dinner talk with story of her beauty; and connoisseurs in cheeks and color are having amiable quarrels about her age and eyes. Mrs. WARNER is drawing somewhat of the worn-out Shakspearean taste to a new rendering of Elizabethan comedy. In short the town is bent on driving away the stupor of dull trade with the cheer of art and song.

SPEAKING of art, reminds us of the new picture which is just now gracing the halls of the Academy of Design. It is precisely one of those Art-wonders which, with its great stock of portraits to be discussed, makes the easiest imaginable hinge of talk. It is Healy's great picture of Daniel Webster in his place in the Senate Chamber, replying to General Hayne of South Carolina. The work has been a long time under Mr. Healy's thought and hand, and is perfected, if not with elaborateness, at least with an artistic finish and arrangement that will make the picture one of the great Western pictures. We could wish indeed—although we hazard the opinion with our easy diffidence—that Mr. Healy had thrown a little more of the Demosthenic *action* into the figure, and bearing of the orator; yet, with all its quietude, it shows the port of a strong man. Indeed, in contrast with the boy-like presentment of General Hayne, it almost appears that the fire of the speaker is wasting on trifles; yet, if we may believe contemporaneous history, Hayne was by no means a weak man, and if the fates had not thrust him upon such Titan conflict too early, there might well have been renowned deeds to record of the polished Southron. The initiate lookers-on will see good distance-views of Mrs. Webster, of Mrs. George P. Marsh, and of sundry other ladies, who were by no means so matronly at the date of the "Union" Speech as Mr. Healy's complimentary anachronism would imply.

THE Art Union is coming in for its share of the autumn love of warm tints and glowing colors; and if we might trust a hasty look-in on our way to office duties, we should say there was a scalding brightness about some of the coloring which needs an autumn haze to subdue it to a healthy tone. For all this there are gems scattered up and down, which will woo the eye to a repeated study, and, if we may judge from the flocking crowds, educate the public taste to an increasing love of whatever is lovable in Art.

Leutze's great picture of Washington, will, before this shall have reached the eye of our readers, have won new honors to the name of the painter of the Puritan iconoclasts; and we count it a most healthful augury for American art, that the great painting should have created in advance such glowing expectations.

WE wish to touch with our pen nib—as the observant reader has before this seen—whatever is hanging upon the lip of the town; and with this wish lighting us, we can not of a surety pass by that new burst of exultation, which is just now fanning our clipper vessels, of all rig and build, into an ocean triumph.

Nine hundred and ninety odd miles of ocean way within three days' time, is not a speed to be passed over with mere newspaper mention; and it promises—if our steam-men do not look to their oars—a return to the old and wholesome service of wind and sail. We are chronicling here no imaginary run of a "Flying Dutchman," but the actual performance of the A Number One, clipper-built, and copper-fastened ship, FLYING CLOUD—Cressy, commander! And if the clipper-men can give us a line, Atlantic-wise, which will bowl us over the ocean toward the Lizard, at a fourteen-knot pace, and not too much spray to the quarter deck—they will give even the Collins' monsters a scramble for a triumph. There is a quiet exultation after all, in bounding over the heaving blue wave-backs, with no impelling power, but the swift breath of the god of winds, which steam-driven decks can never give. It is taking nature in the fullness of her bounty, and not cramping her gifts into boiling water-pots; it is a trust to the god of storms, that makes the breezes our helpers, and every gale to touch the cheek with the wanton and the welcome of an aiding brother!

LEAVING now the matters of gossip around us, we propose to luxuriate in that atmosphere of gossip, which pervades the Paris world, and which comes wafted to us on the gauze *feuilletons* of such as Jules Janin, and of Eugene Guinot. They tell us that the city world of France has withdrawn lazily and longingly from the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle and the beaches of Dieppe and Boulogne; and that the freshened beauties of the metropolis, are taking their first autumn-ing upon the shaded asphalt of the Champs Elysées. A little fraction of the *beau monde* has just now taken its usual turn to the sporting ground of Dauphiny and Bretagne; but it is only for carrying out in retired quarters the series of flirtations, which the watering places have set on foot. The French have none of that relish for covers and moor shooting, which enters so largely into the English habit; and a French lady in a land-locked chateau—without a lover in the case—would be the sorriest Nekayah imaginable.

But, says Guinot, the country recluses are just now acquiring a taste for the races and for horsemanship; and he signalizes, in his way, a fairly-run match of ladies, well-known in the salons of Paris, which came off not long since in the grounds of some old country chateau. Among the other whim-whams, which this veteran wonder-teller sets down, is the story of an old Hollander, who every year makes his appearance at the springs of Ems, and devotes himself to *rouge et noir* with the greatest assiduity, until he has won from the bank the sum of twenty-five thousand francs, when he gathers up his gold and disappears for another season. No run of good luck will induce him to increase his earnings, and no bad

fortune in the early part of his visit will break down his purpose, until he has won his usual quota. The managers have even proposed to buy him off for half his usual earnings in advance, but he accepts of no compromise; and stolidly taking his seat at the table, with a bag of *rouleaux* at his side, he stakes his money, and records upon a card the run of the colors—nor quits his place, until his bag is exhausted, or the rooms closed for the night.

As is usual with these tit-bits of French talk, no name is given to the Hollander, and he may live, for aught we know, only in the pestilent brain of the easy paragraphist.

AGAIN, we render grace to French fertility of invention for this *petit histoire*, to which we ourselves venture to add a point or two, for the humor of this-side appetite.

Borrel, a great man in the kitchen, kept the famous Rocher de Cancale. Who has not heard of the Rocher de Cancale? Who has not dreamed of it when—six hours after a slim breakfast of rolls and coffee—he has tugged at his weary brain—as we do now—for the handle of a dainty period?

Borrel had a wife, prettier than she was wise—(which can be said of many wives—not Borrel's). Borrel was undersold by neighbor restaurateurs, and found all the world flocking to the Palais Royal caterers. Borrel's wife spent more than Borrel earned (which again is true of other wives). So that, finally, the Rocher de Cancale was ended: Borrel retired to private life with a bare subsistence; and Borrel's wife, playing him false in his disgrace, ran away with a vagrant Russian.

Borrel languished in retirement: but his friends found him; and having fairly put him on his feet, thronged for a season his new Salon of Frascati. But directly came the upturn of February, and poor Borrel was again broken in business, and thrice broken in spirit. He took a miserable house without the Boulevard, in the quarter of the Batignolles, and only crept back to the neighborhood of his old princely quarters, like the vagrant starveling that he was, at dusk. Years hung heavily on him, and his domestic sorrows only aggravated his losses and his weakness.

But, in process of time, a Russian came to Paris, who had known the city in the days of the Rocher de Cancale. He came with his appetite sharpened for the luxurious dinners of the Rue Montorgueil. But, alas, for him—the famous Restaurant had disappeared, and in its place, was only a paltry show-window of *caleçons* and of *chemisettes*.

He inquired anxiously after the famous Borrel: some shook their heads, and had never heard the name: others, who had known the man, believed him dead. In despair he visited all the Restaurants of Paris, but, for a long, time in vain. At length, an old white-haired garçon of the Café de Paris, to whom he told his wishes, informed him of the miserable fate of the old Prince of suppers.

The Russian traced him to his humble quarters, supplied him with money and clothes—engaged him as his cook, took him away from his ungrateful city, and installed him, finally, as first Restaurateur of St. Petersburg.

His patron was passably old, but still 'a wealthy and prosperous merchant of the northern empire; and his influence won a reputation and a fortune for the reviving head of the house of Borrel. The strangest part (omitted by Lecomte), is yet to come.

Borrel had often visited his patron, but knew nothing of his history, or family: nor was it until after a year or two of the new life, that the poor Restaura-

teur discovered in the deft-handed housekeeper of his patron, his former wife of the Rue Montorgueil!

The discovery seemed a sad one for all concerned. Borrel could not but make a show for his wounded honor. His patron had no wish to lose an old servant; and the lady herself, now that the heyday of her youth was gone, had learned a wholesome dread of notoriety. Wisely enough, each determined to sacrifice a little: Borrel was re-married to his wife; his patron found a new mistress of his household; and madame promised to live discreetly, and guard carefully the profits of the Russian Rocher de Cancale.

If this is not a good French story, we should like to know what it is?

AGAIN we shift our vision to a *belle maison* (pretty house) in a back quarter of London—newly furnished—a little cockneyish in taste, and with all the new books of the day, piled helter-skelter upon the library-table. The owner is a tall, laughing-faced, good natured, not over-bred man, who has traveled to Constantinople and Egypt—to say nothing of an adventurous trip to the top of Mont Blanc.

His history is written by the letter-writers in this way: Poor, and clever, he wrote verses, and essays, and sold them for what he could get; and some say, filled and extracted teeth, to "make the ends meet." It is certain that he once walked the Hospitals of Paris, and that he knows the habits of the grisettes of the Quarter by the Pantheon.

A certain Lord happening upon him, and fancying his laughter-loving look, and waggish eye, cultivated his acquaintance, and proposed to him a trip to the East as his friend, courier, and what-not. Our hero assented—went with him as far as Trieste—quarreled with My Lord—parted from him—pushed his way by "hook and by crook" as far as Cheops—and returned to London with not a penny in his pocket.

Writing brought dull pay (as it always does), and the traveler thought of *talking* instead. He advertised to tell his story in a lecture-room, with songs, and mimicry thrown in to enliven it. The people went slowly at first: finally, they talked of the talking traveler, and all the world went; and the adventurer found his purse filling, and his fortune made.

He bought the *belle maison* we spoke of; and this summer past set off for Mont Blanc, and ascended it—not for the fun of the thing, but for the fun of telling it.

We suppose our readers will have recognized the man we have in our eye: to wit—ALBERT SMITH.

And that—says Lecomte—is the way they do things in England!

Editor's Drawer.

IT was THOMAS HOOD, if we remember rightly ("poor Tom's a-cold" now)! whose "Bridge of Sighs," and "Song of the Shirt," both of them the very perfection of pathos, will be remembered when his lighter productions are forgotten, or have ceased to charm—it was TOM HOOD, we repeat, who described, in a characteristic poetical sketch, the miseries of an Englishman in the French capital, who was ignorant of the language of that self-styled "metropolis of the world." He drew a very amusing picture of the *desagrémens* such an one would be sure to encounter; and among others, the following.

"Never go to France,
Unless you know the lingo,
If you *do*, like me,
You'll repent, by Jingo!"

"Signs I had to make,
For every little notion;
Arms all the while a-going,
Like a telegraph in motion.

"If I wanted a horse,
How d'you think I got it?
I got astride my cane,
And made-believe to trot it!"

There was something very ridiculous, he went on to say, we remember, about the half-English meaning of some of the words, and the utter contradiction of the ordinary meaning in others. "They call," said he,

"They call their mothers *mares*,
And all their daughters *fillies*!"

and he cited several other words not less ludicrous. The celebrated Mrs. RAMSBOTTOM, and her accomplished daughter LAVINIA, the cockney continental travelers, those clever *bon-tousques* of "JOHN BULL," were the first, some thirty years ago, to take notice of this discrepancy, and to illustrate it in their correspondence. The old lady, writing from Paris to friends in her peculiar circle in London, tells them that she has been to see all the curious things about the French capital; and she especially extols the bridges, with their architectural and other adornments. "I went yesterday afternoon," she wrote, "to see the statute of Lewis Quinzy, standing close to the end of one of the *ponts*, as they call their bridges here. I was told by a man there, that Lewis Quinzy was buried there. Quinzy wasn't his real name, but he died of a quinzy sore-throat, and just as they do things here, they called him after the complaint he died of! The statute is a more superior one than the one of Henry Carter (*Henri Quatre*), which I also see, with my daughter Lavinia. I wonder if he was a relation of the Carters of Portsmouth, because if he is, his posteriors have greatly degenerated in size and figure. He is a noble-looking man, in stone." The same old ignoramus wrote letters from Italy, which were equally satirical upon the class of would-be "traveled" persons, to which she was assumed to belong.

Speaking of Rome, and certain of its wonderful and ancient structures, she says: "I have been all through the *Vacuum*, where the Pope keeps his bulls. Every once in a while they say he lets one out, and they occasion the greatest excitement, being more obstinate, if any thing, than an Irish one. I have been, too, to see the great church that was built by Saint PETER, and is called after him. Folks was a-looking and talking about a *knave* that had got into it, but I didn't see no suspicious person. I heard a *tedium* sung while I was there, but it wasn't any great things, to *my* taste. I'd rather hear Lavinia play the 'Battle of Prag.' It was very long and tiresome." Not a little unlike "Mrs. RAMSBOTTOM," is a foreign correspondent of the late Major NOAH's paper, the "Times and Messenger," who writes under the *nom de plume* of "A Disbanded Volunteer," from Paris. He complains that the French language is very "onhandy to articklate;" that the words wont "fit his mouth at all," and that he has to "bite off the ends of 'em," and even then they are cripples. "The grammer," he says, "is orful, specially the jenders, and oncommon inconsistent. A pie is a *he*, and yet they call it *PATTY*, and a loaf is a *he*, too, but if you cut a slice off it, *that's a she*! The pen I'm a-driving is a *she*, but the paper I'm a-writing on is a *he*! A thief," he goes on to say, "is masculine, but the halter that hangs him is feminine;" but he rather likes that, he adds, there being something consoling in being drawn up by a female noose! *F-e-m-m-e*, he contends, "ought to spell *femmy*—but I'm blowed if they don't pronounce it *fam*!"

Like the English cockney travelers, he was pleased with the public monuments, particularly one in the "Plaster La Concord," built by LOUIS QUARTZ, so called, in consequence of the kind of stone used in its erection. The "Basalisk of Looksir," and the "Jargonda Plant," also greatly excited his admiration. No one who has ever studied French, but will be reminded by the "Disbanded Volunteer's" experience of the difficulty encountered in mastering the classification of French genders.

WE find, on a scrap in our "Drawer," this passage from a learned lecture by a German adventurer in London, one "Baron VONDULLBRAINZ." He is illustrating the great glory of *Mechanics*, as a science: "De t'ing dat is *made* is more superior dan de *maker*. I shall show you how in some t'ings. Suppose I make de round wheel of de coach? Ver' well; dat wheel roll five hundred mile!—and I can not roll one, myself! Suppose I am de cooper, what you call, and I make de big tub to hold de wine? He hold t'ons and gallons; and *I can not hold more as fives bottel!!* So you see dat de t'ing dat is made is more superior dan de maker!"

THE following domestic medicines and recipes may be relied upon. They are handed down from a very ancient period; and, "no cure, no pay:"

"A stick of brimstone wore in the pocket is good for them as has cramps.

"A loadstone put on the place where the pain is, is beautiful in the rheumatiz.

"A basin of water-gruel, with half a quart of old rum in it, or a quart, if partic'lar bad, with lots o' brown sugar, going to bed, is good for a cold in the 'ead.

"If you've got the hiccups, pinch one o' your wrists, and hold your breath while you count sixty, or—*get somebody to scare you, and make you jump!*"

"*The Ear-Ache*: Put an inyun in your ear, after it is well roasted!"

How old Dr. Johnson did hate Scotland! His severity of sarcasm upon that country is unexampled by his comments upon any thing else, however annoying. On his return from the Hebrides, he was asked by a Scottish gentleman, at an evening party in London, how he liked Scotland. "Scotland, sir?" replied Johnson, with a lowering brow, and savage expression generally, "Scotland? Scotland, sir, is a miserable country—a contemptible country, sir!" "You can not do the ALMIGHTY the great wrong to say *that*, Dr. Johnson," answered the other, deeply nettled at so harsh a judgment: "God made Scotland, sir." "Yes, sir," was the cutting rejoinder: "God *did* make Scotland, but He *made it for Scotchmen*! God made *hell* also, sir!" On another occasion, when asked how he liked certain views of scenery in that country, he replied: "The finest and most satisfactory view in Scotland, sir, is the view looking *from* it, on the high-road to London!" The same spirit was manifested in his reply to a friend, who was consoling him for the loss of a favorite cane with which he had traveled in the north of Scotland. "You can easily replace it, Dr. JOHNSON," said his friend. "Replace it, sir! Consider, where I'm to find the *timber* for such a purpose in this barren country!" It strikes us that a lack of trees or shrubbery could not be more forcibly exemplified than by this sarcastic reply.

SOMEBODY, in one of the newspapers, has been telling a story of a schoolmistress, who had a hopeful boy-pupil, whose intelligence was scarcely "fair,

to middling," if one may judge from one of his "exercises" in spelling. "I got him," said the school-marm, "clean through the alphabet, and he would point out any letter, and call it by its right name. One bright Monday morning I put him, when he was sufficiently advanced, into words of two syllables; but I was obliged to tell him some fifty times what was the *nature* of a syllable; and after all, his brain was opaque as a rock. In order to interest him, however, I said to him:

"Do you love pies?"

"Yes, marm, I guess I *do*!"

"Well, then, 'apple' and 'pie,' when put together, spell 'apple-pie,' don't they?"

"Yes, marm."

"By the same rule, 'la' and 'dy,' spell 'lady?' You understand *that*, don't you?"

"Very well. Now, what do 'mince' and 'pie' spell?"

"I know!—*Mince-Pie*!"

"That's right: well, now what do 'pumpkin' and 'pie' spell? Speak up."

"I know *that*: that's *pumpkin-pie*!"

"That's correct. Now, what does 'la' and 'dy' spell?"

"*CUSTARD-PIE*!" exclaimed the urchin, with great exultation at his success.

Now, this is very good, and very possibly it may have occurred, precisely as narrated; but we have a suspicion—perhaps not a "*shrewd* suspicion"—that the whole thing was borrowed from the following dialogue, which is indubitably an actual occurrence:

"James," said a schoolmaster to a dull pupil, after the morning chapter had been read in the school, "James, we have read this morning that Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth; now, James, will you tell us who was the *father* of Shem, Ham, and Japheth?"

"Sir?" said James, inquiringly.

"Why, James," answered his colloquist, "you have seen that Noah had three sons, and that their names were Shem, Ham, and Japheth. These were Noah's *sons*, James. Now, who was the *FATHER* of Shem, Ham, and Japheth?"

"Sir?" said James, dubiously pondering the full extent of the query.

"Why, James," said the preceptor, "don't you *know* who the father of Shem, Ham, and Japheth was, after I've told you so much?"

"No, sir—I d' know!"

"You are very dull, James—*very*! You know Mr. Smith, don't you, that lives next to your house?"

"Sartain!—Bill and Jo Smith and I play together. Bill took my cross-gun, and owes me—"

"Very well: Mr. Smith has three boys, William, Joseph, and Henry. Who is the father of William, Joseph, and Henry Smith?"

"Mr. Smith!" exclaimed James, instantly; "Mr. Smith: guess I know *that*!"

"Certainly, James. *Very well*, then. Now, this is exactly the same thing. You see, as we have been reading, that *Noah* had three sons, like Mr. Smith; but *their* names were Shem, Ham, and Japheth. Now, who was the father of *Noah's* three sons?"

James hesitated a minute, with his finger in his mouth; and then, as if the difficult question had been suddenly solved in his mind, he exclaimed:

"I know now: Mr. SMITH!"

PERHAPS some of our readers have heard of that rare compound of all that was quaint, curious, and ridiculous, Lord Timothy Dexter, of Newburyport, Massachusetts. He was an ignorant, eccentric old fellow, who, having made himself a rich man, con-

ceived the original idea of setting up for a lord. Accordingly he proclaimed himself "*Lord Timothy Dexter*," bought a magnificent mansion, and set up an equipage in splendid style. Every thing that he did and every thing he had about him was original. He sent a ship-load of warming-pans to the East Indies; he filled his gardens with sprawling wooden statues; his dress was a mixture of the Roman senator and a Yankee militia-captain; the ornaments of his mansion were of the most unique stamp; and his literary compositions were more original than all the rest put together. He wrote in the most heroic disregard and defiance of the common laws of etymology and syntax. Here is a specimen of his style, and an illustration of his powers as a philosopher: "How great the *SOUL* is! Don't you all wonder and admire to see and behold and hear? Can you all believe half the truth, and admire to hear the wonders how great the soul is?—that if a man is drowned in the water, a great bubble comes up out of the top of the water—the last of the man dying in the water; this is *mind*—the *SOUL*, that is the last to ascend out of the deep to glory. Only behold!—past finding out! The bubble is the soul! When a man dies in his bed in a house, you can't see his soul go up, but when he is drowned, *then* you can see his soul go up like a kite or a rocket!"

THERE is a very amusing story told of a curious fowl called "*The Adjutant*," in the East Indies. They are as solemn-faced a creature as the owl, the "*Bird of Minerva*." Sometimes they become great favorites with the soldiers and officers of the army stationed there, and numerous, and not unfrequently ridiculous, were the tricks which the wicked wags played upon them. Sometimes the soldiers would take a couple of half-picked beef-bones, tie them strongly together, at each end of a stout cord, and then throw both where some two or three "*Adjutants*" would be sure to try to rival each other in the first possession of the desiderated luxury; the consequence of which competition would be, that two of the ravenous birds would attack the treasure at one and the same time: the one would swallow one (for they have most capacious maws) and the other the other. Then there was trouble! Each saw before him a divided "*duty*," the "*line*" of which, while it was sufficiently defined (and *con*-fined) was very far from being convenient to follow, so far as the *practice* was concerned. But each, in the consequent struggle, rose into the air; a pair of aerial Siamese-twins, with no power of severing their common ligament; so that very soon down they came, an easy prey to their ingenious tormentors. But the funniest trick was this: A soldier would take a similar unconsumed beef-bone; carefully scoop out a long cavity in it, establish therein a cartridge and fusee, with a long leader, lighted, and then throw it out for the especial benefit of the feathered victim. It was of course swallowed at once, and then, like a snake with a big frog in its belly, the uncouth bird would mount upon some post, or other similar eminence, and with one leg crossed like a figure-four, over the other, it would stand, in digestive mood, and with solemn visage, until suddenly the secret mine would explode, and the unsuspecting "*Adjutant*" would be "*reduced to the ranks*" of birds "*lost upon earth*."

HE was a right sensible man who wrote as follows; and his theory and advice will apply as well in Gotham as elsewhere: "As to extensive dinner-giving, we can be but hungry, eat, and be happy. I would have a great deal more hospitality practiced

among us than is at all common; more *hospitality*, I mean, and less *show*. Properly considered, 'the quality of dinner,' like that of mercy, 'is twice blessed—it blesses him that gives, and him that takes.' A dinner with friendliness is the best of all friendly meetings; a pompous entertainment, where 'no love is,' is the least satisfactory.

"I own myself to being no worse nor better than my neighbors, in giving foolish and expensive dinners. I rush off to the confectioner's for sweets, et cetera; hire sham butlers and attendants; have a fellow going round the table with 'still' and 'dry' champagne, just as if I *knew his name*, and it was my custom to drink those wines every day of my life. Now if we receive great men or ladies at our house, I will lay a wager that they will select mutton and gooseberry-tart for their dinner; forsaking altogether the '*entrées*' which the men in white gloves are handing round in the plated dishes. Asking those who have great establishments of their own to French dinners and delicacies, is like inviting a grocer to a meal of figs, or a pastry-cook to a banquet of raspberry tarts. They have had enough of them. Great folks, if they like you, take no account of your feasts, and grand preparations. No; they eat mutton, like men."

As to giving *large* dinners, moreover, Mr. BROWN reasons like a philosopher. In the right way of giving a dinner, he contends, "every man who now gives *one* dinner might give two, and take in a host of friends and relations," who are now excluded from his forced hospitality. "Our custom," he says "is not hospitality nor pleasure, but to be able to cut off a certain number of our really best acquaintances from our dining-list." Again, these large, ostentatious dinners are scarcely ever pleasant so far as regards society: "You may chance to get near a pleasant neighbor and neighboress, when your corner of the table is possibly comfortable. But there can be no general conversation. Twenty people around one board can not engage together in talk. You want even a speaking-trumpet to communicate from your place with the lady of the house." The sensible conclusion of the whole matter is: "I would recommend, with all my power, that if we give dinners they should be more simple, more frequent, and contain fewer persons. A man and woman may look as if they were really glad to see *ten* people; but in a 'great dinner,' an ostentatious dinner, they abdicate their position as host and hostess, and are mere creatures in the hands of the sham butlers, sham footmen, and tall confectioner's emissaries who crowd the room, and are guests at their own table, where they are helped last, and of which they occupy the top and bottom. I have marked many a lady watching with timid glances the large artificial major-domo who officiates 'for that night only,' and thought to myself, 'Ah, my dear madam, how much happier might we all be, if there were but half the splendor, half the made-dishes, and half the company assembled!'"

To our conception there is something rather tickling to the fancy in the following sage advice as to how to conduct one's self in case of fire: "Whatever may be the heat of the moment, keep cool. Let nothing put you out, but find something to put out the fire. Keep yourself collected, and then collect your family. After putting on your shoes and stockings, call out for pumps and hose to the fireman. Don't think about saving your watch and rings, for while you stand wringing your hands, you may be neglecting

the turn-cock, who is a jewel of the first water at such a moment. Bid him with all your might turn on the main!"

PUNCH once drew an admirable picture of a London "Peter Funk," a sort of character not altogether unknown in the metropolis of the western world:

"The amount that prodigal man must spend every year would drive ROTHSCHILD into the work-house. Nothing is too good or too common, too expensive or too cheap, for him. One moment he will buy a silver candelabra, the next a silver thimble. In the morning he will add a hundred-guinea dressing-case to his enormous property, and in the afternoon amuse himself by bidding a shilling for a little trumpery pen-knife. Why he must have somewhere about fifty thousand pen-knives already.

"The article he has the greatest hankering for, are razors: and yet, to look at his unshorn beard, you would fancy that he never shaved from one month's end to another. The hairs stick out on his chin like the wires on the drum of a musical-box. It is most amusing to watch him when the razors are handed round. He will snatch one off the tray, draw the edge across his nail, breathe upon it, then hold it up to the light, and after wiping it in the gentlest manner upon the cuff of his coat, bid for it as ravenously as if he would not lose the scarce article for all the wealth of the Indies. What he does with all the articles he buys we can not tell. Saint Paul's would not be large enough to contain all the rubbish he has been accumulating these last ten years. His collection of side-boards alone would fill Hyde-Park, and he must possess by this time more dumb waiters than there are real waiters in England."

A CAPITAL burlesque upon the prevalent affectation of popular song-writers, in making their first line tell as a title, is given in the following: such, for example, as "*When my Eye*," "*I dare not use thy cherished Name*," and so forth:

"OH! don't I love you rather still?
Are all my pledges set at naught?
Dishonored is Affection's bill?
Or passed is Love's Insolvent Court?
Is Memory's schedule coldly filed,
On one of Cupid's broken darts?
Is Hymen's balance-sheet compiled,
A bankrupt's stock of damaged hearts?"

"SECOND VERSE.

"I dare not use thy cherished name,
Would'st thou accept, were I to draw?
The god of Love may take his aim,
But with an arrow made of straw
Each fonder feeling that I knew
A lifeless heap of ruin lies:
Yes, false one! ticketed by you:
Look here!—'Alarming Sacrifice!'"

WE must say one thing in favor of JOHN BULL. He confesses to a *beat* with great unanimity and frankness. It is in evidence, on the authority of the three gentlemen interested in the race of the yacht *America*, that the triumph of American skill in ship-architecture was most candidly admitted on all hands, as it was in all the public journals most handsomely. This is as it should be; and we were glad to see, that at the recent dinner given to Mr. STEVENS at the Astor-House cordial and ample acknowledgments, for courtesies and attentions from the QUEEN herself, down to the most eminent members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, were feelingly and appropriately rendered.

Literary Notices.

A Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs, by BAYARD TAYLOR. This volume consists chiefly of pieces which have not before been given to the public, and are evidently selected with great severity of taste from the miscellaneous productions of the writer. This was a highly judicious course, and will be friendly, in all respects, to the fame of Bayard Taylor, whose principal darger as a poet is his too great facility of execution. The pieces in this volume exhibit the marks of careful elaboration; of conscientious artistic finish; of a lofty standard of composition; and of the intellectual self-respect which is not content with a performance inferior to the highest. They are profuse in bold, poetic imagery; often expressing conceptions of exquisite delicacy and pathos; and pervaded by a spirit of classic refinement. Mr. Taylor's merits as a descriptive poet of a high order have long been recognized; the present volume will confirm his beautiful reputation in that respect; while it shows a freer and nobler sweep of the imagination and reflective faculties than he has hitherto exercised. (Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.)

Phillips, Sampson, and Co., Boston, have published a revised edition of *Margaret, a Tale of the Real and the Ideal*, in two volumes. The edition is introduced with a characteristic preface by the author, explaining his own conception of the drift of the work, and justifying certain features which have been severely commented on by critics. In spite of its numerous displays of eccentricity and waywardness, we believe that "Margaret" possesses the elements of an enduring vitality. Its quaint and expressive delineations of New-England life, its vivid reproduction of natural scenery, and the freedom and boldness with which its principal characters are sustained, will always command a certain degree of sympathy, even from those who are the most impatient with the reckless mannerisms of the writer. His genius is sufficient to atone for a multitude of faults, and there is need enough for its exercise in this respect, in the present volumes.

A new edition, greatly improved and enlarged, of ABBOTT'S *Young Christian*, has been published by Harper and Brothers, and will speedily be followed by the other volumes of the series, *The Corner Stone* and *The Way to Do Good*. It is superfluous to speak of the rare merits of Mr. Abbott's writings on the subject of practical religion. Their extensive circulation, not only in our own country, but in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Holland, India, and at various missionary stations throughout the globe, evinces the excellence of their plan, and the felicity with which it has been executed. Divesting religion of its repulsive, scholastic garb, they address the common mind in simple and impressive language. Every where breathing an elevated tone of sentiment, they exhibit the practical aspects of religious truth, in a manner adapted to win the heart, and to exercise a permanent influence upon the character. In unfolding the different topics which he takes in hand, Mr. Abbott reasons clearly, concisely, and to the point; but the severity of argument is always relieved by a singular variety and beauty of illustration. It is this admirable combination of discussion with incident, that invests his writings with an almost equal charm for readers of every diversity of age and of culture. While the young acknowledge the fascination of his attractive pages, the most mature minds find them full of suggestion, and often presenting an original view of familiar truth.—The

present edition is issued in a style of uncommon neatness, and is illustrated with numerous engravings, most of which are spirited and beautiful.

Episodes of Insect Life, Third Series, published by J. S. Redfield, is brought to a close in the volume before us, which treats of the insects of autumn and the early winter. We take leave of these beautiful studies in nature with regret, though rejoicing in the eminent success which has attended their publication, both in England and in our own country. They have entered largely into the rural delights of many a family circle, during the past season, and will long continue to perform the same congenial ministry.

George P. Putnam has issued the first number of *A Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Painters, Engravers, Sculptors, and Architects*, by S. SPOONER, M.D., compiled from a variety of authentic sources, and containing more than fifteen hundred names of eminent artists, which are not to be found in the existing English dictionaries of Art. Free use has been made of the best European authorities, and a mass of information concentrated which we should look for in vain in any other single work. The editor appears to have engaged in his task, not only with conscientious diligence, but with an enthusiastic interest in Art, and with such qualifications, his success in its performance is almost a matter of course.

The third volume of *The Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers* (published by Harper and Brothers), embraces the period of his life during his residence at Aberdeen, and a portion of his career as Professor at Edinburgh. The interest of the previous volumes is well sustained in the present. It contains many original anecdotes, illustrating the private and social life of Dr. Chalmers, as well as a succinct narrative of the events in which he bore a conspicuous part before the public. Every incident in the biography of this admirable man is a new proof of his indomitable energy of character, his comprehensive breadth of intellect, and the mingled gentleness and fervor of his disposition. Whoever wishes to see a strong, compact, massive specimen of human nature, softened and harmonized by congenial religious and domestic influences, should not fail to become acquainted with these rich and instructive volumes.

The Bible in the Family, by H. A. BOARDMAN (published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.), is a series of discourses treating of the domestic relations, as the chief sources of personal and social welfare, and illustrating the importance of the principles of the Bible to the happiness of the family. They were delivered to the congregation of the author, in the regular course of his pastoral ministrations, and without aiming at a high degree of exactness of thought, or literary finish, are plain, forcible, and impressive addresses on topics of vital moment. Their illustrations are drawn from every-day life, and are often striking as well as pertinent. An occasional vein of satire in their descriptions of society, is introduced with good effect, tempering the prevailing honeyed suavity of discussion, which, without a corrective, would be apt to cloy.

Lippincott, Grambo, and Co. have republished *The Scalp Hunters*, by Capt. MAYNE REID, a record of wild and incredible adventures among the trappers and savages of New Mexico. It is written in an incoherent, slap-dash style, in which the want of real descriptive strength is supplied by the frequent use of interjectional phrases. The scenes, for the most part, consist of pictures of city brawls and forest

fight, with an excess of blood and thunder sufficient to satiate the most sanguinary appetite.

The Human Body and its Connection with Man, by JAMES JOHN GARTH WILKINSON, is the transcendental title of a treatise by an original and vigorous English writer, in which the theories of Swedenborg are applied to the illustration of human physiology. Profoundly mystical in its general character, and thoroughly repellent to those who make the length of their own fingers the measure of the universe, it abounds in passages of admirable eloquence, presenting a piquant stimulus to the imagination, even when it fails to satisfy the intellect. Its rhetoric will be attractive to many readers who take no interest in its anatomy.

Ladies of the Covenant, by REV. JAMES ANDERSON, under an odd apposition of terms in the title, conceals a work of more than common merit. Why could not the author use the good Saxon word "women" in designating those heroic spirits who shed their blood for their religion in the era of the Scottish Covenant? We shall next hear of the noble army of "lady martyrs," of the "holy ladies of old," and other fantastic phrases engendered by a squeamish taste. With this exception, the volume is worthy of the highest commendation. It shows the horrors of political persecution, and the beauty of religious faith, in a succession of forcible and touching narratives. (Published by J. S. Redfield.)

Alban, a Tale of the New World, is a novel combining an unctuous melange of sensual description and religious discussion, by an enthusiastic neophyte of the Roman Catholic Church. It has some lively pictures of modern Puritanic character in New-England villages, which are a grateful relief to its pervading tone of speculative voluptuousness. (Published by George P. Putnam.)

The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World, by E. S. CREASY (published by Harper and Brothers). The key to this volume is contained in the following passage of the author's preface: "There are some battles which claim our attention, independently of the moral worth of the combatants, on account of their enduring importance, and by reason of the practical influence on our own social and political condition, which we can trace up to the results of those engagements. They have for us an abiding and actual interest, both while we investigate the chain of causes and effects by which they have helped to make us what we are, and also while we speculate on what we probably should have been, if any one of those battles had come to a different termination." The hint of his work was first suggested to the author, by the remark of Mr. Hallam on the victory gained by Charles Martel, between Tours and Poitiers, over the invading Saracens, that "it may justly be reckoned among those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes; with Marathon, Arbela, the Metaurus, Chalons, and Leipsic." The idea, presented in this form, is developed with great ingenuity by the author, in its application to the most significant battles in history, from Marathon to Waterloo. Abstaining from merely theoretical speculations, he exhibits a profound insight into the operation of political causes, which he unfolds with great sagacity, and in a manner suited to enchain the attention of the reader. Among the decisive battles embraced in his work, those of Marathon, of Arbela, of Hastings, of the Spanish Armada, of Blenheim, of Saratoga, and of Waterloo, are described with picturesque felicity, and their consequences to the fortunes of the civilized world are traced out in the genuine spirit of a

sound philosophical historian. His observations, connected with the battle of Saratoga, in regard to the position of America in modern history, are just and impartial. "The fourth great power of the world is the mighty commonwealth of the Western Continent, which now commands the admiration of mankind. That homage is sometimes reluctantly given, and is sometimes accompanied with suspicion and ill-will. But none can refuse it. All the physical essentials for national strength are undeniably to be found in the geographical position and amplitude of territory which the United States possess; in their almost inexhaustible tracts of fertile but hitherto untouched soil, in their stately forests, in their mountain chains and their rivers, their beds of coal, and stores of metallic wealth, in their extensive sea-board along the waters of two oceans, and in their already numerous and rapidly-increasing population. And when we examine the character of this population, no one can look on the fearless energy, the sturdy determination, the aptitude for local self-government, the versatile alacrity, and the unresisting spirit of enterprise which characterize the Anglo-Americans, without feeling that here he beholds the true elements of progressive might."

The Second Volume of Miss STRICKLAND'S *Queens of Scotland* (published by Harper and Brothers), completes the Life of Mary of Lorraine, and contains that of Lady Margaret Douglas. It is marked by the careful research and animated style which have given the author such an enviable reputation as an authentic and pleasing historical guide.

The Lily and the Bee, by SAMUEL WARREN (published by Harper and Brothers), is a reprint of a rhapsodical prose-poem, suggested by the strange and beautiful spectacle of the Crystal Palace. The author has selected a wild and incoherent form for the embodiment of his impressions, but it is pervaded by a vein of rich, imaginative thought, which no one can follow without being touched with its spirit of suggestive musing. Whoever peruses this volume, as the writer intimates, should suspend his judgment until the completion, and then both the Lily and the Bee may be found speaking with some significance.

MAYHEW'S *London Labor* (published by Harper and Brothers) has reached its Fourteenth Number, and fully sustains the interest of the earlier portions of the work. It is a faithful sketch of one aspect of London life, drawn from nature, and in graphic effect is hardly inferior to the high-wrought creations of fiction.

The Eighteenth Part of LOSSING'S *Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution* (published by Harper and Brothers), is now completed, and the successive parts will be issued rapidly until the work is closed. This noble tribute to the memory of our revolutionary fathers has been kindly and cordially received by the American people. We rejoice in its success, for the spirit of patriotism which it breathes is as wholesome, as the execution of its charming pictures is admirable.

Malmiztic the Toltec, by W. W. FOSDICK (Cincinnati, Wm. H. Moore and Co.), is a romance of Mexico, reproducing the times of Montezuma and Cortez. In spite of the desperate cacophony of the title, and the high-flown magnificence of the preface, it is a work of considerable originality and power. The style of the author would be improved by an unrelenting application of the pruning-knife, but he shows a talent of description and narrative, which, after abating the luxuriance of a first effort, might be turned to excellent account. We hope to hear from him again.

The Mind and the Heart, by FRANKLIN W. FISH, is the title of a little volume in verse by a very youthful poet, written before the completion of his eighteenth year. We utterly disapprove the publication of such precocious efforts, as they have no interest for the reader but that of a literary curiosity, and none but a perilous reflex influence on the unfledged author. These effusions, however, are highly creditable specimens of the kind, and show a facility of versification and a command of poetic thought and imagery, which give a fair promise of future excellence. We will not subject them to a harsh criticism, which they certainly do not deserve, but we advise the young aspirant to cling to the pen in private, and for the present to cherish a profound horror of printing ink. (Adriance, Sherman, and Co.)

A new translation of DANTE's *Divina Commedia* has recently been made in England by C. B. Cayley. The volume published, containing the "Inferno," is to be followed by the "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso." The metre of the original is preserved. A London journal says that "it is by far the most effectual transcript of the original that has yet appeared in English verse: in other words, the nearest approximation hitherto made to what the poet, such as we know him, might have written had he been of our time and country, instead of being a Tuscan in the thirteenth century. To have done this office with tolerable success for any great poet is a claim to praise: in a translator of Dante it is something more. Mr. Cayley's one main ground of superiority to previous translators lies in the true perception that nothing but plain and bold language in the copy can represent the bold plainness of the original. He has accordingly handled our whole vocabulary with unusual frankness; and we admire his skill in pressing apt though uncouth forms into the service, as much as we approve of the right feeling that taught him how Dante may be most nearly approached."

The Hymn for All Nations, 1851, by M. F. TUPPER, D.C.L., says *The Athenæum* "is at least a philological and typographical curiosity. The hymn—'would it were worthier!'—is translated into thirty different languages, and printed in the characters of each country."

THOMAS COOPER, a well-known English Chartist, distinguished by the inviting *prestige*, "Author of the 'Purgatory of Suicides,'" advertises to deliver his orations on the genius of all men, from Shakspeare to George Fox the Quaker, Milton to Mohammed, and on many subjects from astronomy to civil war, at the low charge of (to working men) two pounds per speech, or at thirty shillings each for a quantity.

THACKERAY is writing a novel in three volumes, to be published in the winter. The scene is in England early in the eighteenth century, and the stage will be crossed by many of the illustrious actors of that time—such as Bolingbroke, Swift, and Pope; and Dick Steele will play a prominent part.

"There is more than a bit of gossip," says *The Leader* "in the foregoing paragraph. It intimates that THACKERAY has 'risen above the mist;' he will no more be hampered and seduced by the obstacles and temptations coextensive with the fragmentary composition of monthly parts. It intimates that he has the noble ambition of producing a work of art. It also intimates that he has bidden adieu, for the present, to Gaunt-house, the Clubs, Pall-mall, and May-fair—to forms of life which are so vividly, so

wondrously reproduced in his pages, that detractors have asserted he could paint nothing else—forgetting that creative power to *that* degree can not be restricted to one form. His *Lectures* have prepared us for a very vivid and a very charming picture of the Eighteenth Century."

The MASTER of the ROLLS has given a favorable answer to the memorial presented to him by Lord Mahon and various literary men, praying for the admission of historical writers to the free use of the records. On this, the *London Examiner* remarks, "There is a point of view in which this matter is most important. The concession throws a vast amount of new responsibility upon literary men. Henceforth the guess-work, the mere romance-writing, which we have been too long accustomed to suppose to be history, will be without excuse. Writers who neglect to take advantage of record-evidence on all subjects to which it is applicable, will lay themselves open to the sharpest and justest critical censure. Our history may now be put upon the strong foundation, not of borrowed evidence, but of the records themselves. If literary men neglect this opportunity, the Government will be no longer to blame. The Master of the Rolls has cleared his conscience, and that of the State. But we have no fear that such will be the result. Wise and liberal concession, like that of the Master of the Rolls, must tell with honorable effect both upon our literary men and upon our national character."

The following ludicrous remarks, are from an article in the *London Spectator* on Parkman's *History of Pontiac*. They are a specimen of what a certain class of English writers call criticism. The obtuseness of John Bull can no farther go.

"It is remarked by travelers, that however individual Americans may differ—as the observing shepherd can detect physiognomical differences in his flock—there is a general resemblance throughout the Union in lathy lankiness, in haste, in tobacco-chewing, in dress, in manners or (as Scott expressed it) 'no manners.' The remark may be truly applied to American books. Poetry and travels with hardly an exception, historical novels and tales without any exception, and works on or about history, have a certain family likeness. As one star differs from another in brightness, and yet they are all stars, so one American writer on history differs from another in point of merit, yet their kind of merit is alike. Washington Irving's mode of composition is the type of them all, and consists in making the most of things. The landscape is described, not to possess the reader with the features of the country so far as they are essential to the due apprehension of the historical event, but as a thing important in itself, and sometimes as a thing adapted to show off the writing or the writer. The costumes are not only indicated, to remind the reader of the various people engaged, but dwelt upon with the unction of a virtuoso. The march is narrated in detail; the accessories are described in their minutiae; and the probable or possible feelings of the actors are laid before the reader. Sometimes this mode of composition is used sparingly and chastely, as by Bancroft; sometimes more fully, as by Theodore Irving in his *Conquest of Florida*; other styles (in the sense of *expressing* ideas) than the model may also preponderate, so as to suggest no idea of the author of the *Sketch Book* and the *Conquest of Granada*; but, more or less, the literary sketcher or tale-writer has encroached upon the province of the historian."

The London journals announce that *Carlyle's Memoirs* of JOHN STIRLING will be issued immediately.

The *Leader* announces the certainty of an abridged translation of AUGUSTE COMTE's six volumes of *Positive Philosophy* appearing as soon as is compatible with the exigencies of so important an undertaking. A very competent mind has long been engaged upon the task; and the growing desire in the public to hear more about this BACON of the nineteenth century, remarks the *Leader*, renders such a publication necessary.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Literature in London, a communication was made from the celebrated antiquarian explorer, Mr. LAYARD, of the progress and results of his recent investigations at Nimroud; from which it was evident that the public is justified in forming high expectations of the advance which it will be enabled to make in the knowledge of Assyrian history and antiquities, in consequence of his further indefatigable labors. The new objects of antiquity exhumed will throw light on the state of the arts, the chronology, the origin of the Egyptian influence, and other facts relating to this the most ancient empire of the world.

A tablet in memory of the late WILLIAM WORDSWORTH has just been fixed in Grasmere church, executed by Mr. Thomas Woolner. The inscription is from the pen of Professor Keble.

Dr. ACHILLI has intimated at one of the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance, that he intends to prosecute Dr. Newman for libel at the commencement of next term.

MAZZINI's little work, *The Pope in the Nineteenth Century*, which made considerable sensation, when it appeared in French, has been translated into English, and is now published as a pamphlet.

French literature is beginning to show some activity. THIERS issues the eleventh volume of his *History of the Consulate and the Empire*; instead of the ten volumes originally proposed, the work is to extend to fourteen—an extension for which few will be grateful!

ADOLPHE GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC, the lively, impertinent, paradoxical journalist, is writing a *Histoire du Directoire* in his own paper, and the Brussels edition of volume I. is already published. It is full of sarcasms and declamations against the Republican party and their great leaders; but it is sprightly, amusing, and has something of novelty in its tone: after so much wearisome laudation of every body in the Revolution, a spirited, reckless, and dashing onslaught makes the old subject piquant.

This is verily the age of cheapness. GEORGE SAND has consented to allow all her novels to be reprinted in Paris, for the small charge of four *sous*, a shade less than twopence, per part, which will make, it appears, about 1*l.* for the whole collection. This popular edition is to be profusely illustrated by eminent artists, and is to be printed and got up in good style.

During the last year or two an immense deal of business has been done by three or four publishing houses, in the production of esteemed works at four *sous* the sheet, of close yet legible type, excellent paper, and spirited illustrations. By this plan, the fumblest working-man and the poorest *grisette* have

been able to form a very respectable library. Naturally the works so brought out have been chiefly of the class of light literature, but not a few are of a graver character. Among the authors whose complete works have been published, are Lesage, Chateaubriand, Anquetil (the historian), Balzac, Sue, Paul de Kock; among those partially published, Rousseau, Lamennais, Voltaire, Diderot, Fénelon, Bernardin de Saint Pierre. Translations of foreign works have also been produced; in the batch are, complete or partial, Goldsmith, Sterne, Anne Radcliffe, Mrs. Inchbald, Walter Scott, Fenimore Cooper, Bulwer, Dickens, Marryatt, Goethe, Schiller, Silvio Pellico, and Boccaccio.

An eminent critic has just revealed a fact which very few people knew—viz. that ST. JUST, one of the most terrible of the terrible heroes of the first French Revolution, wrote and published, before he gained his sanguinary celebrity, a long poem, entitled, "Orgaut." The opinion which M. Thiers and other historians have caused the public to form of this man was, that he was a fanatic—implacable, but sincere—a ruthless minister of the guillotine; but deeming wholesale slaughter indispensable for securing, what he conscientiously considered, the welfare of the people. He was, we may imagine, something like the gloomy inquisitors of old, who thought it was doing God service to burn heretics at the stake. To justify this opinion, one would have expected to have found in a poem written by him when the warm and generous sentiments of youth were in all their freshness, burning aspirations for what it was the fashion of his time to call *vertu*, and lavish protestations of devotedness to his country and the people. But instead of that, the work is, it appears, from beginning to end, full of the grossest obscenity—it is the delirium of a brain maddened with voluptuousness—it is coarser and more abominable than the "Pucelle" of Voltaire, and is not relieved, as that is, by sparkling wit and graces of style. In a moral point of view, it is atrocious—in a literary point of view, wretched.

Of a political writer, who, for the last year or two, has made some noise in the world, the all-destructive PROUDHON, a sharp English critic keenly enough observes: "After Comte there is no one in France to compare with Proudhon for power, originality, daring, and coherence. His name is a name of terror. He is of no party, no sect. Like Ishmael, his hand is raised against every one, and his blows are crushing. In some respects he reminds us of Carlyle: there is the same relentless scorn for his adversaries, the same vehement indignation against error, the same domineering personality, the same preference for crude energy of statement, the same power of sarcasm; but there is none of the abounding *poetry* which is in Carlyle, none of the true genius; and there is an excess of dialectics such as Carlyle would turn aside from. If Carlyle is the Prophet of Democracy, Proudhon is its Logician and Economist. Proudhon loves to startle. It suits his own vehement, combative nature. We do not think he does it from calculation so much as from instinct; he does not fire a musket in the air that its noise may call attention to him, but from sheer sympathy with musket shots. Whatever may be the motive, the result is unquestionable: attention is attracted and fixed."

A French writer, M. LEON DE MONTBEILLARD, has just published a work on SPINOZA, calling in question the logical powers of that "thorny" reasoner on inscrutable problems. The *London Leader* dis

poses of it in a summary manner: "If Spinoza has one characteristic more eminent than another, it is commonly supposed to be the geometric precision and exactitude of his logical demonstrations. To say that Spinoza was a rigorous logician is like saying that Shakspeare was dramatic, and Milton imaginative—a platitude unworthy of an original mind, a truism beneath notice. M. Montbeillard declines to walk in such a beaten path. He denies Spinoza's logical merit. Spinoza a logician; *fi donc!* Read this treatise and learn better. What all the world has hitherto supposed to be severe deductive logic, only to be escaped by a refusal to accept the premises, is here shown to be nothing but a pedantic array of pretended axioms and theorems, which are attacked and overturned by this adventurous author *avec une assez grande facilité*. We have not seen the work, but we have not a doubt of the *facility!*"

In a letter to the newspapers, ALEXANDRE DUMAS complains that a publisher, who has got possession of a manuscript history of Louis Philippe, written by him, intends to bring it out under a title insulting to the exiled royal family—"Mysteries of the Orleans Family," or something of that kind. The proceeding would certainly be scandalously unjust to the author; but doubts are raised whether he can obtain any legal redress. The manuscript is the publisher's, paid for with his money, purchased by him, not from Dumas himself, but from another *éditeur* to whom Dumas ceded it. It is, therefore, to all intents and purposes, merchandise in the eyes of the owner; and, as in the case of any other merchandise, it is contended that he may sell it under any title he pleases that does not absolutely misrepresent its character.

EUGENE SUE has commenced the publication of another of his lengthy romances in one of the daily papers, and has also begun the printing of a comedy, in six acts, in another journal. The quantity of matter which popular romancers in France manage to produce is really extraordinarily great. They think nothing of writing three or four columns of newspaper type in a day, and that day after day, for months at a time. The most active journalists certainly, on an average, do not knock off any thing like that quantity; and yet what *they* produce requires (or at least obtains) little or no thought—no previous study—is not part of a regular plan—and is not expected to display much originality of conception, or much grace of style.

The success of BALZAC's comedy has caused the playwrights to turn their attention to his novels, and it is probable that in the course of the next few months we shall see one and all dramatized. Full as Balzac's novels are of forcibly drawn personages and striking incidents, competent critics doubt whether they will suit the stage; for their great charm and their great merit consists in minute analyzation, which is impracticable in the theatre. He was an admirable miniaturist, a laborious anatomist, and a complete master of detail—qualities with which the acted drama has naught to do.

EUGENE SUE offers us a new novel, *L'Avarice*, the last of his series on the seven cardinal sins, in one volume.

The two volumes of DE MAISTRE's letters and edited trifles, *Lettres et Opuscules inédits*, with a biographical notice written by his son, will be very acceptable, not only to Catholics, but to all who can rise above differences of creed, and recognize the amazing

power of this great writer. These volumes present him, *en déshabille*, and he is worthy knowing so.

JULES JANIN's Letters on the Exhibition, reprinted in a neat volume in Paris as well as at London, have procured him the honor of a very complimentary autograph letter from Prince Albert. The popularity which Janin has contrived to gain, not only in his own country, but in Europe—and not only among the middle classes, those great patrons of literary men nowadays, but among royal and aristocratic personages also—this popularity is envied by scores of writers of far greater pretensions.

The French have a very common and most unjust practice—that of appropriating the authorship of works which they only translate. A complete edition of Fielding has appeared under the title "*Œuvres de l'Abbé St. Romme*," or some such name. Ducis has passed himself off as the *author* of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, and the other great plays of Shakspeare which he has dared to mutilate. There are half a dozen translations of "*Paradise Lost*," in which the name of some obscure varlet figures on the title-page, while that of Milton is not once mentioned. There are editions of the "*Decline and Fall*," by Monsieur So-and-so, without the slightest indication that the work is that of Gibbon; and Bulwer and Scott, and indeed all English authors of note, dead and living, have been pillaged in the same way. The German and Italian authors have suffered the same treatment from these literary wreckers.

An edition of BRENTANO's works has been published in six volumes. As one of the most famous of the "*Romantic School*," Brentano is interesting to all students of German literature, and the present publication receives additional stimulus from the knowledge that Brentano, late in life, looked upon his works as "*dangerous*," if not "*devilish*," and destroyed all the copies he could lay hands on.

METTERNICH is writing a book, and that book is a *History of Austria* during his own time! Unhappily this bit of gossip can only interest our grandchildren, as the prince inserts a clause in his will, which forbids the publication till sixty years after his death.

The inhabitants of Schaffhausen have been inaugurating a monument to the memory of the historian JOHN VON MULLER in that, his native town. The monument—which is the work of the Swiss sculptor Oechlein—is composed of a colossal marble bust of the historian—on a lofty granite pedestal, ornamented with a bas-relief, in marble, representing the Muse of History engaging Muller to write the great events of his country's story. Below, inscribed in characters of gold, is the following passage from one of Muller's own letters: "I have never been on the side of party—but always on that of truth and justice wherever I could recognize them."

John Bartlett, Cambridge, has in press the *Miscellaneous Writings* of ANDREWS NORTON, in one volume, 8vo, including reviews, critiques, and essays on various subjects of literature and theology. It will be a work of considerable interest. The same publisher announces also Stockhardt's *Agricultural Chemistry*, to be published simultaneously with the German edition. A seventh edition of this author's *Principles of Chemistry* has been published by Mr Bartlett. In a letter to him, Dr. Stockhardt thus writes of the American reprint: "The style in which

you have got up my 'Principles of Chemistry,' is worthy of the great land of freedom, whose adopted son you have made my work, and places the original quite in the shade. The translation, by Dr. Peirce, is likewise so faithful and correct, that any author would be highly gratified to find his thoughts and opinions rendered so perfectly in another language."

From the recent report of the Methodist Book Concern in New York, it appears that the sales for the last twelve months were more than \$200,000, being an increase of \$65,000 over the previous year, and exceeding all former years. The profits on the new Hymn Book were \$47,561. The Christian Advocate and Journal has a circulation of from 25,000 to 29,000. The Missionary Advocate 20,000. The Sunday School Advocate 65,000, with a yearly sale of Sunday School books amounting to \$5000. The Quarterly Review has 3000 subscribers.

The name of the popular author, W. GILMORE SIMMS, having been publicly mentioned in connection with the Presidency of the South Carolina College, the Charleston *Literary Gazette* remarks, "We should rejoice greatly to see Mr. Simms in a position which, we think, would be so congenial to his tastes, and for which his whole career has eminently fitted him. The watchword of his life has been, 'Strive.' He has striven, manfully, daringly, nobly, *successfully!* He has raised himself to a position in the world of letters, scarcely a whit inferior to the noblest of our writers. The death of Cooper leaves him without a living American compeer in the realm of fiction, and we confidently predict that the next generation will pronounce him to have been the greatest American poet of this!"

From America, says the London "Household Narrative," we receive a well-written and animated history of the campaigns of the celebrated Indian chief, Pontiac, during his gallant "conspiracy" to expel the English colonists after the conquest of Canada. It is principally interesting for the picture it gives of the chief himself; and for a more favorable view of the plans, and of the sagacity which informed and shaped them, than Englishmen have been prepared for in the case of any chief of those tribes.

Mr. JAMES RICHARDSON, the enterprising African traveler, died on the 4th of March last, at a small village called Ungurutua, six days distant from Kouka, the capital of Bornou. Early in January, he and the companions of his mission, Drs. Barth and Overweg, arrived at the immense plain of Damergou, when, after remaining a few days, they separated, Dr. Barth proceeding to Kanu, Dr. Overweg to Guber, and Mr. Richardson taking the direct route to Kouka, by Zinder. There, it would seem, his strength began to give way, and before he had arrived twelve days distant from Kouka he became seriously ill, suffering much from the oppressive heat of the sun. Having reached a large town called Kangarrua, he halted for three days, and feeling himself rather refreshed he renewed his journey. After two days' more traveling, during which his weakness greatly increased, they arrived at the Waddy Mellaha. Leaving this place on the 3d of March, they reached in two hours the village of Ungurutua, when Mr. Richardson became so weak that he was unable to proceed. In the evening he took a little food and tried to sleep, but became very restless, and left his tent, supported by his servant. He then took some tea, and threw himself again on his bed, but did not sleep. His attendants

having made some coffee, he asked for a cup, but had no strength to hold it. He repeated several times "I have no strength," and after having pronounced the name of his wife, sighed deeply, and expired without a struggle, about two hours after midnight.

Mr. WILLIAM NICOL, F.R.S.E., died in Edinburgh on the 2d inst., in his eighty-third year. Mr. Nicol commenced his career as assistant to the late Dr. Moyes, the eminent blind lecturer on natural philosophy. Dr. Moyes, at his death, bequeathed his apparatus to Mr. Nicol, who then lectured on the same subject as his predecessor. Mr. Nicol's contributions to the "Edinburgh Philosophical Journal" were various and valuable; the more important being his description of his successful repetition of Döbereiner's celebrated experiment of igniting spongy platina by a stream of cold hydrogen gas; also his method of preparing fossil woods for microscopic investigation, which led to his discovery of the structural difference between the arucarian and coniferous woods, by far the most important in fossil botany. But the most valuable contribution to physical science, and with which his name will ever be associated, was his invention of the single image prism of calcareous spar, known to the scientific world as Nicol's prism.

The London papers announce the death of Mr. B. P. GIBBON, the line engraver, deservedly celebrated for his many excellent engravings after the works of Sir Edwin Landseer. His death was occasioned by a sudden attack of English cholera. "He was well versed in the history of his art, and of a mild and gentlemanlike disposition of mind. One of his first works was a small engraving after Landseer's 'Traveled Monkey;' and the work on which he was last engaged—and which he has left scarcely half done—was an engraving after one of Mr. Webster's pictures. His inclinations in early life turned to the stage; but his true path was line engraving. In this he was distinguished rather for the delicacy of his touch and the close character of his work, than for breadth of effect and boldness in the laying in of lines.

The London papers record the death of JOHN KIDD, D.M. of Christchurch, Regius Professor of Medicine, Tomline's Prælector of Anatomy, Aldrichian Professor of Anatomy, and Radcliffe's Librarian. Dr. Kidd was highly esteemed and respected both in the University and city of Oxford. In 1822 Dr. Kidd succeeded Sir Christopher Pegge, Bart., in the office of Regius Professor of Medicine, to which is annexed Tomline's Prælectorship of Anatomy, and the Aldrichian Professorship of Anatomy, and in 1834 he succeeded Dr. Williams as Radcliffe's Librarian. The *Leader* says, "Oxford has lost an ornament, losing Dr. Kidd, the Regius Professor of Medicine in the University, whose death we see recorded in the papers; and the public will remember him as the author of one of the most popular *Bridgewater Treatises*, a series of works intended to give orthodoxy the support of science, and which, by the very juxtaposition of religion and science, have greatly helped to bring their discordances into relief. Dr. Kidd was not a writer of such attainments in philosophy as to give any weight to his views; but his knowledge of facts was extensive, and his exposition popular in style. It may be worth remarking that the title of his book, *On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Physical Condition of Man*, is radically opposed to the most advanced views of physiology.

A Leaf from Punch.



Brother Jonathan.—"I GUESS, MASTER JOHNNY, IF YOU DON'T LOOK SHARP, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE A SEVENTY-FOUR NEXT."

NOT A DIFFICULT THING TO FORETELL.



"LET THE POOR GIPSY TELL YOUR FORTUNE, MY PRETTY GENTLEMAN."
VOL. III.—No. 18.—3H*

CURIOSITIES OF MEDICAL EXPERIENCE.



Medical Student. "WELL, OLD FELLER, SO YOU'VE 'PASSED' AT LAST."
Consulting Surgeon. "YES; BUT I DON'T GET MUCH PRACTICE SOMEHOW—
ALTHOUGH I AM NEARLY ALWAYS AT HOME, IN CASE ANY ONE SHOULD CALL."

RETIREMENT.



Fashions for November.



FIG. 1.—BALL AND DINNER COSTUMES.

THIS is the commencement season for social parties and public amusements. We present seasonable illustrations of fashionable costumes for dinner parties, balls, and the opera. The first figure in the above engraving represents an elegant

BALL DRESS.—Hair in short bandeaux, tied behind à la Grecque, with a wreath of bluebells; the flowers are small and arranged on a cord along the forehead; they increase in size and form tufts at the sides. The cord is continued behind and a second cord of flowers passes over the head, and blends with the flowers at the sides. The dress of white watered silk with a body and upper skirt of white silk net, festooned and embroidered in spots with silk. The spots are small. The opening of the body is heart-shape. The waist is pointed behind and before. The sleeves are silk net, puffed, and held up by a few bluebells. The body is trimmed with a double berthe, of silk net; a bouquet of bluebells is placed on the left, goes down from the waist *en cordon*, and forms another bouquet to hold up the left side of the skirt. On the right side it is held up by an isolated bouquet. This upper skirt is very full, and much longer behind than before. In the opening of the body and that formed by turning up the sleeves, a

chemisette plaited very small, and edged with lace, is visible.

DINNER TOILET.—The second, or right hand figure, represents a graceful dinner toilet. *Fanchonnette* cap made of English lace, which is disposed in two rows. The upper one is about four inches wide sewed on silk net, which forms the middle, the joining being covered by a narrow band of terry velvet, No. 1. The bottom is composed of the same elements, exactly in the shape of a *fanchon*, straight in front, pointed behind, with small barbes at the side. Under the row that covers the top of the head are loops of silk ribbon. The sides are trimmed with more of the same kind, that hang down the cheeks. Plain silk dress. The body is low and opens down to the point. The skirt, in front, is open the whole length. The edges of the body, sleeves, and front of the skirt are undulated, and the undulations are trimmed with a silk *ruché*, the sides of which are the same stuff as the dress, while the middle is of a different-colored silk. The sleeves, turned up at the bend of the arm, show under-sleeves composed of three waves of lace; the body and under-skirt are muslin, embroidered so as to show the embroidery at the openings. The skirt has five graduated openings

The bottom edge of the body is composed of a deep lace, arranged square.



FIG. 2.—OPERA DRESS.

OPERA DRESS.—Costumes for the opera are diversified and quite fanciful. Our illustration exhibits one of the most elegant and admired. Hair in short puffed bandeaux. The knot behind is composed of two plaits, and a third is brought round on the top of the head in front. Waistcoat of watered silk, opening heart-shape in front, sitting well to the shape of the breast and waist, ending in an open point at bottom, and hollowed over the hip about an inch and a half. The back of the waistcoat is tight. It buttons straight down in front, the left side lapping over a little on the right, like a gentleman's waistcoat; it has one row of small buttons. The edge of the waistcoat has a narrow silk binding lapped over the edge, and all round run five rows of braid, one-tenth of an inch wide, at intervals of about one-fifth of an inch. Jaconet skirt, ornamented in front with six English bands one above the other; the first 3 inches long, the second 5, the third $6\frac{1}{2}$, the fourth 8, the fifth $9\frac{1}{2}$, and the sixth 12 inches. Each of these bands falls over the gathering of the other, the last covering the top of the flounce which runs round the skirt. The flounce is 16 inches deep, and the width of the bands, beginning with the top one is 2, $2\frac{3}{4}$, $3\frac{1}{2}$, $4\frac{1}{4}$, 5, and $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches. The white sleeves which come below those of the *soutanelle* (cassock) have two rows of embroidery. The *soutanelle* is made of silk, and lined with a different color; it has a hood, the inside of which is like the lining; it forms a pelerine, and ends square in front. The *soutanelle* is cut without armholes; that is, the sleeve is taken out of the stuff and the seams of the body are taken in the cut under the arm. Sitting close on the shoulders and the upper part of the body, it forms round plaits from the waist. This fullness is owing to its being cut in a style like the paletot. The back is not tight. The edges of the hood, the *soutanelle*, and the sleeves are trimmed with three *ruchés*, very full, and indented like a saw. The one in the middle is the same color as the lining, the two others like the outside.

HEAD TOILET.—Much attention continues to be bestowed upon caps and other arrangements for the head. Figure 3 represents one of the newest styles,



FIGS. 3 AND 4.—HEAD-DRESSES AND CAPS.

called the *chambord* head-dress. The hair forms a point over the forehead: a very small cap *à la Marie Stuart*, formed of several small quillings of white silk net, set close together, with a bouquet of flowers upon one side and a small bow of ribbon upon the other. Figure 4 represents a simple cap of black lace, with broad appendages of the same, instead of ribbons, on each side, and covering the ears. This is a neat head toilet for the morning costume of matrons. Head-dresses for the young are principally composed of the same flowers as those which decorate the dress, and are formed so as to suit the countenance of the wearer, either as a cordon around the head, from which droop long sprays of twining herbs, or bouquets of flowers, placed very far back, and tied with bows of black ribbon or velvet, with long ends.

The rage for lace is undiminished. It is adapted to so many purposes—vails, falls, flounces, shawl-berthes, collars, ruffles, habit-shirts, &c., that every variety of costume has lace as an important material in trimming. It forms a part of the head-dress, accompanies the gown, surrounds the waist, falls from the shoulders; light as feathers, rich as velvet, it is at once an article of luxury and ornament—a garment and a jewel.

Embroidery, following the example of lace, is coming more and more into favor; sleeves, collars, petticoats, and handkerchiefs are literally loaded with it, abroad; even stockings are beginning to participate in this kind of luxury.

There is no essential change in the make of dresses. Sleeves *à la Duchesse* are beginning to be more fashionable than the pagoda sleeves. The waistcoat is still greatly admired, and is more seasonable now than in midsummer.

A new style of mantelet has appeared, called the *Valdivia*. It is a light gray cloth, lined with blue sarcenet. It is made without seams, very full, falling very low behind, where it is rounded in the form of the half circle. The two lappets before are also very long and wide, rounded like the back. No sleeves; the place for the hand is indicated by the sloped part. Another, called the *Espera* mantelet, is of black watered silk, trimmed with a wide velvet, and bordered by a chenille fringe. It fits to the waist and falls as low as the calf behind. The fronts fall straight and square, a little lower than behind.

The Bloomer costume has appeared in England and Ireland, and attracted attention and approbation. Although comparatively few in this country have yet adopted it to its full extent (or, rather, curtailment), the agitation of the question has been of essential benefit in modifying the long and untidy skirts. They are now made some inches shorter than they were six months ago.

